

THE HISTORY OF
Sir Charles Grandison

IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS

Published from the ORIGINALS

by the Editor of PAMELA and CLARISSA



P R E F A C E

THE Editor of the following Letters takes Leave to observe, that he has now, in this Publication, completed the Plan, that was the Object of his Wishes, rather than of his Hopes, to accomplish.

How such remarkable Collections of private Letters fell into his hands, he hopes the Reader will not think it very necessary to enquire.

The first Collection, intituled PAMELA, exhibited the Beauty and Superiority of Virtue in an innocent and unpolished Mind, with the Reward which often, even in this Life, a protecting Providence bestows on Goodness. A young Woman of low Degree, relating to her honest Parents the severe Trials she met with from a Master who ought to have been the Protector, not the Assailer, of her Honour, shews the Character of a Libertine in its truly contemptible Light. This Libertine, however, from the Foundation of good Principles laid in his early Years by an excellent Mother; by his Passion for a virtuous young Woman; and by her amiable Example, and unwearied Patience, when she became his Wife; is, after a Length of Time, perfectly reclaimed.

The second Collection, published under the Title of CLARISSA, displayed a more melancholy Scene. A young Lady of higher Fortune, and born to happier Hopes, is seen involved in such Variety of deep Distresses, as lead her to an untimely Death; affording a Warning to Parents against forcing the Inclinations of their Children in the most important Article of their Lives; and to Children against hoping too far from the fairest Assurances of a Man void of Principle. The Heroine, however, as a truly *Christian Heroine*, proves superior to her Trials; and her Heart, always excellent, refined and exalted by every one of them, rejoices in the Approach of a happy Eternity. Her cruel Destroyer appears wretched and disappointed, even in the boasted Success of his vile Machinations: But still (buoyed up with Self-conceit and vain Presumption) he goes on, after every short Fit of imperfect, yet terrifying Conviction, hardening himself more and

more; till, unreclaimed by the most affecting Warnings, and repeated Admonitions, he perishes miserably in the Bloom of Life, and sinks into the Grave oppressed with Guilt, Remorse, and Horror. His Letters, it is hoped, afford many useful Lessons to the gay Part of Mankind against that Misuse of Wit and Youth, of Rank and Fortune, and of every outward Accomplishment, which turns them into a Curse to the miserable Possessor, as well as to all around him.

Here the Editor apprehended he should be obliged to stop, by reason of his precarious State of Health, and a Variety of Avocations which claimed his first Attention: But it was insisted on by several of his Friends who were well assured he had the Materials in his Power, that he should produce into public View the Character and Actions of a Man of TRUE HONOUR.

He has been enabled to obey these his Friends, and to complete his first design: And now, therefore, presents to the Public, in Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, the Example of a Man acting uniformly well thro' a Variety of trying Scenes, because all his Actions are regulated by one steady Principle: A Man of Religion and Virtue; of Liveliness and Spirit; accomplished and agreeable; happy in himself, and a Blessing to others.

From what has been premised, it may be supposed, that the present Collection is not published ultimately, nor even principally, any more than the other two, for the Sake of Entertainment only. A much nobler End is in View. Yet it is hoped the Variety of Characters and Conversations necessarily introduced into so large a Correspondence, as these Volumes contain, will enliven as well as instruct: The rather, as the principal Correspondents are young Ladies of polite Education, and of lively Spirits.

The Nature of Familiar Letters, written, as it were, to the *Moment*, while the Heart is agitated by Hopes and Fears, on Events undecided, must plead an Excuse for the Bulk of a Collection of this Kind. Mere Facts and Characters might be comprised in a much smaller Compass: But, would they be equally interesting? It happens fortunately, that an Account of the juvenile Years of the Principal Person is narratively given in some of the Letters. As many, however, as could be spared, have been omitted. There is not one Episode in the Whole; nor, after Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is introduced, one Letter inserted but what tends to illustrate the principal Design. Those which precede his Introduction, will not, it is hoped, be judged unnecessary on the whole, as they tend to make the Reader acquainted with Persons, the History of most of whom is closely interwoven with that of Sir Charles.

Names of the Principal Persons

MEN

George Selby, *Esq*;
 John Greville, *Esq*;
 Richard Fenwick, *Esq*;
 Robert Orme, *Esq*;
 Archibald Reeves, *Esq*;
 Sir Rowland Meredith, *Knt*.
 James Fowler, *Esq*;
 Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, *Bart*.
The Earl of L. a Scotch Nobleman.
 Thomas Deane, *Esq*;
 Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *Bart*.
 James Bagenhall, *Esq*;
 Solomon Merceda, *Esq*;
 John Jordan, *Esq*;
 Sir Harry Beauchamp, *Bart*.
 Edward Beauchamp, *Esq*; *his Son*.
 Everard Grandison, *Esq*;
The Rev. Dr. Bartlett.
 Lord W. *Uncle to Sir Charles*
 Grandison.
 Lord G. *Son of the Earl of G*.

WOMEN

Miss HARRIET BYRON.
 Mrs. Shirley, *her Grandmother, by the*
 Mother's side.
 Mrs. Selby, *Sister to Miss Byron's*
 Father, and Wife of Mr. Selby.
 Miss Lucy } *Selby, Nieces to*
 Miss Nancy } *Mr. Selby*.
 Miss Orme, *Sister of Mr. Orme*.
 Mrs. Reeves, *Wife of Mr. Reeves,*
 Cousin of Miss Byron.
 Lady Betty Williams.
 The Countess of L. *Wife of Lord L.*
 elder Sister of Sir Charles
 Grandison.
 Miss Grandison, *younger Sister of*
 Sir Charles.
 Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, *Aunt to*
 Sir Charles.
 Miss Emily Jervois, *his Ward*.
 Lady Mansfield.
 Lady Beauchamp.
 The Countess Dowager of D.
 Mrs. Hortensia Beaumont.

ITALIANS

Marchese della Porretta, the Father.
Marchese della Porretta, his eldest
 Son.
The Bishop of Nocera, his second
 Son.
Signor Jeronymo della Porretta,
 third Son.
Conte della Porretta, their Uncle.
Count of Belvedere.
Father Marescotti.

Marchesa della Porretta.
Signora Clementina, her Daughter.
Signora Juliana Sforza, Sister to the
 Marchese della Porretta.
Signora Laurana, her Daughter.
Signora Olivia.
Camilla, Lady Clementina's
 Governess.
Laura, her Maid.



THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

VOLUME I

LETTER I

Miss LUCY SELBY, *To* *Miss* HARRIET BYRON

Ashby-Canons, January 10

YOUR resolution to accompany Mrs. Reeves to London, has greatly alarmed your three Lovers. And two of them, at least, will let you know that it has. Such a lovely girl as my Harriet, must expect to be more accountable for her footsteps than one less excellent and less attractive.

Mr. Greville, in his usual resolute way, threatens to follow you to London; and there, he says, he will watch the motions of every man who approaches you; and, if he find reason for it, will *early* let such man know *his* pretensions, and the danger he may run into if he pretend to be his competitor. But let me not do him injustice; though he talks of a rival thus harshly, he speaks of you more highly than man ever spoke of woman. Angel and Goddess are phrases you have been used to from him; and tho' spoken in his humourous way, yet I am sure he most sincerely admires you.

Mr. Fenwick, in a less determined manner, declares, that he will follow you to town, if you stay there above *one* fortnight.

The gentle Orme sighs his apprehensions, and wishes you would change your purpose. Tho' hopeless, he says, it is some pleasure to him that he can think himself in the same county with you; and much

more, that he can tread in your footsteps to and from church every Sunday, and behold you there. He wonders how your Grandmamma, your Aunt, your Uncle, can spare you. Your Cousin Reeves's surely, he says, are very happy in their influences over us all.

Each of the gentlemen is afraid, that by increasing the number of your admirers, you will increase his difficulties: But what is that to them, I asked, when they already know, that you are not inclined to favour any of the three?

If you hold your resolution, and my Cousin Reeves's their time of setting out, pray let me know, and I will attend you at my Uncle Selby's, to wish you a good journey, much pleasure in town, and a return with a safe and sound heart. My Sister, who, poor dear girl, continues extremely weak and low, will spare me for a purpose so indispensable. I will not have you come to *us*. I know it would grieve you to see her in the way she is in. You too much take to heart the infirmities of your friends which you cannot cure; and as your Grandmamma lives upon your smiles, and you rejoice all your friends by your cheerfulness, it would be cruel to make you sad.

Mr. Greville has just left us. He dropt in upon us as we were going to dinner. My Grandmother Selby you know is always pleased with his rattling. She prevailed on him to alight, and sit down with us. All his talk was of you. He repeated his former *threatenings* (as I called them to him) on your going to town. After dinner, he read us a letter from Lady Frampton relating to you. He read us also some passages from the copy of his answer, with design, I believe, that I should ask him to leave it behind him. He is a vain creature, you know, and seemed fond^l of what he had written. I *did* ask him. He seemed to make a scruple of *your* seeing it; but it was a faint one. However, he called for pen and ink; and when it was brought him, scratched over two passages, and that with so many little flourishes (as you will see) that he thought they could not be read. But the ink I furnished him with happening to be paler than his, you will find he was not cunning enough. I promised to return it.

Send me a line by the bearer, to tell me if your resolution holds as to the day.

Adieu, my dearest Harriet. May Angels protect and guide you whithersoever you go!

LUCY SELBY

LETTER II

Mr. GREVILLE, To Lady FRAMPTON
Inclosed in the preceding

Northampton, January 6

YOUR Ladyship demands a description of the Person of the celebrated Miss Byron in our neighbourhood; and to know, whether, as report tells you, Love has listed me in the number of her particular admirers? — *Particular* admirers you well distinguish, since every one who beholds her admires her.

Your Ladyship confines your enquiries to her *Person*, you tell me; and own, that women are much more solicitous about the beauties of *that*, than of the *Mind*. Perhaps it may be so; and that their envy is much sooner excited by the one than by the other. But who, Madam, can describe the person of Miss Harriet Byron, and her person only; animated as every feature is by a mind that bespeaks all human excellence, and dignifies her in every Air, in every Look, in every Motion?

No man living has a greater passion for Beauty than I have. Till I knew Miss Byron, I was one of those who regarded nothing else in the Sex. Indeed, I considered all intellectual attainments as either useless or impertinent in women. Your Ladyship knows what were my free notions on this head, and has rebuked me for them. A wife, a learned lady, I considered as a very unnatural character. I wanted women to be all Love, and nothing else. A *very* little Prudence allow'd I to enter into their composition; just enough to distinguish the Man of Sense from the Fool; and that for my *own* sake. You know I have vanity, Madam: But lovely as Miss Byron's person is, I defy the greatest Sensualist on earth not to admire her mind more than her person. What a triumph would the devil have, as I have often thought, when I have stood contemplating her perfections, especially at church, were he able to raise up a man that could lower this Angel into Woman?²—Pardon me!—Your Ladyship knows my mad way of saying every thing that rises to my thoughts.

Sweetness of temper must make plain features glow: What an effect must it then have upon fine ones? Never *was* there a sweeter-temper'd woman. Indeed from Sixteen to Twenty, all the Sex (kept in humour by their hopes, and by their attractions) are said to be good-temper'd; but she is remarkably so. She is just turned of Twenty, but looks not more than Seventeen. Her beauty hardly yet in its full blow, it will last longer, I imagine, than in an earlier blossom. Yet the prudence visible in her whole aspect, gave her a distinction, even at Twelve, that promised what she would be at a riper age.

Yet with all this reigning good-nature visible in her face and manner, there is such a native dignity in all she says, in all she does (tho' mingled with a frankness that shews her mind's superiority to the minds of almost all other women) that it damps and suppresses, in the most audacious, all imaginations of bold familiarity.

But, by my soul, I know not how she does this neither: But so it is. She jests; she raillies: But I cannot railly her again. Love, it is said, dignifies the adored object. Perhaps it is *that* which awes me.

And now will your Ladyship doubt of an affirmative answer to your second question, Whether Love has listed me in the number of her particular admirers.

He has: And the devil take me if I can help myself: And yet I have no encouragement—Nor anybody else; that's my consolation. Fenwick is deeper in, if possible, than I. We had at our first acquaintance, as you have heard, a Tilting-bout on the occasion: But are sworn friends now; each having agreed to try his fortune by patience and perseverance; and being assured that the one has no more of her favour to boast of, than the other (*a*). "We have indeed blustered away between us half a score more of her admirers. Poor whining Orme, however, perseveres. But of him we make no account: He has a watry head, and tho' he finds a way, by his Sister, who visits at Mr. Selby's, and is much esteemed there, to let Miss Byron know his passion for her, notwithstanding the negative he has received; yet doubt we not that she is safe from a flame that he will quench with his tears, before it can rise to an head to disturb us:

"You ladies love men should whine after you: But never yet did I find, that where a blustering fellow was a competitor, the lady married the milksop."

But let me in this particular do Miss Byron justice: How she manages it, I can't tell; but she is courteous to all: nor could ever any man charge her either with pride or cruelty. All I fear, is, that she has such an equality in her temper, that she can hardly find room in her heart for a particular Love: Nor will, till she meets with one whose mind is near as faultless as her own; and the general tenor of whose life and actions calls upon her discretion to give her *leave* to love. "This apprehension I owe to a conversation I had with her Grandmother Shirley; a lady that is an ornament to old age; and who hinted to me, that her Grand-daughter had exceptions both to Fenwick and me, on the score of a *few* indulgences that perhaps have been *too* public; but which all men of fashion and spirit give themselves, and all women, but *this*, allow of, or hate not men the worse for. But then what is her objection to Orme? He is a sober dog."

(*a*) The passages in this letter thus mark'd ("), are those which in the preceding are said to be scratch'd out; but yet were legible by holding up the letter to the light.

She was but eight years old when her Mother died. She also was an excellent woman. Her death was brought on by grief for that of her husband; which happened but six months before—A rare instance!

The Grandmother and Aunt, to whom the Girl is dutiful to a proverb, will not interfere with her choice. If *they* are applied to for their interest, the answer is constantly this: The approbation of their Harriet must first be gained, and then their consent is ready.

There is a Mr. Deane, a Man of excellent character for a Lawyer; but indeed he left off practice on coming into possession of an handsome estate. He was the girl's godfather. He is allowed to have great influence over them all. Harriet calls him Papa. To him I have applied: But his answer is the very same: His *daughter* Harriet must choose for herself: All motions of this kind must come first from *her*.

And ought *I* to despair of succeeding with the girl *herself*? I, her Greville; not contemptible in person; an air—free and easy, *at least*; having a good estate in possession; fine expectancies¹ besides; dressing well, singing well, dancing well, and blest with a moderate share of confidence; which makes *other* women think me a clever fellow: She, a girl of twenty; her fortune between ten and fifteen thousand pounds only; for her father's considerable estate, on his demise, for want of male heirs, went with the name; her grandmother's jointure not more than 500 *l.* a year.—And what though her uncle Selby has no children, and loves her, yet has he nephews and nieces of his own, whom he also loves; for this Harriet is his wife's niece.

I will not *despair*. If resolution, if perseverance, will do, and if she be a woman, she shall be mine—And so I have told her aunt Selby, and her uncle too; and so I have told Miss Lucy Selby, her cousin, as she calls her, who is highly and deservedly in her favour; and so indeed have I more than once told the girl herself.

But now to the description of her Person—Let me die, if I know where to begin. She is all over loveliness. Does not every-body else who has seen her tell you so? Her Stature; shall I begin with her stature? She cannot be said to be tall; but yet is something above the middling. Her Shape—But what care I for her shape? I, who hope to love her still more, tho' possession may make me admire her less, when she has not that to boast of? We young fellows who have been abroad, are above regarding English shapes, and prefer to them the French negligence.² By the way, I think the foreign ladies in the right, that they aim not at what they cannot attain. Whether *we* are so much in the right to come into their taste, is another thing. But be this as it will, there is so much ease and dignity in the person, in the dress, and in every air and motion, of Miss Harriet Byron, that fine shapes will ever be in fashion where she is, be either native or foreigner the judge.

Her Complexion is admirably fair and clear. I have sat admiring her

complexion, till I have imagined I have seen the life-blood flowing with equal course thro' her translucent veins.

Her Forehead, so nobly free and open, shews dignity and modesty, and strikes into one a kind of *awe*, singly contemplated, that (from the *delight* which accompanies the *awe*) I know not how to describe. Every single feature, in short, will bear the nicest examination; and her whole Face, and her Neck, so admirably set on her finely-proportioned Shoulders—let me perish, if, taking her all together, I do not hold her to be the most unexceptionable Beauty I ever beheld. But what still is her *particular* excellence, and distinguishes her from all other *English* women (for it must be acknowledged to be a characteristic of the French women of quality), is, the grace which that people call *Physiognomy*, and we may call *Expression*: Had *not* her features and her complexion been so fine as they are, that grace alone, that Soul shining out in her lovely aspect, joined with the ease and gracefulness of her Motion, would have made her as many admirers as beholders.

After this, shall I descend to a more particular description?—I will.

Her Cheek—I never *saw* a cheek so beautifully turned; illustrated as it is by a charming Carmine flush, which denotes sound Health. A most bewitching dimple takes place in each when she smiles; and she has so much reason to be pleased with herself, and with all about her (for she is the idol of her relations)¹ that I believe from infancy she never frowned; nor can a frown, it is my opinion, sit upon her face for a minute. Would to Heaven I were considerable enough with her to prove the contrary!

Her Mouth—There never *was* so lovely a mouth. But no wonder; since such rosy Lips, and such ivory and even Teeth, must give beauty to a mouth less charming than hers.

Her Nose gives dignity to her other features. Her Chin is sweetly turn'd, and almost imperceptibly dimpled.

Her Eyes!—Ay, Madam, her Eyes!—Good Heaven what a lustre; yet not a fierce, but a mild lustre! How have I despised the romancing Poets for their unnatural descriptions of the Eyes of their heroines! But I have thought those descriptions, tho' absurd enough in conscience, less absurd (allowing something for poetical licence) ever since I beheld those of Miss Harriet Byron.

Her Hair is a real and unlabour'd ornament to her. All natural its curls: Art has no share in the lustre it gives to her other beauties.

I mention'd her Neck—Here I dare not trust myself—Inimitable creature! All-attracting loveliness!

Her Arm—Your Ladyship knows my passion for a delicate Arm.—By my Soul, Madam, your own does not exceed it.

Her Hands are extremely fine. Such Fingers! And they accustomed

to the Pen, to the Needle, to the Harpsichord; excelling in all—O Madam! women *have* Souls. I now am convinced they have. Given us for temporary purposes only, I dare own to your Ladyship, that once I doubted it.'—And have I not seen her dance! Have I not heard her sing!—But indeed, mind and person, she is all harmony.

Then for Reading, for acquired Knowledge, what lady so young—But you know the character of her Grandfather Shirley. He was a man of universal learning, and, from his public employments abroad, as polite as learned. This Girl, from Seven years of age, when he came to settle in England, to Fourteen, when she lost him, was his delight; and her education and instruction the amusement of his vacant hours. This is the period, he used to say, in which the foundations of all female goodness are to be laid, since so soon after Fourteen they leap into women. The dead languages he aimed not to teach her, lest he should overload her young mind: But in the Italian and French he made her an adept.

Nor were the advantages common ones which she received from his Lady, her Grandmother, and from her Aunt Selby, her Father's Sister, a woman of equal worthiness. Her Grandmother particularly is one of the most pious, yet most chearful, of women. She will not permit her Daughter Byron, she says, to live with her, for *both* their sakes—For the *Girl's* sake, Because there is a greater resort² of company at Mr. Selby's, than at Shirley-Manor; and she is afraid, as her Grandchild has a serious turn, that *her* own contemplative life may make her more grave than she wishes so young a woman to be. Youth, she says, is the season for chearfulness—For *her own* sake, Because she looks upon her Harriet's company as a cordial too rich to be always at hand; and when she has a mind to regale; she will either send for her, fetch her, or visit her at Mrs. Selby's. One of her letters to Mrs. Selby I once saw. It ran thus—"You must spare me my Harriet. I am in pain. My spirits are not high. I would not that the undecay'd mind should yield, for want of using the means, to the decaying body. *One* happy day with our child, the true child of the united minds of her late excellent parents, will, I hope, effect the cure: If it do not, you must spare her to me *two*."

Did I not tell you, Madam, that it was very difficult to describe the Person *only* of this admirable young lady.—But I stop here. A cursed apprehension comes cross me!—How do I know but I am praising another man's *future* wife, and not my own? Here is a Cousin of hers, a Mrs. Reeves, a fine Lady from London, come down under the cursed influence of my evil stars, to carry this Harriet away with her into the gay world. Woman! Woman!—I beg your Ladyship's pardon; but what Angel of Twenty is proof against vanity? The first hour she appears, she will be a Toast; Stars and Titles will

croud about her; and who knows how far a paltry coronet may dazle *her* who deserves an imperial crown? But, woe to the man, whoever he be, whose pretensions dare to interfere (and have any assurance of success) with those of

Your Ladyship's
Most obedient and faithful Servant,
 JOHN GREVILLE

LETTER. III.

Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss LUCY SELBY

Selby House, Jan. 16

I RETURN you inclosed, my Lucy, Mr. Greville's strange letter. As you asked him for it, he will have no doubt that you shewed it to me. It is better therefore, if he make enquiry whether you did or not, to own it. In this case he will be curious to know my sentiments upon it. He is sensible that my whole heart is open to you.

Tell him, if you think proper, in so many words, that I am far more displeased with him for his impetuosity, than gratified by his flattery.

Tell him, that I think it very hard, that, when my nearest relations leave me so generously to my liberty, a man to whom I never gave cause to treat me with disrespect, should take upon himself to threaten and controul me.

Ask him, What are his pretences for following me to London, or elsewhere?

If I had not had reasons *before* to avoid a more than neighbourly civility to him, he has now furnished me with very strong ones. The threatening Lover must certainly make a tyrant Husband. Don't you think so, Lucy?—But make not supposals of Lover or Husband to him: These bold men will turn shadows into substance in their own favour.

A woman who is so much exalted above what she *can* deserve, has reason to be terrified, were she to marry the complimenter (even *could* she suppose him so blinded by his passion as not to be absolutely insincere) to think of the height she must fall from in his opinion, when she has put it into his power to treat her but as what she is.

Indeed I both *despise* and *fear* a very high complimenter.—*Despise* him for his designing flattery, supposing him not to believe himself; or, if he *mean* what he says, for his injudiciousness. I *fear* him, lest he should (as in the former case he must hope) be able to raise a vanity in me, that would sink me beneath his meanness, and give him cause to triumph over my folly, at the very time that I am full of my own wisdom.

High-strain'd compliments, in short, always pull me down; always make me shrink into *myself*. Have I not some vanity to guard against? I have no doubt but Mr. Greville wished I should see this letter: And this gives me some little indignation against *myself*; for does it not look as if, from some faults in my conduct, Mr. Greville had formed hopes of succeeding by treating me like a fool?

I hope these gentlemen will not follow me to town, as they threaten. If they do, I will not see them, if I can any way avoid it. Yet, for me to appear to *them* solicitous on this head, or to desire them *not* to go, will be in some measure to lay myself under an obligation to their acquiescence. It is not therefore for me to hope to influence them in this matter, since they expect too much in return for it from me; and since they will be ready to found a merit in their passion even for dis-obliging me.

I cannot bear, however, to think of their dangling! after me wherever I go. These men, my dear, were we to give them importance with us, would be greater infringers of our natural freedom than the most severe Parents; and for *their own sakes*: Whereas Parents, if ever so despotic (if not unnatural ones indeed) mean *solely our good*, tho' headstrong girls do not always think so. Yet such, even *such*, can be teased out of their wills, at least out of their duty, by the men who stile themselves *Lovers*, when they are invincible to all the entreaties and commands of their *Parents*.

O that the next eight or ten years of my life, if I find not in the interim a man on whom my whole undivided heart can fix, were happily over! *As* happily as the last alike important four years! To be able to look down from the *elevation* of thirty years, my principles fix'd, and to have no capital folly to reproach myself with, what a happiness would that be!

My Cousin Reeves's time of setting out holds; the indulgence of my dearest friends continues; and my resolution holds. But I will see my Nancy before I set out. What! shall I enter upon a party of pleasure, and leave in my heart room to reflect, in the midst of it, that there is a dear suffering friend who had reason to think I was afraid of giving myself pain, when I might, by the balm of true love and friendly soothings, administer comfort to her wounded heart?—No, my Lucy, believe me, if I have not generosity enough, I have *selfishness* enough, to make me avoid a sting so severe as *this* would be, to

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER IV

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY**Grosvenor-Street, Tuesday, Jan. 24*

WE are just arrived. We had a very agreeable journey.

I need not tell you that Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick attended us to our first baiting; and had a genteel dinner ready provided for us: The gentlemen will tell you this, and all particulars.

They both renewed their menaces of following me to London, if I stay'd above one month. They were so good as to stretch their fortnight to a month.

Mr. Fenwick, in very pathetic terms, as he found an opportunity to engage me alone for a few minutes, besought me to *love* him. Mr. Greville was as earnest with me to declare that I *hated* him. Such a declaration, he said, was all he at present wished for. It was strange he told me, that he neither could prevail on me to encourage his Love, nor to declare my Hatred. He is a whimsical creature.

I raillied him with my usual freedom; and told him, that if there were one person in the world that I was capable of hating, I could make the less scruple to oblige *him*. He thank'd me for that.

The two gentlemen would fain have proceeded farther: But as they are never out of their way, I dare say, they would have gone to London; and there have dangled on till we should not have got rid of them, for my whole time of being in town.

I was very gravely earnest with them to leave us, when we stept into the coach in order to proceed. Fenwick, you dog, said Mr. Greville, we *must* return; Miss Byron looks grave. Gravity, and a rising colour in the finest face in the world, indicates as much as the frowns of other Beauties. And in the most respectful manner they both took leave of me; insisting however on my hand, and that I would wish them well.

I gave each my hand; I wish you very well, gentlemen, said I. And I am obliged to your civility in seeing me so far on my journey: Especially as you are so kind as to leave me here.

Why, dear Madam, did you not spare your *Especially*, said Mr. Greville?—Come, Fenwick, let us retire, and lay our two loggerheads together, and live over again the past hour, and then hang ourselves.

Poor Mr. Orme! The coach, at our first setting out, passed by his Park-gate, you know. There was he—on the very ridge of the highway. I saw him not till it was near him. He bowed to the very ground, with *such* an air of disconsolateness!—Poor Mr. Orme!—I wish'd to have said one word to him, when we had passed him: But the coach

flew—Why did the coach fly!—But I waved my hand, and leaned out of the coach as far as I could, and bowed to him.

O Miss Byron, said Mrs. Reeves (so said Mr. Reeves) Mr. Orme is the happy man. Did I think as you do, said I, I should not be so desirous to have spoken to him: But, methinks, I should have been glad to have once said, Adieu, Mr. Orme; for Mr. Orme is a good man.

But, my dear, my heart was softened at parting with my dear relations and friends; and when the heart is softened, light impressions will go deep.

My Cousin's house is suitable to their fortune: Very handsome, and furnish'd in taste. Mrs. Reeves, knowing well what a scribbler I am, and am expected to be, has provided me with pen, ink, and paper, in abundance. She readily allowed me to take early possession of my apartment, that I might pay literal obedience to the commands of all my friends on setting out. These, you know, were, to write in the first hour of my arrival: And it was allowed to be to you, my dear. But, writing thus early, what can have occur'd?

My apartment is extremely elegant. A well-furnish'd book-case, is, however, to me the most attracting ornament in it—Pardon me, dear Pen and Ink! I must not prefer any thing to you, by whose means, I hope to spend some part of every day at Selby-House; and even at this distance amuse with my prattle those friends that are always so partial to it.

And now, my dear, my revered Grandmamma, I ask your blessing—Yours, my ever-indulgent Aunt Selby—And yours, my honoured and equally beloved Uncle Selby. Who knows but you will now in absence take less delight in teasing your ever-dutiful Harriet? But yet I unbespeak not my monitor.

Continue to love me, my Lucy, as I shall endeavour to deserve your love: And let me know how our dear Nancy does.

My heart bleeds for her. I should have held myself utterly inexcusable, had I accepted of your kindly-intended dispensation, and come to town for three whole months, without repeating to her, by word of mouth, my love and my sympathising concern for her. What merit does her patience add to her other merits! How has her calamity endeared her to me! If ever I shall be heavily afflicted, God give me her amiable, her almost meritorious patience in sufferings!

To my Cousin Holles's, and all my other Relations, Friends, Companions, make the affectionate compliments of

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER V

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY**Jan. 25*

YOU rejoice me, my dear, in the hopes which you tell me, Dr. Mitchell from London gives you in relation to our Nancy. May our incessant prayers for the restoration of her health be answer'd!

Three things my Aunt Selby, and you, in the name of every one of my friends, enjoined me at parting. The *first*, To write often, *very* often, were *your* words. This injunction was not needful: My heart is with you; and the good news you give me of my Grandmamma's health, and of our Nancy, enlarges that heart. The *second*, To give you a description of the persons and characters of the people I am likely to be conversant with in the London world. And, *thirdly*, Besides the general account which you all expected from me of the visits I made and received, you enjoined me to acquaint you with the very *beginnings* of every address (and even of every *silent and respectful* distinction,¹ were *your* words) that the girl whom you all so greatly favour, might receive on this excursion to town.

Don't you remember what my Uncle Selby answer'd to this?— I do: And will repeat it, to shew, that his correcting cautions shall not be forgotten.

The vanity of the Sex, said he, will not suffer any thing of this sort to escape our Harriet. Women, continued he, make themselves so cheap at the public places in and about town, that new faces are more enquired after than even fine faces constantly seen. Harriet has an honest artless bloom in her cheeks; she may attract notice as a novice: But wherefore do you fill her head with an expectation of conquests? Women, added he, offer themselves at every public place, in rows, as at a market.² Because three or four silly fellows here in the country (like people at an auction, who raise the price upon each other above its value) have bid for her, you think she will not be able to set her foot out of doors, without increasing the number of her followers.

And then my Uncle would have it, that my head would be unable to bear the *consequence* which the partiality of my other friends gave me.

It is true, my Lucy, that we young women are too apt to be pleased with the admiration *pretended* for us by the other Sex. But I have always endeavour'd to keep down any foolish pride of this sort, by such considerations as these: That flattery is the vice of men: That they seek to raise us in order to lower us, and in the end to exalt themselves on the ruins of the pride they either hope to find, or inspire:

That humility, as it shines brightest in an high condition, best becomes a flatter'd woman of all women: That she who is puffed up by the praises of men, on the supposed advantages of person, answers *their end* upon her; and seems to own, that she thinks it a principal part of *hers*, to be admired by them: And what can give more importance to them, and less to herself, than this? For have not women souls as well as men, and souls as capable of the noblest attainments, as theirs? Shall they not therefore be most solicitous to cultivate the beauties of the mind, and to make those of person but of inferior consideration? The bloom of beauty holds but a very few years; and shall not a woman aim to make herself mistress of those perfections that will dignify her advanced age? And then may she be as wise, as venerable—as my Grandmamma. She is an example for us, my dear: Who is so much respected, who is so much beloved, both by old and young, as my Grandmamma Shirley?

In pursuance of the second injunction, I will now describe some young ladies and gentlemen who paid my Cousins their compliments on their arrival in town.

Miss Allestree, Daughter of Sir John Allestree, was one. She is very pretty, and very genteel, easy, and free. I believe I shall love her.

Miss Bramber was the second. Not so pretty as Miss Allestree; but agreeable in her person and air. A little too talkative, I think.

It was one of my Grandfather's rules to me, Not impertinently to start subjects, as if I would make an ostentation of knowlege; or as if I were fond of indulging a talking humour: But frankness and complaisance required, he used to say, that we women should unlock our bosoms, when we were called upon, and were expected to give our sentiments upon any subject.

Miss Bramber was *eager* to talk. She seemed, even when silent, to look as if she was studying for something to say, altho' she had exhausted two or three subjects. This charge of volubility, I am the rather inclined to fix upon her, as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Reeves took notice to me of it, as a thing extraordinary; which, probably, they would have done, if she had exceeded her usual way. And yet, perhaps, the joy of seeing her newly-arrived friends might have open'd her lips. If so, your pardon, sweet Miss Bramber!

Miss Sally, her younger Sister, is very amiable and very modest; a little kept down, as it seems, by the vivacity of her elder Sister; between whose ages there are about six or seven years: So that Miss Bramber seems to regard her Sister as one whom she is willing to remember as the *girl* she was two or three years ago; for Miss Sally is not above seventeen.

What confirmed me in this, was, that the younger lady was a good deal more free when her Sister was withdrawn, than when she was

present; and again pursed-up her really pretty mouth when she returned: And her Sister addressed her always by the word *Child*, with an air of eldership; while the other called her *Sister*, with a look of observance.

These were the Ladies!

The two gentlemen who came with them, were, Mr. Barnet, a Nephew of Lady Allestree, and Mr. Somner.

Mr. Somner is a young gentleman lately married; very affected, and very opinionated. I told Mrs. Reeves, after he was gone, that I believed he was a dear Lover of his person; and she owned he was. Yet had he no great reason for it. It is far from extraordinary; tho' he was very gaily dressed. His wife, it seems, was a young widow of great fortune; and till she gave him consequence by falling in love with him, he was thought to be a modest good sort of young man; one that had not discovered any more perfections in himself, than other people beheld in him; and this gave her an excuse for liking him. But now he is loquacious, forward, bold, thinks meanly of the Sex; and, what is worse, not the higher of the lady, for the preference she has given him.

This gentleman took great notice of me; and yet in such a way, as to have me think, that the approbation of so excellent a judge as himself, did me no small honour.

Mr. Barnet is a young man, that I imagine will be always young. At first I thought him *only* a fop. He affected to say some things, that tho' trite, were sententious,¹ and carried with them the air of observation. There is some degree of merit in having such a memory, as will help a person to repeat and apply other men's wit with some tolerable propriety. But when he attempted to walk alone, he said things that it was impossible a man of common sense could say. I pronounce therefore boldly about *him*: Yet by his outward appearance he may pass for one of your pretty fellows; for he dresses very gaily. Indeed if he has any taste, it *is* in dress; and this he has found out; for he talked of little else, when he *led* the talk; and boasted of several parts of *his*. What finished him with me, was, that as often as the conversation seemed to take a serious turn, he arose from his seat, and humm'd an Italian air; of which however he knew nothing:² But the sound of his own voice seemed to please him.

This fine gentleman recollected some high-flown compliments, and, applying them to me, looked as if he expected I should value myself upon them.

No wonder that men in general think meanly of us women, if they believe we have ears to hear, and folly to be pleased with, the frothy things that pass under the name of *Compliments* from such *random-shooters* as these.

Miss Stevens paid us a visit this afternoon. She is daughter of Colonel Stevens, a very worthy man. She appears sensible and unaffected; has read, my cousin says, a good deal; and yet takes no pride in shewing it.

Miss Darlington came with her. They are related. This young lady has, I find, a pretty taste in poetry. Mrs. Reeves prevailed on her to shew us three of her performances. And now, as it was with some reluctance that she shewed them, is it fair to say any thing about them? I say it only to you, my friends.—One was *on the parting of two Lovers*; very sensible; and so tender, that it shewed the fair writer knew how to describe the pangs that may be innocently allowed to arise on such an occasion.—One *on the Morning-dawn*, and Sun-rise; a subject that gave credit to herself; for she is, it seems, a very early riser. I petitioned for a copy of this, for the sake of two or three of my dear cousins, as well as to confirm my own practice; but I was modestly refused.—The third was on the death of a favourite Linet; a little too pathetic for the occasion; since were Miss Darlington to have lost her best and dearest friend, I imagine that she had in this piece, which is pretty long, exhausted the subject; and must borrow from it some of the images which she introduces to heighten her distress for the loss of the little songster. It is a very difficult matter, I believe, for young persons of genius to rein-in their imaginations. A great flow of spirits, and great store of images crowding in upon them, carry them too frequently above their subject; and they are apt rather to say all that *may* be said on their favourite topics, than what is *proper* to be said. But it is a pretty piece, however.

Thursday Morning

Lady Betty Williams supp'd with us the same evening. She is an agreeable woman, the widow of a very worthy man, a near relation of Mr. Reeves. She has a great and just regard for my cousin, and consults him in all affairs of importance. She seems to be turned of Forty; has a son and a daughter; but they are both abroad for education.

It hurt me to hear her declare, that she cared not for the trouble of Education; and that she had this pleasure, which girls brought up at home seldom give their mothers; that she and Miss Williams always saw each other, and always parted, as Lovers.

Surely there must be some fault either in the temper of the mother, or in the behaviour of the daughter; and if so, I doubt it will not be amended by seeing each other but seldom. Do not Lovers thus cheat and impose upon one another?

The young gentleman is about Seventeen; his sister about Fifteen: And, as I understand she is a very lively, and, 'tis feared, a forward girl, shall we wonder, if in a few years time she should make such

a choice for her husband as Lady Betty would least of all choose for a son-in-law? What influence can a mother expect to have over a daughter from whom she so voluntarily estranges herself? and from whose example the daughter can receive only hearsay benefits?

But after all, may not, methinks I hear my correcting Uncle ask, Lady Betty have *better* reasons for her conduct in this particular, than she gave you?—She may, my Uncle, and I hope she has: But I wish she had condescended to give those better reasons, since she gave any; and then you had not been troubled with the impertinent remarks of your saucy kinswoman.

Lady Betty was so kind as to take great notice of me. She desired to be one in every party of pleasure that I am to be engaged in. Persons who were often at public places, she observed, took as much delight in accompanying strangers to them, as if they were their own. The apt comparisons, she said; the new remarks; the pretty wonder; the agreeable passions excited in such, on the occasion, always gave her high entertainment. And she was sure from the observation of *such* a young lady, civilly bowing to me, she should be equally delighted and improved. I bowed in silence. I love not to make disqualifying¹ speeches; by such we seem to intimate that we believe the complimenter to be in earnest, or perhaps that we think the compliment our due, and want to hear it either repeated or confirmed; and yet, possibly, we have not that pretty confusion, and those transient blushes, ready, which Mr. Greville archly says are always to be at hand when we affect to disclaim the attributes given us.

Lady Betty was so good as to stop there; tho' the muscles of her agreeable face shewed a polite promptitude, had I, by disclaiming her compliments, provok'd them to perform their office.

Am I not a saucy creature?

I know I am. But I dislike not Lady Betty, for all that.

I am to be carried by her to a Masquerade, to a Ridotto;² when the season comes, to Ranelagh and Vauxhall;³ In the mean time, to Balls, Routs, Drums,⁴ and so-forth; and to qualify me for these latter, I am to be taught all the fashionable Games.⁵ Did my dear Grandmamma, twenty or thirty years ago, think she should live to be told, That to the Dancing-master, the Singing or Music-master, the high mode would require the Gaming-master to be added for the completing of the female education?

Lady Betty will kindly take the lead in all these diversions.

And now, Lucy, will you not repeat your wishes, that I return to you with a sound heart? And are you not afraid that I shall become a modern fine Lady? As to the latter fear, I will tell you *when* you shall suspect me—If you find that I prefer the highest of these entertainments, or the Opera itself, well as I love music, to a good Play of our

favourite Shakespeare, then, my Lucy, let your heart ache for your Harriet: Then, be apprehensive that she is laid hold on by levity; that she is captivated by the Eye and the Ear; that her heart is infected by the modern taste; and that she will carry down with her an appetite to pernicious gaming; and, in order to support her extravagance, will think of punishing some honest man in marriage.

James has signified to Sally his wishes to be allowed to return to Selby-house. I have not therefore bought him the new liveries I designed for him on coming to town. I cannot bear an uncheerful brow in a servant; and he owing to me, on my talking with him, his desire to return, I have promised that he *shall*, as soon as Mr. Reeves has provided me with another servant.—Silly fellow! But I hope my Aunt will not dismiss him upon it. The servant I may hire, may not care to go into the country perhaps, or may not so behave, as that I should choose to take him down with me. And James is honest; and his mother would break her heart, if he should be dismissed our service.

Several servants have already offered themselves; but, as I think people are answerable for the character of such as they choose for their domestics, I find no small difficulty in fixing. I am not of the mind of that great man, whose good-natur'd reason for sometimes preferring men no-way deserving, was, that he loved to be a friend to those whom no other person would befriend. This was carrying his goodness very far (if he made it not an excuse for himself, for having promoted a man who *proved* bad *afterwards*, rather than as supposing him to be so at the *time*); since else, he seemed not to consider, that every bad man he promoted, ran away with the reward due to a better.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are so kind to me, and their servants are so ready to oblige me, that I shall not be very uneasy, if I cannot soon get one to my mind. Only if I could fix on such a one, and if my Grand-mamma's Oliver should leave her, as she supposes he will, now he has married Ellen; as soon as a good Inn offers, James may supply Oliver's place, and the new servant may continue mine instead of James.

And now that I have gone so low, don't you wish me to put an end to this letter!—I believe you do.

Well then, with Duty and Love ever remember'd where so justly due, believe me to be, my dear Lucy,

Your truly affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

I will write separately to what you say of Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Miss Orme; yet hope to be time enough for the post.

LETTER VI

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY**Sat. Jan. 28*

As to what you say of Mr. Greville's concern on my absence (and, I think, with a little too much feeling for him) and of his declaring himself unable to live without seeing me; I have but one fear about it; which is, that he is forming a pretence from his *violent* Love, to come up after me: And if he does, I will not see him, if I can help it.

And do you indeed believe him to be so much in Love? By your seriousness on the occasion, you seem to think he is. O my Lucy! What a good heart you have! And did he not weep when he told you so? Did he not turn his head away, and pull out his handkerchief?—O these dissemblers! The hyæna, my dear, was a *male* devourer. The men in malice, and to extenuate their own guilt, made the creature a *female*. And yet there may be male and female of this species of monsters. But as women have more to lose with regard to reputation than men, the male hyæna¹ must be infinitely the more dangerous creature of the two; since he will come to us, even into our very houses, fawning, cringing, weeping, licking our hands; while the den of the female is by the highway-side, and wretched youths must enter into it, to put it in her power to devour them.

Let me tell you, my dear, that if there be an artful man in England, with regard to us women (artful equally in his free speaking, and in his sycophancies) Mr. Greville is the man. And he *intends* to be so too, and values himself upon his art. Does he not as boldly as constantly insinuate, That flattery is dearer to a woman than her food? Yet who so gross a flatterer as himself, when the humour is upon him? And yet at times he wants to build up a merit for sincerity or plain-dealing, by saying free things.

It is not difficult, my dear, to find out these men, were we earnest to detect them. Their chief strength lies in our weakness. But however weak we are, I think we should not add to the triumph of those who make our weakness the general subject of their satire. We should not prove the justice of their ridicule by our own indiscretions. But the traitor is within us. If we guard against ourselves, we may bid defiance to all the arts of man.

You know, that my great objection to Mr. Greville is for his immoralities. A man of free principles, shewn by practices as free, can hardly make a tender husband, were a woman able to get over considerations that she ought *not* to get over. Who shall trust for the performance of his *second* duties, the man who avowedly despises his

first? Mr. Greville had a good education: He must have taken *pains* to render vain the pious precepts of his worthy father; and still more to make a jest of them.

Three of his women we have heard of, besides her whom he brought with him from Wales. You know he has only affected to appear decent since he has cast his eyes upon me. The man, my dear, must be an abandon'd man, and must have a very hard heart, who can pass from woman to woman, without any remorse for a former, whom, as may be suppos'd, he has by the most solemn vows seduced. And whose leavings is it, my dear, that a virtuous woman takes, who marries a profligate?

Is it not reported that his Welshwoman, to whom, at parting, he gave not sufficient for a twelvemonth's scanty subsistence, is now upon the town? Vile man! He thinks it to his credit, I have heard, to own it a seduction, and that she was not a vicious creature till he made her so.

One only merit has Mr. Greville to plead in this black transaction: It is, That he has, by his whole conduct in it, added a warning to our sex. And shall I, despising the warning, marry a man, who, specious as he is in his temper, and lively in his conversation, has shewn so bad a nature?

His fortune, as you say, is great. The more inexcusable therefore is he for his niggardliness to his Welshwoman. On his fortune he presumes: It will procure him a too easy forgiveness from others of our sex: But fortune without merit will never do with me, were the man a prince.

You say, that if a woman resolves not to marry till she finds herself addressed to by a man of strict virtue, she must be for ever single. If this be true, what wicked creatures are men! What a dreadful abuse of passions, given them for the noblest purposes, are they guilty of!

I have a very high notion of the marriage-state. I remember what my Uncle once averr'd; That a woman out of wedlock is half useless to the end of her being. How indeed do the duties of a good Wife, of a good Mother, and a worthy Matron, well performed, dignify a woman! Let my Aunt Selby's example, in her enlarged sphere, set against that of any single woman of like years moving in her narrow circle, testify the truth of the observation. My Grandfather used to say, that families are little communities; that there are but few solid friendships out of them; and that they help to make up worthily, and to secure, the great community, of which they are so many miniatures.

But yet it is my opinion, and I hope, that I never by my practice shall discredit it, that a woman who, with her eyes open, marries a profligate man, had, generally, much better remain single all her life; since it is very likely, that by such a step she defeats, as to herself,

all the good ends of society. What a dreadful, what a *presumptuous* risque runs she, who marries a wicked man, even hoping to reclaim him, when she cannot be sure of keeping her own principles!—*Be not deceived; evil communication corrupts good manners;*¹ is a caution truly apostolical.

The text you mention of the *unbelieving husband* being converted by the *believing wife*,² respects, as I take it, the first ages of Christianity; and is an instruction to the converted wife to let her unconverted husband see in her behaviour to him, *while he beheld her chaste conversation coupled with fear*,³ the efficacy upon her own heart of the excellent doctrines she had embraced. It could not have in view the woman who, *being single*, chose a *pagan husband* in hopes of *converting him*. Nor can it give encouragement for a woman of virtue and religion to marry a profligate in hopes of *reclaiming him*. *Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled?*⁴

As to Mr. Fenwick, I am far from having a better opinion of him than I have of Mr. Greville. You know what is whispered of him. He has more decency however: He *avows* not free principles, as the other does. But you must have observ'd how much he seems to enjoy the mad talk and free sentiments of the other: And that other always brightens up and rises in his freedoms and impiety on Mr. Fenwick's sly applauses and encouraging countenance. In a word, Mr. Fenwick, not having the same lively things to say, nor so lively an air to carry them off, as Mr. Greville has, tho' he would be thought not to want sense, takes pains to shew that he has as corrupt an heart. If I thought anger would not give him consequence, I should hardly forbear to shew myself displeased, when he points by a leering eye, and by a broad smile, the free jest of the other, to the person present whom he thinks most apt to blush, as if for fear it should be lost; and still more when on the mantling cheek's shewing the sensibility of the person so insulted, he breaks out into a loud laugh, that she may not be able to recover herself.

Surely these men must think us women egregious hypocrites: They must believe that we only affect modesty, and in our hearts approve of their freedom. For, can it be supposed, that such as call themselves Gentlemen, and who have had the education and opportunities that these two have had, would give themselves liberties of speech on *purpose* to affront us?

I hope I shall find the London gentlemen more polite than these our neighbours of the Fox-chace. And yet hitherto I have seen no great cause to prefer them to the others. But about the court, and at the fashionable public places, I expect wonders. Pray Heaven, I may not be disappointed!

Thank Miss Orme, in my name, for the kind wishes she sends me.

Tell her, that her doubts of my affection for her are not just; and that I do really and indeed love her. Nor should she want the most explicit declarations of my love, were I not more afraid of her in the character of a *Sister* to a truly respectable man, than doubtful of her in that of a friend to me: In which latter light, I even joy to consider her. But she is a little naughty, tell her, because she is always leading to one subject. And yet, how can I be angry with her for it, if her good opinion of me induces her to think it in my power to make the Brother happy, whom she so dearly and deservedly loves? I cannot but esteem her for the part she takes.—And this it is that makes me afraid of the artlessly-artful Miss Orme.

It would look as if I thought my Duty, and Love, and Respects, were questionable, if in every letter I repeated them to my equally honoured and beloved benefactors, friends, and favourers. Suppose them therefore always included in my subscription to you, my Lucy, when I tell you that I am, and will be,

Your ever-affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER VII

Mr. SELBY, To Miss BYRON

Selby-House, Jan. 30

WELL! and now there wants but a London Lover or two to enter upon the stage, and *Vanity-Fair* will be proclaimed, and directly open'd. Greville every-where magnifying you in order to justify his flame for you: Fenwick exalting you above all women: Orme adoring you, and by his humble silence saying more than any of them: Proposals besides from this man: Letters from that! What scenes of flattery and nonsense have I been witness to for these past three years and half, that young Mr. Elford began the dance? Single! Well may you have remained single till this your twentieth year, when you have such choice of admirers, that you don't know which to have. So in a mercer's shop, the tradesman has a fine time with you women; when variety of his rich wares distract you; and fifty to one at last, but as well in *men* as *silks*, you choose the worst, especially if the best is offer'd at first, and refused. For women know better how to be sorry, than to amend.

"It is true, say you, that we young women are apt to be pleased with admiration—" O ho! Are you so? And so I have gain'd one point with you at last; have I?

"But I have always endeavoured" [And I, Harriet, wish you had

succeeded in your endeavours] “to keep down any foolish pride”—Then you own that pride you have?—Another point gained! Conscience, honest conscience, *will* now-and-then make you women speak out. But now I think of it, here is vanity in the very humility. Well say you *endeavour’d*, when female pride, like Love, tho’ hid under a barrel, will flame out at the bung.¹

Well, said I, to your Aunt Selby, to your Grandmamma, and to your Cousin Lucy, when we all met to sit in judgment upon your letters, now I hope you’ll never dispute with me more on this flagrant love of admiration which I have so often observ’d swallows up the hearts and souls of you all; since your Harriet is not exempt from it; and since with all her speciousness,² with all her prudence, with all her caution, she (taken with a qualm of conscience) owns it.

But, no, truly! All is right that you *say*: All is right that you *do*!—Your very confessions are brought as so many demonstrations of your diffidence, of your ingenuousness, and I cannot tell what.

Why, I must own, that no Father ever loved his Daughter as I love my Niece. But yet, girl, your faults, your vanities, I do not love. It is my glory, that I think myself able to judge of my friends as they *deserve*; not as being *my* friends. Why, the best beloved of my heart, your Aunt herself—you know, I value her now more, now less, as she deserves. But with all those I have named, and with all your relations, indeed, their Harriet cannot be in fault. And why? Because you are related to *them*; and because they attribute to themselves some merit from the relation they stand in to you. *Supererogatorians*³ all of them (I *will* make words whenever I please) with their *attributions*⁴ to you; and because you are of their sex, forsooth; and because I accuse you in a point in which you are all concern’d, and so make a common cause of it.

Here one exalts you for your *good sense*; because you have a knack, by help of an happy memory, of making every thing you read, and every thing that is told you, that you like, your own (your Grandfather’s precepts particularly); and because, I think, you pass upon us as your own what you have borrowed, if not stolen.

Another praises you for your *good-nature*—The duce is in it, if a girl who has crouds of admirers after her, and a new Lover where-ever she shews her bewitching face; who is blest with health and spirits, and has every-body for her friend, let her deserve it or not; can be *ill-natured*. Who can such a one have to quarrel with, trow?

Another extols you for your *chearful wit*, even when display’d, bold girl as you are, upon your Uncle; in which indeed you are upheld by the wife of my bosom, whenever I take upon me to tell you what ye all, even the best of ye, are.

Yet sometimes they praise your *modesty*: And *why* your modesty?—

Because you have a skin in a manner transparent; and because you can blush—I was going to say, whenever you please.

At other times, they will find out, that you have features equally delicate and regular; when I think, and I have examin'd them jointly and separately, that all your *takingness*¹ is owing to that open and chearful countenance, which gives them a gloss (or what shall I call it?)² that we men are apt to be pleased with at first sight. A gloss that takes one, as it were, by surprize. But give me the beauty that grows upon us every time we see it; that leaves room for something to be found out to its advantage, as we are more and more acquainted with it.

"Your correcting Uncle," you call me. And so I will be. But what hope have I of your amendment, when every living soul, man, woman, and child, that knows you, puffs you up? There goes Mr. Selby, I have heard strangers say—And who is Mr. Selby, another stranger has ask'd?—Why, Mr. Selby is Uncle to the celebrated Miss Byron.—Yet I, who have lived fifty years in this county, should think I might be known on my *own* account; and not as the *Uncle* of a girl of twenty.

"Am I not a saucy creature?" in another place you ask. And you answer, "I know I am." I am glad you do. Now may I call you so by your own authority, I hope. But with your Aunt, it is only the effect of your *agree-able* vivacity. What abominable partiality! E'en do what you will, Harriet, you'll never be in fault. I could almost wish—But I won't tell you what I wish neither. But something must betide you, that you little think of; depend upon that. All your days cannot be halcyon ones. I would give a thousand pounds with all my soul, to see you heartily in love: Ay, up to the very ears, and unable to help yourself! You are not *thirty* yet, child. And, indeed, you seem to *think* the time of danger is *not over*. I am glad of your *consciousness*, my dear. Shall I tell Greville of your doubts, and of your difficulties, Harriet? As to the ten *coming* years, I mean? And shall I tell him of your prayer to pass them safely?—But is not this wish of yours, that ten years of bloom were over-past, and that you were arrived at the thirtieth year of your age, a very singular one?—A flight! A mere flight! Ask ninety-nine of your Sex out of an hundred, if they would adopt it.

In another Letter you ask Lucy, "If Mr. Greville has not said, that flattery is dearer to a woman than her food." Well, Niece, and what would you be at? Is it not so?—I do averr, that Mr. Greville is a sensible man; and makes good observations.

"Mens chief strength, you say, lies in the weakness of women." Why so it does. Where else should it lie? And this from their immeasurable love of admiration and flattery, as here you seem to acknowlege of your own accord, tho' it has been so often perversly disputed with me. Give you women but rope enough, you'll do your own business.

However, in many places you have pleased me. But no-where more than when you recollect my *averrment* (without contradicting it; which is a rarity!) "that a woman out of wedlock is half useless to the end of her being." Good girl! That was an assertion of mine, and I will abide by it. Lucy simper'd when we came to this place, and look'd at me. She expected, I saw, my notice upon it; so did your Aunt: But the confession was so frank, that I was generous, and only said, True as the gospel.

I have written a long letter: Yet have not said one quarter of what I intended to say when I began. You will allow that you have given your *correcting* Uncle, ample subject. But you fare something the better for saying, "you unbespeak not your monitor."

You *own*, that you have some vanity. Be more free in your acknowledgements of this nature (you *may*; for are you not a woman?) and you'll fare something the better for your ingenuousness; and the rather, as your acknowledgement will help me up with your Aunt and Lucy, and your Grandmamma, in an argument I will not give up.

I have had fresh applications made to me—But I will not say from whom: Since we have agreed long ago, not to prescribe to so discreet a girl, as, in the main, we all think you, in the articles of Love and Marriage.

With all your faults I must love you. I am half ashamed to say how much I miss you already. We are all naturally chearful folks: Yet, I don't know how it is; your absence has made a strange chasm at our table. Let us hear from you every post: That will be something. Your doting Aunt tells the hours on the day she expects a letter. Your Grandmother is at present with us, and in heart I am sure regrets your absence: But as your tenderness to her has kept you from going to London for so many years, she thinks she ought to be easy. Her example goes a great way with us all, you know, and particularly with

Your truly affectionate
(*tho' correcting*) *Uncle,*

GEO. SELBY

LETTER VIII

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Tuesday, Jan. 31

I AM already, my dear Lucy, quite contrary to my own expectation, enabled to obey the third general injunction laid upon me at parting by you, and all my dear friends; since a gentleman, neither

inconsiderable in his family or fortune, has already beheld your Harriet with partiality.

Not to heighten your impatience by unnecessary parade, his name is *Fowler*. He is a young gentleman of an handsome independent fortune, and still larger expectations from a Welsh Uncle now in town, Sir Rowland Meredith, knighted in his Sheriffalty; on occasion of an address which he brought up to the King from his County.

Sir Rowland, it seems, requires from his Nephew, on pain of forfeiting his favour for ever, that he marries not without his approbation: Which, he declares, he never will give, except the woman be of a good family; has a gentlewoman's fortune; has had the benefit of a religious education; which he considers as the best security that can be given for her good behaviour as a wife, and as a *mother*; so forward does the good Knight look! Her character unsullied: Acquainted with the theory of the domestic duties, and not ashamed, occasionally, to enter into the direction of the practice.¹ Her fortune, however, as his Nephew will have a good one, he declares to be the least thing he stands upon; only that he would have her possessed of from six to ten thousand pounds, that it may not appear to be a match of mere Love, and as if his Nephew were *taken in*, as he calls it, rather by the eyes, than by the understanding. Where a woman can have such a fortune given her by her family, tho' no greater, it will be an earnest, he says, that the family she is of have *worth*, as he calls it, and want not to owe obligations to that of the man she marries.

Something particular, something that has the look of forecast and prudence, you'll say, in the old Knight.

O but I had like to have forgot; his future Niece must also be handsome. He values himself, it seems, upon the breed of his horses and dogs; and makes polite comparisons between the *more* noble, and the *less* noble animals.

Sir Rowland himself, as you will guess by his particularity, is an old bachelor, and one who wants to have a woman made on purpose for his Nephew; and who positively insists upon qualities, before he knows her, not one of which, perhaps, his future Niece will have.

Don't you remember Mr. Tolson of Derbyshire? He was determined never to marry a widow. If he did, it should be one, who had a vast fortune, and who never had a child. And he had still a more particular exception; and that was to a woman who had red hair. He held his exceptions till he was forty. Look'd upon then as a determin'd bachelor, no family thought it worth their while to make proposals to him: No woman to throw out a net for him (to express myself in the stile of the gay Mr. Greville); and he at last fell in with, and married the laughing Mrs. Turner: A widow, who had little or no fortune, had one child, a daughter, living, and that child an absolute

idiot; and, to complete the perverseness of his fate, her hair not only red, but the most disagreeable of reds. The honest man was grown splenetic: disregarded by everybody, he was become disregarding of himself: He hoped for a cure of his gloominess, from her chearful vein; and seemed to think himself under obligation to one who had taken notice of him, when nobody else would. Bachelors wives! Maids children!¹ These old saws always mean something.

Mr. Fowler saw me at my Cousin Reeves's the first time. I cannot say he is disagreeable in his *person*. But he seems to want the *mind* I would have a man bless'd with to whom I am to vow love and honour. I purpose, whenever I marry, to make a very good and even a dutiful wife [Must I not vow obedience? And shall I break my marriage-vow?]: I would not, therefore, on any consideration, marry a man, whose want of knowlegè might make me stagger in the performance of my duty to him; and who would perhaps command from caprice or want of understanding, what I should think unreasonable to be complied with. There is a pleasure and a credit in yielding up even one's judgment in things indifferent, to a man who is older and wiser than one's self. But we are apt to doubt in one of a contrary character, what in the other we should have no doubt about: And doubt, you know, of a person's merit, is the first step to disrespect: And what, but disobedience, which lets in every evil, is the next?

I saw instantly that Mr. Fowler beheld me with a distinguished regard. We women, you know [Let me for once be beforehand with my Uncle] are very quick in making discoveries of this nature. But every-body at table saw it. He came again next day, and besought Mr. Reeves to give him his interest with me, without asking any questions about my fortune; tho' he was even generously particular as to his own. He might, since he has an unexceptionable one. Who is it in these cases that forgets to set foremost the advantages by which he is distinguished? While fortune is the last thing talk'd of by him who has little or none: And then *Love, Love, Love*, is all his cry.

Mr. Reeves, who has a good opinion of Mr. Fowler, in answer to his enquiries, told him, that he believed I was disengaged in my affections: Mr. Fowler rejoiced at that. That I had no questions to ask; but those of duty; which indeed, he said, was a stronger tie with me than interest. He praised my temper, and my frankness of heart; the latter at the expence of my sex; for which I least thank'd him, when he told me what he had said. In short, he acquainted him with every-thing that was necessary, and more than was necessary, for him to know, of the favour of my family, and of my good Mr. Deane, in referring all proposals of this kind to myself; mingling the detail with commendations, which only could be excused by the goodness of his own heart, and accounted for by his partiality to his Cousin.

Mr. Fowler expressed great apprehensions on my Cousin's talking of these references of my Grandmother, Aunt, and Mr. Deane, to myself, on occasions of this nature; which, he said, he presumed had been too frequent for his hopes.

If you have any hope, Mr. Fowler, said Mr. Reeves, it must be in your good character; and that much preferably to your clear estate and great expectations. Altho' she takes no pride in the number of her admirers, yet is it natural to suppose, that it has made her more difficult; and her difficulties are enhanced, in proportion to the generous confidence which all her friends have in her discretion. And when I told him, proceeded Mr. Reeves, that your fortune exceeded greatly what Sir Rowland required in a wife for him; and that you had, as well from inclination, as education, a serious turn; Too much, too much, in one person, cried he out. As to fortune, he wish'd you had not a shilling; and if he could obtain your favour, he should be the happiest man in the world.

O my good Mr. Reeves, said I, how have you over-rated my merits! Surely, you have not given Mr. Fowler your interest? If you *have*, should you not, for *his* sake, have known something of my mind before you had set me out thus, had I even deserved your high opinion?—Only that you men break not your hearts now a-days for Love, or Mr. Fowler might have reason to repent the double well-meant kindness of his friend.

It is the language I do and must talk of you in, to every-body, return'd Mr. Reeves: Is it not the language that those most talk who know you best?

Where the world is inclined to favour, replied I, it is apt to *over-rate*, as much as it will *under-rate* where it disfavours. In this case, you should not have proceeded so far as to engage a gentleman's hopes. What may be the end of all this, but to make a compassionate nature, as mine has been thought to be, if Mr. Fowler should be greatly in earnest, uneasy to itself, in being obliged to shew Pity, where she cannot return Love?

What I have said, I have said, replied Mr. Reeves. Pity is but one remove from Love. Mrs. Reeves (There she sits) was first brought to pity me; for never was man more madly in love than I; and then I thought myself sure of her. And so it proved. I can tell you I am no enemy to Mr. Fowler.

And so, my dear, Mr. Fowler seems to think he has met with a woman who would make a fit wife for him: But your Harriet, I doubt, has not in Mr. Fowler met with a man whom she can think a fit husband for her.

The very next morning, Sir Rowland himself—

But now, my Lucy, if I proceed to tell you all the fine things that

are said *of* me and *to* me, what will my Uncle Selby say? Will he not attribute all I shall repeat of this sort, to that pride, to that vanity, to that fondness of admiration, which he, as well as Mr. Greville, is continually charging upon all our Sex?

Yet he expects that I shall give a minute account of every thing that passes, and of every conversation in which I have any part. How shall I do to please him? And yet I know I shall *best* please him, if I give him room to find fault with me. But then should he for my faults blame the whole Sex? Is that just?

You will tell me, I know, that if I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly: That the humours and characters of persons cannot be known unless I repeat *what* they say, and their *manner* of saying: That I must leave it to the speakers and complimenterers to answer for the likeness of the pictures they draw: That I know best my own heart, and whether I am puffed up by the praises given me: That if I *am*, I shall discover it by my superciliousness, and be enough punished on the discovery, by incurring, from those I love, deserved blame, if not contempt, instead of preserving their wish'd-for esteem.—Let me add to all this, that there is an author (I forget who)¹ who says, “It is lawful to repeat those things, tho’ spoken in our praise, that are necessary to be known, and cannot otherwise be come at.”

And now let me ask, Will this preamble do, once for all?

It will. And so says my Aunt Selby. And so says every one but my Uncle. Well then I will proceed, and repeat all that shall be said, and that as well to my disadvantage as advantage; only resolving not to be exalted with the one, and to do my endeavour to amend by the other. And here, pray tell my Uncle, that I do not desire he will spare me; since the faults he shall find in his Harriet shall always put her upon her guard—Not, however, to conceal them from his discerning eye; but to amend them.

And now, having, as I said, once for all, prepared you to guard against a surfeit of self-praise, tho’ delivered at second or third hand, I will go on with my narrative—But hold—my paper reminds me that I have written a monstrous letter—I will therefore, with a new sheet, begin a new one. Only adding to this, that I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

P.S. Well, but what shall I do now?—I have just received my Uncle’s letter. And, after his charges upon me of Vanity and Pride, will my parade, as above, stand me in anystead?—I must trust to it. Only one word to my dear and ever-honoured Uncle—Don’t you,

Sir, impute to me a belief of the truth of those extravagant compliments made by men professing love to me: And I will not wish you to think me one bit the wiser, the handsomer, the better for them, than I was before.

LETTER IX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Thursday, Feb. 2

THE very next morning Sir Rowland himself paid his respects to Mr. Reeves.

The Knight, before he would open himself very freely as to the business he came upon, desired that he might have an opportunity to see me. I knew nothing of him, nor of his business. We were just going to breakfast. Miss Allestree, Miss Bramber, and Miss Dolyns, a young lady of merit, were with us.

Just as we had taken our seats, Mr. Reeves introduced Sir Rowland, but let him not know which was Miss Byron. He did nothing at first sitting down, but peer in our faces by turns; and fixing his eye upon Miss Allestree, he jogged Mr. Reeves with his elbow—Hay, Sir?—audibly whispered he.

Mr. Reeves was silent. Sir Rowland, who is short-sighted, then look'd under his bent brows, at Miss Bramber; then at Miss Dolyns; and then at me—Hay, Sir? whispered he again.

He sat out the first dish of tea with an impatience equal, as it seemed, to his uncertainty. And at last taking Mr. Reeves by one of his buttons, desired a word with him. They withdrew together; and the Knight not quitting hold of Mr. Reeves's button, Ads-my-life; Sir, said he, I hope I am right. I love my Nephew as I love myself. I live but for him. He ever was dutiful to me his Uncle. If that be Miss Byron who sits on the right-hand of your Lady, with the countenance of an angel, her eyes sparkling with good humour, and blooming as a May-morning, the business is *done*. I give my consent. Altho' I heard not a word pass from her lips, I am sure she is all intelligence. My boy *shall* have her. The other young ladies are agreeable: But if this be the lady my kinsman is in love with, he *shall* have her. How will she outshine all our Caermarthen Ladies; and yet we have charming girls in Caermarthen!—Am I, or am I not right, Mr. Reeves, as to my Nephew's *flame*, as they call it?

The lady you describe, Sir Rowland, is Miss Byron.

And then Mr. Reeves, in his usual partial manner, let his heart overflow at his lips in my favour.

Thank God, thank God! said the Knight. Let us return. Let us go in again. I will say something to her to make her speak. But not a word to dash her. I expect her voice to be music, if it be as harmonious as the rest of her. By the softness or harshness of the voice, let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, I form a judgment of the heart, and soul, and manners of a Lady. 'Tis a *criterion*, as they call it, of my own; and I am hardly ever mistaken. Let us go in again, I pray ye.

They returned, and took their seats; the Knight making an awkward apology for taking my Cousin out.

Sir Rowland, his forehead smoothed, and his face shining, sat swelling, as big with meaning, yet not knowing how to begin. Mrs. Reeves and Miss Allestree were talking at the re-entrance of the gentlemen. Sir Rowland thought he must say something, however distant from his main purpose. Breaking silence therefore; You, ladies, seemed to be deep in discourse when we came in. Whatever were your subject, I beg you will resume it.

They had finished, they assured him, what they had to say.

Sir Rowland seemed still at a loss. He hemm'd three times; and look'd at me with particular kindness. Mr. Reeves then, in pity to his fulness, asked him how long he proposed to stay in town?

He had thought, he said, to have set out in a week; but something had happened, which he believed could not be completed under a *fortnight*. Yet I want to be down, said he; for I had just finished, as I came up, the new-built house I design to present to my Nephew when he marries. I pretend, plain man as I am, to be a judge, both of taste and elegance. Sir Rowland was now set a going. All I wish for is to see him happily settled. Ah, ladies! that I need not go further than this table for a wife for my boy?

We all smiled, and look'd upon each other.

You young ladies, proceeded he, have great advantages in certain cases over us men; and this (which I little thought of till it came to be my own case) whether we speak for our kindred or for ourselves. But will you, Madam, to Mrs. Reeves, will you, Sir, to Mr. Reeves, answer my questions—as to these ladies?—I *must* have a Niece among them. My Nephew, tho' I say it, is one whom any lady may love. And as for fortune, let me alone to make him, in *addition* to his own, all clear as the sun, worthy of any woman's acceptance, tho' she were a Duchess.

We were all silent, and smiled upon one another.

What I would ask then, is, Which of the ladies before me—Mercy! I believe by their smiling, and by their pretty looks, they are none of them engaged. I will begin with the young lady on your right-hand. She looks *so* lovely, *so* good-natur'd, and *so* condescending!—Mercy! what an open forehead!—Hem!—Forgive me, Madam; but I believe

you would not disdain to answer my question yourself.—Are you, Madam, are you absolutely and *bona fide*, disengaged? or are you not?

As this, Sir Rowland, answer'd I, is a question I can best resolve, I frankly own, that I am disengaged.

Charming! charming! Mercy! Why now what a noble frankness in that answer!—No jesting matter! You may smile, ladies.—I hope, Madam, you say true. I hope I may rely upon it, that your affections are not engaged.

You may, Sir Rowland. I do not love, even in jest, to tell fibs.

Admirable!—But let me tell you, Madam, that I hope you will not many days have this to say. Ad's-my-life! sweet soul! how I rejoice to see that charming flush in the finest cheek in the world! But heaven forbid that I should dash so sweet a creature!—Well, but now there is no going further. Excuse me, ladies; I mean not a slight to any of you: But now, you know, there is no going further:—And will you, Madam, permit me to introduce to you, as a Lover, as an humble Servant, a very proper and agreeable young man? *Let* me introduce him: He is *my* Nephew. Your looks are all graciousness. Perhaps you have seen him: And if you are really disengaged, you can have no objection to him; of that I am confident. And I am told, that you have nobody that either *can* or *will* controul you.

The more controulable for that very reason, Sir Rowland.

Ad's-my-life, I like your answer. Why, Madam, you must be full as good as you look to be. I wish I were a young man myself for *your sake*! But tell me, Madam, will you permit a visit from my Nephew this afternoon?—Come, come, dear young lady, be as gracious as you look to be. Fortune must do. Had you not a shilling, I should rejoice in such a Niece: And that is more than I ever said in my life before. My Nephew is a sober man, a modest man. He has a good estate of his own: A clear 2000 *l.* a year. I will add to it in my life-time as much more. Be all this good company witnesses for me. I am no flincher. It is well known that the word of Sir Rowland Meredith is as good as his bond at all times. I love these open doings. I love to be above-board. What signifies shilly-shally? What says the old proverb?

*Happy's the wooing
That is not long a doing.*

But, Sir Rowland, said I, there are proverbs that may be set against your proverb. You hint that I have seen the gentleman: Now I have never yet seen the man whose addresses I could encourage.

O, I like you the better for that. None but the *giddy* love at first sight. Ad's-my-life, you would have been snapt up before now, young as you are, could you easily have returned love for love. Why, Madam, you cannot be above sixteen?

O, Sir Rowland, you are mistaken. Cheerfulness, and a contented mind, make a difference to advantage of half a dozen years at any time. I am much nearer twenty-one than *nineteen*, I assure you.

Nearer to twenty-one than *nineteen*, and yet so freely tell your age without asking!

Miss Byron, Sir Rowland, said Mrs. Reeves, is young enough at twenty, surely, to own her age.

True, Madam; but at twenty, if not before, time always stands still with women. A lady's age once known, will be always remembered; and that more for spite than love. At twenty-eight or thirty, I believe most ladies are willing to strike off half a dozen years at least—And yet, and yet (smiling, and looking arch) I have always said (pardon me, ladies) that it is a sign, when women are so desirous to conceal their age, that they think they shall be good for nothing when in years. Ah, ladies! shaking his head, and laughing, women don't think of that. But how I admire you, Madam, for your frankness! Would to the Lord you were twenty-four!—I would have no woman marry under twenty-four:¹ And that, let me tell you, ladies, for the following reasons—standing up, and putting the fore-finger of his right-hand, extended with a flourish, upon the thumb of his left.

O, Sir Rowland! I doubt not but you can give very good reasons. And I assure you, I intend not to marry on the wrong side, as I call it, of twenty-four.

Admirable, by Mercy! but that won't do neither. The man lives not, young lady, who will stay your time, if he can have you at his. I love your noble frankness. Then such sweetness of countenance (sitting down, and audibly whispering, and jogging my Cousin with his elbow) such dove-like eyes, daring to tell all that is in the honest heart!—I am a physiognomist, Madam (raising his voice to me). Ad's-my-life, you are a perfect paragon! Say you will encourage my boy, or you'll be worse off; for (standing up again) I will come and court you myself. A good estate gives a man confidence; and when I set about it—Hum!—(one hand stuck in his side; flourishing with the other) no woman yet, I do assure you,—ever won my heart as you have done.

O Sir Rowland, I thought you were too wise to be swayed by first impressions: None but the *giddy*, you know, love at first sight.

Admirable! admirable indeed! I knew you had wit at will; and I am sure you have wisdom. Know you, Ladies, that *wit* and *wisdom* are two different things, and are very rarely seen together? Plain man as I appear to be (looking on himself first on one side, then on the other, and unbuttoning his coat two buttons to let a gold braid appear upon his waistcoat)² I can tell ye, I have not lived all this time for nothing. I am considered in Wales—Hem!—But I will not praise myself.—

Ad's-my-life! how do this young lady's perfections run me all into tongue!—But I see you all respect her as well as I; so I need not make apology to the rest of you young ladies, for the distinction paid to her. I wish I had as many nephews as there are ladies of ye disengaged: By Mercy, we would be all of kin.

Thank you, Sir Rowland, said each of the young ladies, smiling and diverted at his oddity.

But as to my observation, continued the Knight, that none but the giddy love at first sight, there is no general rule, without exception, you know: Every man *must* love *you* at first sight. Do I not love you myself? and yet never did I see you before, nor any body like you.

You know not what you do, Sir Rowland, to raise thus the vanity of a poor girl. How may you make conceit and pride run away with her, till she become contemptible for both in the eye of every person whose good opinion is worth cultivating?

Ad's-my-life, that's prettily said! But let me tell you, that the *she* who can give this caution in the midst of her praisings, can be in no danger of being run away with by her vanity. Why, Madam! you *extort* praises from me! I never ran on so glibly in praise of mortal woman before. You must cease to look, to smile, to speak, I can tell you, if you would have me cease to praise you!

'Tis well you are not a young man, Sir Rowland, said Miss Allestree. You seem to have the art of engaging a woman's attention. You seem to know how to turn her own artillery against her; and as your sex generally do, to raise her up, in order to pull her down.

Why, Madam, I must own, that we men live to sixty, before we know how to deal with you ladies, or with the world either; and then we are not fit to engage with the one, and are ready to quit the other. An old head upon a young pair of shoulders would make rare work among ye. But to the main point (looking very kindly on me) I ask no questions about you, Madam. Fortune is not to be mentioned. I want you not to have any. Not that the lady is the worse for having a fortune: And a man may stand a chance for as good a wife among those who have fortunes, as among those who have none. I adore you for your frankness of heart. Be all of a piece now, I beseech you. You are disengaged, you say: Will you admit of a visit from my Nephew? My boy may be bashful. True Love is always modest and diffident. You don't look as if you would dislike a man for being modest. And I will come along with him *myself*.

And then the old Knight look'd important, as one who if he lent his head to his Nephew's shoulders, had no doubt of succeeding.

What, Sir Rowland! admit of a visit from your Nephew, in order to engage him in a three years courtship? I have told you that I intend not to marry till I am twenty-four.

Twenty-four, I must own, is the age of marriage I should choose for a lady; and for the reasons aforesaid.—But, now I think of it, I did not tell you my reasons—These be they—Down went his cup and sawcer; up went his left-hand ready spread, and his crooked finger of his right-hand, as ready to enumerate.

No doubt, Sir Rowland, you have very good reasons.

But, Madam, you must *hear* them—And I shall prove—

I am convinced, Sir Rowland, that twenty-four is an age early enough.

But I shall prove, Madam, that you at twenty, or at twenty-one—

Enough! enough! Sir Rowland: What need of proof when one is convinc'd?

But you know not, Madam, what I was driving at—

Well but, Sir Rowland, said Miss Bramber, will not the reasons you could give for the proper age at twenty-four, make against your wishes in this case?

They will make against them, Madam, in general cases. But in this particular case they will make for me. For the lady before me is—

Not in my opinion, perhaps, Sir Rowland, will your reasons make for you: And then your exception in my favour will signify nothing. And besides, you must know, that I never can accept of any compliment that is made me at the expence of my sex.

Well then, Madam, I hope you forbid me in favour to my plea. You are loth to hear any thing for twenty-four against twenty-one, I hope?

That is another point, Sir Rowland.

Why, Madam, you seem to be afraid of hearing my reasons. No man living knows better than I, how to behave in ladies company. I believe I should not be so little of a gentleman, as to offend the nicest ear! No need indeed! no need indeed! looking archly; ladies on certain subjects are very quick.—

That is to say, Sir Rowland, interrupted Mrs. Reeves, that modesty is easily alarmed.

If any thing is said, or implied, upon certain subjects that you would not be thought to understand, ladies know how to be ignorant. And then he laughed.

Undoubtedly, Sir Rowland, said I, such a company as this, need not be apprehensive, that a gentleman like you, should say any thing unsuitable to it. But do you really think affected ignorance can be ever graceful, or a proof of true delicacy? Let me rather say, That a woman of virtue would be wanting to her character, if she had not courage enough to express her resentment of any discourse, that is meant as an insult upon modesty.

Admirably said again! But men will sometimes forget, that there are ladies in company.

Very favourably put for the men, Sir Rowland. But pardon me, if I own, that I should have a mean opinion of a man, who allowed himself to talk even to *men* what a woman might not hear. A pure heart, whether in man or woman, will be always, in every company, on every occasion, pure.

Ad's-my-life, you have excellent notions, Madam! I wanted to hear you speak just now: And now you make me, and every one else, silent—Twenty-one! why what you say would shame *Sixty-one*. You must have kept excellent company all your life!—Mercy! if ever I heard the like from a lady so young!—What a glory do you reflect back upon all who had any hand in your education! Why was I not born within the past thirty years? I might then have had some hopes of you myself!—And this brings me to my former subject, of my Nephew—But, Mr. Reeves, one word with you, Mr. Reeves. I beg your pardon, ladies. But the importance of the matter will excuse me: And I must get out of town as soon as I can.—One word with you, Mr. Reeves.

The gentlemen withdrew together: For breakfast by this time was over. And then the Knight open'd all his heart to Mr. Reeves, and besought his interest. He would afterwards have obtained an audience, as he called it, of me. But the three young ladies having taken leave of us, and Mrs. Reeves and I being retired to dress, I desired to be excused.

He then desired leave to attend me to-morrow evening: But Mr. Reeves pleading engagements till Monday evening, he besought him to indulge him with his interest in that long *gap of time*; as he called it, and for my being then in the way.

And thus, Lucy, have I given you an ample account of what has passed with regard to this new servant, as gentlemen call themselves, in order to become our masters.

'Tis now Friday morning. We are just setting out to dine with Lady Betty. If the day furnishes me with any amusing materials for my next packet; its agreeableness will be doubled to

Your ever-affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER X

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

NEW METHOD OF THE ART. PART II. CHAPTER X.

Friday Night

SOME amusement, my Lucy, the day has afforded: Indeed more than I could have wished. A large packet, however, for Selby-House.

Lady Betty received us most politely. She had company with her,

to whom she introduced us, and presented me in a very advantageous character.

Shall I tell you how their first appearance struck me, and what I have since heard and observed of them?

The first I shall mention was Miss Cantillon; very pretty; but visibly proud, affected, and conceited.

The second Miss Clements; plain; but of a fine understanding, improved by reading; and who having no personal advantages to be vain of, has, by the cultivation of her mind, obtained a preference in every one's opinion over the fair Cantillon.

The third was Miss Barnevelt, a lady of masculine features, and whose mind bely'd not those features; for she has the character of being loud, bold, free, even fierce when opposed; and affects at all times such airs of contempt of her own sex, that one almost wonders at her condescending to wear petticoats.

The gentlemens names were Walden and Singleton; the first, an Oxford scholar of family and fortune; but quaint and opinionated, despising every one who has not had the benefit of an University education.

Mr. Singleton is an harmless man; who is, it seems, the object of more ridicule, even down to his very name,¹ among all his acquaintance, than I think he by any means ought, considering the apparent inoffensiveness of the man, who did not give *himself* his intellects; and his constant good humour, which might intitle him to better quarter; the rather too as he has one point of knowlege, which those who think themselves his superiors in understanding, do not always attain, the knowlege of himself; for he is humble, modest, ready to confess an inferiority to every one: And as laughing at a jest is by some taken for high applause, he is ever the first to bestow that commendation on what others say; tho' it must be owned, he now-and-then mistakes for a jest what is none: Which, however, may be generally more the fault of the speakers than of Mr. Singleton; since he takes his cue from their smiles, especially when those are seconded by the laugh of one of whom he has a good opinion.

Mr. Singleton is in possession of a good estate, which makes amends for many defects: He has a turn, it is said, to the well-managing of it; and nobody understands his own interest better than he; by which knowlege, he has opportunities to lay obligations upon many of those, who behind his back think themselves intitled by their supposed superior sense to deride him: And he is ready enough to oblige in this way: But it is always on such securities, that he has never given cause for spendthrifts to laugh at him on that account.

It is thought that the friends of the fair Cantillon would not be averse to an alliance with this gentleman: While I, were I *his* Sister,

should rather wish, that he had so much wisdom in his weakness, as to devote himself to the worthier Pulcheria Clements (Lady Betty's wish as well as mine) whose fortune, tho' not despicable, and whose humbler views, would make her think herself repaid the obligation she would lay him under by her acceptance of him.

No-body, it seems, thinks of an *husband* for Miss Barnevelt. She is sneeringly spoken of rather as a *young fellow*, than as a woman; and who will one day look out for a *wife* for herself. One reason indeed, she every-where gives, for being satisfied with being a woman; which is, *that she cannot be married to a WOMAN.*¹

An odd creature, my dear. But see what women get by going out of character. Like the Bats in the fable, they are look'd upon as mortals of a doubtful species,² hardly owned by either, and laugh'd at by both.

This was the company, and all the company besides us, that Lady Betty expected. But mutual civilities had hardly passed, when Lady Betty, having been called out, return'd, introducing, as a gentleman, who would be acceptable to every one, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. He is, whisper'd she to me, as he saluted the rest of the company, in a very gallant manner, a young Baronet of a very large estate, the greatest part of which has lately come to him by the death of a Grandmother, and two Uncles, all very rich.

When he was presented to me, by name, and I to him, this was his speech: And are at last my eyes bless'd with the sight of a young Lady so celebrated for her graces of person and mind? Much did I hear, when I was at the last Northampton races, of Miss Byron: But little did I expect to find report fall so short of what I see.

Miss Cantillon bridled, play'd with her fan, and look'd as if she thought herself slighted; a little scorn intermingled with the airs she gave herself.

Miss Clements smiled, and look'd pleased, as if she enjoyed, good-naturedly, a compliment made to one of the sex which she adorns by the goodness of her heart.

Miss Barnevelt said, she had from the moment I first enter'd beheld me with the eye of a Lover. And freely taking my hand, squeezed it. —Charming creature! said she, as if addressing a country innocent, and perhaps expecting me to be cover'd with blushes and confusion.

The Baronet, excusing himself to Lady Betty, assured her, that she must place this his bold intrusion to the account of Miss Byron; he having been told that she was to be there.

Whatever were his motive, Lady Betty said, he did her favour; and she was sure the whole company would think themselves *doubly* obliged to Miss Byron.

The student look'd as if he thought himself eclipsed by Sir Hargrave, and as if, in revenge, he was putting his fine speeches into Latin,

and trying them by the rules of grammar; a broken sentence from a classic author bursting from his lips; and at last, standing up, half on tip-toe (as if he wanted to look down upon the Baronet) he stuck one hand in his side, and passed by him, casting a contemptuous eye on his gaudy dress.

Mr. Singleton smiled, and look'd as if delighted with all he saw and heard. Once, indeed, he try'd to speak: His mouth actually open'd, to give passage to his words, as sometimes seems to be his way before the words are quite ready: But he sat down satisfied with the effort.

It is true, people who do not make themselves contemptible by affectation should not be despised. Poor and rich, wise and unwise, we are all links of the same great chain.' And you must tell me, my dear, if I, in endeavouring to give true descriptions of the persons I see, incur the censure I bestow on others, who despise any-one for defects they cannot help.

Will you forgive me, my dear, if I make this Letter as long my last! No, say.

Well then, I thank you for a freedom so consistent with our friendship: And I will conclude with assurances, that I am, and ever will be

Most affectionately Yours,

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XI

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

IT was convenient to me, Lucy, to break off just where I did in my last; else I should not have been so very self-denying as to suppose you had no curiosity to hear, what undoubtedly I wanted to tell. Two girls talking over a new set of company, would my Uncle Selby say, are not apt to break off very abruptly; not she especially of the two, who has found out a fair excuse to repeat every compliment made to herself; and when perhaps there may be a new admirer in the case.

May there so, my Uncle? And which of the gentlemen do you think the man? The Baronet, I warrant, you guess.—And so he is.

Well then, let me give you, Lucy, a sketch of him. But consider; I form my accounts from what I have since been told, as well as from what I observed at the time.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is handsome and genteel; pretty tall; about twenty-eight or thirty. His complexion is a little of the fairest for a man, and a little of the palest. He has remarkably bold eyes; rather approaching to what we would call goggling; and he gives himself

airs with them as if he wish'd to have them thought rakish: Perhaps as a recommendation, in his opinion, to the ladies. Miss Cantillon, on his back being turned, Lady Betty praising his person, said, Sir Hargrave had the finest eyes she ever saw in a man. They were manly, *meaning* ones.

He is very voluble in speech; but seems to owe his volubility more to his want of doubt, than to the extraordinary merit of what he says. Yet he is thought to have sense; and if he could prevail upon himself to hear more, and speak less, he would better deserve the good opinion he thinks himself sure of. But as he can say any-thing without hesitation, and excites a laugh by laughing himself at all he is going to say, as well as at what he has just said, he is thought infinitely agreeable by the gay, and by those who wish to drown thought in merriment.

Sir Hargrave, it seems, has travelled: But he must have carried abroad with him a great number of follies, and a great deal of affectation, if he has left any of them behind him.

But with all his foibles, he is said to be a man of enterprize and courage; and young ladies, it seems, must take care how they laugh with him: For he makes ungenerous constructions to the disadvantage of a woman whom he can bring to seem pleas'd with his jests. I will tell you hereafter, how I came to know this, and even worse, of him..

The taste of the present age seems to be dress: No wonder, therefore, that such a man as Sir Hargrave aims to excel in it. What can be misbestowed by a man on his person, who values it more than his mind? But he would, in my opinion, better become his dress, if the pains he undoubtedly takes before he ventures to come into public, were less apparent: This I judge from his solicitude to preserve all in exact order, when in company; for he forgets not to pay his respects to himself at every glass; yet does it with a seeming consciousness, as if he would hide a vanity too apparent to be concealed; breaking from it, if he finds himself observed, with an half-careless, yet seemingly dissatisfied air, pretending to have discover'd something amiss in himself. This seldom fails to bring him a compliment: Of which he shews himself very sensible, by affectedly disclaiming the merit of it; perhaps with this speech, bowing, with his spread hand on his breast, waving his head to and fro—By my Soul, Madam (or Sir) you do me too much honour.

Such a man is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. He placed himself next to the country girl; and laid himself out in fine speeches to her, running on in such a manner, that I had not for some time an opportunity to convince him that I had been in company of gay people before. He would have it that I was a perfect beauty, and he supposed me very young—Very silly of course: And gave himself such airs, as if he were sure of my admiration.

I viewed him steadily several times; and my eye once falling under his, as I was looking at him, I dare say, he at that moment pity'd the poor fond heart, which he supposed was in tumults about him; when, at the very time I was considering, whether, if I were obliged to have the one or the other, as a punishment for some great fault I had committed, my choice would fall on Mr. Singleton, or on him. I mean, supposing the former were not a remarkably obstinate man; since obstinacy in a weak man, I think, must be worse than tyranny in a man of sense—If indeed a man of sense can be a tyrant.

A summons to dinner relieved me from his more particular addresses, and placed him at distance from me.

Sir Hargrave, the whole time of dinner, received advantage from the supercilious looks and behaviour of Mr. Walden; who seemed, on every-thing the Baronet said, (and he was seldom silent) half to despise him; for he made at times so many different mouths of contempt, that I thought it was impossible for the *same* features to express them. I have been making mouths in the glass for several minutes, to try to recover some of Mr. Walden's, in order to describe them to you, Lucy; but I cannot for my life so distort my face as to enable me to give you a notion of one of them.

He might perhaps have been better justified in some of his contempts, had it not been visible, that the consequence which he took from the Baronet, he gave to himself; and yet was as censurable one way, as Sir Hargrave was the other.

Mirth, however insipid, will occasion smiles; tho' sometimes to the disadvantage of the mirthful. But gloom, severity, moroseness, will always disgust, tho' in a Solomon. Mr. Walden had not been taught that: And indeed it might seem a little ungrateful [Don't you think so, Lucy?] if women fail'd to reward a man with their smiles, who scrupled not to make himself a—monkey (shall I say?) to please them.

Never before did I see the difference between the man of the town, and the man of the college, displayed in a light so striking as between these two gentlemen in the conversation after dinner. The one seemed resolved not to be pleased; while the other laid himself out to please every-body; and that in a manner so much at his own expence, as frequently to bring into question his understanding. By a *second* silly thing he banish'd the remembrance of a *first*; by a *third* the *second*; and so on: And by continually laughing at his own absurdities, left us at liberty to suppose that his folly was his choice; and that, had it not been to divert the company, he could have made a better figure. *But why do you suppose he does this? that you would not.*

Mr. Walden, as was evident by his scornful brow, by the contemptuous motions of his lip, and by his whole face affectedly turn'd from the Baronet, grudged him the smile that sat upon every one's

countenance; and for which, without distinguishing whether it was a smile of *approbation* or *not*, he look'd as if he pity'd us all, and as if he thought himself cast into unequal company. Nay, twice or thrice he addressed himself, in preference to every one else, to honest simpering Mr. Singleton: Who for his part, as was evident, much better relished the Baronet's flippances; than the dry significance of the student. For, whenever Sir Hargrave spoke, Mr. Singleton's mouth was open: But it was quite otherwise with him, when Mr. Walden spoke, even at the time that he paid him the distinction of addressing himself to him, as if he were the principal person in the company.

But one word, by the bye, Lucy—Don't you think it is very happy for us foolish women, that the generality of the lords of the *creation* are not much wiser than ourselves? Or, to express myself in other words, That *over-wisdom* is as foolish a thing to the full, as *moderate folly*!—But, hush! I have done!—I know that at this place my Uncle will be ready to rise against me.

After dinner, Mr. Walden, not chusing to be any longer so egregiously eclipsed by the man of the town, put forth the scholar.

By the way, let me ask my Uncle, if the word *scholar* means not the *learner*, rather than the *learned*? If it originally means no more, I would suppose that formerly the most learned men were the most modest, contenting themselves with being thought but *learners*; a modesty well becoming a learned man; since, vast is the field of science, as my revered first instructor used to say, and the more a man knows, the more he will find he has to know.¹

Pray, Sir Hargrave, question'd Mr. Walden, may I ask you—You had a thought just now, speaking of love and beauty, which I know you must have from Tibullus² [And then he repeated the line in an heroic accent; and, pausing, look'd round upon us women] Which University had the honour of finishing your studies, Sir Hargrave? I presume you were brought up at one of them.

Not I, said the Baronet: A man, surely, may read Tibullus, and Virgil too, without being indebted to either University for his learning.

No man, Sir Hargrave, in my *humble* opinion [With a decisive air he spoke the word *humble*] can be well-grounded in any branch of learning, who has not been at one of our famous Universities.

I never yet proposed, Mr. Walden, to qualify myself for a degree. My Chaplain is a very pretty fellow. He understands Tibullus, I believe [Immoderately laughing, and by his eyes cast in turn upon each person at table, bespeaking a general smile]—And of Oxford, as you are. And again he laughed: But his laugh was then such a one, as rather shewed ridicule than mirth. A provoking laugh, such a one

as Mr. Greville often affects when he is in a disputatious humour, in order to dash an opponent out of countenance, *by getting the laugh*, instead of the argument, on his side.

My Uncle, you know, will have it sometimes, that his girl has a satirical vein. I am afraid she has—A bold hussy!—But this I will say, I mean no ill-nature: I love every-body; but not their faults; as my Uncle in his letter tells *me*: And wish not to be spared for my own. Nor, very probably, *am* I, if those who see me, write *of* me to their chosen friends as I do to mine, of them. Shall I tell you what I imagine each person of the company I am writing about (writing in character) would say of me to *their* correspondents?—It would be digressing too much, or I would.

Mr. Walden in his heart, I dare say, was revenged on the Baronet. He gave him such a look, as would have grieved me the whole day, had it been given me by one whom I valued.

Sir Hargrave had too much business for his eyes with the ladies, in order to obtain their countenance, to trouble himself about the looks of the men. And indeed he seemed to have as great a contempt for Mr. Walden, as Mr. Walden had for him.

But here I shall be too late for the post. Will this stuff go down with you at Selby-house, in want of better subjects?

Every thing from you, my Harriet—

Thank you! Thank you, all, my indulgent friends! So it ever was. Trifles from those we love, are acceptable. May I deserve your love!

Adieu, my Lucy!—But tell my Nancy, that she has delighted me by her letter.

By original MS. H. B.

LETTER XII

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

WHAT is your opinion, my charming Miss Byron? said the Baronet: May not a man of fortune, who has not receiv'd his education and *polish* [He pronounced the word *polish* with emphasis, and with another laugh] at an University, make as good a figure in social life, and as ardent a lover, as if he had?

I would have been silent: But, staring in my face, he repeated, What say *you* to this, Miss Byron?

The world, Sir Hargrave, I have heard called an University: But, in my humble opinion, neither a learned, nor what is called a *fine* education, has any other value than as each tends to improve the morals of men, and to make them wise and good.

*The world an Uni-versity!*¹ repeated Mr. Walden. Why, truly, looking up to Sir Hargrave's face, and then down to his feet disdainfully, as if he would measure him with his eye, I cannot but say, twisting his head on one side, and with a drolling accent, that the world produces very pretty scholars—for the ladies—

The Baronet took fire at being so contemptuously measured by the eye of the scholar; and I thought it was not amiss, for fear of high words between them, to put myself forward.

And are not women, Mr. Walden, resumed I, one half in number, tho' not perhaps in value, of the human species?—Would it not be pity, Sir, if the knowlege that is to be obtained in the *lesser* University should make a man despise what is to be acquired in the *greater*, in which that knowlege was principally intended to make him useful?

This diverted the Baronet's anger: Well, Mr. Walden, said he, exultingly rubbing his hands, what say you to the young lady's observation? By my Soul it is worth your notice. You may carry it down with you to *your* University; and the best scholars there will not be the worse for attending to it.

Mr. Walden seemed to collect himself, as if he were inclined to consider me with more attention than he had given me before; and waving his hand, as if he would put by the Baronet as an adversary he had done with, I am to thank you, Madam, said he, it seems, for your observation. And so the *lesser* University—

I have great veneration, Mr. Walden, interrupted I, for learning, and great honour for learned men—But this is a subject—

That you must not get off from, young Lady.

I am sorry to hear you say so, Sir—But indeed I must.

The company seemed pleased to see me so likely to be drawn in; and this encouraged Mr. Walden to push his weak adversary.

Know you, Madam, said he, any-thing of the learned languages?

No, indeed, Sir—Nor do I know which, particularly, you call so.

The Greek, the Latin, Madam.

Who, I, a woman, know any thing of Latin and Greek! I know but one Lady who is mistress of both; and she finds herself so much an owl among the birds,² that she wants of all things to be thought to have unlearned them.

Why, Ladies, I cannot but say, that I should rather choose to marry a woman whom I could teach something, than one who would think herself qualified to teach me.

Is it a *necessary* consequence, Sir, said Miss Clements, that knowlege, which makes a man shine, should make a woman vain and pragmatical? May not two persons, having the same taste, improve each other? Was not this the case of Monsieur and Madame Dacier,³ think you?

Flint and steel to each other, added Lady Betty.

Turkish policy, I doubt, in you men, proceeded Miss Clements—*No second brother near the throne.*¹ That empire some think the safest which is founded in ignorance.

We know, Miss Clements, replied Mr. Walden, that you are a well-read Lady. But I have nothing to say to observations that are in everybody's mouth—Pardon me, Madam.

Indeed, Sir, said Mr. Reeves, I think Miss Clements should *not* pardon you. There is, in my opinion, great force in what she hinted.

But I have a mind to talk with this fair lady, your cousin, Mr. Reeves. She is the very lady that I wish to hold an argument with, on the hints she threw out.

Pardon me, Sir. But I cannot return the compliment. I cannot argue.

And yet, Madam, I will not let you go off so easily. You seem to be very happy in your elocution; and to have some pretty notions, for so young a lady.

I cannot argue, Sir—

Dear Miss Byron, said the Baronet, hear what Mr. Walden has to say to you.

Every one made the same request. I was silent, look'd down, and play'd with my fan.

When Mr. Walden had liberty to say what he pleased, he seemed at a loss himself, for words.

At last, I asked you, Madam, I asked you (hesitatingly began he) whether you knew any thing of the learned languages? It has been whispered to me, that you have had great advantages from a Grandfather, of whose learning and politeness we have heard much. He was a scholar. He was of Christ's, in our University, if I am not mistaken—To my question you answered, That you knew not particularly which were the languages that I called the learned ones: and you have been pleased to throw out hints in relation to the *lesser*, and to the *greater* University; by all which you certainly mean something—

Pray, Mr. Walden, said I—

And pray, Miss Byron—I am afraid of all smatterers in learning. Those who know a little—and ladies cannot know to the bottom—They have not the happiness of an University education—

Nor is every man at the *University*, I presume, Sir, a Mr. Walden.

He took it for a compliment—Why, as to that, Madam—bowing—But this is a misfortune *to* ladies, not a fault *in* them—But as I was going to say, Those who know little are very seldom sound, are very seldom orthodox, as we call it, whether respecting *religion* or *learning*: And as it seems you lost your Grandfather too early to be well-grounded in the latter (in the former Lady Betty, who is my informant,

says, you are a very *good* young lady) I should be glad to put you right if you happen to be a little out of the way.

I thank you, Sir, bowing, and (simpleton!) still playing with my fan. But, tho' Mr. Reeves said nothing, he did not think me very politely treated. Yet he wanted, he told me afterwards, to have me drawn out. He should not have served me so, I told him; especially among strangers, and men.

Now, Madam, will you be pleased to inform me, said Mr. Walden, Whether you had any *particular* meaning, when you answered, that you knew not which I called the learned languages? You must know, that the Latin and Greek are of those so called!

I beg, Mr. Walden, that I may not be thus singled out—Mr. Reeves—Sir—you have had University-education. Pray relieve your cousin.

Mr. Reeves smiled, bowed his head, but said nothing.

You were pleased, Madam, proceeded Mr. Walden, to mention one learned lady; and said that she looked upon herself as an owl among the birds—

And you, Sir, said, that you had rather (and I believe most men are of your mind) have a woman you could teach—

Than one who would suppose she could teach me—I did so.

Well, Sir, and would you have me be guilty of an ostentation that would bring me no credit, if I had had some pains taken with me in my education? But indeed, Sir, I know not any-thing of those you call the learned languages. Nor do I take all learning to consist in the knowlege of languages.

All learning!—Nor I, Madam—But if you place not learning in language, be so good as to tell us what you *do* place it in?

He nodded his head with an air, as if he had said, This pretty Miss is got out of her depth. I believe I shall have her now.

I would rather, Sir, said I, be an hearer than a speaker; and the one would better become me than the other. I answered Sir Hargrave, because he thought proper to apply to me.

And *I*, Madam, apply to you likewise.

Then, Sir, I have been taught to think, that a learned man and a linguist may very well be two persons: In other words, That science, or knowlege, and not language merely, is learning.

Very well. Be pleased to proceed, Madam.

Languages, I own, Sir, are of use, to let us into the knowlege for which so many of the antients were famous—But—

Here I stopt. Every one's eyes were upon me. I was a little out of countenance.

In what a situation, Lucy, are we women in? If we have some little genius, and have taken pains to cultivate it, we must be thought

guilty of affectation, whether we appear desirous to conceal it, or submit to have it call'd forth.

But, what, Madam? Pray proceed, eagerly said Mr. Walden—*But*, what, Madam?

But have not the moderns, Sir, if I must speak, if they have equal genius's, the same heavens, the same earth, the same works of God, or of *nature*, as it is called, to contemplate upon, and improve by? The first great genius's of all had not human example, had not human precepts—

Nor were the first genius's *of all* (with an emphasis, replied Mr. Walden) so perfect, as the observations of the genius's of after-times, which were built upon their foundations, made *them*; and *they* others. Learning, or knowlege, as you choose to call it, was a progressive thing: And it became necessary to understand the different languages in which the sages of antiquity wrote, in order to avail ourselves of their learning.

Very right, Sir, I believe. You consider skill in languages then as a *vehicle* to knowlege—Not, I presume, as *science* itself.

I was sorry the Baronet laughed; because his laughing made it more difficult for me to get off, as I wanted to *do*.

Pray, Sir Hargrave, said Mr. Walden, let not *every* thing that is said be laughed at. I am fond of talking to this young lady: And a conversation upon this topic may tend as much to *edification*, perhaps, as most of the subjects with which we have been hitherto *entertained*.

Sir Hargrave took an empty glass, and with it humourously rapped his own knuckles, bowed, smiled, and was silent; by that act of yielding, which had gracefulness in it, gaining more honour to himself, than Mr. Walden obtained by his rebuke of him, however just.

But this humourous acknowledgement hinder'd not Mr. Walden from shewing, by a nod, given with an assuming air, that he thought he had obtained a victory over the Baronet: And then he again applied himself to me.

Now, Madam, if you please [and he put himself into a disputing attitude] a word or two with you, on your *vehicle*, and-so-forth.

Pray spare me, Sir: I am willing to sit down quietly. I am unequal to this subject. I have done.

But, said the Baronet, you must *not* sit down quietly, Madam: Mr. Walden has promised us *edification*; and we all attend the effect of his promise.

No, no, Madam, said Mr. Walden, you must not come off so easily. You have thrown out some extraordinary things for a *lady*, and especially for so young a lady. From *you* we expect the opinions of your worthy Grandfather, as well as your own notions. He no doubt told you, or you have read, that the competition set on foot between the

learning of the antients and moderns, has been the subject of much debate among the learned in the latter end of the last century.

Indeed, Sir, I know nothing of the matter. I am *not* learned. My Grandfather was chiefly intent to make me an English, and, I may say, a *Bible* scholar. I was very young when I had the misfortune to lose him. My whole endeavour has been since, that the pains he took with me, should not be cast away.

I have discovered you, Madam, to be a *Parthian* lady. You can fight flying, I see. You must not, I tell you, come off so easily, for what you have thrown out. Let me ask you, Did you ever read *The Tale of a Tub*?

The Baronet laughed-out, tho' evidently in the wrong place.

How apt are laughing spirits, said Mr. Walden, looking solemnly, to laugh, when perhaps they ought—There he stopt—[*to be laugh'd at*, I suppose he had in his head]. But I will not, however, be laugh'd out of my question—Have you, Madam, read Swift's *Tale of a Tub*?—There is such a book, Sir Hargrave; looking with a leer of contempt at the Baronet.

I know there is, Mr. Walden, replied the Baronet, and again laughed—*Have you*, Madam, to me? Pray let us know, what Mr. Walden drives at.

I have, Sir.

Why then, Madam, resumed Mr. Walden, you no doubt read, bound up with it, *The Battle of the Books*; a very fine piece, written in favour of the antients, and against the moderns; and thence must be acquainted with the famous dispute I mentioned. And this will shew you, that the moderns are but pygmies in science compared to the antients:² And, pray, shall not the knowlege which enables us to understand and to digest the wisdom of these immortal antients be accounted learning?—Pray, Madam, nodding his head, answer me that.

O how these pedants, whispered Sir Hargrave to Mr. Reeves, strut in the livery and brass buttons of the antients, and call their servility learning!

You are going beyond my learning, or capacity, Sir. I must agree, that the knowlege which enables us to comprehend the wisdom of the antients, and to be improved by it, deserves to be call'd learning. Yet the antients may be read, I suppose, and not understood?—But pray, Sir, let the *Parthian* fly the field. I promise you that she will not return to the charge. *Escape*, not *victory*, is all she contends for.

All in good time, Madam—But who, pray, learns the language but with a view to understand the author?

No-body, I believe, Sir. But yet some who read the antients, may fail of understanding them, or at least, of improving by them; for every scholar, I presume, is not, necessarily, a man of sense.

The Baronet was wicked here, in pointing by a laugh, as particular satire, what I meant but as general observation.

But supposing the knowlege of these antients, continued I, as great as you please, is it not to be lamented, is it not, indeed, strange, that none of the modern learned, notwithstanding the advantage of *their* works (most of which they have taught to speak our language); notwithstanding the later important discoveries in many branches of science;¹ notwithstanding a Revelation from Heaven,² to which the religion of the Pagans was *foolishness* (and on which foolishness, however, I am told, most of the works of antiquity are founded); should have deserved a higher consideration in the comparison, than as *pygmies* to *giants*?

I was going to say something farther; but the Baronet, by his loud applauses, disconcerted me; and I was silent.

Proceed, Madam.—No triumph, no cause of triumph, here, Sir Hargrave!—Pray, Madam, proceed—You have not done, I perceive.

I should be very glad, Sir, to have done. Pray change either the subject, or choose another disputant.

Every one called upon me to proceed; and Mr. Walden urged me to say what I was going to say.

But will you not, my Lucy, be glad of a little relief from this argument.—Yes, say.

Here then I conclude this letter, to begin another. But it must be after I return from the play this night, or early in the morning before I go to church.

LETTER XIII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

URGED thus by every one, What I had further in my thoughts to say, resumed I, was from what I read in my Bible. The first man seems to have had an intuitive knowlege given him of almost all that concerned him to know: And his early descendants, while there was but *one* language, and long before the Greek and Roman sages existed, understood Husbandry and Musick, were Artificers in Brass and Iron, built that surprising naval structure the Ark; attempted a yet greater piece of architecture, the Tower of Babel; and therefore must have had skill in many other parts of science which are not particularly mentioned.

And so, Madam, you really seem to think, that the knowlege we gather from the great antients is hardly worth the pains we take in acquiring the languages in which they wrote?

Not so, Sir. I have great respect even for *linguists*: Do we not owe to them the translation of the Sacred Books?—But methinks I could wish that such a distinction should be made between *language* and *science*, as should convince me, that That confusion of tongues, which was intended for a punishment of presumption in the early ages of the world, should not be thought to give us our greatest glory in these *more enlightened* times.

Well, Madam, ladies must be treated as ladies. But I shall have great pleasure, on my return to Oxford, in being able to acquaint my learned friends, that they must all turn fine gentlemen and *laughers* [Mr. Reeves had smiled as well as the Baronet] and despise the great antients as men of straw, or very shortly they will stand no chance in the ladies favour.

Good Mr. Walden! Good Mr. Walden! laughed the Baronet, shaking his embroider'd sides, let me, let me, beg your patience, while I tell you, that the young gentlemen at both Universities are already in more danger of becoming *fine gentlemen* than *fine scholars*—And then again he laughed; and looking round him, bespoke, in his usual way, a laugh from the rest of the company.

Mr. Reeves, a little touch'd at the scholar's reference to him, in the word *laughers*, said, It were to be wish'd, that in all nurseries of learning, the *manners* of youth were proposed as the principal end. It is too known a truth, said he, that the attention paid to languages has too generally swallowed up all other and more important considerations; insomuch that sound morals and good breeding themselves are obliged to give way to that which is of little moment, but as it promotes and inculcates those. And learned men, I am persuaded, if they *dared* to speak out, would not lay so much stress upon languages as you seem to do,¹ Mr. Walden.

Learning *here*, reply'd Mr. Walden, a little peevishly, has not a fair tribunal to be try'd at. As it is said of the advantages of birth or degree, so it may be said of learning, No one despises it that has pretensions to it. But proceed, Miss Byron, if you please.

Very true, I believe, Sir, said I: But, on the other hand, may not those who have either, or both, value themselves too much on that account? I knew once an excellent scholar, who thought, that too great a portion of life was bestowed in the learning of languages; and that the works of many of the antients were more to be admired for the stamp which antiquity has fixed upon them, and for the sake of their purity in languages that cannot alter (and whose works are therefore become the standard of those languages) than for the lights obtained from them by men of genius, in ages that we have reason to think more enlightened, as well by new discoveries as by revelation.

And then I was going to ask, Whether the reputation of learning

was not oftener acquir'd by skill in those branches of science, which principally serve for amusement to inquisitive and curious minds, than by that in the more useful sort: But Mr. Walden broke in upon me with an air that had severity in it.

I could *almost* wish, said he (and *but* almost, as you are a *lady*) that you knew the works of the great antients in their original languages.

Something, said Miss Clements, should be left for *men* to excel in. I cannot but approve of Mr. Walden's word *almost*.

She then whisper'd me; Pray, Miss Byron, proceed (for she saw me a little out of countenance at Mr. Walden's severe air)—Strange, added she, still whispering, that people who know least how to argue should be most disputatious. Thank Heaven, all scholars are not like this.

A little encouraged, Pray, Sir, said I, let me ask one question—Whether you do not think, that our Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, shews himself to be a very learned man? And yet that work is written wholly in the language of his own country, as the works of Homer and Virgil were in the language of theirs:—And they, I presume, will be allowed to be learned men.

Milton, Madam, let me tell you, is infinitely obliged to the great antients; and his very frequent allusions to them, and his knowlege of their mythology, shew that he is.

His knowlege of their mythology, Sir!—His own subject so greatly, so nobly, so divinely, above that mythology!—I have been taught to think, by a very learned man, that it was a condescension in Milton to the taste of persons of more reading than genius in the age in which he wrote, to introduce so often as he does, his allusions to the pagan mythology: And that he neither raised his sublime subject, nor did credit to his vast genius, by it.

Mr. Addison, said Mr. Walden, is a writer admired by the *ladies*. Mr. Addison, Madam, as you will find in your Spectators [Sneeringly he spoke this] gives but the second place to Milton, on comparing some passages of his with some of Homer.¹

If Mr. Addison, Sir, has not the honour of being admired by the *gentlemen*, as well as the *ladies*, I dare say Mr. Walden will not allow, that his authority should decide the point in question: And yet, as I remember, he greatly extols Milton.—But I am going out of my depth—Only permit me to say one thing more—If Homer is to be preferred to Milton, he must be the sublimest of writers; and Mr. Pope, admirable as his translation of the *Iliad* is said to be, cannot have done him justice.

You seem, Madam, to be a very deep *English* scholar. But say you this from your own observation, or from that of any other?

I readily own, that my lights are borrowed, reply'd I. I owe the

observation to my Godfather Mr. Deane. He is a scholar; but a greater admirer of Milton than of any of the antients. A gentleman, his particular friend, who was as great an admirer of Homer, undertook from Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad, to produce passages that in sublimity exceeded any in the Paradise Lost. The gentlemen met at Mr. Deane's house, where I then was. They allowed me to be present; and this was the issue: The gentleman went away convinced, that the English poet as much excelled the Grecian¹ in the grandeur of his sentiments, as his subject, founded on the Christian system, surpasses the pagan.

The debate, I have the vanity to think, said Mr. Walden, had I been a party in it, would have taken another turn.

The Baronet expressed himself highly delighted with me, and was running over with the praises he had heard given me at last Northampton races; when I endeavoured to stop him by saying, Surely, Sir, it must be your too low opinion of the qualifications of our sex, that can induce you to think such obvious remarks as I have been drawn in to make, at all considerable.

But this hindered not Sir Hargrave from being even noisy in his applauses. He would have it, that I must know a vast deal, because I happened to touch upon some things that had not taken *his* attention. He drowned the voice of Mr. Walden, who two or three times was earnest to speak; but not finding himself heard, drew up his mouth as if to a contemptuous whistle, shrugg'd his shoulders, and sat collected in his own conscious worthiness: His eyes, however, were often cast upon the pictures that hung round the room, as much better objects than the living ones before him.

But what extremely disconcerted me was a freedom of Miss Barnevelt's; taken upon what I last said, and upon Mr. Walden's hesitation, and Sir Hargrave's applauses: She profess'd that I was able to bring *her own sex* into reputation with her. Wisdom, as I call it, said she, notwithstanding what you have modestly alleged to depreciate your own, proceeding thro' teeth of ivory, and lips of coral; give a grace to every word. And then clasping one of her mannish arms round me, she kissed my cheek.

I was surpris'd, and offended; and with the more reason, as Sir Hargrave, rising from his seat, declared, that since merit was to be approved in that manner, he thought himself obliged to follow so good an example.

I stood up, and said, Surely, Sir, my compliance with the request of the company, too much I fear at my own expence, calls rather for civility than freedom, from a gentleman. I beg, Sir Hargrave—There I stopt; and I am sure look'd greatly in earnest.

He stood suspended till I had done speaking; and then, bowing,

sat down again; but, as Mr. Reeves told me afterwards, he whisper'd a great oath in his ear, and declared, that he beheld with transport his future wife; and cursed himself if he would ever have another; vowing, in the same whisper, that were a thousand men to stand in his way, he would not scruple any means to remove them.

Miss Barnevelt only laughed at the freedom she had taken with me. She is a loud and fearless laughers. She hardly knows how to smile: For as soon as any thing catches her fancy, her voice immediately bursts her lips, and widens her mouth to its full extent.—Forgive me, Lucy. I believe I am spiteful.

Lady Betty and Miss Clements, in low voices, praised me for my presence of mind, as they call'd it, in checking Sir Hargrave's forwardness.

Just here, Lucy, I laid down my pen, and stept to the glass, to see whether I could not please myself with a wise frown or two; at least with a solemnity of countenance, that, occasionally, I might dash with it my childishness of look; which certainly encouraged this freedom of Miss Barnevelt. But I could not please myself. My muscles have never been used to any-thing but smiling: So favoured, so beloved, by every one of my dear friends; an heart so grateful for all their favours—How can I learn now to frown; or even long to look grave?

All this time the scholar sat *uneasily-careless*. Can you connect together, my Lucy, two ideas so very different as these two words joined will give you?

In the mean time Mr. Reeves having sent for, from his study, Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times,' said he would, by way of moderatorship in the present debate, read them a passage, to which he believed all parties would subscribe: And then read what I will transcribe for you from the conclusion to that performance:

'I have often thought it a great error to waste young gentlemen's years so long in learning Latin, by so tedious a grammar. I know those who are bred to the profession in literature, must have the Latin correctly; and for that the rules of grammar are necessary: But these rules are not at all requisite to those, who need only so much Latin, as thoroughly to understand and delight in the Roman authors and poets. But suppose a youth had, either for want of memory, or of application, an incurable aversion to Latin, his education is not for that to be despaired of: There is much noble knowlege to be had in the English and French languages: Geography, History, chiefly that of our own country, the knowlege of Nature, and the more *practical* parts of the Mathematics (if he has not a genius for the *demonstrative*) may make a gentleman very knowing, tho' he has not a word of Latin' [And why, I would fain know, said Mr. Reeves, not a gentlewoman?]. 'There is a fineness of thought, and a nobleness of expression, indeed,

in the Latin authors' [This makes for your argument, Mr. Walden] 'that will make them the entertainment of a man's whole life, if he once understands and reads them with delight [Very well, said Mr. Walden!]: 'But if this cannot be attained to, I would not have it reckon'd that the education of an ill Latin scholar is to be given over.'

Thus far the Bishop. We all know, proceeded Mr. Reeves, how well Mr. Locke has treated this subject. And he is so far from discouraging the fair sex from learning languages, that he gives us a method in his *Treatise of Education*, by which a mother may not only learn Latin herself, but be able to teach it to her *son*.¹ Be not therefore, ladies, ashamed either of your talents or acquirements. Only take care, you give not up any knowledge that is more laudable in your sex, and more useful, for learning; and then I am sure, you will, you *must*, be the more agreeable, the more suitable companions to men of sense. Nor let any man have so narrow a mind as to be apprehensive for his own prerogative, from a learned woman. A woman who does not behave the *better*, the more she knows, will make her husband uneasy, and will think as well of herself, were she utterly illiterate; nor would any argument convince her of her duty. Do not men marry with their eyes open? And cannot they court whom they please? A conceited, a vain mind in a woman cannot be hid. Upon the whole, I think it may be fairly concluded, that the more a woman knows, as well as a man, the wiser she will generally be; and the more regard she will have for a man of sense and learning.

Here ended Mr. Reeves. Mr. Walden was silent; yet shrugg'd up his shoulders, and seemed unsatisfied.

The conversation then took a more general turn, in which every one bore part. *Plays, Fashion, Dress*, and the *Public Entertainments*, were the subjects.

Miss Cantillon, who had till now sat a little uneasy, seemed resolved to make up for her silence: But did not shine at all where she thought herself most intitled to make a figure.

But Miss Clements really shone. Yet in the eye of some people, what advantages has folly in a pretty face, over even wisdom in a plain one? Sir Hargrave was much more struck with the pert things, spoken without fear or wit by Miss Cantillon, than with the just observations that fell from the lips of Miss Clements.

Mr. Walden made no great figure on these fashionable subjects; no not on that of *Plays*: For he would needs force into conversation, with a preference to our Shakespeare, his Sophocles, his Euripides, his Terence; of the merits of whose performances, except by translations, no one present but Mr. Reeves and himself could judge.

Sir Hargrave spoke well on the subject of the reigning fashions, and on modern dress, so much the foible of the present age.

Lady Betty and Mrs. Reeves spoke very properly of the decency of dress, and propriety of fashions, as well as of public entertainments.

Miss Clements put in here also with advantage to herself.

Nor would Mr. Walden be excluded this topic. But, as the observations he made on it, went no deeper than what it was presumed he might have had at second-hand, he made a worse figure here, than he did on his more favourite subject. He was, however, heard, till he was for bringing in his Spartan jacket, I forget what he called it, descending only to the knees of the women, in place of hoops; and the Roman toga for the men.¹

My Uncle will be pleased to remember, that Mr. Walden has given my letters the *learned jaundice*.² Had not that gentleman been one of the company, not a word of all this jargon would my Uncle have had from his Harriet. And yet all I have said is but from common reading. And let me ask, why, because we know but little, we are to be supposed to know nothing?³

Miss Barnevelt broke in upon the scholar; but by way of approbation of what he said; and went on with subjects of heroism, without permitting him to rally and proceed, as he seemed inclined to do. After praising what he said of the Spartan and Roman dresses, she fell to enumerating *her* heroes, both antient and modern. Achilles, the savage Achilles, charmed her. Hector was a good *clever* man, however. Yet she could not bear to think of his being so mean as to beg for his life, tho' of her heroic Achilles. He deserved for it, she said, to have his corpse dragg'd round the Trojan walls at the wheels of the victor's chariot. Alexander the Great was her dear creature; and Julius Cæsar³ was a *very pretty fellow*. These were Miss Barnevelt's *antient* heroes. Among the moderns, the great Scanderbeg,⁴ our Henry V. Henry IV. of France, Charles XII. of Sweden, and the great Czar Peter; who my Grandfather used to say was worth them all, were her favourites.

All this while honest Mr. Singleton had a smile at the service of every speaker, and a loud laugh always ready at the Baronet's service.

Sir Hargrave seemed not a little pleased with the honest man's complaisance; and always directed himself to him, when he was disposed to be merry. Laughing, you know, my dear, is almost as catching as gaping; be the subject ever so silly: And more than once he shew'd by his eyes, that he could have devoured Miss Cantillon for generally adding her affected *Te-he* (twisting and bridling behind her fan) to his louder *Hah, hah, hah, hah*.

What a length have I run! How does this narrative letter-writing, if one is to enter into minute and characteristic descriptions and conversations, draw one on! I will leave off for the present. Yet have not quite dismissed the company (tho' I have done with the argument) that I thought to have parted with before I concluded this letter.

But I know I shall please my Uncle in the *livelier* parts of it, by the handle they will give him against me. My Grandmother and Aunt Selby will be pleased, and so will *you*, my Lucy, with *all* I write, for the writer's sake: Such is their and your partial love to

Their ever-grateful

HARRIET

LETTER XIV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

By the time tea was ready, Lady Betty whisperingly congratulated me on having made so considerable a conquest, as she was sure I had, by Sir Hargrave's looks, in which was mingled reverence with admiration, as she expressed herself. She took notice also of a galant expression of his, uttered, as she would have it, with an earnestness that gave it a meaning beyond a common compliment. My Cousin Reeves had asked Miss Clements if she could commend to me an honest, modest man-servant? *I*, said Sir Hargrave, *can*. I myself shall be proud to wear Miss Byron's livery; and that for life.

Miss Cantillon, who was within hearing of this, and had seemed to be highly taken with the Baronet, could hardly let her eyes be civil to me; and yet her really pretty mouth *occasionally* work'd itself into forced smiles, and an affectation of complaisance.

Sir Hargrave was extremely obsequious to me, all the tea-time; and seemed in earnest a little uneasy in himself: And after tea he took my Cousin Reeves into the next room; and there made your Harriet the subject of a serious conversation; and desired his interest with me.

He prefaced his declaration to Mr. Reeves, with assuring him, that he had sought for an opportunity more than once, to be admitted into my company, when he was last at Northampton; and that he had not intruded himself then into that company, had he not heard I was to be there. He made protestations of his honourable views; which look'd as if he thought they might be doubted, if he had not given such assurances. A tacit implication of an imagined superiority, as well in consequence as fortune.

Mr. Reeves told him, It was a rule which all my relations had set themselves, not to interfere with my choice, let it be placed on whom it would.

Sir Hargrave called himself an *happy man* upon this intelligence. He afterwards, on his return to company, found an opportunity, as Mrs. Reeves and I were talking at the farthest part of the room, in very

vehement terms, to declare himself to me an admirer of perfections of his own creation; for he volubly enumerated many; and begg'd my permission to pay his respects to me at Mr. Reeves's.

Mr. Reeves, Sir Hargrave, said I, will receive what visits he pleases in his own house. I have no permission to give.

He bowed, and made me a very high compliment, taking what I said for a permission.

What can a woman do with these self-flatterers?

Mr. Walden took his leave: Sir Hargrave his: He wanted, I saw, to speak to me, at his departure; but I gave him no opportunity.

Mr. Singleton seemed also inclined to go, but knew not how; and having lost the benefit of their example by his irresolution, sat down.

Lady Betty then repeated her congratulations. How many ladies, said she, and fine ladies too, have sigh'd in secret for Sir Hargrave! You will have the glory, Miss Byron, of fixing the wavering heart of a man who has done, and is capable of doing, a great deal of mischief.

The ladies, Madam, said I, who can sigh in secret for such a man as Sir Hargrave, must either deserve a great deal of pity, or none at all.

Sir Hargrave, said Miss Cantillon, is a very fine gentleman; and so looked upon, I assure you: And he has a noble estate.

It is very happy, reply'd I, that we do not all of us like the same person. I mean not to disparage Sir Hargrave; but I have compassion for the ladies who sigh for him in secret. One woman only can be his wife; and perhaps she will not be one of those who sigh for him; especially were he to know that she does.

Perhaps not, reply'd Miss Cantillon: But I do assure you, that I am not one of those who sigh for Sir Hargrave.

The ladies smiled.

I am glad of it, Madam, said I. Every woman should have her heart in her own keeping; till she can find a worthy man to bestow it upon.

Miss Barnevelt took a tilt in heroics. Well, ladies, said she, you may talk of Love and Love as much as you please; but it is my glory, that I never knew what Love was. I, for my part, like a brave man, a gallant man: One in whose loud praise fame has crack'd half a dozen trumpets. But as to your milk-sops, your dough-baked¹ lovers, who stay at home and strut among the women, when glory is to be gain'd in the martial field; I despise them with all my heart. I have often wish'd that the foolish heads of such fellows as these were all cut off in time of war, and sent over to the heroes to fill their cannon with, when they batter in breach, by way of saving ball.

I am afraid, said Lady Betty, humouring this romantic speech, that if the heads of such persons were as soft as we are apt sometimes to think them, they would be of as little service abroad as they are at home.

O, Madam, replied Miss Barnevelt, there is a good deal of lead in the heads of these fellows. But were their brains, said the shocking creature, if any they have, made to fly about the ears of an enemy, they would serve both to blind and terrify him.

Even Mr. Singleton was affected with this horrid speech; for he clapt both his hands to his head, as if he were afraid of his brains.

Lady Betty was very urgent with us to pass the evening with her; but we excused ourselves; and when we were in the coach, Mr. Reeves told me, that I should find the Baronet a very troublesome and resolute lover, if I did not give him countenance.

And so, Sir, said I, you would have me do, as I have heard many a good woman has done, marry a man, in order to get rid of his importunity.

And a certain cure too, let me tell you, Cousin, said he, smiling.

We found at home, waiting for Mr. Reeves's return, Sir John Allestree. A worthy sensible man, of plain and unaffected manners, upwards of fifty.

Mr. Reeves mentioning to him our past entertainment and company, Sir John gave us such an account of Sir Hargrave, as helped me not only in the character I have given of him, but let me know that he is a very dangerous and enterprising man. He says, that laughing and light as he is in company, he is malicious, ill-natured, and designing; and sticks at nothing to carry a point on which he has once set his heart. He has ruined, Sir John says, three young creatures already under vows of marriage.

Sir John spoke of him as a managing¹ man, as to his fortune: He said, That tho' he would at times be lavish in the pursuit of his pleasures; yet that he had some narrownesses which made him despised, and that most by those for whose regard a good man would principally wish; his neighbours and tenants.

Could you have thought, my Lucy, that this laughing, fine-dressing man, could have been a man of malice; of resentment; of enterprize; a cruel man? Yet Sir John told two very bad stories of him, besides what I have mentioned, which proves him to be all I have said.

But I had no need of these stories to determine me against receiving his addresses. What I saw of him was sufficient; though Sir John made no manner of doubt (on being told by Mr. Reeves, in confidence, of his application to him for leave to visit me) that he was quite in earnest; and, making me a compliment, added, that he knew Sir Hargrave was inclined to marry; and the more, as one half of his estate, on failure of issue male, would go at his death to a distant relation whom he hated; but for no other reason than for admonishing him, when a school-boy, on his low and mischievous pranks.

His estate, Sir John told my Cousin, is full as considerable as

reported. And Mr. Reeves, after Sir John went away, said, What a glory will it be to you, Cousin Byron, to reform such a man, and make his great fortune a blessing to multitudes; as I am sure would be your endeavour to do, were you Lady Pollexfen!

But, my Lucy, were Sir Hargrave king of one half of the globe, I would not go to the altar with him.

But if he be a very troublesome man, what shall I say to him? I can deal pretty well with those, who will be kept at arms length; but I own, I should be very much perplex'd with resolute wretches. The civility I think myself obliged to pay every one who professes a regard for me, might subject me to inconveniences with violent spirits, which, protected as I have been by my Uncle Selby, and my good Mr. Deane, I never yet have known. O my Lucy, to what evils, but for that protection, might I not, as a sole, an independent young woman, have been exposed? Since men, many men, are to be look'd upon as savages, as wild beasts of the desert; and a single and independent woman they hunt after as prey.

To have done with Sir Hargrave for the present, and I wish I may be able to say for ever; early in the morning, a billet was brought from him to Mr. Reeves, excusing himself from paying him a visit that morning (as he had intended) by reason of the sudden and desperate illness of a relation, whose seat was near Reading, with whom he had large concerns, and who was desirous to see him before he died. As it was impossible that he could return under three days, which, he said, would appear as three years to him, and he was obliged to set out that moment; he could not dispense with himself for putting in his *claim*, as he called it, to Miss Byron's favour, and confirming his declaration of yesterday. In very high strains, he professed himself her admirer; and begg'd Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's interest with her. One felicity, he said, he hoped for from his absence, which was, that as Miss Byron, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, would have time to consider of his offers; he presum'd to hope he should not be subjected to a repulse.

And now, my Lucy, you have before you as good an account as I can give you of my two new lovers. How I shall manage with them, I know not: But I begin to think that those young women are happiest, whose friends take all the trouble of this sort upon *them*; only consulting their daughters inclinations as preliminaries are adjusting.

My friends indeed pay an high compliment to my discretion, when they so generously allow me to judge for myself: And we young women are fond of being our own mistresses: But I must say, that to *me* this compliment has been and is a painful one; for two reasons; That I cannot but consider their goodness as a task upon me, which requires my utmost circumspection, as well as gratitude; and that they have shewn more generosity in dispensing with their authority, than

I have done whenever I have acted so as to appear, tho' *but* to appear, to accept of the dispensation: Let me add besides, that now, when I find myself likely to be addressed to by mere strangers, by men who grew not into my knowlege insensibly, as our neighbours Greville, Fenwick, and Orme, did, I cannot but think it has the appearance of confidence, to stand out to receive, as a creature uncontrollable, the first motions to an address of this awful nature. Awful indeed might it be called, were one's heart to incline towards a particular person.

Allow me then for the future, my revered Grandmamma, and you my beloved and equally honoured Uncle and Aunt Selby, allow me, to refer myself to you, if any person offers to whom I may happen to have no strong objections. As to Mr. Fowler, and the Baronet, I must *now* do as well as I can with them. It is much easier for a young woman to say *No*, than *Yes*. But for the time to come I will not have the assurance to act for myself. I know your partiality for your Harriet, too well, to doubt the merit of your recommendation.

As Mr. and Mrs. Reeves require me to shew them what I write, they are fond of indulging me in the employment. You will therefore be the less surpris'd that I write so much in so little a time. *Miss Byron is in her Closet ; Miss Byron is writing ;* is an excuse sufficient, they seem to think, to every-body, because they allow it to be one to them: But besides, I know they believe they oblige you all by the opportunity they so kindly give me of shewing my Duty and Love, where so justly due.

I am, however, surpris'd at casting my eye back.—Two sheets! and such a quantity before! Unconscionable, say; and let me, Echo-like, repeat, Unconscionable

HARRIET BYRON

Sunday

Sunday Night

Letters from Northamptonshire! by Farmer Jenkins. I kiss the seals. What agreeable things, now, has my Lucy to say to her Harriet? Disagreeable ones she cannot write, if all my beloved friends are well.

LETTER XV

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Monday, February 6*

AND so my Uncle Selby, you tell me, is making observations in writing, on my letters; and waits for nothing more to begin with me than my conclusion of the conversations that offered at Lady Betty's.

And is it expected that I should go on furnishing weapons against myself?—It is.

Well; with all my heart. As long as I can contribute to his amusement; as long as I know that he rather sometimes delights to say what *may be* said, than what he really thinks; as long as I have my good Aunt Selby for my advocate; as long as my Grandmamma is pleased and diverted with what I write; as well as with his pleasantries on her girl; and as long as you, my Lucy, stand up for your Harriet; I will proceed; and when my measure is full, and runs over, in his opinion, then let him ascribe vanity and what he pleases to me. I am but a woman: And he knows that I must love him the better for his stripes. Only let him take care, that, when he lays at my door faults of which I think I can acquit myself, he increases not in me the vanity he is so ready to attribute to me.

Well, but will you not, my Harriet, methinks you ask, write with less openness, with more reserve, in apprehension of the rod which you know hangs over your head?

Indeed I will not. It is my glory, that I have not a thought in my heart which I would conceal from any one whom it imported to know it, and who would be gratified by the revealing of it. And yet I am a little chagrin'd at the wager which you tell me my Uncle has actually laid with my Grandmamma, that I shall not return from London with a sound heart.

And does he tease *you*, my Lucy, on this subject, with reminding you of your *young* partiality for Captain Duncan, in order to make good his assertion of the susceptibility of us all?

Why so let him. And why should you deny, that you *were* susceptible of a natural passion? You must not be prudish, Lucy. If you are *not*, all his raillery will lose its force. What better assurance can I give to my Uncle, and to all my friends, that if I were caught, I would own it, than by advising *you* not to be ashamed to confess a sensibility which is no disgrace, when duty and prudence are our guides, and the object worthy?

Your man indeed was *not* worthy, as it proved; but he was a very specious creature; and you knew not his bad character, when you

suffered *liking* to grow into *love*. But when the Love-fever was at the height, did you make any-body uneasy at your passion? Did you run to woods and groves, to record it on the barks of trees?¹—No!—You sighed in silence indeed: But it was but for a little while. I got your secret from you; not, however, till it betray'd itself in your pined countenance; and then the man's discover'd unworthiness, and your own discretion, enabled you to conquer a passion to which you had given way, supposing it unconquerable, because you thought it would cost you pains to contend with it.

As to myself, you know I have hitherto been on my guard. I have been careful ever to shut the door of my heart against the blind deity, the moment I could imagine him setting his incroaching foot on the *threshold*, which I think *liking* may be called. Had he once gained entrance, perhaps I might have come off but simply.²

But I hope I am in the less danger of falling in love with any man, as I can be civil and courteous to all. When a stream is sluiced off into several chanel, there is the less fear that it will overflow its banks. I really think I never shall be in love with any-body, till duty adds force to the lambent flame.

Excuse me, Lucy. I do now-and-then, you know, get into a boasting humour. But then my punishment, as in most other cases, follows my fault: My Uncle pulls me down, and shews me, that I am not half so good as the rest of my friends think me.

You tell me, that Mr. Greville will be in London in a very few days. I can't help it. He pretends business, you say; and (since that calls him up) intends to give himself a month's pleasure in town, and to take his share of the public entertainments. Well, so let him. But I hope that I am not to be either his business or entertainment. After a civil neighbourly visit, or so, I hope, I shall not be tormented with him.

What happened once betwixt Mr. Fenwick and him gave me pain enough; exposed me enough, surely! A young woman, tho' without her own fault, made the occasion of a rencounter between two men of fortune, must be talked of too much for her own liking, or she must be a strange creature. What numbers of people has the unhappy rashness of those two men brought to stare at me? And with what difficulty did my Uncle and Mr. Deane bring them into so odd a compromise, as they at last came into, to torment me by joint consent, notwithstanding all I could say to them; which was the only probable way, shocking creatures! to prevent murder?—And may I not be apprehensive of what may happen, should Sir Hargrave persist in his present way of thinking?—Mr. Greville is a rash creature; and Sir John Allestree says, Sir Hargrave wants no resolution.

I suppose Mr. Fenwick will come up, if the other does. But pray, my Lucy, let them know—Yet should you tell them that I am greatly

averse to seeing them, and I will not see them if I can help it; that will be giving them consequence in their own opinion; and as the one pleads business, it will be, in the interpretation of so bold a man as Mr. Greville, making myself a part of it; and denying his visit before it is offered. They must, in short, do as they will; if they are resolved to haunt me at the public places to which I am to go, I am not so fond of shew and glitter, but I can forbear going often to them.

But to have done with these men—What an odd thing is it in my Uncle, to take hold of what I said in one of my letters, that I had a good mind to give you a sketch of what I might suppose the company at Lady Betty's would say of your Harriet, were each to write her character to their confidants or correspondents as she has done theirs to you!

I am apprehensive that his command on this occasion is owing to his hope to find room from what I write, to charge me the heavier. But be this as it may, I will endeavour to obey him; and the more readily, as the task will be an exercise to my fancy.—Which of you, my dear friends, was it, that once called me a *fanciful girl*?

To begin—Lady Betty, who owns she thinks favourably of me, I will suppose would write to her Lucy, in such terms as these: But shall I suppose every one to be so happy, as to have her Lucy?

'Miss Byron, of whom you have heard Mr. Reeves talk so much, discredits not, in the *main*, the character he has given her. We must allow a little, you know, for the fondness of relationship.

'The girl has had a good education, and owes all her advantages to it. But it is a country and bookish one: And that won't do *every* thing for one of our sex, if *any* thing. Poor thing! She *never* was in town before!—But she seems docile, and, for a country girl, is tolerably genteel: I think, therefore, I shall receive no discredit by introducing her into the Beau Monde.'

Miss Clements, perhaps, agreeable to the goodness of her kind heart, would have written thus:

'Miss Byron is an agreeable girl. She has invited me to visit her; and I hope I shall like her better and better. She has, one may see, kept worthy persons company; and I dare say, will preserve the improvement she has gained by it. She is lively and obliging: She is young; not more than twenty; yet looks rather younger, by reason of a country bloom, which, however, misbecomes her not; and gives a modesty to her first appearance, that possesses one in her favour. She is a great observer; yet I think not censorious. What a castaway would Miss Byron be, if knowing so well, as she seems to know, what the duty of others is, she should forget her own!'

Miss Cantillon would perhaps thus write:

'There was Miss Harriet Byron of Northamptonshire; a young woman in whose favour report has been very lavish. I can't say that

I think her so *very* extraordinary: Yet she is well enough for a country girl. But tho' I do not impute to her a *very* pert look, yet if she had not been set up for something beyond what she is, by all her friends, who, it seems, are *excessively* fond of her, she might have had a more humble opinion of herself than she seems to have when she is set a talking. She may, indeed, make a figure in a country assembly; but in the London world she must be not a little awkward, having never been here before.

'I take her to have a great deal of art. But to do her justice, she has no bad complexion: That you know is a striking advantage: Nor are her features, taking them either in whole or part, *much* amiss. But to me she has a babyish look, especially when she smiles; yet I suppose she has been told that her smiles become her; for she is always smiling—So like a simpleton, I was going to say!

'Upon the whole, I see nothing so engaging in her as to have made her the idol she is with every-body—And what little beauty she has, it cannot last. For my part, were I a man, the clear Brunette—But you will think I am praising myself.'

Miss Barnevelt would perhaps thus write to her Lucy—To *her* Lucy!—Upon my word I will not let her have a Lucy—She shall have a brother *man* to write to, not a woman, and he shall have a fierce name. We will suppose that she also had been describing the rest of the company:

'Well but, my dear Bombardino, I am now to give you a description of Miss Byron. 'Tis the softest, gentlest, smiling rogue of a girl—I protest, I could five or six times have kissed her, for what she said, and for the manner she spoke in—For she has been used to prate; a favour'd child in her own family, one may easily see that. Yet so *prettily* loth to speak till spoken to!—Such a blushing little rogue!—'Tis a dear girl, and I wish'd twenty times as I sat by her, that I had been a man for her sake. Upon my honour, Bombardino, I believe if I had, I should have caught her up, popt her under one of my arms, and run away with her.'

Something like this, my Lucy, did Miss Barnevelt once say.

Having now dismissed the women, I come to Mr. Singleton, Mr. Walden, and Sir Hargrave.

Mr. Walden (himself a Pasquin) would thus perhaps have written to his Marforio:

'The first Lady, whom, as the greatest stranger, I shall take upon me to describe, is Miss Harriet Byron of Northamptonshire. In her person she is not disagreeable; and most people think her pretty. But, what is prettiness? Why, nevertheless, in a woman, prettiness is—*pretty*: what other word can I so fitly use of a person who, tho' a little *sightly*, cannot be called a beauty? I will allow, that we men are not wrong in admiring *modest* women for the graces of their *persons*: But

let them *be* modest; let them return the compliment, and revere *Us* for our capaciousness of *mind*: And so they will, if they are brought up to know their own weakness, and that they are but domestic animals of a superior order. Even ignorance, let me tell you, my Marforio, is pretty in a woman. Humility is one of their principal graces. Women hardly ever set themselves to acquire the knowledge that is proper to men, but they neglect for it, what more indispensably belongs to women. To have them come to their husbands, to their brothers, and even to their lovers, when they have a mind to know anything out of their way, and beg to be instructed and informed, inspireth them with the becoming humility which I have touched upon, and giveth us importance with them.

‘Indeed, my Marforio, there are very few topics that arise in conversation among men, upon which women ought to open their lips. Silence becomes them. Let them therefore hear, wonder, and improve, in silence. They are naturally disputatious, and lovers of contradiction’ [Something like this Mr. Walden once threw out: And you know who, my Lucy, has said as much] ‘and shall we qualify them to be disputants against ourselves?’

‘These reflections, Marforio, are not foreign to my subject. This girl, this Harriet Byron, is applauded for a young woman of reading and observation. But there was another lady present, Miss Clements, who (if there be any merit to a *woman* in it) appeareth to me to excel her in the compass of her reading; and that upon the strength of her own diligence and abilities; for this Miss Harriet hath had some pains taken with her by her late Grandfather, a man of erudition, who had his education among *us*. This old gentleman, I am told, took it into his head, having no Grandson, to give this girl a *bookish* turn; but he wisely stopt at her mother-tongue! only giving her a smattering in French and Italian.

‘As I saw that the eyes of every one were upon her, I was willing to hear what she had to say for herself. Poor girl! She will suffer, I doubt, for her speciousness. Yet I cannot say, all things considered, that she was *very* malapert:² That quality is yet to come. She is young.

‘I therefore trifled a little with her. And went farther than I generally choose to go with the reading species of women, in order to divert an inundation of nonsense and foppery, breaking in from one of the company; Sir Hargrave Pollexfen: Of whom more anon. You know, Marforio, that a man, when he is provok’d to fight with an overgrown boy, hath every-body against him: So hath a scholar who engageth on learned topics with a woman. The sex must be flatter’d at the expense of truth. Many things are thought to be pretty from the mouth of a woman, which would be egregiously weak and silly proceeding from that of a man. His very eminence in learning, on

such a contention, would tend only to exalt her, and depreciate himself. As the girl was every-body's favourite, and as the Baronet seemed to eye her with particular favour, I spared her. A man would not, you know, spoil a girl's fortune.'

But how shall I be able to tell you what I imagine Sir Hargrave would have written? Can I do it, if I place him in the light of a lover, and not either underdo his character as such, or incur the censure of vanity and conceit?

Well, but are you sure, Harriet, methinks my Uncle asks, that the Baronet is really and truly so egregiously smitten with you, as he pretended he was?

Why, ay! That's the thing, Sir!

You girls are so apt to take in earnest the compliments made you by men!

And so we are. But our credulity, my dear Sir, is a greater proof of *our* innocence, than mens professions are of *their* sincerity. So, let losers speak, and winners laugh.¹

But let him be in jest, if he will. In jest or in earnest, Sir Hargrave must be extravagant, I ween, in love-speeches. And that I may not be thought wholly to decline this part of my task, I will suppose him professing with Hudibras, after he has praised me beyond measure, for graces of his own creation;

*The sun shall now no more dispense
His own, but Harriet's influence.
Where-e'er she treads, her feet shall set
The primrose, and the violet:
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from her breath their odours:
Worlds shall depend upon her eye,
And when she frowns upon them, die.*

And what if I make him address me, by way of *apostrophe*, shall I say?² (writing to his friend) in the following strain?

*My faith [my friend] is adamantine,
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;
True, as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak:
Then shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pignye;³
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart.⁴*

Well, but what, my Harriet, would honest Mr. Singleton have written, methinks you ask, had he written about you?

Why thus, perhaps, my Lucy. And to his Grandmother; for she is living:

'We had rare *fun*,¹ at dinner, and after dinner, my Grandmother. There was one Miss *Barnevelt*, a fine tall *portly* young lady. There was Miss *Clements*, not handsome, but very learned, and who, as was easy to perceive, could hold a *good argument*, on occasion. There was Miss *Cantillon*; as pretty a young lady as one should wish to behold in a *summer's day*. And there was one Miss *Byron*, a Northamptonshire lady, whom I never saw before in my *born days*. There was Mr. *Walden*, a famous scholar. I thought him very entertaining; for he talk'd of learning, and such-like things; which I know not so much of as I wish I did; because my want of knowing a little *Latin* and *Greek* has made my understanding *look less* than other mens. O my Grandmother! what a *wise man* would the being able to talk Latin and Greek have made me!—And yet I thought that now-and-then Mr. Walden made too great a *fuss* about *his*. But there was a rich and noble Baronet; richer than *me*, as they say, a great deal; Sir *Hargrove Pollexfen*, if I spell his name right. A charming man; and charmingly dress'd. And so many fine things he said, and was so merry, and so facetious, that he did nothing but laugh, *as a man may say*. And I was as merry as *him* to the full. Why not?—O my Grandmother! What with the talk of the young country lady, that same Miss Byron; for they put her upon talking a great deal; what with the famous scholar; who, however, being a learned man, could not be so merry as us; what with Sir Hargrave (I could live and die with Sir Hargrave: You never knew, my Grandmother, such a bright man as Sir Hargrave), and what with one thing, and what with another, 'we *box'd it about*,² and had rare *fun*, as I told you—So that when I got home, and went to bed, I did nothing but dream of being in the same company, and three or four times wak'd myself with laughing.'

There, Lucy!—Will this do for Mr. Singleton? It is not much out of character, I assure you.

Monday Afternoon

This Knight, this Sir Rowland Meredith!—He is below, it seems; his Nephew in his hand; Sir Rowland, my Sally tells me, in his gold button and button-hole coat, and full-buckled wig;³ Mr. Fowler as spruce as a bridegroom!—What shall I do with Sir Rowland?

What, my Lucy, can there be in the addresses of these men; that even those who are indifferent to us, can put one's spirits in an hurry? But, my dear, it is painful to be obliged to deny the earnest suits of those who declare a love for us!

Expect another letter next post: And so you will if I did not bid you; for have I missed one yet?

Adieu, my Lucy.

H. B.

LETTER XVI

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Monday Night } Feb. 6 & 7
Tuesday Morn. }

SIR Rowland and his Nephew, tea being not quite ready, sat down with my Cousins; and the Knight, leaving Mr. Fowler little to say, expatiated so handsomely on his Nephew's good qualities, and great passion for me, and on what he himself proposed to do for him in addition to his own fortune, that my Cousins, knowing I liked not the gentlemen in our own neighbourhood, and thought very indifferently of Sir Hargrave, were more than half inclined to promote the addresses of Mr. Fowler; and gave them both room to think so.

This favourable disposition set the two gentlemen up. They were impatient for tea, that they might see me.

By the time I had sealed up my letters, word was brought me that tea was ready; and I went down.

The Knight, it seems, as soon as they heard me coming, jogged Mr. Fowler.—Nephew, said he, pointing to the door, see what you can say to the Primrose of your heart!—This is now the Primrose season with us in Caermarthen, Mr. Reeves.

Mr. Fowler, by a stretch of complaisance, came to meet and introduce me to the company, tho' at home. The Knight nodded his head after him, smiling; as if he had said, Let my Nephew alone to galant the Lady to her seat.

I was a little surpris'd at Mr. Fowler's approaching me, the moment I appeared, and with his taking my hand, and conducting me to my seat, with an air; not knowing how much he had been rais'd by the conversation that had passed before.

He bowed. I courtesied, and look'd a little sillier than ordinary, I believe.

Your servant, young Lady, said the Knight. Lovelier, and lovelier, by Mercy! How these blushes become that sweet face!—But, forgive me, Madam, it is not my intent to dash you.

Writing, Miss Byron, all day! said Mrs. Reeves. We have greatly missed you.

My Cousin seemed to say this, on purpose to give me time to recover myself.

I have blotted¹ several sheets of paper, said I, and had just concluded.

I hope, Madam, said the Knight, leaning forward his whole body, and peering in my face under his bent brows, that *we* have not been the cause of hastening you down.

I stared. But as he seemed not to mean any-thing, I would not help him to a meaning by my own over-quickness.

Mr. Fowler had done an extraordinary thing, and sat down, hemm'd, and said nothing; looking, however, as if he was at a loss to know whether he or his Uncle was expected to speak.

The cold weather was then the subject; and the two gentlemen rubb'd their hands and drew nearer the fire, as if they were the colder for talking of it. Many hems passed between them, now the Uncle looking on the Nephew, now the Nephew on the Uncle: At last they fell into talk of their new-built house at Caermarthen; and the furnishing of it.

They mention'd afterwards their very genteel neighbourhood, and gave the characters of half a dozen people, of whom none present but themselves ever heard; but all tending to shew how much they were valued by the best gentry in Caermarthenshire.

The Knight then related a conversation that had once passed between himself and the late Lord Mansell,² in which that Nobleman had complimented him on an estate of a clear 3000 *l.* a year, besides a good deal of ready cash, and with supposing that he would set up his Nephew when at age (for it was some years ago) as a representative for the county. And he repeated the *prudent* answer he gave his Lordship, disavowing such a design, as no better than a gaming *propensity*, as he called it; which had ruined many a fair estate.

This sort of talk, in which his Nephew *could* bear a part (and indeed they had it all between them) held the tea-time; and then having given themselves the consequence they had seemed to intend, the Knight, drawing his chair nearer to me, and winking to his Nephew, who withdrew, began to set forth to me, the young gentleman's good qualities; to declare the passion he had for me; and to beg my encouragement of so worthy, so *proper*, and so *well-favoured* a young man; who was to be his sole heir; and for whom he would do such things, on my account, as, during his life, he would not do for any other woman *breathing*.

There was no answering a discourse so serious with the air of levity which it was hardly possible to avoid assuming on the first visit of the Knight.

I was vex'd that I found myself almost as bashful, as silly, and as silent, as if I had thoughts of encouraging Mr. Fowler's addresses. My Cousins seemed pleased with my bashfulness. The Knight I

once thought, by the tone of his voice and his hum, would have struck up a Welsh tune, and danced for joy.

Shall I call in my Kinsman, Madam, to confirm all I have said, and to pour out his whole soul at your feet? My boy is bashful: But a little favour from that sweet countenance will make a man of him. Let me, let me, call in my boy. I will go for him myself. And was going.

Let me say one word, Sir Rowland—before Mr. Fowler comes in—before you speak to him—You have explain'd yourself unexceptionably. I am obliged to you and Mr. Fowler for your good opinion: But this can never be.

How, Madam! Can *never* be!—I will allow that you shall take time for half a dozen visits or so, that you may be able to judge of my Nephew's qualities and understanding, and be convinced from his own mouth, and heart, and soul, as I may say, of his love for you. No need of time for *him*. He, poor man! is fix'd, immoveably fix'd: But say you will take a week's time or so, to consider what you *can* do, what you *will* do—And that's all I at present crave, or indeed, Madam, can *allow* you.

I cannot doubt *now* Sir Rowland, of what my mind will be a week hence, as to this matter.

How, Madam!—Why we are all in the *suds*! then!—Why, Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves!—Whew! with an half-whistle—Why, Madam, we shall, at this rate, be all *untwisted*!—But (after a pause) by Mercy I will not be thus answer'd!—Why, Madam, would you have the conscience to break my poor boy's heart?—Come, be as gracious as you look to be—Give me your hand—[He snatch'd my hand. In respect to his years I withdrew it not] And give my boy your heart.—Sweet soul! Such sensible, such good-natur'd mantlings!—Why you can't be cruel, if you would!—Dear Lady! Say you will take a little time to consider of this matter. Don't repeat those cruel words, "It can never be."—What have you to object to my boy?

Mr. Fowler, both by character and appearance, Sir Rowland, is a worthy man. He is a modest man, and modesty—

Well, and so he is—Mercy! I was afraid that his modesty would be an objection—

It cannot, Sir Rowland, with a modest woman. I love, I revere, a modest man: But, indeed, I cannot *give* hope, where I mean not to *encourage* any.

Your objection, Madam, to my Nephew?—You must have seen something in him you dislike.

I do not easily *dis-like*, Sir; but then I do not easily *like*. And I never will marry any man, to whom I cannot be more than indifferent.

Why, Madam, he adores you—He—

That, Sir, is an objection, unless I could return his love. My gratitude would be endanger'd.

Excellent notions!—With these notions, Madam, you could not be ungrateful.

That, Sir, is a risque I will never run. How many bad wives are there, who would have been good ones, had they not married either to their dislike, or with indifference? Good beginnings, Sir Rowland, are necessary to good progresses, and to happy conclusions.

Why so they are. But beginnings that are *not* bad, with good people, will make no *bad* progresses, no *bad* conclusions.

No bad is not *good*, Sir Rowland; and in such a world as this, shall people lay themselves open to the danger of acting contrary to their duty? Shall they suffer themselves to be bribed, either by conveniencies, or superfluities, to give their hands, and leave their hearts doubtful or indifferent! It would not be honest to do so.

You told me, Madam, the first time I had the honour to see you, that you were absolutely and *bona fide* disengaged—

I told you truth, Sir.

Then, Madam, we will *not* take your denial. We will persevere. We will *not* be discouraged! What a *duce*! Have I not heard it said, that *faint heart never won fair lady*?

I never would give an absolute denial, Sir, were I to have the least doubt of my mind. If I could balance, I would consult my friends, and refer to them; and their opinion should have due weight with me. But for your *Nephew's* sake, Sir Rowland, while his esteem for me is young and conquerable, urge not this matter farther. I would not give pain to a worthy heart.

As I hope for mercy, Madam, so well do I like your notions, that if you will be my Niece, and let me but converse with you once a day, I will be contented with 100 *l.* a year, and settle upon you all I have in the world.

His eyes glisten'd; his face glow'd; an honest earnestness appear'd in his countenance.

Generous man! Good Sir Rowland! said I. I was affected. I was forced to withdraw.

I soon return'd, and found Sir Rowland, his handkerchief in his hand, applying very earnestly to my Cousins. And they were so much affected too, that on his resuming the subject to me, they could not help putting in a word or two on his side of the question.

Sir Rowland then proposed to call in his Nephew, that he might speak for himself. My boy may be over-awed by love, Madam: True love is always fearful: Yet he is no milksop, I do assure you. To men he has courage. How he will behave to *you*, Madam, I know not; for really, notwithstanding that sweetness of aspect, which I should have thought would have led one to say what one would to you (in modesty I mean) I have a kind of I cannot-tell-what for you myself. Reverence

it is not neither, I think—I only reverence my Maker—And yet I believe it is. Why, Madam, your face is one of God Almighty's wonders in a little compass!—Pardon me—You may blush—But *be* gracious now!—Don't shew us, that, with a face so encouragingly tender, you have an hard heart.

O Sir Rowland, you are an excellent advocate: But pray tell Mr. Fowler—

I will call him in—And was rising.

No, don't. But tell Mr. Fowler that I regard him, on a double account; for his own worth's sake, and for his Uncle's: But subject me not, I once more entreat you, to the pain of repulsing a worthy man. I repeat, that I am under obligation to him for the value he has for me: I shall be under more, if he will accept of my thanks as all I have to return.

My dear Miss Byron, said Mr. Reeves, oblige Sir Rowland so far, as to take a little time to consider—

God bless you on earth and in heaven, Mr. Reeves, for this! You are a good man—Why, ay, take a little time to consider—God bless you, Madam, take a little time. Say you will consider. You know not what a man of understanding my Nephew is. Why, Madam, modest as he is, and awed by his love for you, he cannot shew half the good sense he is master of.

Modest men must have merit, Sir. But how *can* you, Mr. Reeves, make a difficult task more difficult? And yet all is from the goodness of your heart. You see Sir Rowland thinks me cruel: I have no cruelty in my nature. I love to oblige. I wish to match *you* in generosity, Sir Rowland—Ask me for any-thing but *myself*, and I will endeavour to oblige you.

Admirable, by mercy! Why every-thing you say, instead of making me desist, induces me to persevere. There is no yielding up such a prize, if one can obtain it. Tell me, Mr. Reeves, where there is such another woman to be had, and we may give up Miss Byron: But I hope she will consider of it.—Pray, madam—But I will call in my nephew. And out he went in haste, as if he were afraid of being again forbidden.

Mean time my cousins put it to me—But before I could answer them, the knight, followed by his nephew, returned.

Mr. Fowler enter'd, bowing in the most respectful manner. He looked much more dejected than when he approached me at my first coming down. His uncle had given him an hint of what had passed between us.

Mr. Fowler and I had but just sat down, when the knight said to Mr. Reeves (but took him not by the button, as in his first visit) one word with you, Sir—Mr. Reeves, one word with you, if you please.

They withdrew together; and presently after Mrs. Reeves went out at the other door; and I was left alone with Mr. Fowler.

We both sat silent for about three or four minutes. I thought I ought not to begin; Mr. Fowler knew not how. He drew his chair nearer to me; then sat a little farther off; then drew it nearer again; stroked his ruffles, and hemm'd two or three times; and at last, You cannot, madam, but observe my confusion, my concern, my, my, my confusion!—It is all owing to my reverence, my respect, my *reverence*, for you—hem!—He gave two gentle hems, and was silent.

I could not enjoy the modest man's awkwardness.—Every feature of his face working, his hands and his knees trembling, and his tongue faltering, how barbarous had I been, if I could.—O Lucy, what a disqualifier is Love, if such agitations as these are the natural effects of *that* passion!

Sir Rowland has been acquainting me, Sir, said I, with the good opinion you have of me. I am very much obliged to you for it. I have been telling Sir Rowland—

Ah, madam! Say not what you have been telling Sir Rowland: He has hinted it to me. I must indeed confess my unworthiness; yet I cannot forbear aspiring to your favour. Who that knows what will make him the happiest of men, however unworthy he may be, can forbear seeking his happiness? I can only say, I am the most miserable of men, if—

Good Mr. Fowler, interrupted I, indulge not an hope that cannot be answer'd. I will not pretend to say, that I should not merit your esteem, if I could return it; because, to whomsoever I should give my hand, I would make it a point of duty to deserve his affection: But for that very reason, and that I may have no temptation to do otherwise, I must be convinced in my own mind that there is not a man in the world whom I could value more than him I chose.

He sighed. I was *assured*, madam, said he, that your heart was absolutely disengaged: On that assurance I founded my presumptuous hope.

And so it is, Mr. Fowler. I have never yet seen a man whom I could wish to marry.

Then, madam, may I not hope, that time, that my assiduities, that my profound reverence, my unbounded love—

O Mr. Fowler, think me not either insensible or ungrateful. But time, I am sure, can make no alteration in this case. I can only esteem *you*, and that from a motive which I think has selfishness in it, because you have shewn a regard for *me*.

No selfishness in this motive, madam; it is amiable gratitude. And if all the services of my life, if all the adoration—

I have a very indifferent notion of sudden impressions, Mr. Fowler:

But I will not question the sincerity of a man I think so worthy. Sir Rowland has been very urgent with me: He has wish'd me to take time to consider. I have told him I *would*, if I could doubt: But that I cannot. For *your own* sake therefore, let me entreat you to place your affections elsewhere. And may you place them happily!

You have, madam, I am afraid, seen men whom you could prefer to me—

Our acquaintance, Mr. Fowler, is very short. It would be no wonder if I had. Yet I told you truly, that I never yet saw a man whom I could wish to marry.

He look'd down, and sigh'd.

But, Mr. Fowler, to be still more frank and explicit with you, as I think you a very worthy man; I will own, that were any of the gentlemen I have hitherto known to be my lot, it must be, I think, in compassion (in *gratitude* I had almost said) one (who nevertheless it cannot be) who has professed a love for me ever since I was a child. A man of honour, of virtue, of modesty; such a man as I believe Mr. Fowler is. His fortune indeed is not so considerable as Sir Rowland says yours will be: But, Sir, as there is no other reason on the comparison, why I should prefer Mr. Fowler to him, I should think the worse of myself as long as I lived, if I gave a preference over such a try'd affection to fortune only. And now, Sir, I expect that you will make a generous use of my frankness, lest the gentleman, if you should know him, may hear of it. And this I request for *his sake*, as I think I never can be his; as for *yours* I have been thus explicit.

I can only say, that I am the most miserable of men!—But will you, madam, give me leave to visit Mr. Reeves now-and-then?

Not on my account, Mr. Fowler. Understand it so; and if you see me, let it be with indifference, and without expectation from me; and I shall always behave myself to you, as to a gentleman who has obliged me by his good opinion.

He bowed: Sat in silence: Pulled out his handkerchief.—I pitied him.

But let me ask all you, my friends, who love Mr. Orme, Was I wrong? I think I never could love Mr. Fowler, as a wife ought to love her husband—May he meet with a worthy woman who can! And surely so good, so modest a man, and of such an ample fortune; easily may: While it may be my lot, if ever I marry, to be the wife of a man, with whom I may not be so happy, as either Mr. Orme or Mr. Fowler would probably make me, could I prevail upon myself to be the wife of either.—O my uncle, often do I reflect on your mercer's shop.

Mr. Fowler arose, and walked disconsolately about the room, and often profoundly, and, I believe (*not* Greville-like) sincerely sighed. His motion soon brought in the knight and Mr. Reeves at one door, and Mrs. Reeves at the other.

Well! What news? What news?—Good, I hope, said the knight with spread hands—Ah my poor boy! Thus alamort! Surely, madam—

There he stopt and look'd wistfully at me; then at my cousins—Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, speak a good word for my boy. The heart that belongs to that countenance cannot be adamant surely.—Dear young lady, let your power be equalled by your mercy.

Mr. Fowler, Sir Rowland, has too much generosity to upbraid me, I dare say. Nor will you think me either perverse or ungenerous, when he tells you what has passed between us.

Have you given him hope, then? God grant it, tho' but distant hope! Have you said you will consider—Dear, blessed lady!—

O Sir, interrupted I, how good you are to your nephew! How worthily is your love placed on him! What a proof is it of *his* merit, and of the goodness of *your* heart!—I shall always have an esteem for you both!—Your excuse, Sir Rowland: Yours, Mr. Fowler. Be so good as to allow me to withdraw.

I retired to my own apartment, and throwing myself into a chair, reflected on what had passed; and after a while recollected myself to begin to write it down for you.

As soon as I had withdrawn, Mr. Fowler, with a sorrowful heart, as my cousins told me, related all that I had said to him.

Mr. Reeves was so good as to praise me for what he called my generosity to Mr. Orme, as well as for my frankness and civility to Mr. Fowler.

That was the duce of it, Sir Rowland said, that were they to have no remedy, they could not find any fault in me to comfort themselves with.

They put it over and over to my cousin, Whether time and assiduity might not prevail with me to change my mind? And whether an application to my friends in the country might not, on setting everything fairly before them, be of service? But Mr. Reeves told them, that now I had open'd so freely my mind, and had spoken so unexpectedly, yet so gratefully favourably of Mr. Orme, he feared there could be no hopes.

However, both gentlemen, at taking leave, recommended themselves to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves for their interests; and the knight vowed that I should not come off so easily.

So much and adieu, my Lucy, for the addresses of worthy Mr. Fowler. Pray however for your Harriet, that she may not draw a worse lot.

Tuesday Morning

At a private concert last night with my cousins and Miss Clements; and again to be at the play this night; I shall be a racketeer, I doubt.

Mr. Fowler called here this morning. Mrs. Reeves and I were out on a visit. But Mr. Reeves was at home, and they had a good deal of discourse about me. The worthy man spoke so despairingly of his success with me, that I hope for his own sake, I shall hear no more of his addresses; and with the more reason, as Sir Rowland will in a few days set out for Caermarthen.

Sir Rowland called afterwards: But Mr. Reeves was abroad; and Mrs. Reeves and I were gone to Ludgate-hill, to buy a gown, which is to be made up in all haste, that I may the more fashionably attend Lady Betty Williams to some of the public entertainments. I have been very extravagant: But it is partly my cousin's fault. I send you inclosed a pattern of my silk. I thought we were high in the fashion in Northamptonshire; but all my cloaths are altering,¹ that I may not *look frightful*, as the phrase is.

But shall I as easily get rid of the Baronet, think you, as I hope I have of Mr. Fowler? He is come to town, and by his own invitation (in a card to Mr. Reeves) is to be here to-morrow afternoon. What signifies my getting out of the way? He will see me at another time; and I shall increase my own difficulties, and his consequence, if he thinks I am afraid of him.

LETTER XVII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Wednesday Night

SIR HARGRAVE came before six o'clock. He was richly dressed. He asked for Mr. Reeves. I was in my closet, writing. He was not likely to be the better received for the character Sir John Allestree gave of him.

He excused himself for coming so early, on the score of his impatience, and that he might have a little discourse with them, if I should be engaged before tea-time.

Was I within?—I was.—Thank heaven!—I was very good.

So he seemed to imagine that I was at home, in compliment to him.

Shall I give you, from my cousins, an account of the conversation before I went down? You know Mrs. Reeves is a nice² observer.

He had had, he told my cousins, a most uneasy time of it, ever since he saw me. The devil fetch him, if he had had one hour's rest. He never saw a woman before whom he could love as he loved me. By his soul, he had no view, but what was strictly honourable.

He sometimes sat down, sometimes walk'd about the room, strutting, and now-and-then adjusting something in his dress that nobody

else saw wanted it. He gloried in the happy prospects before him: Not but he knew I had a little army of admirers: But as none of them had met with encouragement from me, he hoped there was room for him to flatter himself that *he* might be the happy man.

I told you, Mr. Reeves, said he, that I will give you *carte blanche* as to settlements. What I do for so prudent a woman, will be doing for myself. I am not used, Mr. Reeves, to boast of my *fortune* [Then, it seems, he went up to the glass, as if his *person* could not fail of being an *additional* recommendation] but I will lay before you, or before any of Miss Byron's friends (Mr. Deane, if she pleases—) my rent-rolls.¹ There never was a better-conditioned estate. She shall live in town, or in the country, as she thinks fit; and in the latter, at which of my seats she pleases. I know I shall have no will but hers. I doubt not *your* friendship, Mr. Reeves. I hope for *yours*, madam. I shall have great pleasure in the alliance I have in view, with every individual of your family—As if he would satisfy them of his friendship, in the near relation, as the only matter that could bear a doubt.

Then he ran on upon the part I bore in the conversation at Lady Betty Williams's—By his soul, *only* the wisest, the wittiest, the most gracefully modest of women—*that was all*—Then Ha, ha, ha, hah, poor Walden! What a silly fellow! He had *caught a Tartar*!—Ha, ha, ha, hah—Shaking his head and his gay sides: Devil take him if he ever saw a *Prig* so fairly taken in!—But I was a sly little rogue!—He saw that!—By all that's good, I must myself *sing small* in *her* company!—I will never meet at hard-edge² with her—If I did—(and yet I have been thought to carry a good one) I should be confoundedly gapped,³ *I can see that* [alluding to two knives, I suppose, gapping each other; and winking with one eye; and, as Mrs. Reeves described him, looking as wise as if he would make a compliment to his *penetration*, at the expence of his *understanding*]: But, continued he, as a woman is more a husband's than a man is a wife's [Have all the men this prerogative-notion, Lucy? You know it is a better man's] I shall have a pride worth boasting of, if I can call such a jewel mine. Poor Walden!—Rot the fellow!—I warrant he would not have so knowing a wife for the world.—Ha, ha, ha, hah! He is right: It is certainly right for such narrow pedants to be afraid of learned women!—Methinks, I see the fellow, conjurer-like, circumscribed in a narrow circle, putting into Greek what was better expressed in English; and forbidding every one's approach within the distance of his wand!—Hah, hah, hah!—Let me die, if I ever saw a tragi-comical fellow better handled!—Then the faces he made—Saw you ever, Mr. Reeves, saw you ever in your life, such a parcel⁴ of disastrous faces made by one man?

Thus did Sir Hargrave, laughingly, run on: Nor left he hardly

any-thing for my cousins to say, or to do, but to laugh *with* him, and to smile *at* him.

On a message that tea was near ready, I went down. On my entering the room, he addressed me with an air of kindness and freedom: Charming Miss Byron! said he, I hope you are all benignity and compassion. You know not what I have suffered since I had the honour to see you last; bowing very low; then rearing himself up, holding back his head; and seemed the taller for having bowed.

Handsome fop! thought I to myself. I took my seat; and endeavoured to look easy and free, as usual; finding something to say to my cousins, and to him. He begged that tea might be postponed for half an hour; and that, before the servants were admitted, I would hear him relate the substance of the conversation that had passed between him and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves.

Had not Sir Hargrave intended me an honour, and had he not a very high opinion of the efficacy of eight thousand pounds a year in an address of this kind, I dare say, he would have supposed a little more prefacing necessary: But, after he had told me, in few words, how much he was attracted by my character before he saw me, he thought fit directly to refer himself to the declaration he had made at Lady Betty Williams's,¹ both to Mr. Reeves and myself; and then talked of large settlements; boasted of his violent passion; and besought my favour with the utmost earnestness.

I would have played a little female trifling upon him, and affected to take his professions only for polite raillery, which men call *making love* to young women, who perhaps are frequently but too willing to take in earnest what the wretches mean but in jest; but the fervour with which he *renewed* (as he called it) his declaration, admitted not of fooling; and yet his *volubility* might have made questionable the sincerity of his declarations. As therefore I could not think of encouraging his addresses, I thought it best to answer him with openness and *unreserve*.

To seem to question the sincerity of such professions as you make, Sir Hargrave, might appear to you as if I wanted to be assured. But be pleased to know that you are directing your discourse to one of the plainest-hearted women in England; and you may therefore expect from me nothing but the simplest truth. I thank you, Sir, for your good opinion of me; but I cannot encourage your addresses.

You *cannot*, madam, *encourage my addresses*! And express yourself so seriously! Good heaven! [He stood silent a minute or two, looking upon me, and upon himself; as if he had said, foolish girl! knows she whom she refuses?] I have been assured, madam, recovering a little from his surprize, that your affections are not engaged. But surely it must be a mistake: Some happy man—

Is it, interrupted I, a necessary consequence, that the woman who cannot receive the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, must be engaged?

Why, madam—As to that—I know not what to say—But a man of my fortune, and I hope, not *absolutely* disagreeable either in person or temper; of some rank in life—He paused; then resuming—What, madam, if you are as much in earnest as you seem, can be your objection? Be so good as to name it, that I may know, whether I cannot be so happy as to get over it?

We do not, we *cannot*, all like the same person. Women, I have heard say, are very capricious. Perhaps I am so. But there is a *something* (we cannot always say what) that attracts or disgusts us.

Disgusts! madam—*Disgusts!* Miss Byron.

I spoke in general, Sir; I dare say, nineteen women out of twenty would think themselves favoured in the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

But *you*, madam, are the twentieth that I must love: And be so good as to let me know—

Pray, Sir, ask me not a reason for a *peculiarity*. Do you not yourself shew a peculiarity in making me the twentieth?

Your merit, madam—

It would be vanity in me, Sir, interrupted I, to allow a force to that plea. You, Sir, may have more merit, than perhaps the man I may happen to approve of better; but—*shall* I say? (Pardon me, Sir) You do not—You do not, hesitated I—hit my fancy—Pardon me, Sir.

If pardon depends upon *my* breath, let me die if I *do*!—*Not hit your fancy*, madam! [And then he look'd upon himself all round] *Not hit your fancy*, madam!

I told you, Sir, that you must not expect any-thing from me but the simplest truth. You do me an honour in your good opinion; and if my own heart were not, in this case, a very determined one, I would answer you with more politeness. But, Sir, on such an occasion as this, I think it would not be honourable, it would not be just, to keep a man in an hour's suspense, when I am in none myself.

And are you then (angrily) so determined, Miss Byron?

I am, Sir.

Confound me!—And yet I am enough confounded!—But I will not take an answer so contrary to my hopes. Tell me, madam, by the sincerity which you boast; Are you not engaged in your affections? Is there not some one happy man, whom you prefer to all men?

I am a free person, Sir Hargrave. It is no impeachment of sincerity, if a free person answers not every question that may be put to her, by those to whom she is not accountable.

Very true, madam. But as it is no impeachment of your freedom to

answer this question either negatively or affirmatively, and as you glory in your frankness, let me beseech you to answer it; Are you, madam, or are you not, disengaged in your affections?

Excuse me, Sir Hargrave; I don't think you are intitled to an answer to this question. Nor, perhaps, would you be determined by the answer I should make to it, whether negative or affirmative.

Give me leave to say, madam, that I have some little knowlege of Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Greville, and of their addresses. They have both owned, that no hopes have you given them; yet declare that they *will* hope. Have you, madam, been as explicit to them, as you are to me?

I have, Sir.

Then *they* are not the men I have to fear—Mr. Orme, madam—

Is a good man, Sir.

Ah! madam!—But why then will you not say that you are engaged?

If I own I *am*; perhaps it will not avail me: It will still much less, if I say I *am not*.

Avail you! dear Miss Byron! I have pride, madam.—If I had not, I should not aspire to *your* favour: But give me leave to say {and he reddened with anger} that my fortune, my descent, and my ardent affection for you, considered, it may not *dis*-avail you. Your relations will at least think so, if I may have the honour of your consent for applying to them.

May your fortune, Sir Hargrave, be a blessing to you. It *will*, as you do good with it. But were it twice as much, that alone would have no charms for me. My duties would be increased with my power. My fortune is an humble one; but were it less, it would satisfy my ambition while I am single; and if I marry, I shall not desire to live beyond the estate of the man I choose.

Upon my soul, madam, you *must* be mine. Every word you speak, adds a rivet to my chains.

Then, Sir, let us say no more upon this subject.

He then laid a title to my gratitude from the passion he avowed for me.

That is a very poor plea, Sir, said I, as you yourself would think, I believe, were one of our sex, whom you could not like, to claim a return of love from you upon it.

You are too refined, surely, madam.

Refined! what meant the man by the word in this place?¹

I believe, Sir, we differ very widely in *many* of our sentiments.

We will not differ in *one*, madam, when I know yours; such is the opinion I have of your prudence, that I will adopt them, and make them my own.

This may be *said*, Sir; but there is hardly a man in the world that,

saying it, would keep his word: Nor a woman, who ought to *expect* he should.

But you will allow of my visits to your cousins, madam?

Not on my account, Sir.

You will not withdraw if I come? You will not refuse seeing me?

As you will be no visitor of mine, I must be allowed to act accordingly. Had I the least thought of encouraging your addresses, I would deal with you as openly as is consistent with my notions of modesty and decorum.

Perhaps, madam, from my gay behaviour at Lady Betty Williams's, you think me too airy a man. You have doubts of my sincerity: You question my honour.

That, Sir, would be to injure myself.

Your *objections*, then, dear madam? Give me, I beseech you, some one material objection.

Why, Sir, should you urge me thus?—When I have no *doubt*, it is unnecessary to look into my own mind for the particular reasons that move me to disapprove of the addresses of a gentleman whose professions of regard for me, notwithstanding, intitle him to civility and acknowledgement.

By my soul, madam, this is very comical:

I do not like thee Dr. Fell;
The reason why, I cannot tell—
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell.¹ }

Such, madam, seem to me to be your reasons.

You are very pleasant, Sir. But let me say, that if you are in earnest in your professions, you could not have quoted any-thing more against you than these humorous lines; since a dislike of such a nature as is implied by them, must be a dislike arising from something like a natural aversion; whether just or not, is little to the purpose.

I was not aware of that, replied he: But I hope yours to me is not such a one.

Excuse me, cousin, said I, turning to Mrs. Reeves: But I believe I have talked away the tea-time.

I think not of tea, said she.

Hang tea, said Mr. Reeves.

The devil fly away with the tea-kettle, said Sir Hargrave; let it not have entrance here, till I have said what I have further to say. And let me tell you, Miss Byron, that tho' you may not have a dying lover, you shall have a resolute one: For I will not cease pursuing you till you are mine, or till you are the wife of some other man.

He spoke this fiercely, and even rudely. I was disgusted as much at his manner, as with his words.

I cannot, replied I, but congratulate myself on *one* felicity, since I have been in your company, Sir; and that is, That in this whole conversation, (and I think it much too long) I have not one thing to reproach myself with, or be sorry for.

Your servant, madam, bowing:—But I am of the *contrary* opinion. By heaven, madam [with anger, and an air of insolence] I think you have pride, madam.—*Pride*, Sir!

Cruelty.—*Cruelty*, Sir!—

Ingratitude, madam.

I thought it was staying to be insulted. All that Sir John Allestree had said of him came into my head.

Hold, Sir, (for he seemed to be going on) *Pride*, *Cruelty*, *Ingratitude*, are crimes black enough. If you think I am guilty of them, excuse me that I retire for the benefit of recollection.—And making a low courtesy, I withdrew in haste. He besought me to return; and followed me to the stairs foot:

He shewed *his* pride, and his ill-nature too, before my cousins, when I was gone. He bit his lip: He walked about the room; then sitting down, he lamented, defended, accused, and re-defended himself; and yet besought their interest with me.

He was greatly disturbed, he owned, that with *such* honourable intentions, with so much POWER to make me happy, and *such* a WILL to do so, he should be refused; and this without my assigning one reason for it.

And my cousins (to whom he again referred on that head) answering him, that they believed me disengaged in my affections—D—him, he said, if he could account *then* for my behaviour to him.

He, however, threatened Mr. Orme: Who (if *any*) he said, was the man I liked. I had acknowledged, that neither Greville nor Fenwick were. My proud repulse had stung him, he owned. He begged, that they would send for me down in their names.

They liked not the humour he seemed to be in well enough to comply with his request; and he sent up in his own name.

But I returned my compliments: I was busy in writing [And so I was—To you, my Lucy]; I hoped Sir Hargrave, and my cousins, would excuse me. I put *them* in, to soften my refusal.

This still more displeased him. He besought *their* pardon; but he would haunt me like a ghost. In spite of man and devil I should be his, he had the presumption to repeat: And went away with a flaming face.

Don't you think, my dear, that my cousin Reeves was a little too mild in his own house; as I am under his guardianship? But perhaps he was the more patient for that very reason; and he *is* one of the best-natured men in England. And then 8000 *l.* a year!—Yet why should

a man of my cousin's independent fortune—But grandeur will have its charms!

Thus did Sir Hargrave confirm all that Sir John Allestree had said of his bad qualities: And I think I am more afraid of him than ever I was of any man before. I remember, that *mischievous* is one of the bad qualities Sir John attributed to him: And *vengeful* another. Should I ever see him again, on the same errand, I will be more explicate, as to my being absolutely disengaged in my affections, if I can be so without giving him hope, lest he should do private mischief to some one on my account. Upon my word, I would not, of all the men I have ever seen, be the wife of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

And so much for this first visit of his. I wish his pride may be enough piqued to make it the last.

But could you have thought he would have shewn himself so soon?—Yet he had paraded so much, before I went down, to my cousins, and so little expected a direct and determined repulse, that a man of his self-consequence might, perhaps, be allowed to be the more easily piqued by it.

Lady Betty has sent us notice, that on Thursday next, there will be a ball at the Opera-house in the Hay-market. My cousins are to choose what they will be; but she insists, that my dress shall be left to her. I am not to know what it is to be, till the day before, or the very day. If I like it not, she will not put me to any expence about it.

You will easily imagine, upon such an alternative, I shall approve of it, be it what it will. I have only requested, that I may not be so remarkably dressed, as to attract the eyes of the company: If I am, I shall not behave with any tolerable presence of mind.

LETTER XVIII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Friday, Feb. 10

ONE of Mr. Greville's servants has just been here, with his master's compliments. So the wretch is come to town. I believe I shall soon be able to oblige him: He wishes, you know, to provoke me to say I *hate* him.

Surely I draw inconveniences upon myself by being so willing to pay civility for esteem. Yet it is in my nature to do so, and I can't help it without committing a kind of violence on my temper. There is no merit, therefore, in my behaviour, on such occasions. Very pretty self-deception!—I study my own ease, and (before I consider) am ready to call myself patient, and good-humoured, and civil, and to

attribute to myself I know not how many kind and complaisant things, when I ought, in modesty, to distinguish between the *virtue* and the *necessity*.

I never was uncivil, as I call it, but to one young gentleman; a man of quality (you know who I mean); and that was, because he wanted me to keep secret his addresses to me, for family considerations. The young woman who engages to keep her lover's secrets in this particular, is often brought into a plot against herself, and oftener still against those to whom she owes unreserved honour and duty: And is not such a conduct also an indirect confession, that you know you are engaging in something wrong and unworthy?

Mr. Greville's arrival vexes me. I suppose it will not be long before Mr. Fenwick comes too. I have a good mind to try to like the modest Mr. Orme the better, in spite.

Sat. Morn. Feb. 11

I shall have nothing to trouble you with, I think, but scenes of courtship. Sir Rowland, Sir Hargrave, and Mr. Greville, all met just now at our breakfast-time.

Sir Rowland came first; a little before breakfast was ready. After enquiries of Mr. Reeves whether I held in the same mind, or not; he desired to have the favour of one quarter of an hour's conversation with me alone.

Methinks I have a value for this honest knight. Honesty, my Lucy, is good sense, politeness, amiableness, all in one. An honest man must appear in every light with such advantages, as will make even *singularity* agreeable. I went down directly.

He met me; and taking my not-withdrawn hand, and peering in my face, Mercy, said he; the same kind aspect! The same sweet and obliging countenance! How can this be? But you *must* be gracious! You *will*. Say you will.

You must not urge me, Sir Rowland. You will give me pain if you lay me under a necessity to repeat—

Repeat what? Don't say a refusal. Dear madam, don't say a refusal! Will you not save a life? Why, madam, my poor boy is absolutely and *bona fide* broken-hearted. I would have had him come with me: But, no, he could not bear to tease the beloved of his soul! Why there's an instance of love now! Not for all his hopes, not for his life's sake, could he bear to tease you! None of your fluttering Jack-a-dandy's, now, would have said this! And let not such succeed, where modest merit fails!—Mercy! You are struck with my plea! Don't, don't, God bless you now, don't harden your heart on my observation. I was resolved to set out in a day or two: But I will stay in town, were it a month, to see my boy made happy. And let me tell you, I would not wish him to be happy unless he could make you so.—Come, come—

I was a little affected. I was silent.

Come, come, be gracious; be merciful. Dear lady, be as good as you look to be. One word of comfort for my poor boy. I could kneel to you for one word of comfort—Nay, I *will* kneel, taking hold of my other hand, as he still held one; and down on his knees dropt the honest knight.

I was surprised. I knew not what to say, what to do. I had not the courage to attempt to lift him up. Yet to see a man of his years, and who had given himself a claim to my esteem, kneel; and, with glistening eyes, looking up to me for *mercy*, as he called it, on his *boy*; how was I affected!—But, at last, Rise, dear Sir Rowland, rise, said I: You call out for mercy to me; yet have none upon me. O how you distress me!

I would have withdrawn my hands; but he held them fast. I stamped in tender passion (I am *sure* it was in *tender* passion) now with one foot, now with the other; Dear Sir Rowland, rise! I cannot bear this. I beseech you rise [And down I dropt involuntarily on one knee]. What can I say? Rise, dear Sir, on *my* knee I beg of you kneel not to me? Indeed, Sir, you greatly distress me! Pray let go my hands.

Tears ran down his cheeks—And *do* I distress you, madam! And *do* you vouchsafe to kneel to me?—I will *not* distress you: For the *world* I will not distress you.

He arose, and let go my hands. I arose too, abashed. He pulled out his handkerchief, and hastening from me to the window, wiped his eyes. Then turning to me, What a fool I am! What a mere child I make of myself! How can I blame my boy? O madam! have you not one word of comfort to send by me to my boy? Say, but, you will see him. Give him leave to wait on you: Yet, poor soul! [wiping his eyes again] he would not be able to say a word in his own behalf.—Bid me bring him to you: Bid us come together.

And so I could, and so I would, Sir Rowland, if no other expectations were to be formed than those of civility. But I will go farther to shew my regard for you, Sir: Let me be happy in your friendship, and good opinion: Let me look upon you as my father: Let me look upon Mr. Fowler as my brother: I am not so happy, as to have either father or brother. And let Mr. Fowler own me as his sister; and every visit you make me, you will both, in these characters, be dearer to me than before.—But, O my father! (already will I call you father!) Urge not your daughter to an impossibility!

Mercy! Mercy! What will become of me! What will become of my boy, rather!

He turned from me, with his handkerchief at his eyes again, and even sobbed: Where are all my purposes! Irresistible lady!—But must I give up my hopes? Must my boy be told—And yet, do you call me *father*; and do you plead for my indulgence as if you were my *daughter*?—

Indeed I do; indeed I must. I have told Mr. Fowler, with so much regard for him, as an honest, as a worthy man—

Why that's the weapon that wounds him, that cuts him to the heart! Your gentleness, your openness—And *are* you determined? *Can* there be no hope?

Mr. *Fowler* is my *brother*, Sir; and *you* are my *father*. Accept me in those characters.

Accept you! Mercy! Accept you?—Forgive me, madam [catching my hand, and pressing it with his lips] you do me honour in the appellation: But if your mind should change on consideration, and from motives of pity—

Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, it cannot change.

Why then, I, as well as my nephew, must acquiesce with your pleasure. But, madam, you don't know what a worthy creature he is. I will not, however, tease you.—But how, but how, shall I see Mr. Reeves? I am ashamed to see him with this baby in my face.¹

And I, Sir Rowland, must retire before I can appear. Excuse me, Sir (withdrawing); but I hope you will breakfast with us.

I will drink tea with you, madam, if I can make myself fit to be seen, were it but to claim you for my *daughter*: But yet had much rather you would be a farther remove in relation: Would to God you would let it be but *niece*!—

I courtesied, as a daughter might do, parting with her real father; and withdrew.

And now, my Lucy, will you not be convinced that one of the greatest pains (the loss of dear friends excepted) that a grateful mind can know, is to be too much beloved by a worthy heart, and not to be able to return his love?

My sheet is ended. With a new one I will begin another letter.—Yet a few words in the margin—I tell you not, my dear, of the public entertainments to which Lady Betty is continually contriving to draw me out. She intends by it to be very obliging, and *is* so. But my present reluctance to go so very often, must not be overcome, as it possibly would be too easily done, were I to give way to the temptation. If it be, your Harriet may turn gadfly, and never be easy but when she is forming parties, or giving way to them, that may make the home, that hitherto has been the chief scene of her pleasures, undelightful to her. Bad habits are sooner acquired than shaken off, as my grandmamma has often told us.

LETTER XIX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

WHO would have thought that a man of Sir Rowland's time of life, and a woman so young as I, could have so much discomposed each other? I obey'd the summons to breakfast, and enter'd the room at one door, as he came in at the other. In vain had I made use of the short retirement to conceal my emotion from my cousins. They also saw Sir Rowland's by his eyes, and looked at him, at me, and at each other.

Mercy! said Sir Rowland, in an accent that seem'd between crying and laughing, You, you, you, madam, are a surprising lady! I, I, I, never was so affected in my life. And he drew the back of his hand cross first one eye, then the other.

O Sir Rowland, said I, you are a good man. How affecting are the visible emotions of a manly heart!

My cousins still looked as if surpris'd; but said nothing.

O my cousins, said I, I have found a father in Sir Rowland; and I acknowledge a brother in Mr. Fowler.

Best of women! Most excellent of creatures! And do you *own* me? He snatched my hand, and kiss'd it. What pride do you give me in this open acknowledgement! If it must not be *niece*; why then I will endeavour to rejoice in my *daughter*, I think. But yet, my boy, my poor boy—But you are all goodness: And with him I say, I must not tease you.

What you have been saying to each other alone, said Mrs. Reeves, I cannot tell: But I long to know.

Why, madam, I will tell you—if I know how—You must know, that I, that I, came as an ambassador-extraordinary from my sorrowful boy: Yet not desired; not sent; I came of my own accord, in hopes of getting one word of comfort, and to bring matters on, before I set out for Caermarthen.

The servant coming in, and a loud rap, rap, rap, on the footman's musical instrument, the knocker of the door,¹ put a stop to Sir Rowland's narrative. In apprehension of company, I breathed on my hand, and put it to either eye; and Sir Rowland hemmed twice or thrice, and rubbed his, the better to conceal their redness, tho' it made them redder than before. He got up, look'd at the glass: Would have sung. *Toll, doll*—Hem, said he, as if the muscles of his face were in the power of his voice. Mercy! All the infant still in my eye—*Toll, doll*—Hem!—I would sing it away if I could.

Sir Hargrave enter'd bowing, scraping to me, and with an air not ungraceful.

Servant, Sir, said the knight (to Sir Hargrave's silent salute to him) bowing, and looking at the baronet's genteel morning dress, and then at his own—Who the duce is *he*! whispering to Mr. Reeves; Who then presented each to the other by name.

The baronet approached me; I have, madam, a thousand pardons to ask—

Not one, Sir.

Indeed I have—And most heartily do I beg—

You are forgiven, Sir—

But I will not be so *easily* forgiven.

Mercy! whispered the knight to Mr. Reeves, I don't liken, Ah! my poor boy: No wonder at this rate!—

You have not much to fear, Sir Rowland (re-whisper'd my cousin) on this gentleman's account.

Thank you, thank you—And yet 'tis a fine figure of a man! whisper'd again Sir Rowland: Nay, if she can withstand *him*—But a word to the wise, Mr. Reeves!—Hem!—I am a little easier than I was.

He turned from my cousin with such an air, as if from contrasted pleasure and pain, he would again have sung *Toll, doll*.

The servant came in with the breakfast: And we had no sooner sat down, as before, than we were alarmed by another modern rapping. Mr. Reeves was called out, and return'd, introducing Mr. Greville.

Who the duce is *he*? whisper'd to me Sir Rowland (as he sat next me) before Mr. Reeves could name him.

Mr. Greville profoundly bowed to me. I asked after the health of all our friends in Northamptonshire.

Have you seen Fenwick, madam?—No, Sir.

A dog! I thought he had played me a trick. I missed him for three days—But (in a low voice) if you have not seen him, I have stolen a march upon *him*!—Well, I had rather ask *his* pardon than he should ask *mine*. I rejoice to see you well, madam! (raising his voice)—But what!—looking at my eyes.

Colds are very rife in London, Sir—

I am glad it is no worse; for your grandmamma, and all friends in the country, are well.

I have found a papa, Mr. Greville (referring to Sir Rowland) since I came to town. This good gentleman gives me leave to call him father.

No *son*!—I hope, Sir Rowland, you have no son, said Mr. Greville; The relation comes not about that way, I hope. And laughed, as he used to do, at his own smartness.

The very question, I was going to put, by my soul, said the baronet.

No!—said the knight: But I have a *nephew*, gentlemen—A very

pretty young fellow! And I have this to say before ye all (I am downright Dunstable)! I had much rather call this lady *niece*, than *daughter*. And then the knight forced a laugh, and looked round upon us all.

O Sir Rowland, replied I, I *have* uncles, more than one—I *am* a niece: But I have not had for many years till now the happiness of a father.

And do you own me, madam, before all this gay company?—The first time I beheld you, I remember I called you a perfect paragon. Why, madam, you are the most excellent of women!

We are so much convinced of this, Sir Rowland, said the baronet, that I don't know, but Miss Byron's choosing you for a *father*, instead of an *uncle*, may have saved two or three throats: And then he laugh'd. His laugh was the more seasonable, as it soften'd the shockingness of his expression.

Mr. Greville and the baronet had been in company twice before in Northamptonshire at the races: But now-and-then look'd upon each other with envious eyes; and once or twice were at cross-purposes: But my particular notice of the knight made all pass lightly over.

Sir Rowland went first away. He claimed one word with his *daughter*, in the character of a *father*.

I withdrew with him to the farther end of the room.

Not *one* word of comfort? not *one* word, madam?—to my boy? whisper'd he.

My compliments (speaking low) to my *brother*, Sir. I wish him as well and as happy as I think he deserves to be.

Well but—Well but—

Only remember, Sir Rowland, that you act in character. I followed you hither, on the strength of your authority, as a *father*; I beg, Sir, that you will preserve to me that character.

Why God in heaven bless my daughter, if *only* daughter you can be. Too well do I understand you! I will see how my poor nephew will take it. If it *can* be no otherwise, I will prevail upon him, I think, to go down with me to Caermarthen for a few months.—But as to those two fine gentlemen, madam—It would grieve me ('tis a folly to deny it) to say I have seen the man that is to supplant my nephew.

I will act in character, Sir Rowland: As your *daughter*, you have a right to know my sentiments on this subject—You have not *yet* seen the man you seem to be afraid of.

You are all goodness, madam—my *daughter*—and I cannot bear it!

He spoke this loud enough to be heard; and Mr. Greville and the baronet both, with some emotion, rose, and turned about to us.

Once more, Sir Rowland, said I, my compliments to my *brother*—Adieu!

God in heaven bless you, madam, that's all—Gentlemen, your

servant. Mrs. Reeves, your most obedient humble servant. Madam, to me, you will allow me, and my nephew too, one more visit, I hope, before I set out for Caermarthen.

I courtesied, and joined my cousins. Away went the knight, brushing the ground with his hat, at his going out. Mr. Reeves waited on him to the outward door.

'Bye, 'bye, to you, Mr. Reeves—with some emotion (as my cousin told me afterwards)—A wonderful creature! By mercy, a wonderful creature!—I go away with my heart full; yet am pleased; I know not why neither, that's the jest of it—'Bye, Mrs. Reeves, I can stay no longer.

An odd mortal! said the *man of the town*—But he seems to know on which side his bread is butter'd.

A whimsical old fellow! said the *man of the country*. But I rejoice that he has not a *son*; that's all.

A good many frothy things passed not worth relating. I wanted them both to be gone. They seemed each to think it time; but looked as if neither cared to leave the other behind him.

At last, Mr. Greville, who hinted to me, that he knew I loved not too long an intrusion, bowed, and, politely enough, took his leave. And then the baronet began, with apologizing for his behaviour at taking leave, on his last visit.

Some gentlemen, I said, had one way, some another, of expressing themselves on particular occasions: He had thought fit to shew me what was his.

He seemed a little disconcerted. But quickly recovering himself, he could not indeed excuse himself, he said, for having then called me *cruel*—Cruel, he hoped he should not find me—*Proud*—I knew not what pride was. *Ungrateful*—I could not be guilty of ingratitude. He begged me to forgive his peremptoriness—He had hoped (as he had been assured, that my affections were absolutely disengaged) that the proposals he had to make, would have been acceptable; and so positive a refusal, without any one reason assigned, and on his first visit, had indeed hurt his pride (he owned, he said, that he had some pride) and made him forget that he was addressing himself to a woman who deserved and met with the veneration of every one who approached her. He next expressed himself with apprehensions on Mr. Greville's arrival in town. He spoke slightly of him. Mr. Greville, I doubt not, will speak as slightly of Sir Hargrave. And if I believe them both, I fancy I shall not injure either.

Mr. Greville's arrival, I said, ought not to concern me. He was to do as he thought fit. I was only desirous to be allowed the same free agency that I was ready to allow to others.

That could not be, he said. Every man who saw me must wish me to be his; and endeavour to obtain his wishes.

And then making vehement professions of love, he offered me large settlements; and to put it in my power to do all the good that he knew it was in my heart to do—And that I should prescribe to him in every thing as to place of residence, excursions, even to the going abroad to France, to Italy, and wherever I pleased.

To all which I answer'd as before; and when he insisted upon my reasons for refusing him, I frankly told him, tho' I owned it was with some reluctance, that I had not the opinion of his morals that I must have of those of the man to whom I gave my hand in marriage.

Of my *morals*, madam! (starting; and his colour went and came) My *morals*, madam!—I thought he looked with malice. But I was not intimidated: And yet my cousins looked at me with some little surprise for my plain dealing, tho' not as blaming me.

Be not displeased, Sir, with my freedom. You call upon me to make objections. I mean not to upbraid you; that is not *my* business; but thus called upon, I must repeat—I stopt.

Proceed, madam, angrily.

Indeed, Sir Hargrave, you must pardon me on *this* occasion, if I repeat that I have not that opinion of your morals—

Very well, madam—

That I must have of those of the man on whose worthiness I must build my hopes of *present* happiness, and to whose guidance intrust my *future*. This, Sir, is a very material consideration with me, tho' I am not fond of talking upon it, except on *proper* occasions, and to *proper* persons: But, Sir, let me add, that I am determin'd to live longer single. I think it too early to engage in a life of care: And if I do not meet with a man to whom I can give my whole heart, I never will marry at all. [O how maliciously looked the man!]
—You are angry, Sir Hargrave, added I; but you have no right to be so. You address me as one who is her own mistress. And tho' I would not be thought rude, I value myself on my openness of heart.

He arose from his seat. He walked about the room muttering, “You have no opinion of my morals”—By heaven, madam!—But I will bear it all—Yet, “No opinion of my morals!”—I cannot bear that—

He then clenched his fist, and held it up to his head; and snatching up his hat, bowing to the ground to us all, his face crimson'd over (as the time before) he withdrew.

Mr. Reeves attended him to the door—Not like my morals, said he!—I have *enemies*, Mr. Reeves—“Not like my morals!”—Miss Byron treats politely every body but me, Sir. Her scorn may be repaid—Would to God I could say with scorn, Mr. Reeves.—Adieu. Excuse my warmth.—Adieu.

And into his chariot he stept, pulling up the glasses with violence: And, as Mr. Reeves told us, rearing up his head to the top of it, as he sat swelling. And away it drove.

His menacing airs, and abrupt departure, terrified me. I did not recover myself in an hour.

A fine husband for your Harriet would this half madman make!—O Mr. Fowler, Sir Rowland, Mr. Orme, what good men are you to Sir Hargrave! Should I have known half so much as I do of his ill qualities, had I not refused him? Drawn in by his professions of love, and by 8000 *l.* a year, I might have married him; and, when too late, found myself miserable, yoked with a tyrant and madman, for the remainder of a life begun with happy prospects, and glorying in every one's love!

LETTER XX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Monday, February 13

I HAVE received my uncle's long letter. And I thank him for the pains he has taken with me. He is very good. But my grandmamma and my aunt are equally so, and, in the main, much kinder, in acquitting me of some charges which he is pleased to make upon his poor Harriet. But, either for caution or reproof, I hope to be the better for his letter.

James is set out for Northamptonshire: Pray receive him kindly. He is honest: And Sally has given me an hint, as if a sweetheart is in his head: If so, his impatience to leave London may be accounted for. My grandmamma has observ'd, that young people of small or no fortunes should not be discouraged from marrying: Who that could be masters or mistresses would be servants? The honest poor, as she has often said, are a very valuable part of the creation.

Mr. Reeves has seen several footmen, but none that he gave me the trouble of speaking to till just now; when a well-looking young man, about twenty-six years of age, offer'd himself, and whom I believe I shall like. Mrs. Reeves seems mightily taken with him. He is well-behaved, has a very sensible look, and seems to merit a better service.

Mr. Reeves has written for a character of him to the last master he lived with, Mr. Bagenhall, a young gentleman in the neighbourhood of Reading: Of whom he speaks well in the main; but modestly objected to his hours, and free way of life. The young man came to town but yesterday, and is with a widow sister, who keeps an inn in Smithfield. I have a *mind* to like him, and this makes me more particular about him.

His name is William Wilson: He asks pretty high wages: But wages to a good servant are not to be stood upon. What signify forty or fifty shillings a year? An honest servant should be enabled to lay up something for age and infirmity. Hire him at once, Mrs. Reeves says. She

will be answerable for his honesty from his looks, and from his answers to the questions ask'd him.

Sir Hargrave has been here again. Mrs. Reeves, Miss Dolyns, Miss Clements, and I, were in the back room together. We had drank tea; and I excused myself to his message, as engaged.

He talk'd a good deal to Mr. Reeves: Sometimes high, sometimes humble. He had not intended, he said, to have renewed his visits. My disdain had stung him to the heart: Yet he could not keep away. He called himself names. He was determin'd I should be his; and swore to it. A man of his fortune to be refused, by a lady who had not (and whom he wish'd not to have) an answerable fortune, and no preferable liking to any other man [There Sir Hargrave was mistaken; for I like almost every man I know better than him]; his person not contemptible [And then, my cousin says, he surveyed himself from head to foot at the glass]; was very, *very* unaccountable.

He asked if Mr. Greville came up with any hopes?

Mr. Reeves told him that I was offended at his coming, and he was sure he would not be the better for his journey.

He was glad of that, he said. There were two or three free things, proceeded he, said to me in conversation by Mr. Greville; which I knew not well what to make of: But they shall pass, if he has no more to boast of than I. I know Mr. Greville's blustering character; but I wish the carrying of Miss Byron were to depend upon the sword's point between us. I would not come into so paltry a compromise with him as Fenwick has done. But still the imputing want of *morals* to me, sticks with me. Surely I am a better man in point of morals, than either Greville or Fenwick. What man on earth does not take liberties with the sex? Hay, you know, Mr. Reeves! Women were made for us: And they like us not the worse for loving them. *Want of morals!*—And objected to me by a *lady!*—Very extraordinary, by my soul!—Is it not better to sow all one's wild oats before matrimony, than run riot afterwards?—What say you, Mr. Reeves?

Mr. Reeves was too patient with him. He is a mild man: Yet wants not spirit, my cousin says, on occasion. He gave Sir Hargrave the hearing; who went away, swearing, that I should be his, in spite of man or devil.

Monday Night

Mr. Greville came in the evening. He begged to be allowed but ten words with me in the next room. I desired to be excused. You know, Sir, said I, that I never comply'd with a request of this nature, at Selby-house. He looked hard at my cousins; and first one, then the other, went out. He then was solicitous to know what were Sir Hargrave's expectations from me. He expressed himself uneasy upon

his account. He hoped such a man as *that* would not be encouraged. Yet his ample fortune—Woman! woman!—But he was neither a wiser nor a better man than himself: And he hoped Miss Byron would not give a preference to fortune, *merely* against a man who *had* been her admirer for so long a time; and who wanted neither will nor power to make her happy.

It was very irksome to me, I answer'd, to be obliged so often to repeat the same things to him. I would not be thought affronting to any-body, especially to a neighbour with whom my friends were upon good terms: But I did not think myself answerable to him, or to any one out of my own family, for my visitors; or for whom my cousin Reeves's thought fit to receive as theirs.

Would I give him an assurance, that Sir Hargrave should have no encouragement?

No, Sir, I will not. Would not that be to give you indirectly a kind of controul over me? Would not that be to encourage an hope, that I never will encourage?

I love not my own soul, madam, as I love you: I must, and will persevere. If I thought Sir Hargrave had the least hope, by the great God of heaven, I would pronounce his days number'd.

I am but too well acquainted with your rashness, Mr. Greville. What formerly passed between you and another gentleman, gave me pain enough. In such an enterprize your own days might be number'd as well as another's. But I enter not into this subject—*Henceforth* be so good as not to impute incivility to me, if I deny myself to your visits.

I would have withdrawn—

Dear Miss Byron (stepping between me and the door) leave me not in anger. If matters *must* stand as they were, I hope you *can*, I hope you *will*, assure me, that this Sir Fopling—¹

What right have you, Sir, to any assurance of this nature from me?

None, madam—But from your goodness—Dear Miss Byron, *con-*
descend to say, that this Sir Hargrave shall not make any impression on your heart. For *his sake* say it, if not for *mine*. I know you care not what becomes of *me*; yet let not this milk-faced, and tyger-hearted fop, for that is his character, obtain favour from you. Let your choice, if it must fall on another man, and not on me, fall on one to whose superior merit, and to whose good fortune, I can subscribe. For your own fame's sake, let a man of unquestionable honour be the happy man; and vouchsafe as to a neighbour, and as to a well-wishing friend only (I ask it not in the light of a lover) to tell me that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen shall not be the man.

What, Mr. Greville, let me ask you, is your business in town?

My chief business, madam, you may guess at. I had an hint of this man's intentions given me; and that he has the vanity to think he shall

succeed. But if I can be assured that you will not be prevailed upon in favour of a man, whose fortune is so ample—

You will then return to Northamptonshire?

Why, madam, I can't but say that now I am in town, and that I have bespoke a new equipage, and so-forth—

Nay, Sir, it is nothing to me, what you will or will not do: Only be pleased to remember, that as in Northamptonshire your visits were to my uncle Selby, not to me, they will be here in London, to my cousin Reeves's only.

Too well do I know that you can be cruel if you will: But is it your *pleasure* that I return to the country?

My *pleasure*, Sir! Mr. Greville is surely to do as he pleases. I only wish to be allowed the same liberty.

You are so very delicate, Miss Byron! So very much afraid of giving the least advantage—

And men are so ready to take advantage—But yet, Mr. Greville, not so delicate as just. I do assure you, that if I were not determined—

Determined!—Yes, yes! You can be *steady*, as Mr. Selby calls it! I never knew so determined a woman in my life. I own, it was a little inconvenient for me to come to town just now: And say, that you would *wish* me to leave London; and that neither *this Sir Hargrave*, nor *that other man*, your *new father's* nephew (What do you call him? Fore-gad, madam, I am afraid of these new relations) shall make any impression on your heart; and that you will not withdraw when I come here; and I will set out next week; and write this very night to let Fenwick know how matters stand, and that I am coming down but little the better for my journey: And this may save you seeing your other tormentor, as your cousin Lucy says you once called that poor devil, and the still poorer devil before you.

You are so rash a man, Mr. Greville (and *other* men may be as rash as you) that I cannot say but it would save me some pain—

O take care, take care, Miss Byron, that you express yourself so cautiously, as to give no advantage to a poor dog, who would be glad to take a journey to the farthest part of the globe to oblige you. But what say you about this Sir Hargrave, and about your *new brother*?—Let me tell you, madam, I am so much afraid of those whining, insinuating, creeping dogs, attacking you on the side of your compassion, and be d—n'd to them (Orme for that) that I must have a declaration. And now, madam, can't you give it with your usual caution? Can't you give it, as I put it, as to a *neighbour*, as to a *well-wisher*, and-so-forth, not as to a lover?

Well then, Mr. Greville, as a *neighbour*, as a *well-wisher*; and since you own it was inconvenient to your affairs to come up—I advise you to go down again:

The devil! how you have hit it! Your delicacy ought to thank me for the loop-hole. The condition, madam; the condition, if I take your *neighbourly* advice?

Why, Mr. Greville, I do most sincerely declare to you, as to a neighbour and well-wisher, that I never, *yet*, have seen the man to whom I can think of giving my hand.

Yes, you have! By heaven you have (snatching my hand): You shall give it to *me*!—And the strange wretch pressed it so hard to his mouth, that he made prints upon it with his teeth.

Oh! cry'd I, withdrawing my hand, surpriz'd, and my face, as I could feel, all in a glow.

And *Oh*! said he, mimicking (and snatching my other hand, as I would have run from him) and patting it, speaking thro' his closed teeth, You may be glad you have an hand left. By my soul, I could eat you.

This was your disconsolate, fallen-spirited, Greville, Lucy!

I rush'd into the company in the next room. He followed me with an air altogether unconcerned, and begged to look at my hand; whispering to Mrs. Reeves; By Jupiter, said he, I had like to have eaten up your lovely cousin. I was beginning with her hand.

I was more offended with this instance of his assurance and unconcern, than with the freedom itself; because that had the appearance of his usual gaiety with it. I thought it best, however, not to be too serious upon it. But next time he gets me by himself, he shall eat up both my hands.

At taking leave, he hoped his mad flight had not discomposed me. See, Miss Byron, said he, what you get by making an honest fellow desperate!—But you insist upon my leaving the town? As a *neighbour*, as a *well-wisher*, you *advise* it, madam? Come, come, don't be afraid of speaking after me, when I endeavour to hit your cue.

I do *advise* you—

Conditions, remember! You know what you have declared—Angel of a woman! said he again thro' his shut teeth.

I left him; and went up stairs; glad I had got rid of him.

He has since seen Mr. Reeves, and told him, he will make me one visit more before he leave London: And pray tell her, said he, that I have actually written to my *brother-tormentor* Fenwick, that I am returning to Northamptonshire.

I told you, that Miss Clements was with me when Sir Hargrave came last. I like her every time I see her, better than before. She has a fine understanding, and if languages, according to my grandfather's observation, need not be deemed an *indispensable* part of learning, she may be look'd upon as learned.

She has engaged me to breakfast with her to-morrow morning;

when she is to shew me her books, needle-works, and other curiosities. Shall I not fancy myself in my Lucy's closet? How continually, amid all this fluttering scene, do I think of my dear friends in Northamptonshire! Express for me love, duty, gratitude, every sentiment that fills the heart of

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXI

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Tuesday Morning, Feb. 14

I HAVE passed an agreeable two hours with Miss Clements, and am just returned. She is extremely ingenious, and perfectly unaffected. I am told that she writes finely; and is a madame de Sevigne¹ to her correspondents. I hope to be one of them. But she has not, I find, suffered her pen to run away with her needle; nor her reading to interfere with that housewifry which the best judges hold so indispensable in the character of a good woman.²

I revere her for this, as her example may be produced as one, in answer to such as object (I am afraid sometimes too justly, but I hope too generally) against learning in women. Methinks, however, I would not have learning the *principal* distinction of the woman I love. And yet, where talents are *given*, should we wish them to be either uncultivated or unacknowledged? Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce, that where no duty is neglected for the acquirement; where modesty, delicacy, and a teachable spirit, are preserved, as characteristics of the sex, it need not be thought a disgrace to be supposed to know something.

Miss Clements is happy, as well as your Harriet, in an aunt, that loves her. She has a mother living, who is too great a self-lover, to regard any-body else as she ought. She lives as far off as York, and was so unnatural a parent to this good child, that her aunt was not easy till she got her from her. Mrs. Wimburn looks upon her as her daughter, and intends to leave her all she is worth.

The old lady was not very well; but she obliged us with her agreeable company for half an hour.

We agreed to fall in occasionally upon each other without ceremony.

I should have told you, that the last master of the young man, William Wilson, having given him in writing a very good character, I have entertained him; and his first service was attending on me to Miss Clements.

Lady Betty called here in my absence. She is, it seems, very full of

the dresses, and mine in particular: But I must know nothing about it, as yet. We are to go to her house to dress, and to proceed from thence in chairs. She is to take care of every thing. You shall know, my Lucy, what figure I am to make, when I know it myself.

The baronet also called at my cousins while I was out. He saw only Mr. Reeves. He staid about a quarter of an hour. He was very moody and sullen, it seems. Quite another man, Mr. Reeves said, than he had ever seen him before. Not one laugh; not one smile. All that fell from his lips was Yes or No; or by way of invective against the sex. It was "The devil of a sex." It was a cursed thing, he said, that a man could neither be happy with them, nor without them. *Devil's baits* was another of his compliments to us. He hardly mentioned my name.

Mr. Reeves at last began to rally him upon his moodiness; and plainly saw, that to avoid shewing more of his petulance (when he had not a right to shew any) to a man of Mr. Reeves's consideration, and in his own house, he went away the sooner. His footmen and coachmen, he believed, had an ill time of it; for, without reason, he cursed them, swore at them, and threatened them.

What does the man haunt us for?—Why brings he such odious humours to Mr. Reeves's?

But no more of such a man, nor of any thing else till my next. Only,

Adieu, my Lucy

LETTER XXII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 15

MR. GREVILLE took leave of us yesterday evening, in order to set out this morning, on his return home. He would fain have engaged me for half an hour, alone. But I would not oblige him.

He left London, he said, with some regret, because of the *fluttering* Sir Hargrave, and the *creeping* Mr. Fowler: But depended upon my declaration that I had not in *either of them* seen the man I could encourage. *Either* of them were the words he chose to use; for, in compliment to himself, he would not repeat my very words, that I had not yet seen *any man* to whom I could give my hand. Shall I give you a few particulars of what passed between me and this very whimsical man? I will.

He had been enquiring, he said, into the character and pretensions of my *brother* Fowler; and intended, if he could bring Orme and him together, to make a match between them, who should out-whine the other.

Heroes, I told him, ought not to make a jest of those, who, on comparison, gave them all their advantages.

He bowed, and called himself my servant—And with an affected laugh, Yet, madam, yet, madam, I am not afraid of those *piping*¹ men: Tho' you have compassion for such *watry-headed* fellows, yet you have *only* compassion.

Respectful love, Mr. Greville, is not always the indication either of a weak head, or a faint heart; any more, than the contrary is of a true spirit.

Perhaps so, madam. But yet I am not afraid of these two men.

You have no *reason* to be afraid of any-body, on my account, Mr. Greville.

I hope not.

You will find, Sir, at last, that you had better take my meaning. It is obvious enough.

But I have no mind to hang, drown, or pistol myself.

Mr. Greville still!—Yet it would be well if there were not many Mr. Greville's.

I take your meaning, madam. You have explained it heretofore. It is, That I am a libertine; that we have all one dialect; and that I can say nothing new, or that is worthy of your attention—There, madam! May I not be always sure of your meaning, when I construe it against myself?

I wish, Sir, that my *neighbour* would give me leave to behave to him as to my *neighbour*—

And could you, madam, supposing *love* out of the question (which it cannot be) could you, in that case, regard me as your neighbour?

Why not, Sir?

Because I believe you hate me; and I only want you to tell me that you do.

I hope, Sir, I shall never have reason given me to hate any man.

But if you hate any one man more than another, is it not me? [I was silent] Strange, Mrs. Reeves, turning to her, that Miss Byron is not susceptible either of love or hatred!

She is too good to *hate* any-body; and as for *love*, her time seems not to be yet come.

When it is come, It will come with a vengeance, I hope.

Uncharitable man! said I, smiling.

Don't smile: I can't *bear* to see you smile: Why don't you be angry at me?—Angel of a creature! With his teeth again closed, don't smile: I cannot bear your bewitching smiles!

The man is out of his right mind, Mrs. Reeves. I don't choose to stay in his company.

I would have withdrawn. He besought me to stay; and stood between me and the door. I was angry.

He whimsically stamped—Obliging creature!—I besought you to forbear smiling—You frown—Do, God for-ever bless you, my dear Miss Byron, let me be favoured with another frown.

Strange man! and bold as strange!—I would have pressed to the door; but he set his back against it.

These are the airs, you know, Lucy, for which I used to shun him.

Pish! said I, vex'd to be hindered from withdrawing.

Another, another such a frown, said the confident man, and I am happy!—The last has left no trace upon your features: It vanished before I could well behold it. Another frown, I beseech you; another pish—

I was really angry.—Bear witness [looking around him] Bear witness! Once did Miss Byron endeavour to frown: And, to oblige whom?—Her Greville!

Mr. Greville, you had better—I stopt. I was vexed. I knew not what I was going to say.

How *better*, madam! Am I not desperate?—But *had* I better? Say, repeat that again—*Had* I better—Better what?

The man's mad. O my cousins, let me never again be called to this man.

Mad!—And so I am. Mad for *you*. I care not who knows it. Why don't you hate me? He snatch'd at my hand; but I started back. You own that you never yet loved the man who loved you. Such is your gratitude!—Say, you hate me.

I was silent, and turned from him peevishly.

Why *then* (as if I had said I did not *hate* him) say you love me; and I will look down with contempt upon the greatest prince on earth.

We should have had more of this—But the rap of consequence! gave notice of the visit of a person of consideration. It was the Baronet.

The devil pick his bones, said the shocking Greville. I shall not be civil to him.

He is not *your* guest, Mr. Greville, said I—afraid that something affronting might pass between two spirits so unmanageable; the one in an humour so whimsical, the other very likely to be moody.

True, true, replied he. I will be all silence and observation.—But I hope you will not *now* be for retiring.

It would be too particular, thought I, if I am. Yet I should have been glad to do so.

The Baronet paid his respects to every one in a very set and formal manner; nor distinguish'd me.

Silly, as vain! thought I: Handsome fop! to imagine this displeasure of consequence to me!

Mr. Greville, said Sir Hargrave, the town I understand is going to lose you.

The town, Sir Hargrave, cannot be said to have found me.

How can a man of your gallantry and fortune find himself employment in the country, in the winter, I wonder?—

Very easily, when he has used himself to it, Sir Hargrave, and has seen abroad in greater perfection than you can have them here, the kind of diversions you all run after, with so keen an appetite.

In *greater* perfection! I question that, Mr. Greville: And I have been abroad, tho' too early, I own, to make critical observations.

You may question it, Sir Hargrave; but *I* don't.

Have we not from Italy the most famous singers, Mr. Greville, and from thence and from France, for our money, the most famous dancers in the world?

No, Sir. They set too great a value in Italy, let me tell you, upon their finest voices, and upon their finest composers too, to let them turn strollers.

Strollers do you call them? Ha, ha, ha, hah!—*Princely* strollers, as we reward them! And as to composers, have we not Handel?

There you say something, Sir Hargrave. But you have but one Handel in England. They have several in Italy.

Is it possible? said every one.

Let me die, said the Baronet, with a forced laugh, if I am not ready to think that Mr. Greville has run into the fault of people of less genius than himself. He has got such a taste for foreign diversions, that he cannot think tolerably of those of his own country, be they ever so excellent.

Handel, Sir Hargrave, is not an Englishman.¹ But I must say, that of every person present, I least expected from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen this observation.

He than returned the Baronet's laugh, and not without an air of mingled anger and contempt.

Nor I this taste for foreign performances and compositions from Mr. Greville; for so long time as thou hast been a downright country gentleman.

Indeed, thought I to myself, you seem both to have changed characters. But I know how it comes about: Let one advance what he will, in the present humour of both, the other will contradict it. Mr. Greville knows nothing of music: What he said was from hearsay: And Sir Hargrave is no better grounded in it.

A *downright country gentleman*! repeated Mr. Greville, measuring Sir Hargrave with his eye, and putting up his lip.

Why, pr'ythee now, Greville, thou what shall I call thee; thou art not offended, I hope, that we are not all of one mind; Ha, ha, ha, hah!

I am offended at nothing you *say*, Sir Hargrave.

Nor I at any-thing you *look*, my dear; Ha, ha, ha, hah.

Yet his looks shewed as much contempt for Mr. Greville as Mr. Greville's did for him. How easily might these combustible spirits have blown each other up! Mr. Reeves was once a little apprehensive of consequences from the airs of both.

Mr. Greville turned from Sir Hargrave to me: Well, Miss Byron, said he; but as to what we were talking about.

This he seemed to say, on purpose, as I thought by his air, to alarm the Baronet.

I beg pardon, said Sir Hargrave; turning with a stiff air to me; I beg pardon, Miss Byron, if I have intruded—

We were talking of indifferent things, Sir Hargrave, answered I—Mere matters of pleasantry.

I was more in *earnest* than in *jest*, Miss Byron, replied Mr. Greville.

We all, I believe, thought you very whimsical, Mr. Greville, returned I.

What was sport to you, madam, is death to me.¹

Poor Greville! Ha, ha, ha, hah, affectedly laughed the Baronet. But I know you are a joker. You are a man of wit [this a little softened Mr. Greville, who had begun to look grave upon Sir Hargrave] Come, pr'ythee man, give thyself up to me for this night; and I will carry thee to a private concert, where none but choice spirits are admitted; and let us see if music will not divert these gloomy airs, that sit so ill upon the face of one of the liveliest men in the kingdom.

Music! Ay, if Miss Byron will give us a song, and accompany it with the harpsichord, I will despise all other harmony.

Every one joined in his request: And I was not backward to oblige them, as I thought the conversation bore a little too rough a cast, and was not likely to take a smoother turn.

Mr. Greville, who always enjoys any jest that tends to reflect on our sex, begged me to sing that whimsical song, set by Galliard,² which once my uncle made me sing at Selby-House, in Mr. Greville's hearing. You were not there that day, and perhaps may not have the book, as Galliard is not a favourite with you.

‘CHLOE, by all the pow’rs above,
To Damon vow’d eternal love:
A rose adorn’d her sweeter breast;
She on a leaf the vow imprest:
But Zephyr, by her side at play,
Love, vow, and leaf, blew quite away.

The gentlemen were very lively on the occasion; and encored it:³ But I told them, That as they must be better pleased with the jest on our sex contained in it, than they could be with the music, I would not, for the sake of their own politeness, oblige them.

You will favour us, however, with your *Discreet Lover*, Miss Byron, said Mr. Greville. That is a song written entirely upon your own principles.

Well then I will give you, said I, set by the same hand,

THE DISCREET LOVER

*Ye fair, that would be blest in love,
Take your pride a little lower;
Let the swain whom you approve,
Rather like you, than adore.
Love, that rises into passion,
Soon will end in hate or strife:
But from tender inclination;
Flow the lasting joys of life.*

These two light pieces put the gentlemen into good humour; and a deal of silly stuff was said to me, by way of compliment, on the occasion, by Sir Hargrave and Mr. Greville; not one word of which I believed.

The Baronet went away first, to go to his concert. He was very cold in his behaviour to me at taking leave, as he had been all the time.

Mr. Greville soon after left us, intending to set out this morning.

He snatch'd my hand at going. I was afraid of a second savage freedom, and would have withdrawn it.—Only one sigh over it; but one sigh. Oh—! said he, an Oh, half a yard long—and pressed it with his lips—But remember, madam, you are watched: I have half a dozen spies upon you; and the moment you find the man you can favour, up comes your Greville, cuts a throat, and flies his country.

He stopt at the parlour-door—One letter, Miss Byron—Receive but one letter from me.

No, Mr. Greville: But I wish you well.

Wishes! that, like the Bishop's blessing, cost you nothing.¹ I was going to say *No*, for you: But you were too quick. It had been some pleasure to have denied *myself*, and prevented the mortification of a denial from *you*.

He went away; every one wishing him a good journey, and speaking favourably of the odd creature. Mrs. Reeves, in particular, thought fit to say, that he was the most entertaining of all my lovers: But if so, what is it they call entertaining? And what are those *others*, whom they call my lovers?

The man, said I, is an immoral man: And had he not got above blushes, and above being hurt by love, he could not have been so gay, and so *entertaining*, as you call it.

Miss Byron says true, said Mr. Reeves. I never knew a man who

could make a jesting-matter of the passion in the presence of the object, so very deeply in love, as to be hurt by a disappointment. There sits my saucebox. Did I ever make a jest of my love to you, madam?

No indeed, Sir: Had I not thought you most *deplorably* in earnest, you had not had any of my pity.

Why look you there, now! That's a declaration in point. Either Mr. Orme, or Mr. Fowler, must be the happy man, Miss Byron.

Indeed, neither.

But why? They have both good estates. They both adore you. Sir Hargrave I see you cannot have. Mr. Greville dies not for you, tho' he would be glad to live with you. Mr. Fenwick is a still less eligible man, I think. Where can you be better than with one of the two I have named?

You speak seriously, cousin: I will not answer lightly: But neither of those gentlemen can be the man: Yet I esteem them both because they are good men.

Well, but don't you pity them?

I don't know what to say to that: You hold, that pity is but one remove from love: And to say I *pity* a man who professes to love me, because I cannot consent to be his, carries with it, I think, an air of arrogance, and looks as if I believed he must be unhappy without me, when possibly there may be hundreds of women, with any one of whom he might be more truly happy.

Well, this is in character from you, Miss Byron: But may I ask you now, Which of the two gentlemen, Mr. Orme, or Mr. Fowler, were you obliged to have *one* of them, would you choose?

Mr. Orme, I frankly answer. Have I not told Mr. Fowler so?

Well, then, what are your objections, may I ask, to Mr. Orme? He is not a disagreeable man in his person. You own that you think him a good man. His sister loves you; and you love her. What is your objection to Mr. Orme?

I don't know what to say. I hope I should perform my duty to the man to whom I shall give my vows, be he who he will: But I am not in haste to marry. If a single woman *knows* her own happiness, she will find that the time from eighteen to twenty-four is the happiest part of her life. If she stay till she is twenty-four, she has time to look about her, and if she has more lovers than one, is enabled to choose without having reason, on looking back, to reproach herself for hastiness. Her fluttering, her romantic age (we all know something of it, I doubt) is over by twenty-four, or it will hold too long; and she is then fit to take her resolutions, and to settle. I have more than once hinted, that I should be afraid to engage with one who thinks *too highly* of me beforehand. Nothing violent can be lasting, and I could not bear when I had given a man my heart with my hand (and they never shall be

separated) that he should behave to me with less affection than he shewed to me before I was his. As I wish not *now* to be made an idol of, I may the more reasonably expect the constancy due to friendship, and not to be affronted with his indifference after I have given him my whole self. In other words, I could not bear to have my love slighted; or to be despised for it, instead of being encouraged to shew it. And how shall extravagant passion warrant hopes of this nature—if the man be not a man of gratitude, of principle, and a man whose love is founded in reason, and whose object is *mind*, rather than *person*?

But Mr. Orme, interrupted Mr. Reeves, is all this. *Such*, I believe, is his love.

Be it so. But if I cannot love him so well as to wish to be his (a man, I have heard my uncle, as well as Sir Hargrave, say, is *his own*; a woman is a *man's*); if I cannot take delight in the thought of bearing my part of the yoke with him; in the belief, that, in case of a contrariety of sentiments, I cannot give up *my* judgment, in points indifferent, from the good opinion, I have of *his*; what but a fondness for the state, and an irksomeness in my present situation, could byass me in favour of *any* man? Indeed, my cousin, I must love the man to whom I would give my hand, well enough to be able, on cool deliberation, to *wish* to be his wife; and for *his* sake (with my whole heart) choose to quit the single state, in which I am very happy.

And you are sure that your indifference to Mr. Orme is not either directly or indirectly owing to his obsequious love for you; and to the *milkeness of his nature*, as Shakespeare calls it?¹

Very sure! All the leaning towards him that I have, in preference, as I think, to every other man who has beheld me with partiality, is, on the contrary, owing to the grateful sense I have of his respect to me, and to the gentleness of his nature. Does not my behaviour to Mr. Greville, to Mr. Fenwick, to Sir Hargrave, compared with my treatment of Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler, confirm what I say?

Then you are, as indeed I have always thought you, a nonsuch of a woman.

Not so; your own lady, whom you first brought to pity you, as I have heard you say, is an instance that I am not.

Well, that's true. But is she not at the same time an example, that *pity melts the soul to love*?²

I have no doubt, said Mrs. Reeves, but Miss Byron may be brought to love the man she can pity.

But, madam, said I, did you not let pity grow into love, before you married Mr. Reeves?

I believe I did; smiling.

Well then I promise you, Mr. Reeves, that when that comes to be the case with me, I will not give pain to a man I can like to marry.

Very well, reply'd Mr. Reeves: And I dare say, that at last Mr. Orme will be the man. And yet how you will get off with Sir Hargrave, I cannot tell. For Lady Betty Williams, this very day, told me, That he declared to her, he was resolved you should be his. And she has promised him all her interest with you, and with us; and is astonished that you can refuse a man of his fortune and address, and who has many, very many, admirers, among people of the first rank.

The Baronet is at the door. I suppose he will expect to see me.

Wednesday Afternoon

Sir Hargrave is just gone. He desired to talk with me alone. I thought I might very well decline obliging him, as he had never scrupled to say to me all he had a mind to say before my cousins; and as he had thought himself of consequence enough to behave moodily; and even made this request rather with an air of expectation, than of respect; and I accordingly desired to be excused. He stalk'd about. My cousins, first one, then the other, withdrew. His behaviour had not been so agreeable, as to deserve this compliance: I was vex'd they did.

He offer'd, as soon as they were gone, to take my hand.

I withdrew it.

Madam (said he, very impertinently angry) you would not do thus to Mr. Greville: You would not do thus to any man but me.

Indeed, Sir, I would, were I left alone with him.

You see, madam, that I cannot forbear visiting you. My heart and soul are devoted to you. I own I have pride. Forgive me; it is piqued. I did not believe I should have been rejected by any lady, who had no dislike to a change of condition; and was disengaged. You declare that you are so; and I am willing, I am desirous, to believe you.—And yet that Greville—

There he stopt, as expecting me to speak.

To what purpose, Sir Hargrave, do you expect an answer to what you hint about Mr. Greville? It is not my way to behave with incivility to any man who professes a regard for me—

Except to me, madam—

Self-partiality, Sir, and nothing else, could cause you to make this exception.

Well, madam, but as to Mr. Greville—

Pray, Sir Hargrave—

And pray, Miss Byron—

I have never yet seen the man who is to be my husband.

By G— said the wretch, fiercely (almost in the language of Mr. Greville on the like occasion) but you have—And if you are not engaged in your affections, the *man* is before you.

If this, Sir Hargrave, is all you wanted to say to me, and would not be denied saying it, it might have been said before my cousins. I was for leaving him.

You shall not go. I beg, madam—Putting himself between me and the door.

What further would Sir Hargrave say [Standing still, and angry] What further would Sir Hargrave say?

Have you, madam, a dislike to matrimony?

What right have you, Sir, to ask me this question?

Do you ever intend to enter into the state?

Perhaps I may, if I meet with a man to whom I can give my whole heart.

And cannot that man be I?—Let me implore you, madam. I will kneel to you [And down he dropt on his knees]. I cannot live without you. For God's sake, madam! Your pity, your mercy, your gratitude, your love! I could not do this before any-body, unless assured of favour. I implore your favour.

Foolish man! It was plain, that this kneeling supplication was premeditated.

O Sir, what undue humility!—Could I have received your address, none of this had been necessary.

Your pity, madam, once more, your gratitude, your mercy, your love!

Pray, Sir, rise—He swore by his God, that he would not, till I had given him hope—

No hope can I give you, Sir. It would be cheating, it would be deluding you, it would not be honest, to give you hope.

You objected to my morals, madam: Have you any other objection?

Need there any other?

But I can clear myself.

To God, and to your conscience, then do it, Sir. I want you not to clear yourself to me.

But, madam, the clearing myself to you, would be clearing myself to God, and my conscience.

What language is this, Sir? But you can be nothing to me: Indeed you can be nothing to me—Rise, Sir, rise, or I leave you.

I made an effort to go. He caught my hand; and arose—Then kissed it, and held it between both his.

For God's sake, madam—

Pray, Sir Hargrave—

Your objections? I insist upon knowing your objections. My person, madam—Forgive me, I am not used to boast—My person, madam—

Pray, Sir Hargrave.

—Is not contemptible. My *fortune*—
God bless you, Sir, with your fortune.

—Is not inconsiderable. My *morals*—

Pray, Sir Hargrave! Why this enumeration to me?

—Are as unexceptionable as those of most young men of fashion in the present age.

I am sorry if this be true, thought I to myself.

You have reason I hope, Sir, to be glad of that.

My *descent*.—

Is honourable, Sir, no doubt.

My *temper* is not bad. I am thought to be a man of vivacity, and of cheerfulness.—I have *courage*, madam—And this should have been seen, had I found reason to dread a competitor in your favour.

I thought you were enumerating your *good* qualities, Sir Hargrave.

Courage, madam, magnanimity in a man, madam—

Are great qualities, Sir. Courage in a right cause, I mean. Magnanimity, you know, Sir, is greatness of mind.

And so it is; and I hope—

And I, Sir Hargrave, hope you have great reason to be satisfied with *your*-self. But it would be very grievous to me, if I had not the liberty so to act, so to govern myself, in essential points, as should leave me as well satisfied with *my*-self.

This, I hope, *may* be the case, madam, if you encourage my passion: And let me assure you, that no man breathing ever loved a woman as I love you. My *person*, my *fortune*, my *morals*, my *descent*, my *temper* (a man in such a case as this may be allowed to do himself justice) all unexceptionable; let me die if I can account for your—your—your refusal of me in so peremptory, in so unceremonious a manner, slap-dash, as I may say,¹ and not one objection to make, or which you will condescend to make!

You say, Sir, that you love me above all women: Would you, *can* you, be so little nice, as to wish to marry a woman who does not prefer you to all men?—If you *are*, let me tell you, Sir, that you have assigned a reason against yourself, which I think I ought to look upon as conclusive.

I make no doubt, madam, that my behaviour to you after marriage, will induce you in gratitude as well as justice, to prefer me to all men.

Your behaviour *after* marriage, Sir!—Never will I trust to that, where—

Where what, madam?

No need of entering into particulars, Sir. You see that we cannot be of the same mind. You, Sir Hargrave, have no doubt of your *merit*.—

I know, madam, that I should make it the business as well as pleasure of my life, to deserve you.

You value yourself upon your *fortune*, Sir—

Only, as it gives me power to make you happy.

Riches never yet, of themselves, made any-body happy. I have already as great a fortune as I wish for. You think yourself *polite*—

Polite, madam!—And I hope—

The whole of what I mean, Sir Hargrave, is this: You have a very high opinion of yourself: You may have reason for it; since you must know yourself, and your own heart, better than I can pretend to do. But would you, let me ask you, make choice of a woman for a wife, who frankly owns, that she cannot think so highly, as you imagine she *ought* to think of you?—In justice to yourself, Sir—

By my soul, madam, haughtily, you are the only woman who could thus—

Well, Sir, perhaps I am. But will not this singularity convince you, that I can never make you happy, nor you me? You tell me, that you think highly of me; but if I cannot think so highly of you, pray, Sir, let me be intitled to the same freedom in my refusal that governs you in your choice.

He walked about the room; and gave himself airs that shewed greater inward than even outward emotion.

I had a mind to leave him; yet was not willing to withdraw abruptly, intending, and hoping, to put an end to all his expectations for the future. I therefore in a manner ask'd for leave to withdraw.

I presume, Sir, that nothing remains to be said but what may be said before my cousins. And, courtesying, was going.

He told me, with a passionate air, that he was half-distracted; and complained of the use I made of the power I had over him. And as I had near open'd the door, he threw himself on his knees to me against it, and undesignedly hurt my finger with the lock.

He was grieved. I made light of it, tho' in pain, that he might not have an opportunity to flourish upon it, and to shew a tenderness which I doubt is not very natural to him.

How little was I affected with his kneeling, to what I was with the same posture in Sir Rowland! He supplicated me as before. I was forced in answer to repeat some of the same things that I had said before.

I would fain have parted civilly. He would not permit me to do so. Though he was on his knees, he mingled passion, and even indirect menaces, with his supplications. I was forced to declare, that I never more would receive his visits.

This declaration he vowed would make him desperate, and he cared not what became of him.

I often begg'd him to rise; but to no purpose, till I declared that I would stay no longer with him: And then he arose, rapt out an oath

or two; again called me proud and ungrateful; and followed me into the other room to my cousins. He could hardly be polite to them: He walk'd two or three turns about the room: At last, Forgive me, Mr. Reeves, forgive me, Mrs. Reeves, said he, bowing to them; more stiffly to me—And you *forbid* my future visits, madam, said he, with a face of malice.

I do, Sir; and that for both our sakes. You have greatly discomposed me.

Next time, madam, I have the honour of attending you, it will be, I hope—[He stopt a moment, but still looking fiercely] to an happier purpose. And away he went.

Mr. Reeves was offended with him, and discourag'd me not in my resolution to avoid receiving his future visits. You will now therefore hear very little farther in my letters of this Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

And yet I wish I do not see him very soon. But it will be in company enough, if I do: At the Masquerade,¹ I mean, to-morrow night; for he never misses going to such entertainments.

Our dresses are ready. Mr. Reeves is to be an Hermit; Mrs. Reeves a Nun; Lady Betty a Lady Abbess: But I by no means like mine, because of its gaudiness: The very *thing* I was afraid of.

They call it the dress of an Arcadian Princess:² But it falls not in with any of my notions of the Pastoral dress of Arcadia.

A white Paris net sort of cap, glittering with spangles, and incircled by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a little white feather perking from the left ear,³ is to be my head-dress.

My masque is Venetian.⁴

My hair is to be complimented with an appearance, because of its natural ringlets, as they call my curls, and to shade my neck.

Tucker⁵ and ruffles blond lace.

My shape is also said to be consulted in this dress. A kind of waistcoat of blue satten trimm'd with silver Point d'Espagne, the skirts edged with silver fringe, is made to fit close to my waist by double clasps, a small silver tassel at the ends of each clasp; all set off, with bugles⁶ and spangles, which make a mighty glitter.

But I am to be allow'd a kind of scarf of white Persian silk; which, gathered at the top, is to be fastened to my shoulders, and to fly loose behind me.

Bracelets on my arms.

They would have given me a crook; but I would not submit to that. It would give me, I said, an air of confidence to aim to manage it with any tolerable freedom; and I was apprehensive, that I should not be thought to want that from the dress itself. A large Indian

fan¹ was not improper for the supposed warmth of the place; and that contented me.

My petticoat is of blue satten, trimm'd and fring'd as my waistcoat. I am not to have an hoop that is perceivable. They wore not hoops in Arcadia.

What a sparkling figure shall I make! Had the Ball been what they call a Subscription Ball, at which people dress with more glare, than at a common one, this dress would have been more tolerable.

But they all say, that I shall be kept in countenance by masques as extravagant, and even more ridiculous.

Be that as it may, I wish the night were over. I dare say, it will be the last diversion of this kind I ever shall be at; for I never had any notion of Masquerades.

Expect particulars of all in my next. I reckon you will be impatient for them. But pray, my Lucy, be fanciful, as I sometimes am, and let me know how you think every-thing will be before hand; and how many Pretty-fellows you imagine, in this dress, will be slain² by

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXIII

Mr. REEVES, To GEORGE SELBY, Esq;

Dear Mr. Selby,

Friday, Feb. 17

No one, at present, but yourself, must see the contents of what I am going to write.

You must not be too much surpris'd.

But how shall I tell you the news; the dreadful news?—My wife has been ever since three this morning in violent hysterics upon it.

You must not—But how shall I say, *You* must not, be too much affected, when *we* are unable to support ourselves?

O my cousin Selby!—We know not what is become of our dearest Miss Byron!

I will be as particular as my grief and surprize will allow. There is a necessity for it, as you will find.

Mr. Greville, as I apprehend—But to particulars first.

We were last night at the Ball in the Hay-market.

The chairmen who carried the dear creature, and who as well as *our* chairmen, were engaged for the night, were inveigled away to drink somewhere. They promised Wilson, my cousin's servant, to return in half an hour.

It was then but little more than twelve.

Wilson waited near two hours, and they not returning, he hired a chair to supply their place.

Between two and three, we all agreed to go home. The dear creature was fatigued with the notice every-body took of her. Every-body admired her. She wanted to go before; but Lady Betty prevailed on her to stay a little longer.

I waited on her to her chair, and saw her in it before I attended Lady Betty and my wife to theirs.

I saw that neither the chair, nor the chairmen, were those who brought her. I ask'd the meaning; and receiv'd the above particulars after she was in the chair.

She hurried into it because of her dress, and being warm, and no less than four gentlemen following her to the very chair.

It was then near three.

I order'd Wilson to bid the chairmen stop when they had got out of the croud, till Lady Betty's chair, and mine, and my wife's, joined them.

I saw her chair move, and Wilson with his lighted flambeaux before it; and the four masques who follow'd her to the chair return into the house.

When our servants could not find that her chair had stopt, we supposed that in the hurry, the fellow heard not my orders; and directed our chairmen to proceed; not doubting but we should find her got home before us.

We had before agreed to be carried directly home; declining Lady Betty's invitation to resume our own dresses at her house, where we dressed for the Ball.

We were very much surprised at finding her not arrived: But concluding that, by mistake, she was carried to Lady Betty's, and was there expecting us, we sent thither immediately.

But, good God! what was our consternation, when the servants brought us word back, that Lady Betty had not either seen or heard of her!

Mr. Greville, as I apprehend—

But let me give you all the lights on which I ground my surmises.

Last night Lady Betty Williams had an hint given her, as she informed me at the Masquerade, that Mr. Greville, who took leave of my cousin on Tuesday evening in order to set out for Northamptonshire the next morning, was neither gone, nor intended to go, being, on the contrary, resolved to continue in town perdue,¹ in order to watch my cousin's visitors.

He had indeed told her, that she would have half a dozen spies upon her; and threw out some hints of jealousy of two of her visitors.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in an Harlequin dress was at the Ball: He soon discover'd our lovely cousin, and, notwithstanding his former ill-nature on being rejected by her, addressed her with the politeness of a man accustomed to public places.

He found me out at the side-board a little before we went off; and ask'd me, if I had not seen Mr. Greville there? I said, No.

He ask'd me, If I had not observed a mask distinguished by a broad-brim'd half-slouched hat, with a high flat crown, a short black cloak, a dark lantern in his hand, holding it up to every one's masque; and who, he said, was saluted by every-body as Guido Vaux? That person he said was Mr. Greville.

I did indeed observe this person; but recollected not, that he had the air of Mr. Greville; but thought him a much more bulky man. But that, as he intended to have it supposed he had left the town, might be easily managed.

Mr. Greville, you know, is a man of enterprize.

He came to town, having professedly no other material business but to give obstruction to my cousin's visitors. He saw she had two new ones. He talk'd at first of staying in town, and partaking of its diversions, and even of bespeaking a new equipage.

But all of a sudden, tho' expecting Mr. Fenwick would come up, he pretended to leave the town, and to set out directly for Northamptonshire, without having obtained any concession from my cousin in his favour.

Laying all these circumstances together, I think it is hardly to be doubted, but Mr. Greville is at the bottom of this black affair.

You will therefore take such steps on these lights¹ as your prudence will suggest to you. If Mr. Greville is not come down—If Mr. Fenwick—What would I say?

The less noise, however, the affair makes, till we can come at certainty, the better.

How I dread what that certainty may be!—Dear creature!

But I am sure you will think it adviseable to keep this dreadful affair from her poor grandmother. And I hope your good lady—Yet *her* prudent advice may be necessary.

I have six people out at different parts of the town, who are to make enquiries among chairmen, coachmen, &c.

Her new servant cannot be a villain—What can one say?—What can one think?

We have sent to his sister, who keeps an inn in Smithfield. She has heard nothing of him.

I have sent after the chairmen who carried her to this cursed Masquerade. Lady Betty's chairmen, who had provided the chairs, know them, and their number.² They are traced with a fare from White's³ to Berkeley-square.

Something may be discovered by means of those fellows, if they were tamper'd with. They are afraid, I suppose, to come to demand their but half-earned money. Woe be to them if they come out to be rascals!

I had half a suspicion of Sir Hargrave, as well from the character given us of him by a friend of mine, as because of his unpolite behaviour to the dear creature on her rejecting him: And sent to his house in Cavendish-square, to know if he were at home; and if he were, at what time he returned from the Ball.

Answer was brought that he was in bed, and they supposed would not be stirring till dinner-time; when he expected company: And that he returned not from the Ball till between four and five this morning.

We sent to Mr. Greville's lodgings. He has actually discharged them; and the people think (as he told them so) that he is set out for the country. But he is master of contrivances enough to manage this. There can be no thought that he would give out otherwise to them, than he did to us. Happy! had we found him not gone.

Mr. Greville *must* be the man!

You will be so good, as to dispatch the bearer instantly with what information can be got about Mr. Greville.

Ever, ever Yours!

ARCHIBALD REEVES

LETTER XXIV

Mr. SELBY, To ARCHIBALD REEVES, Esq;

In answer to the preceding

Saturday, Feb. 18

O MR. REEVES!—Dear sweet child!—Flower of the world!—

But how could I keep such dreadful tidings within my own breast?—

How could I conceal my consternation!—My wife saw it. She would know the cause of it.

I could not tell her the fatal news—Fatal news indeed! It will be immediate death to her poor grandmother—

We must keep it from her as long as we can!—But *keep* it from her!—And is the dearest creature spirited away?—O Mr. Reeves!—

I gave my wife your letter. She fainted away, before she had read it thro'.

Masquerades, I have generally heard said, were more silly than wicked: But they are now, I am convinced, the most profligate of all diversions.

Almost distracted, cousin!—You may well be so: We shall all be quite distracted—Dear, dear creature! What may she not have suffered by this time?

Why parted we with such a jewel out of our sight?

You *would* not be denied: You *would* have her to that cursed town. Some damn'd villain, to be sure!—Greville it is not.

Greville was seen late last night, alighting at his own house from a post-chaise. He had no-body with him.

In half an hour, late as it was, he sent his compliments to us to let us know that he had left the dear child well, and (in his usual stile) happier than she would make him. He knows that our lives are bound up in hers.

Find out where she is: And find her safe and well: Or we will never forgive those who were the cause of her going to London.

Dear soul! She was over persuaded!—She was not fond of going!

The sweetest, obliging creature!—What is now become of her!—What by this time may she not have suffered!—

Search every-where—But you will, no doubt!—Suspect everybody—This Lady Betty Williams—Such a plot must have a woman in it. Was she not Sir Hargrave's friend?—This Sir Hargrave!—Greville it could not be. Had we not the proof I mention'd, Greville, bad as he is, could not be such a villain.

The first moment you have any tidings, bad or good, spare no expence—

Greville was this moment here.

We could not see him. We did not let him know the matter.

He is gone away, in great surprize, on the servants telling him that we had received some bad news, which made us unfit to see any-body. The servants could not tell him what: Yet they all guess by your livery, and by our grief, that something has befallen their beloved young lady. They are all in tears—And they look at us, when they attend us, with such inquisitive, yet silent grief! We are speechless before them; and tell them our wills by motions, and not by words.

Good God!—After so many happy years!—Happy in ourselves! to be at last in so short a time made the most miserable of wretches!

But this had not been, if—But no more—Good God of heaven, what will become of my poor aunt Shirley!—Lucy, Nancy, will go distracted—But no more—Hasten your next—And forgive this distracted letter. I know not what I have written. But I am

Yours, GEORGE SELBY

LETTER XXV

Mr. REEVES, To GEORGE SELBY, Esq;

In Continuation of Letter XXIII

LADY Betty's chairmen have found out the first chairmen.

The fellows were made almost dead drunk. They are sure something was put into their liquor. They have been hunting after the footmen, who enticed them, and drank them down. They describe their livery to be brown, trimmed and turned up with yellow; and are in the service of a merchant's relict, who lives either in Mark-lane, or Mincing-lane;¹ they forgot which; but have not yet been able to find them out. Their lady, they said, was at the Masquerade. They were very officious to scrape acquaintance with them. We know not anybody who gives this livery: So no lights can be obtained by this part of the information. A cursed deep-laid villainy!—The fellows are resolved, they say, to find out these footmen, if above-ground;² and the chairmen who were hired on their failure.

Every hour we have one messenger or other returning with something to say; but hitherto with nothing to the purpose. This has kept me within. O Mr. Selby, I know not what to direct! I know not what to do! I send them out again as fast as they return: Yet rather shew my despair, than my hope.

Surely this villainy must be Mr. Greville's. Tho' I have but just dispatched away my servant to you, I am impatient for his return.

I will write every hour, as any-thing offers, that I may have a letter ready to send you by another man, the moment we hear any-thing. And yet I expect not to hear any thing material, but from you.

We begin to suspect the servant (that Wilson) whom my cousin but so lately hired. Were *he* clear of the matter, either he or the chairmen he hired, must have been heard of. He would have returned. They could not all three be either murdered or secreted.

These cursed Masquerades!—Never will I—

O Mr. Selby! Her servant is, must be a villain!—Sarah, my dear cousin's servant (My poor wife can think of nothing. She is extremely ill.) Sarah took it into her head to have the specious rascal's trunk broke open. It felt light, and he had talk'd, but the night before, of his stock of cloaths and linen, to the other servants. There was nothing of value found in it; not of *six-pence* value. The most specious villain, if a villain. Every-body liked him. The dear creature herself was pleased with him. He knew every-thing and every-

body. Cursed be he for his adroitness and knowlege! We had made too many enquiries after a servant for her.

Eleven o'Clock

I am just returned from Smithfield. From the villain's sister. He comes out to be a villain—This Wilson I mean—A practised villain!

The woman shook her head at the enquiry which I made, half out of breath, after what was become of him. She was afraid, she said, that all was not right: But was sure her brother had not robbed.

He had been guilty, I said, of a villainy, that was a thousand times worse than robbery.

She was inquisitive about it; and I hinted to her what it was.

Her brother, she said, was a young man of parts and understanding, and would be glad, she was sure, of getting a livelihood by honest services. It was a sad thing that there should be such masters in the world, as would put servants upon bad practices.

I ask'd after the character of that Bagenhall, whose service her brother last lived in? and imprudently I threatened her brother.

Ah, Sir! was all the answer she made, shaking her head.

I repeated my question, Who was that Bagenhall?—

Excuse me, Sir, said she. I will give no other answer, till I hear whether my brother's life may be in danger or not. She abhorred, she said, all base practices as much as any-body could do; and she was sorry for the lady, and for me.

I then offer'd to be the making of her brother, were it possible to engage him before any violence was done to the lady. I ask'd, If she knew where to send to him?

Indeed she did not. She dared to say, she should not hear of him for one while. Whenever he had been drawn in to assist in any out-of-the-way pranks [See, Mr. Selby, a practised villain!] he kept away from her till all was blown over. Those who would take such steps, she feared, would by this time have done the mischief.

How I raved!

I offered her money, a handsome sum, if she would tell me what she knew of that Bagenhall, or of any of her brother's employers: But she refused to say one word more, till she knew whether her brother's life were likely to be affected or not.

I left her, and hastened home, to enquire after what might have happened in my absence. But will soon see her again, in hopes she may be wrought upon to drop some hints, by which something may be discover'd—But all this time, What may be the fate of this dear sufferer!—I cannot bear my own thoughts!

Lady Betty is inexpressibly grieved—

I have dispatched a man and horse (God knows to what purpose)

to a friend I have at Reading, to get him to enquire after the character of this Bagenhall. There is such a man, and he is a man of pleasure, as Sir John Allestree informs me—Accursed villain, this Wilson! He could not bear with his master's constant bad hours, and profligate course of life, as he told our servants, and Mrs. Sarah!¹—Specious impostor!

One o'Clock

Lady Betty's chairmen have found out, and they brought with them, one of the fellows whom that vile Wilson hired. The other was afraid to come. I have secured this fellow: Yet he seems to be ingenuous; and I have promised, that if he prove innocent, he shall be rewarded instead of punish'd; and the two chairmen, on this promise, are gone to try to prevail upon his partner to come, were it but to release the other, as both insisted upon their innocence.

And now will you be impatient to know what account this fellow gives.

O Mr. Selby! The dear, dear creature—But before I can proceed, I must recover my eyes.

Two o'Clock

This fellow's name is Macpherson. His partner's McDermot. This is Macpherson's account of the matter.

Wilson hired them to carry his young lady to Paddington²—To Paddington! A vile dog!—

They objected distance and danger, the latter, as Macpherson owns, to heighten³ the value of the service.

As to the danger, Wilson told him, they would be met by three others of his fellow-servants, armed, at the first fields: And as to the distance, they would be richly rewarded; and he gave them a crown a piece earnest, and treated them besides with brandy.

To prevent their curiosity, and entirely to remove their difficulties, the villain told them, that his young lady was an heiress, and had agreed to go off from the Masquerade with her lover: But that the gentleman would not appear to them till she came to the very house, to which she was to be conveyed.

She thinks, said the hellish villain, that she is to be carried to May-Fair Chapel,⁴ and to be married directly; and that the minister (unseasonable as the hour is) will be there in readiness. But the gentleman, who is a man of the utmost honour, intends first to try whether he cannot obtain her friend's consent. So when she finds her way lengthened, proceeded the vile wretch, she will perhaps be frightened, and will ask me questions. I would not for the world disoblige her; but here she must be cheated for her own sake; and when

all is over, will value me the more for the innocent imposture. But whatever orders she may give you, observe none but mine, and follow me. You shall be richly rewarded, repeated the miscreant. Should she even cry out, mind it not: She is full of fears, and hardly holds in one mind for an hour together.

He farther cautioned them not to answer any questions which might possibly be ask'd of them, by the person who should conduct his young lady to her chair; but refer to himself: And in case any other chairs were to go in company with hers, he bid them fall behind, and follow his flambeaux.

Macpherson says, that she drew the curtains close (because of her dress, no doubt) the moment I had left her, after seeing her in the chair.

The fellows thus prepossessed and instructed, speeded away, without stopping for our chairs. Yet the dear creature must have heard me give that direction.

They had carried her a great way before she called out: And *then* she called three times before they would hear her: At the third time they stopt, and her servant asked her commands. Where am I, William, said she? Just at home, madam, answered he. Surely you have taken a strange round-about way. *We are* come about, said the rascal, on purpose to avoid the croud of chairs and coaches.

They proceeded onwards, and were joined by three men, as Wilson had told them they would; but they fancied one of them to be a gentleman; for he was muffled up in a cloak, and had a silver-hilted sword in his hand: But he spake not. He gave no directions: And all three kept aloof, that they might not be seen by her.

At Maribone,¹ she again called out; William, William, said she, with vehemence: The Lord have mercy upon me! Where are you going to carry me? Chairmen, stop! Stop, chairmen! Set me down!—William!—Call my servant, chairmen!—

Dear soul! Her servant! Her devil!

The chairmen called him. They lifted up the head. The side-curtains were still undrawn, and M^c Dermot stood so close, that she could not see far before her. Did you not tell me, said the villain to them, that it was not far about?—See how you have frightened my lady!—Madam, we are now almost at home.

They proceeded with her, saying, they had indeed mistaken their way; but they were just there; and hurried on.

She then undrew the side-curtains—Good God of heaven protect me! they heard her say—I am in the midst of fields—They were then at Lissom-Green.

They heard her pray; and Macpherson said, He began then to conclude, that the lady was too much frighten'd, and *too pious*, to be in a love-plot.

But, nevertheless, beckoned by their villainous guide, they hurried on: And then she screamed out, and happening to see one of the three men, she begg'd his help for God's sake.

The fellow blustered at the chairmen, and bid them stop. She asked for Grosvenor-street. She was to be carried, she said, to Grosvenor-street.

She was just there, that fellow said—It can't be Sir! It can't be!—Don't I see fields all about me?—I am in the midst of fields, Sir.

Grosvenor-Square, madam, reply'd that villain; the trees and garden of Grosvenor-Square.

What a strange way have you come about, cry'd her miscreant! And then trod out his flambeaux; while another fellow took the chairmen's lantern from them; and they had only a little glimmering starlight to guide them.

She then, poor dear soul! screamed so dismally, that Macpherson said, it went to his heart to hear her. But they following Wilson, who told them they were just *landed*, that was his word,¹ he led them up a long garden-walk, by a back-way. One of the three men having got before, opened the garden-door, and held it in his hand; and by the time they got to the house to which the garden seemed to belong, the dear creature ceased screaming.

They too well saw the cause, when they stopt with her. She was in a fit. *400 1001*

Two women, by the assistance of the person in the cloak, helped her out, with great seeming tenderness. They said something in praise of her beauty, and expressed themselves concerned for her, as if they were afraid she was past recovery: Which apparently startled the man in the cloak.

Wilson entered the house with those who carried in the dear creature; but soon came out to the chairmen. They saw the man in the cloak (who hung about the villain, and hugg'd him, as in joy) give the rascal money; who then put a guinea into each of their hands; and conveyed them thro' the garden again, to the door at which they entered; but refused them light even so much as that of their own candle and lantern. However he sent another man with them, who led them over rough and dirty by-ways into a path that pointed Londonward; but plainly so much about with design to make it difficult for them to find out the place again.

.

The other fellow is brought hither: He tells exactly the same story.

I ask'd of both, what sort of man he in the cloak was: But he so carefully muffled himself up, and so little appeared to them, either

walking after them, or at the house, that I could gain no light from their description.

On their promise to be forth-coming, I have suffered them to go with Lady Betty's chairmen to try if they can trace out their own footsteps, and find the place.

How many hopeless things must a man do, in an exigence, who knows not what is right to be done!

I have enquired of Lady Betty, Who it was that told her, Mr. Greville was not gone out of town; but intended to lie perdue; and she named her informant. I ask'd how the discourse came in? She own'd, a little awkwardly. I ask'd whether that lady knew Mr. Greville? She could not say whether she did, or not.

I went to that lady: Mrs. Preston, in New Bond-street. She had her intelligence, she told me, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; who had hinted to her, that he should take such notice of Mr. Greville, as might be attended with consequences; and she was the readier to intimate this to Lady Betty, in order to prevent mischief.

Now, Mr. Selby, as the intimation that the dark-lantern figure at the Masquerade was Mr. Greville, came from Sir Hargrave, and nobody else; and we saw nothing of him ourselves; how do we know—And yet Mr. Greville intended that we should believe him to be out of town—Yet even that intimation came from Sir Hargrave—And furthermore, was it not likely that he would take as much care to conceal himself from Sir Hargrave, as from us? But I will go instantly to Sir Hargrave's house. He was to dine at home, and with company. If I cannot see him; If he should be absent—But no more till I return.

O Mr. Selby! I believe I have wrong'd Mr. Greville. The dear soul, I am afraid, is fallen into even worse hands than his.

I went to Sir Hargrave's house. He was *not* at home. He *was* at home. He had company with him. He was not to be spoken with. These were the different answers given me by his porter, with as much confusion, as I ask'd with impatience; and yet it was evident to me, that he had his lesson given him. In short, I have reason to think, that Sir Hargrave came not home all night. The man in the cloak, I doubt, was he. Now does all that Sir John Allestree said of the malicious wickedness of this devilish man, and his arrogant behaviour to our dear Miss Byron, on her rejecting him, come fresh into my memory. And is she, can she be, fallen into the power of such a man?—Rather,

much rather, may my first surmises prove true. Greville is surely (exceptionable as he is) a better man, at least, a better-natured man, than this; and he can have no thoughts less honourable than marriage: But this villain, if he *be* the villain—I cannot, I dare not, pursue the thought.

The four chairmen are just returned. They think they have found the place; but having gained some intelligence (intelligence which distracts me!) they hurried back for directions.

They had asked a neighbouring alehouse-keeper, if there were not a long garden (belonging to the house they suspected) and a back-door out of it to a dirty lane and fields. He answered in the affirmative. The front of this house faces the road.

They called for some hot liquors; and asked the landlord after the owners. He knew nothing of harm of them, he said. They had lived there near a twelve-month in reputation. The family consisted of a widow, whose name is Awberry, her son and two daughters. The son (a man of about thirty years of age) has a place in the Custom-house, and only came down on a Saturday, and went up on Monday. But an odd circumstance, he said, had alarmed him that very morning.

He was at first a little shy of telling what it was. He loved, he said, to mind his own business: What other people did was nothing to him: But, at last, he told them, that about six o'clock in the morning he was waked by the trampling of horses; and looking out of his window, saw a chariot-and-six,¹ and three or four men on horseback at the widow Awberry's door. He got up. The footmen and coachmen were very *hush*, not calling for a drop of liquor, tho' his doors were open: A rare instance, he said, where there were so many men-servants together, and a coachman one of them. This, he said, could not but give a greater edge to his curiosity.

About seven o'clock, one of the widow's daughters came to the door, with a lighted candle in her hand, and directed the chariot to drive up close to the house. The alehouse-keeper then slipt into an arbour-like porch, next door to the widow's; where he had not been three minutes before he saw two persons come to the door; the one a tall gentleman in laced cloaths, who had his arms about the other, a person of middling stature, wrapt up in a scarlet cloak; and resisting, as one in great distress, the other's violence, and begging not to be put into the chariot, in a voice and accent, that evidently shewed it was a woman.

The gentleman made vehement protestations of honour; but lifted the lady into the chariot. She struggled, and seemed to be in agonies

of grief; and on being lifted in, and the gentleman going in after her, she scream'd out for help; and he observed in the struggling, that she had on, under her cloak, a silver-laced habit [The Masquerade habit, no doubt!] Her screaming grew fainter and fainter, and her voice sounded to him, as if her mouth were stopped. And the gentleman seemed to speak high, as if he threatened her.

Away drove the chariot. The servants rode after it.

In about half an hour, a coach and four came to the widow's door; the widow and her two daughters went into it, and it took the same road.

The alehouse-keeper had afterwards the curiosity to ask the maid-servant, an ignorant country wench, whither her mistresses went so early in the morning? She answered they were gone to Windsor, or that way, and would not return, she believed, in a week.

O this damn'd Sir Hargrave! He has a house upon the forest. I have no doubt but he is the villain. Who knows what injuries the dear creature might have sustained before she was forced into the chariot?—God give me patience! Dear soul! Her prayers! Her struggling! Her crying out for help! Her mouth stopt! O the villain!

I have ordered as many men and horses as two of my friends can furnish me with, to be added to two of my own (we shall be nine in all) to get ready with all speed. I will pursue the villain to the world's end, but I will find him.

Our first course shall be to his house at Windsor. If we find him not there, we will proceed to that Bagenhall's, near Reading.

It would be but losing time, were I to go now to Paddington. And when the vile widow and her daughters are gone from home, and only an ignorant wench left, what can we learn of her more than is already told to us?

I have, however, accepted Lady Betty's offer of her steward's going with the two chairmen, to get what farther intelligence he can from Paddington, against my return.

I shall take what I have written with me, to form from it a letter less hurrying, less alarming, for your perusal, than this that I have written at such snatches of time, and under such dreadful uncertainties, would be to you, were I to send it; that is to say, if I have time, and if I am able to write with any certainty—O that dreaded certainty!

At four in the morning the six men I borrow, and myself, and two of my servants, well armed, are to rendezvous at Hyde-Park Corner.¹ It is grievous that another night must pass. But so many people cannot be got together as two or three might.

My poor wife has made me promise to take the assistance of peace-officers, where-ever I find either the villain, or the suffering angel.

Where the road parts, we shall divide, and enquire at every turn-pike; and shall agree upon our places of meeting.

I am harass'd to death: But my mind is the greatest sufferer.

O my dear Mr. Selby! We *have* tidings—God be praised, we have tidings—Not so happy indeed as were to be wish'd: Yet the dear creature is living, and in honourable hands—God be praised!

Read the inclosed letter directed to me.

SIR,

Miss Byron is in safe and honourable hands.

The first moment she could give any account of herself; she besought me to quiet your heart, and your lady's, with this information.

She has been cruelly treated.

Particulars, at present, she cannot give.

She was many hours speechless.

But don't fright yourselves: Her fits, tho' not less frequent, are weaker and weaker.

The bearer will acquaint you who my Brother is; to whom you owe the preservation and safety of the loveliest woman in England; and he will direct you to an house where you will be welcome with your lady (for Miss Byron cannot be removed) to convince yourselves that all possible care is taken of her, by, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Friday, Feb. 17

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON

In fits!—Has been cruelly treated!—Many hours speechless!—Cannot be removed!—Her solicitude, tho' hardly herself, for our ease!—Dearest, dear creature!—But you will rejoice with me, my cousins, that she is in such honourable hands.

What I have written must now go. I have no time to transcribe.

I have sent to my two friends to let them know, that I shall not have occasion for their peoples assistance.

She is at a nobleman's house, the Earl of L. near Colnebrooke.

My wife, harassed and fatigued in mind as she has been on this occasion, and poorly in health, wanted to go with me: But it is best first for me to see how the dear creature is.

I shall set out before day, on horseback. My servant shall carry with him a portmanteau of things, ordered by my wife. My cousin must have made a strange appearance in her Masquerade dress, to her deliverer.

The honest man who brought the letter [He looks remarkably so; but had he a less agreeable countenance, he would have been received by us as an angel, for his happy tidings] was but just returned from Windsor, whither he had been sent early in the morning, to transact some business, when he was dispatch'd away to us with the welcome letter. He could not therefore be so particular as we wish'd him. What he gathered was from the housekeeper; the men-servants, who were in the fray [A fray there was!] being gone to town with their master. But what we learnt from him, is briefly, as follows:

His master is Sir Charles Grandison; a gentleman who has not been long in England. I have often heard mention of his father, Sir Thomas, who died not long ago. This honest man knew not when to stop in his master's praise. He gives his young lady also an excellent character.

Sir Charles was going to town in his chariot and six when he met (most happily met!) our distressed cousin.

Sir Hargrave *is* the villain.

I am heartily sorry for suspecting Mr. Greville.

Sir Charles had earnest business in town; and he proceeded thither, after he had rescued the dear creature, and committed her to the care of his sister.—God for ever bless him!

The vile Sir Hargrave, as the servant understood, was wounded. Sir Charles it seems was also hurt. Thank God it was so slightly, as not to hinder him from pursuing his journey to town after the glorious act.

I would have given the honest man a handsome gratuity: But he so earnestly besought me to excuse him, declaring that he was under an obligation to the most generous of masters to decline all gifts, that I was obliged to withdraw my hand.

I will speed this away by Richard Fennell. I will soon send you farther particulars by the post: Not unhappy ones, I hope.

Excuse, mean time, all that is amiss in a letter the greatest part of which was written in such dreadful uncertainty, and believe, that I will be

Ever Yours,

ARCHIBALD REEVES

LETTER XXVI

Mr. REEVES, To GEORGE SELBY, Esq;

Dear Sir, *Sat. Feb. 18*

I am just return'd from visiting my beloved cousin. You will be glad of every minute particular, as I can give it to you, relating to this shocking affair; and to her protector and his sister. There are not such another brother and sister in England.

I got to the hospitable mansion by nine this morning. I enquir'd after Miss Byron's health, and on giving in my name, was shewn into an handsome parlour, elegantly furnished.

Immediately came down to me a very agreeable young lady, Miss Grandison. I gave her a thousand thanks for the honour of her letter, and the joyful information it had given me of the safety of one so deservedly dear to us.

She *must* be an excellent young lady, answer'd she. I have just left her—You must not see her yet—

Ah, madam, said I, and look'd surpris'd and griev'd, I believe—

Don't affright yourself, Sir. Miss Byron will do very well. But she must be kept quiet. She has had a happy deliverance—She—

O madam, interrupted I, your generous, your noble brother—

Is the best of men, Mr. Reeves: His delight is in doing good.—And, as to this adventure, it has made him, I am sure, a very happy man.

But is my cousin, madam, so ill, that I cannot be allow'd to see her for one moment?

She is but just come out of a fit. She fell into it in the relation she would have made of her story, on mentioning the villain's name by whom she has suffered. She could give only broken and imperfect accounts of herself all day yesterday, or you had heard from me sooner. When you see her, you must be very cautious of what you say to her. We have a skilful physician, by whose advice we proceed.

God for ever bless you, madam!

He has not long left her. He advises quiet. She has had a very bad night. Could she compose herself, could she get a little natural rest, the cure is performed. Have you breakfasted, Sir?

Breakfasted, madam! My impatience to see my cousin allowed me not to think of breakfast.

You must breakfast with me, Sir. And when that is over, if she is tolerable, we will acquaint her with your arrival, and go up together. I read your impatience, Sir: We will make but a very short breakfasting. I was just *going* to breakfast.

She rang. It was brought in.

I longed, I said, as we sat at tea, to be acquainted with the particulars of the happy deliverance.

We avoid asking any questions that may affect her. I know very little of the particulars myself. My brother was in haste to get to town. The servants that were with him at the time, hardly dismounted: He doubted not but the lady (to whom he referr'd me for the gratifying my curiosity) would be able to tell me every-thing. But she fell into fits, and, as I told you, was so ill, on the recollection of what she had suffered—

Good God! said I, what *must* the dear creature have suffered!

—That we thought fit to restrain our curiosity, and so must you, till we see Sir Charles. I expect him before noon.

I am told, madam, that there was a skirmish. I hope Sir Charles—

I hope so too, Mr. Reeves, interrupted she. I long to see my brother as much as you can do to see your cousin—But on my apprehensions, he assured me upon his honour, that he was but very slightly hurt. Sir Charles is no qualifier,¹ Sir, when he stakes his honour, be the occasion either light or serious.

I said, I doubted not but she was very much surpris'd at a lady's being brought in by Sir Charles, and in a dress so fantastic.

I was, Sir. I had not left my chamber: But hastened down at the first word, to receive and welcome the stranger. My maid, out of breath, burst into my room—Sir Charles, madam, beseeches you this moment to come down. He has saved a lady from robbers (that was her report) a very fine lady! and is come back with her. He begs that you will come down this instant.

I was too much surpris'd at my brother's unexpected return, and too much affected with the lady's visible grief and terror, to attend to her dress, when I first went down. She was sitting, dreadfully trembling, and Sir Charles next her, in a very tender manner, assuring her of his and of his sister's kindest protection. I saluted her, continued the lady: Welcome, welcome, thrice welcome to this house, and to me—

She threw herself on one knee to me. Distress had too much humbled her. Sir Charles and I raised her to her seat. You see before you, madam, said she, a strange creature, and look'd at her dress: But I hope you will believe I am an innocent one. This vile appearance was not my choice. Fie upon me! I must be thus dress'd out for a Masquerade: Hated diversion! I never had a notion of it. Think not hardly, Sir, turning to Sir Charles, her hands clasped and held up, of her whom you have so generously delivered. Think not hardly of me, madam, turning to me: I am not a bad creature. That vile, vile man! and she could say no more.

Charlotte, said my brother, you will make it your first care to raise the spirits of this injured beauty: Your next, to take her directions,

and inform her friends of her safety. Such an admirable young lady as this, cannot be missed an hour, without exciting the fears of all her friends for her. I repeat, madam, that you are in honourable hands. My sister will have pleasure in obliging you.

She wished to be conveyed to town; but looking at her dress, I offered her cloaths of mine; and my brother said, if she were very earnest, and thought herself able to go, he would take horse, and leave the chariot, and he was sure that I would attend her thither.

But before she could declare her acceptance of this offer, as she seemed joyfully ready to do, her spirits failed her, and she sunk down at my feet.

Sir Charles just staid to see her come to herself; and then—Sister, said he, the lady cannot be removed. Let Dr. Holmes be sent for instantly. I know you will give her your best attendance. I will be with you before noon to-morrow. The lady is too low, and too weak, to be troubled with questions now. Johnson will be back from Windsor. Let him take her commands to any of her friends. Adieu, dear madam—[Your cousin, Sir, seemed likely to faint again] Support yourself. Repeating, You are in safe and honourable hands; bowing to her, as she bowed in return, but spoke not—Adieu, Charlotte: And away went the best of brothers.

And God Almighty bless him, said I, where-ever he goes!

Miss Grandison then told me, that the house I was in belonged to the Earl of L. who had lately married her elder sister: About three months ago, they set out, she said, to pay a visit to my Lord's estate and relations in Scotland, for the first time, and to settle some affairs there: They were expected back in a week or fortnight: She came down but last Tuesday, and *that* in order to give directions for every-thing to be prepared for their reception. It was happy for your cousin, said she, that I obtained the favour of my brother's company; and that he was obliged to be in town this morning. He intended to come back to carry me to town this evening. We are a family of love, Mr. Reeves. We are true brothers and sisters—But why trouble I you, with these things now? We shall be better acquainted. I am charmed with Miss Byron.

She was so good as to hurry the breakfast! and when it was over, conducted me up stairs. She bid me stay at the door, and stept gently to the bed-side, and opening the curtain, I heard the voice of our cousin.

Dear madam, what trouble do I give! were her words.

Still talk of trouble, Miss Byron! answered Miss Grandison, with an amiable familiarity; you will not forbear—Will you promise me not to be surpris'd at the arrival of your cousin Reeves?

I do promise—I shall rejoice to see him.

Miss Grandison called to me. I approached, and catching my cousin's held-out hand, Thank God, thank God, best beloved of an hundred hearts! said I, that once more I behold you! that once more I see you in safe and honourable hands!—I will not tell you what we have all suffered.

No don't, said she—You need not—But O my cousin! I have fallen into the company of angels.

Forbear, gently patting her hand, forbear these high flights, said the kind lady, or I shall beat my charming patient. I shall not think you in a way to be quite well, till you *descend*.

She whispered me, that the doctor had expressed fears for her head, if she were not kept quiet. Then raising her voice, Your cousin's gratitude, Mr. Reeves, is excessive. You must allow me, smiling, to beat her. When she is well, she shall talk of angels, and of what she pleases.

But, my dear Mr. Selby, we who know how her heart overflows with sentiments of gratitude, on every common obligation, and even on but *intentional* ones, can easily account for the high sense she must have of those she lies under for such a deliverance from the brother, and of such kind treatment from the sister, both absolute strangers, till her distresses threw her into their protection.

I will only ask my dear Miss Byron *one* question, said I (forgetting the caution given me below by Miss Grandison) Whether this villain, by his violence—[meant marriage, I was going to say] But interrupting me, You shall not, Mr. Reeves, said Miss Grandison, smiling, ask half a question, that may revive disagreeable remembrances. Is she not alive, and here, and in a way to be well? Have patience till she is able to tell you all.

My cousin was going to speak: My dear, said the lady, you shall not answer Mr. Reeves's question, if it be a question that will induce you to look backward. At present you must look only forward. And are you not in my care, and in Sir Charles Grandison's protection?

I have done, madam, said I, bowing—The desire of taking vengeance—

Hush, Mr. Reeves!—Surely!—Smiling, and holding her finger to her lip.

It is a patient's duty, said my cousin, to submit to the prescriptions of her kind physician. But were I ever to forgive the author of my distresses, it must be for his being the occasion of bringing me into the knowlege of such a lady; and yet to lie under the weight of obligations that I never can return—Here she stopt.

I took this as an happy indication that the last violence was not offered: If it had, she would not have mentioned forgiving the author of her distress.

As to what you say of obligation, Miss Byron, returned Miss

Grandison, let *your* heart answer for *mine*, had you and I changed situation. And if, on such a supposition, you can think, that your humanity would have been so extraordinary a matter, then shall you be at liberty, when you are recovered, to say a thousand fine things: Till when, pray be silent on this subject.

Then turning to me, See how much afraid your cousin Byron is of lying under obligations. I am afraid she has a proud heart: Has she not a very proud heart, Mr. Reeves?

She has a very grateful one, madam, replied I.

She turned to my cousin: Will you, Miss Byron, be easy under the obligations you talk of, or will you not?

I submit to your superiority, madam, in every-thing, replied my cousin, bowing her head.

She then ask'd me, If I had let her friends in the country know of this shocking affair?

I had suspected Mr. Greville, I said, and had written in confidence to her Uncle Selby—

O my poor Grandmamma—O my good Aunt Selby, and my Lucy—I hope—

Miss Grandison interposed, humourously, interrupting—I will have nothing said that begins with *O*. Indeed, Miss Byron, Mr. Reeves, I will not trust you together—Cannot you have patience—

We both ask'd her pardon. My cousin desired leave to rise—But these odious cloaths, said she—

If you are well enough, child, replied Miss Grandison, you shall rise, and have no need to see those odious cloaths, as you call them. I told them Mrs. Reeves had sent her some of her cloaths. The portmanteau was ordered to be brought up.

Then Miss Grandison, sitting down on the bed by my cousin, took her hand; and, feeling her pulse, Are you sure, my patient, that you shall not suffer if you are permitted to rise? Will you be calm, serene, easy? Will you banish curiosity? Will you endeavour to avoid recollection?

I will do my endeavour, answered my cousin.

Miss Grandison then rung, and a maid-servant coming up, Jenny, said she, pray give your best assistance to my lovely patient. But be sure don't let her hurry her spirits. I will lead Mr. Reeves into my dressing-room. And when you are dress'd, my dear, we will either return to you hither, or expect you to join us there, at your pleasure.

And then she obligingly conducted me into her dressing-room; and excused herself for refusing to let us talk of interesting subjects. I am rejoiced, said she, to find her more sedate and composed than hitherto she has been. Her head has been greatly in danger. Her talk, for some hours, when she did talk, was so wild and incoherent, and

she was so full of terror, on every one's coming in her sight, that I would not suffer any-body to attend her but myself.

I left her not, continued Miss Grandison, till eleven; and the house-keeper, and my maid, sat up in her room all the rest of the night.

I arose before my usual time to attend her. I slept not well myself. I did nothing but dream of robbers, rescues, and murders: Such an impression had the distress of this young lady made on my mind.

They made me a poor report, proceeded she, of the night she had passed. And, as I told you, she fainted away this morning a little before you came, on her endeavouring to give me some account of her affecting story.

Let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, I am as curious as you can be, to know the whole of what has befallen her. But her heart is tender and delicate. Her spirits are low; and we must not pull down with one hand, what we build up with the other: My brother also will expect a good account of my charge.

I blessed her for her goodness. And finding her desirous of knowing all that I could tell her, of our cousin's character, family, and lovers, I gave her a brief history, which extremely pleased her. Good God, said she, what an happiness is it, that such a lady, in such a distress, should meet with a man as excellent, and as much admired, as herself! My brother, Mr. Reeves, can never marry but he must break half a score hearts. Forgive me, that I bring *him* in, whenever any good person, or thing, or action, is spoken of. Every-body, I believe, who is strongly possessed of a subject, makes every-thing seen, heard, or read of, that bears the least resemblance, turn into and illustrate that subject.

But here I will conclude this letter, in order to send it by the post. Besides, I have been so much fatigued in body and mind, and my wife has also been so much disturbed in *her* mind, that I must give way to a call of rest.

I will pursue the subject, the now agreeable subject, in the morning; and perhaps shall dispatch what I shall farther write, as you must be impatient for it, by an especial messenger.

Sir Rowland was here twice yesterday, and once today. My wife caused him to be told, that Miss Byron, by a sudden call, has been obliged to go a little way out of town for two or three days.

He proposes to set out for Caermarthen the beginning of next week. He hoped he should not be denied taking his *corporal*¹ leave of her.

If our cousin has a good day to-morrow, and no return of her fits, she proposes to be in town on Monday. I am to wait on her, and Sir Charles and his sister, at breakfast on Monday morning, and to attend her home; where there will be joy indeed, on her arrival.

Pray receive for yourself, and make for me to your lady, and all friends, my compliments of congratulation.

I have not had either leisure or inclination, to enquire after the villain, who has given us all this disturbance.

Ever, ever yours,

Saturday Night.

ARCHIBALD REEVES

LETTER XXVII

From Mr. REEVES, To GEORGE SELBY, Esq;

In Continuation

MISS GRANDISON went to my cousin, to see how she bore rising, supposing her near dress'd.

She soon returned to me. The most charming woman, I think, said she, I ever saw! But she trembles so, that I have persuaded her to lie down. I answered for you, that you would stay dinner.

I must beg excuse, madam. I have an excellent wife. She loves Miss Byron as her life: She will be impatient to know—

Well, well, well, say no more, Mr. Reeves: My brother has redeemed one prisoner, and his sister has taken another: And glad you may be, that it is no worse.

I bowed, and look'd silly, I believe.

You *may* look, and beg and pray, Mr. Reeves. When you know me better, you'll find me a very whimsical creature: But you must stay to see Sir Charles. Would you go home to your wife with half your errand? She won't thank you for that, I can tell you, let her be as good a woman as the best. But, to comfort you, we give not into every modern fashion. We dine earlier, than most people of our condition. My brother, tho' in the main, above singularity, will, nevertheless, in things he thinks right, be govern'd by his own rules, which are the laws of reason and convenience. You are on horseback; and, were I you, such good news as I should have to carry, considering what *might* have happened, would give me wings, and make me fly thro' the air with it.

I was about to speak: Come, come, I will have no denial, interrupted she, I shall have a double pleasure, if you are present when Sir Charles comes, on hearing his account of what happened. You are a good man, and have a *reasonable quantity* of wonder and gratitude, to heighten a common case into the *marvellous*. So sit down, and be quiet.

I was equally delighted and surprised at her humoursous raillery, but could not answer a single word. If it be midnight before you will suffer me to depart, thought I, I will not make another objection.

While this amiable lady was thus entertaining me, we heard the trampling of horses—My brother! said she, I hope!—He comes! pardon the fondness of a sister, who speaks from sensible effects—A father and a brother in one!

Sir Charles entered the room. He addressed himself to me in a most polite manner. Mr. Reeves! said he, as I understand from below—Then turning to his sister, Excuse me, Charlotte. I heard this worthy gentleman was with you: And I was impatient to know how my fair guest—

Miss Byron is in a good way, I hope, interrupted she, but very weak and low-spirited. She arose and dress'd; but I have prevailed on her to lie down again.

Then turning to me, with a noble air, he both welcomed and congratulated me.

Sir Charles Grandison is indeed a fine figure. He is in the bloom of youth. I don't know that I have ever seen an handsomer or genteeler man. Well might his sister say, that if he married, he would break half a score hearts. O this vile Pollexfen! thought I, at the moment; Could he draw upon, has he hurt, such a man as this?

After pouring out my acknowledgements, in the name of several families, as well as in my own, I could not but enquire into the nature of the hurt he had received.

A very trifle!—My coat only was hurt, Mr. Reeves. The skin of my left shoulder raked² a little, putting his hand upon it.

Thank God, said I: Thank God, said Miss Grandison—But so near!—O the villain! what might it have been!—

Sir Hargrave, pent up in a chariot, had great disadvantage. My reflections on the event of yesterday, yield me the more pleasure, as I have, on enquiry, understood that he will do well again, if he will be ruled. I would not, on any account, have had his instant death to answer for. But no more of this just now. Give me the particulars of the young lady's state of health. I left her in a very bad way.—You had advice?

Miss Grandison gave her brother an account of all that had been done; and of every-thing that had passed since he went away; as also of the character and excellencies of the lady whom he had rescued.

I confirmed what she said in my cousin's favour; and he very gratefully thank'd his sister for her care, as a man would do for one the nearest and dearest to him.

We then besought him to give an account of the glorious action, which had restored to all that knew her, the darling of our hearts.

I will relate all he said, in the first person, as nearly in his own words as possible, and will try to hit the coolness with which he told the agreeable story.

'You know, sister, said he, the call I had to town. It was happy, that I yielded to your importunity to attend you hither.

'About two miles on this side Hounslow, I saw a chariot-and-six driving at a great rate. I also had ordered Jerry to drive pretty fast.

'The coachman seemed inclined to dispute the way with mine. This occasioned a few moments stop to both. I ordered my coachman to break the way. I don't love to stand upon trifles. My horses were fresh: I had not come far.

'The curtain of the chariot we met, was pulled down. I saw not who was in it. But on turning out of the way, I knew by the arms it was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's.

'There was in it a gentleman, who immediately pulled up the canvas.

'I saw, however, before he drew it up, another person, wrapt up in a man's scarlet cloak.

'For God's sake! help, help! cried out the person: For God's sake help! I ordered my coachman to stop.

'Drive on, said the gentleman; cursing his coachman: Drive on when I bid you.

'Help! again cried she, but with a voice as if her mouth was half stopt.

'I called to my servants on horseback to stop the postilion of the other chariot. And I bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril.

'Sir Hargrave called out on the contrary side of the chariot (his canvas being still up on that next me) with vehement execrations to drive on.

'I alighted, and went round to the other side of the chariot.

'Again the lady endeavoured to cry out. I saw Sir Hargrave struggle to pull over her mouth an handkerchief, which was tied round her head. He swore outrageously.

'The moment she beheld me, she spread out both her hands—For God's sake—

'Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, said I, by the arms.—You are engaged, I doubt, in a very bad affair.

'I *am* Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and am carrying a fugitive wife—Your *own* wife, Sir Hargrave!—

'Yes, by G—, said he; and she was going to elope from me at a damn'd Masquerade—See! drawing aside the cloak, detected in the very dress!

'O no, no, no! said the lady—

'Proceed, coachman, said he, and cursed and swore—

'Let me ask the lady a question, Sir Hargrave.

'You are impertinent, Sir. Who the devil are you?

'Are you, madam, Lady Pollexfen? said I.

'O no! no! no!—was all she could say—

'Two of my servants came about me; a third held the head of the horse on which the postilion sat. Three of Sir Hargrave's approached on their horses; but seemed as if afraid to come too near, and parley'd together.

'Have an eye to those fellows, said I. Some base work is on foot. You'll presently be aided by passengers. Sirrah, said I to the coachman (for he lash'd the horses on) proceed at your peril.

'Sir Hargrave then, with violent curses and threatenings, ordered him to drive over every one that opposed him.

'Coachman, proceed at your peril, said I. Madam, will you—

'O Sir, Sir, Sir, relieve, help me for God's sake! I am in a villain's hands! Trick'd, vilely trick'd, into a villain's hands. Help, help, for God's sake!

'Do you, said I, to Frederick, cut the traces, if you cannot otherwise stop this chariot. Bid Jerry cut the reins; and then seize as many of those fellows as you can. Leave Sir Hargrave to me.

'The lady continued screaming and crying out for help.

'Sir Hargrave drew his sword, which he had held between his knees in the scabbard; and then called upon his servants to fire at all that opposed his progress.

'My servants, Sir Hargrave, have fire-arms as well as yours. They will not dispute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word.

'Then addressing the lady, Will you, madam, put yourself into my protection?

'O yes, yes, yes, with my whole heart—Dear good Sir, protect me!

'I opened the chariot-door. Sir Hargrave made a pass at me. Take that, and be damn'd to you, for your insolence, scoundrel! said he.

'I was aware of his thrust, and put it by; but his sword a little raked my shoulder.

'My sword was in my hand; but undrawn.

'The chariot-door remaining open (I was not so ceremonious, as to let down the foot-step to take the gentleman out) I seized him by the collar before he could recover himself from the pass he had made at me; and with a jerk, and a kind of twist, laid him under the hind-wheel of his chariot.

'I wrench'd his sword from him, and snapp'd it, and flung the two pieces over my head.

'His coachman cried out for his master. Mine threatened his if he stirred. The postilion was a boy. My servant had made him dismount, before he joined the other two, whom I had ordered aloud to endeavour to seize (but my view was only to terrify) wretches, who knowing the badness of their cause, were before terrified.

'Sir Hargrave's mouth and face were very bloody. I believe I might have hurt him with the pommel of my sword.

'One of his legs, in his sprawling, had got between the spokes of his chariot-wheel. I thought that was a fortunate circumstance for preventing further mischief; and charged his coachman not to stir with the chariot for his master's sake.

'He cried out, cursed, and swore. I believe he was bruised with the fall. The jerk was violent. So little able to support an offence, Sir Hargrave, upon his own principles, should not have been so ready to give it.

'I had not drawn my sword: I hope I never shall be provoked to do it in a private quarrel. I should not, however, have scrupled to draw it, on such an occasion as this, had there been an absolute necessity for it.

'The lady, greatly terrified, had, however, disengaged herself from the man's cloak. I had not leisure to consider her dress; but I was struck with her figure, and more with her terror.

'I offered my hand. I thought not now of the foot-step, any more than I did before. She not of any-thing, as it seemed, but her deliverance.

'Have you not read, Mr. Reeves (Pliny, I think, gives the relation) of a frightened bird, that, pursued by an hawk, flew for protection into the bosom of a man passing by?

'In like manner your lovely cousin, the moment I returned to the chariot-door, instead of accepting of my offered hand, threw herself into my arms.—O save me! save me! She was ready to faint. She could not, I believe, have stood.

'I carried the lovely creature round Sir Hargrave's horses, and seated her in my chariot—Be assured, madam, said I, that you are in honourable hands. I will convey you to my sister, who is a young lady of honour and virtue.

'She look'd out at one window, then at the other, in visible terror, as if fearing still Sir Hargrave. Fear nothing, said I: I will attend you in a moment. I shut the chariot-door.

'I then went backward a few paces (keeping, however, the lady in my eye) to see what had become of my servants.

'It seems, that at their first coming up pretty near with Sir Hargrave's horsemen, they presented their pistols.

'What shall we do, Wilkins, or Wilson, or some such name, said one of Sir Hargrave's men to another, all three of them on their defence? Fly for it, answered the fellow. We may swing for this. I see our master down. There may be murder.

'Their consciences put them to flight.

'My servants pursued them a little way; but were returning to support their master, just as I had put the lady into my chariot.

'I saw Sir Hargrave at a distance, on his legs, supported by his

coachman. He limped, leaned his whole weight upon his servant; and seemed to be in agonies.

'I bid one of my servants tell him who I was.

'He cursed me, and threatened vengeance. He cursed my servant; and still more outrageously his own scoundrels, as he called them.

'I then stept back to my chariot.

'Miss Byron had, thro' terror, sunk down at the bottom of it; where she lay panting, and could only say, on my approach, Save me! Save me!

'I re-assured her. I lifted her on the seat; and brought her to my sister. And what followed, I suppose, Charlotte, bowing to her, you have told Mr. Reeves.'

We were both about to break out in grateful applauses; but Sir Charles, as if designing to hinder us, proceeded.

'You see, Mr. Reeves, what an easy conquest this was. You see what a small degree of merit falls to my share. The violator's conscience was against him. The consciences of his fellows were on my side. My own servants are honest worthy men. They love their master. In a good cause I would set any three of them against six, who were engag'd in a bad one. Vice is the greatest coward in the world, when it knows it will be resolutely oppos'd. And what have good men, engaged in a right cause, to fear?'

What an admirable man is Sir Charles Grandison!—Thus thinking! Thus acting!

I explained to Sir Charles who this Wilson was, whom the others consulted and were directed by; and what an implement in this black transaction.

To what other man's protection in the world, Mr. Selby, could our kinswoman have been obliged, and so little mischief followed?

Sir Hargrave, it seems, returned back to town. What a recreant figure, my dear Mr. Selby, must he make, even to himself!—A villain!

Sir Charles says, that the turnpike-men at Smallbury Green told his servants, on their attending him to town after the happy rescue, a formidable story of a robbery committed a little beyond Hounslow by half a dozen villains on horseback, upon a gentleman in a chariot and six; which had passed thro' that turnpike but half an hour before he was attacked; and that the gentleman, about an hour and half before Sir Charles went thro', returned to town, wounded, for advice; and they heard him groan as he passed through the turnpike.

I should add one circumstance, said Sir Charles: Do you know, Charlotte, that you have a rake for your brother?—A man on horseback, it seems, came to the turnpike-gate, whilst the turnpike-men were telling my servants this story. Nothing in the world, said he, but

two young rakes in their chariots-and-six, one robbing the other of a lady. I, and two other passengers, added the man, stood aloof to see the issue of the affair. We expected mischief: And some there was. One of the by-standers was the better for the fray; for he took up a rich silver-hilted sword, broken in two pieces, and rode off with it.

Sir Hargrave, said Sir Charles, smiling, might well give out that he was robbed; to lose such a prize as Miss Byron, and his sword besides.

I asked Sir Charles if it were not advisable to take measures with the villain?

He thought it best, he said, to take as little notice of the affair as possible, unless the aggressor stirr'd in it. Masquerades, added he, are not creditable places for young ladies to be known to be *insulted* at them. They are diversions that fall not in with the genius of the English commonalty. Scandal will have something to say from that circumstance, however causeless. But Miss Byron's story, told by herself, will enable you to resolve upon your future measures.

So, Sir Charles seems not to be a friend to Masquerades.

I think, were I to live an hundred years, I never would go to another. Had it not been for Lady Betty—She has, indeed, too gay a turn for a woman of forty, and a mother of children. Miss Byron, I dare say, will be afraid of giving the lead to her for the future. But, excepting my wife and self, nobody in town has suffered more than Lady Betty on this occasion. Indeed she is, I must say, an obliging well-meaning woman: And she also declares (so much has she been affected with Miss Byron's danger, of which she takes herself to be the innocent cause) that she will never again go to a Masquerade.

I long to have Miss Byron's account of this horrid affair.—God grant, that it may not be such a one, as will lay us under a necessity—But as our cousin has a great notion of female delicacy—I know not what I would say—We must have patience a little while longer.

Miss Grandison's eyes shone with pleasure all the time her brother was giving his relation.

I can only say, my brother, said she, when he had done, that you have rescued an angel of a woman; and you have made me as happy by it, as yourself.

I have a generous sister, Mr. Reeves, said Sir Charles.

Till I knew my brother, Mr. Reeves, as I now know him, I was an inconsiderate, unreflecting girl. Good and evil which immediately affected not myself, were almost alike indifferent to me. But he has awakened in me a capacity to enjoy the true pleasure that arises from a benevolent action.

Depreciate not, my Charlotte, your own worth. Absence, Mr. Reeves, endears. I have been long abroad. Not much above a year

returned: But when you know us better, you will find I have a partial sister.

Mr. Reeves will not then think me so. But I will go and see how my fair patient does.

She went accordingly to my cousin.

O Sir Charles, said I, what an admirable woman is Miss Grandison!

My sister Charlotte, Mr. Reeves, is indeed, an excellent woman. I think myself happy in her. But I tell her sometimes, that I have still a *more* excellent sister. And it is no small instance of Charlotte's greatness of mind, that she herself will allow me to say so.

Just then came in the ladies: The two charming creatures entered together, Miss Grandison supporting my trembling cousin: But she had first acquainted her, that she would find Sir Charles in *her* dressing-room.

She look'd indeed lovely, tho' wan, at her first entrance: But a fine glow overspread her cheeks, at the sight of her deliverer.

Sir Charles approached her, with an air of calmness and serenity, for fear of giving her emotion. She cast her eyes upon him, with a look of the most respectful gratitude.

I will not oppress my fair guest with many words: But permit me to congratulate you, as I hope I may, on your recovered spirits—Allow me, madam—

And he took her almost motionless hand, and conducted her to an easy chair that had been set for her. She sat down, and would have said something; but only bowed to Sir Charles, to Miss Grandison, and me; and reclined her head against the cheek of the chair.

Miss Grandison held her salts to her.

She took them into her own hands, and smelling to them, raised her head a little: Forgive me, madam! Pardon me, Sir!—O my cousin, to me—How can I—So oppressed with obligations!—Such goodness!—No words!—My gratitude!—My full heart!—

And then she again reclined her head, as giving up hopelessly the effort she made to express her gratitude.

You must not, madam, said Sir Charles, sitting down by her, overrate a common benefit.—Dear Miss Byron (Permit me to address myself to you, as of long acquaintance) by what Mr. Reeves has told my sister, and both have told me, I must think yesterday one of the happiest days of my life. I am sorry that our acquaintance has begun so much at your cost: But you must let us turn this evil appearance into real good. I have two sisters: The world produces not more worthy women. Let me henceforth boast that I have three: And shall I not then have reason to rejoice in the event that has made so lovely an addition to my family?

Then taking her passive hand with the tenderness of a truly

affectionate brother, consoling a sister in calamity, and taking his sister's, and joining both; Shall I not, madam, present my Charlotte to a sister? And will you not permit me to claim as a brother under that relation?—Our Miss Byron's christian name, Mr. Reeves?

Harriet, Sir.

My sister Harriet, receive and acknowlege your Charlotte. My Charlotte—

Miss Grandison arose and saluted my cousin; who look'd at Sir Charles with reverence, as well as gratitude; at Miss Grandison with delight; and at me with eyes lifted up. And, after a little struggle for speech; How shall I bear this goodness! said she—This indeed is bringing good out of evil!—Did I not say, my cousin, that I was fallen into the company of angels?

I was afraid she would have fainted.

We must endeavour, my *cousin* Reeves, kindly said Sir Charles to me (allow the relation to go through) to lessen the sense *our* Miss Byron has of her past danger, in order to bring down to reasonable limits, the notion she has of her obligation for a common relief.

Miss Grandison ordered a few drops on sugar—You must be orderly, my sister Harriet, said she. Am I not your elder sister? *My* elder sister makes me do what she pleases.

Oh! Madam! said my cousin—

Call me not *Madam*; call me *your Charlotte*. My brother has given me and himself a sister; will you not own me?

How can an heart bowed down by obligation, and goodness never to be returned, rise to that lovely familiarity, by which the obligers so generously distinguish themselves? My lips and my heart, I will be so bold as to say, ever went together: But how—And yet so sweetly invited, My—My—My Charlotte (withdrawing her hand from Sir Charles, and clasping both her arms round Miss Grandison's neck, the two worthiest bosoms of the sex joining as one) take your Harriet, person and mind—O that I may be found worthy, on proof, of all this goodness!

Lady Betty has just left us. I read to her what I have written since my visit to Colnebrooke. She shall not, she says, recover her eyes for a week to come.

The women, Mr. Selby, are ever looking forward on certain occasions. Lady Betty and my wife extended their wishes so far, as that they might be able to call Miss Grandison and our Miss Byron sisters; but by a claim that should exclude Sir Charles as a brother to one of them.

Should Sir Charles—But no more on this subject—Yet one word more: When the ladies had mention'd it, I could not help thinking that this graceful and truly fine gentleman seems to be the only man, whom our cousin has yet seen, that would meet with no great difficulty from her on such an application.

But Sir Charles has a great estate, and still greater expectations from my Lord W. His sister says, he would break half a score hearts, were he to marry—So for that matter would our Miss Byron. But once more—Not another word however on this subject.

I stayed to dine with this amiable brother and sister. My cousin exerted herself, to go down, and sat at table for one half-hour: But changing countenance, once or twice, as she sat, Miss Grandison would attend her up, and make her lie down. I took leave of her, at her quitting the table.

On Monday I hope to see her once more among us.

If our dear Miss Byron cannot write, you will perhaps have one letter more, my dear Mr. Selby, from

Your ever-affectionate

ARCHIBALD REEVES

My servant is this moment returned with your letter. Indeed, my dear Mr. Selby, there are two or three passages in it, that would have cut me to the heart (*a*), had not the dear creature been so happily restored to our hopes.

LETTER XXVIII

Mr. REEVES. In Continuation

Monday Night, Feb. 20

I WILL write one more letter, my dear cousin Selby, and then I will give up my pen to our beloved cousin.

I got to Colnebrooke by nine this morning. I had the pleasure to find our Miss Byron recovered beyond my hopes. She had a very good night on Saturday; and all Sunday, she said, was a cordial¹ day to her from morning till night; and her night was quiet and happy.

Miss Grandison staid at home yesterday to keep my cousin company. Sir Charles passed the greatest part of the day in the library. The two ladies were hardly ever separated. My cousin expresses herself in raptures whenever she speaks of this brother and sister. Miss Grandison, she says (and indeed every one must see it) is one of the frankest and most communicative of women. Sir Charles appears to be

(a) See Letter xxiv, pp. 119–20.

one of the most unreserved of men, as well as one of the most polite. He makes not his guests uneasy with his civilities: But you see freedom and ease in his whole deportment; and the stranger cannot doubt but Sir Charles will be equally pleased with freedom and ease, in return. I had an encouraging proof of the justness of this observation this morning from him, as we sat at breakfast. I had expressed myself, occasionally, in such a manner, as shewed more respect than freedom: My dear Mr. Reeves, said he, like minds will be intimate at first sight. Receive me early into the list of your friends; I have already numbered you among mine. I should think amiss of myself, if so good a man as I am assured Mr. Reeves is, should by his distance shew a diffidence of me, that would not permit his mind to mingle with mine.

Miss Grandison, my cousin says, put her on relating to her, her whole history; and the histories of the several persons and families to whom she is related.

Miss Byron concluding as well as I, that Sir Charles would rather take his place in the coach, than go on horseback to town; and being so happily recovered, as not to give us apprehension about her bearing tolerably the little journey; I kept my horse in our return, and Sir Charles went in the coach. This motion coming from Miss Byron, I raillied her upon it when I got her home: But she won't forgive me, if she knows that I told you, whose the motion was. And yet the dear creature's eyes sparkled with pleasure when she had carried her point.

I was at home near half an hour before the coach arrived; and was a welcome guest.

My dear Mrs. Reeves told me she had expected our arrival before dinner, and hoped Sir Charles and his sister would dine with us. I hoped so too, I told her.

I found there Lady Betty and Miss Clements, a favourite of us all, both impatiently waiting to see my cousin.

Don't be jealous, Mr. Reeves, said my wife, if after what I have heard of Sir Charles Grandison, and what he has done for us, I run to him with open arms.

I give you leave my dear to love him, replied I; and to express your love in what manner you please.

I have no doubt, said Lady Betty, that I shall break my heart, if Sir Charles takes not very particular notice of me.

He shall have my prayers as well as my praises, said Miss Clements. She is acquainted with the whole shocking affair.

When the coach stopt, and the bell rung, the servants contended who should first run to the door. I welcomed them at the coach. Sir Charles handed out Miss Byron, I Miss Grandison: Sally, said my cousin, to her raptured^d maid, take care of Mrs. Jenny.

Sir Charles was received by Mrs. Reeves, as I expected. She was almost speechless with joy. He saluted her: But I think, as I tell her, the first motion was hers. He was then obliged to go round; and my cousin, I do assure you, looked as if she would not wish to have been neglected.

As soon as the ladies could speak, they poured out their blessings and thanks to him; and to Miss Grandison; whom, with a most engaging air, he presented to each lady; and she, as engagingly, saluted her sister Harriet by that tender relation, and congratulated them, and Miss Byron, and herself, upon it; kindly bespeaking a family relation for herself thro' her dear Miss Byron, were her words.

When we were seated, my wife and Lady Betty wanted to enter into the particulars of the happy deliverance, in praise of the deliverer; but Sir Charles interrupting them, My dear Mrs. Reeves, said he, you cannot be too careful of this jewel. Every-thing may be trusted to her own discretion; but how can we well blame the man who would turn thief for so rich a treasure? I do assure you, my sister Harriet [Do you know, Mrs. Reeves, that I have found my third sister? Was she not stolen from us in her cradle?]' that if Sir Hargrave will repent, I will forgive him for the sake of the temptation.

Mrs. Reeves was pleased with this address, and has talked of it since

I never can forgive him, Sir, said Miss Byron, were it but—

That he has laid you under such an obligation, said Miss Grandison, patting her hand with her fan, as she sat over-against her: But hush, child! You said that before!—And then turning to Mrs. Reeves, Has not our new-found sister a very proud heart, Mrs. Reeves?

And, dearest Miss Grandison, reply'd my smiling, delighted cousin, did you not ask that question before?

I did, child, I did; but not of Mrs. Reeves.—A compromise however—Do you talk no more of *obligation*, and I'll talk no more of *pride*.

Charlotte justly chides her Harriet, said Sir Charles. What must the man have been that had declined his aid in a distress so alarming? Not one word more therefore upon this subject.

We were all disappointed, that this amiable brother and sister excused themselves from dining with us. All I mean of our own family; for Lady Betty and Miss Clements, not being able to stay, were glad *they* did not.

They took leave, amidst a thousand grateful blessings and acknowledgements; Miss Grandison promising to see her sister Harriet very soon again; and kindly renewing her wishes of intimacy.

When they went away, There goes your heart, Miss Byron, said Mrs. Reeves.

True, answered Miss Byron, if my heart have no place in it for anything but gratitude, as I believe it has not.

Miss Grandison, added she, is the most agreeable of women—

And Sir Charles, rejoined Mrs. Reeves, archly, is the most *disagreeable* of men.

Forbear, cousin, reply'd Miss Byron, and blush'd.

Well, well, said Lady Betty, you need not, my dear, be ashamed, if it be so.

Indeed you need not, joined in Miss Clements; I never saw a finer man in my life. Such a lover, if one *might* have him—

If, if—replied Miss Byron—But till *if* is out of the question, should there not be such a thing as discretion, Miss Clements?

No doubt of it, returned that young lady; and if it *be* to be shewn by any woman on earth, where there is such a man as this in the question, and in such circumstances, it must be by Miss Byron.

Miss Byron was not so thoroughly recovered, but that her spirits began to flag. We made her retire, and at her request excused her coming down to dinner.

I told you I had accepted of the offer made by Lady Betty, when we were in dreadful uncertainty, that her steward should make further enquiries about the people at Paddington. Nothing worth mentioning has occurred from those enquiries; except confirming, that the widow and her daughters are not people of bad characters. In all likelihood they thought they should intitle themselves to the thanks of all Miss Byron's friends, when the marriage was completed with a man of Sir Hargrave's fortune.

The messenger that I sent to enquire after that Bagenhall's character, has informed us, that it is a very profligate one; and that he is an intimate of Sir Hargrave: But no more is necessary now, God be praised, to be said of him.

The vile wretch himself, I hear, keeps his room, and it is whispered that he is more than half-crazed; insomuch that his very attendants are afraid to go near him. We know not the nature of his hurt; but hurt he is, tho' in a fair way of recovery. He threatens, it seems, destruction to Sir Charles the moment he is able to go abroad. God preserve one of the worthiest and best of men!—

Sir Hargrave has turned off all the servants, we are told, that attended him on his shocking and happily-disappointed enterprize.

Miss Byron intends to write to her Lucy by to-morrow's post, if she continue mending, an ample account of all that she suffered from the date of her last letter, to the hour of her happy deliverance. I am to give her minutes to the best of my recollection of what I have written to you, that so the account may be as complete as possible, and that she may write no more than is consistent with the series, which she is

required to preserve. She begins this evening, she bids me tell you, that you may be as little a while in suspense about her as possible. But if she cannot finish by to-morrow night, she will have an opportunity to dispatch her letter on Wednesday by a servant of Mr. Greville's, whom he left in town with some commissions, and who promises to call for any-thing we may have to send to Selby-house.

Sir Rowland—But let my cousin write to you upon that and other matters. She knows what to say on that subject better than I do.

Mean time I heartily congratulate every one of the dear family upon the return and safety of the darling of so many hearts, and remain, dear Mr. Selby,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

ARCHIBALD REEVES

LETTER XXIX

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Monday, Feb. 20

Is it again given me to write to you, my Lucy! and in you, to all my revered friends! To write with chearfulness! To call upon you all to rejoice with me!—God be praised!

What dangers have I escaped! How have my head and my heart been affected! I dare not, as yet, think of the anguish you all endured for me.

With what wretched levity did I conclude my last letter! Giddy creature, that I was, vain and foolish!

But let me begin my sad story. Your impatience all this while must be too painful. Only let me premise, that gaily as I boasted, when I wrote to you so conceitedly, as it might seem, of my dress, and of conquests, and I know not what nonsense, I took no pleasure at the place, in the shoals of fools that swam after me. I despised myself and them. *Despised!* I was shocked at both.

Two Lucifers were among them: But the worst, the very worst Lucifer of all, appeared in an Harlequin dress. He hopped and skipt, and played the fool about me; and at last told me, He knew Miss Byron; and that he was, as he called himself, the despised, the rejected, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

He behaved, however, with complaisance; and I had no apprehension of what I was to suffer from his villainy.

Mr. Reeves has told you, that he saw me into the chair, provided for me by my vile new servant. O my Lucy! One branch of my vanity is entirely lopt off. I must pretend to some sort of skill in physiognomy!

Never more will I, for this fellow's sake, presume to depend on my judgment of people's hearts framed from their countenances.

Mr. Reeves has told you every-thing about the chair, and the chairmen. How can I describe the misgivings of my heart when I first began to suspect treachery! But when I undrew the curtains, and found myself farther deluded by another false heart, whose help I implored, and in the midst of fields, and soon after the lights put out, I pierced the night air with my screams, till I could scream no more. I was taken out in fits: And when I came a little to my senses, I found myself on a bed, three women about me, one at my head, holding a bottle to my nose, my nostrils sore with hartshorn, and a strong smell of burnt feathers; but no man near me.

Where am I? Who are you, madam? And who are you? Where am I? Were the questions I first asked.

The women were a mother and two daughters. The mother answered, You are not in bad hands.

God grant you say truth! said I.

No harm is intended you; only to make you one of the happiest of women. We would not be concerned in a bad action.

I hope not: I hope not: Let me engage your pity, madam. You seem to be a mother. These young gentlewomen, I presume, are your daughters. Save me from ruin; I beseech you, madam: Save me from ruin, as you would your daughters.

Those young women *are* my daughters. They are sober and modest women. No ruin is intended you. One of the richest and noblest men in England is your admirer. He dies for you. He assures me that he intends honourable marriage to you. You are not engaged, he says: And you must and you shall be his. You may save murder, madam, if you consent. He resolves to be the death of any lover whom you encourage.

This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, immediately cried I out: Is it not? Is it not? Tell me; I beg of you to tell me.

I arose, and sat on the bed-side; and at that moment in came the vile, vile Sir Hargrave.

I screamed out. He threw himself at my feet. I reclined my head on the bosom of the elderly person, and by hartshorn and water they had much ado to keep me out of a fit. Had he not withdrawn; had he kept in my sight; I should certainly have fainted. But holding up my head, and seeing only the women, I revived: And began to pray, to beg, to offer rewards, if they would facilitate my escape; or procure my safety: But then came in again the hated man.

I beg of you, Miss Byron, said he, with an air of greater haughtiness than before, to make yourself easy, and hear what I have to say. It is in your own choice, in your own power, to be what you please,

and to make me what you please. Do not therefore needlessly terrify yourself. You see I am a determined man. Ladies, you may withdraw—

Not and leave me here!—And as they went out, I pushed by the mother, and between the daughters, and followed the foremost into the parlour; and then sunk down on my knees, wrapping my arms about her: O save me! save me! said I.

The vile wretch entered. I left her, and kneeled to him. I knew not what I did. I remember, I said, wringing my hands, If you have mercy; If you have compassion; let me now, now, I beseech you, Sir, this moment, experience your mercy.

He gave them some motion, I suppose, to withdraw (for by that time the widow and the other daughter were in the parlour) and they all three retired.

I have besought *you*, madam, and on my *knees* too, to shew *me* mercy; but none would you shew me, inexorable Miss Byron! Kneel, if you will; in your turn kneel, supplicate, pray; you cannot be more in earnest, than I was. Now are the tables turned.

Barbarous man! said I, rising from my knees. My spirit was raised: But it as instantly subsided. I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, in a quite frantic way, wringing my hands, and coming near him, and then running to the window, and then to the door (without meaning to go out at either, had they been open; for whither could I go?) and then again to him; Be not, I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, cruel to me. I never was cruel to any-body. You know I was civil to you; I was *very* civil—

Yes, yes, and very determined. You called me no names. I call you none, Miss Byron. You were very civil. Hitherto *I* have not been uncivil. But remember, madam—But, sweet and ever-adorable creature, and he clasped his arms about me, your very terror is beautiful! I can *enjoy* your terror, madam—And the savage would have kiss'd me. My averted head frustrated his intention; and at his feet I besought him not to treat the poor creature whom he had so vilely betrayed, with indignity.

I don't hit your fancy, madam!

Can you be a malicious man, Sir Hargrave?

You don't like my morals, madam!

And is this the way, Sir Hargrave, are these the means you take, to convince me that I ought to like them?

Well, madam, you shall prove the mercy in me you would not shew. You shall see that I cannot be a malicious man; a revengeful man: And yet you have raised my pride. You shall find me a *moral* man.

Then, Sir Hargrave, will I bless you from the bottom of my heart!

But you know what will justify me for the steps I have taken in every eye. Be mine, madam. Be legally mine. I offer you my honest

hand. Consent to be Lady Pollexfen—No punishment, I hope—Or, take the consequence.

What, Sir! justify by so poor, so very poor a compliance, steps that you have so basely taken!—Take my life, Sir: But my hand and my heart are my own: They never shall be separated.

I arose from my knees, trembling, and threw myself upon the window-seat, and wept bitterly.

He came to me. I look'd on this side and on that, as if I wished to avoid him.

You cannot fly, madam. You are securely mine: And mine still more securely you shall be. Don't provoke me: Don't make me desperate. By all that's Good and Holy—

He cast his eyes at my feet, then at my face; then threw himself at my feet, and embraced my knees with his odious arms.

I was terrified. I screamed. I ran one of the daughters—Good Sir! Pray, Sir!—Did you not say you would be honourable?

Her mother followed her in—Sir, Sir! In my house—

Thank God, thought I, the people here are better than I had reason to apprehend they were. But, O my Lucy, they seemed to believe, that marriage would make amends for every outrage.

Here let me conclude this letter. I have a great deal more to say.

LETTER XXX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

WHAT a plague, said the wretch to the women, do you come in for? I thought you knew your own sex better than to mind a woman's squalling. They are always ready, said the odious fellow, to put us in mind of the occasion we ought to give them for crying out. I have not offered the least rudeness—

I hope not, Sir. I hope my house—So sweet a creature—

Dear blessed, blessed woman (frantic with terror, and mingled joy, to find myself in better hands than I expected—Standing up, and then sitting down, I believe at every sentence) Protect me! Save me! Be my advocate! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous treatment. Indeed I am a good sort of body (I scarce knew what I said): All my friends love me: They will break their hearts, if any mishap befall me: They are all good people: You would love them dearly if you knew them: Sir Hargrave may have better and richer wives than I: Pray prevail upon him to spare me to my friends, for *their* sake. I will forgive him for all he has done.

Nay, dear lady, if Sir Hargrave will make you his lawful and true wife, there can be no harm done, surely.

I will, I will, Mrs. Awberry, said he. I have promised, and I will perform. But if she stand in her own light—She expects nothing from my *morals*—If she stand in her own light; and look'd fiercely—

God protect me! said I; God protect me!

The gentleman is without, Sir, said the woman. O how my heart at that moment seemed to be at my throat! What gentleman, thought I! Some one come to save me!—O no!—

And instantly entered the most horrible-looking clergyman that I ever beheld.

This, as near as I can recollect, is his description—A vast tall, big-boned, splay-footed man. A shabby gown; as shabby a wig; an huge red pimply face; and a nose that hid half of it, when he look'd on one side, and he seldom look'd fore-right when I saw him. He had a dog's-ear'd common-prayer book in his hand, which once had been gilt; open'd, horrid sight! at the page of matrimony!

Yet I was so intent upon making a friend, when a man, a clergyman, appear'd, that I heeded not, at his entrance, his frightful visage, as I did afterwards. I push'd by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round with my vehemence, and made Mrs. Awberry totter; and throwing myself at the clergyman's feet, Man of God, said I, my hands clasped, and held up; Man of God! Gentleman! Worthy man!—A good clergyman must be all this!—If ever you had children! save a poor creature! basely trick'd away from all her friends! innocent! thinking no harm to any-body! I would not hurt a worm! I love every-body!—Save me from violence! Give not your aid to sanctify a base action.

The man snuffled his answer thro' his nose. When he opened his pouched mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He squinted upon me, and took my clasped hands, which were buried in his huge hand, Rise, madam! Kneel not to me! No harm is intended you. One question, only: Who is that gentleman before me, in the silver-laced cloaths? What is his name?—

He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir: A wicked, a very wicked man, for all he looks so!

The vile wretch stood smiling, and enjoying my distress.

O madam! A very hon-our-able man! bowing, like a sycophant, to Sir Hargrave.

And who pray, madam, are you? What is your name?

Harriet Byron, Sir: A poor innocent creature, looking at my dress, tho' I make such a vile appearance—Good Sir, your pity! And I sunk down again at his feet.

Of Northamptonshire, madam? You are a single woman! Your uncle's name—

Is Selby, Sir. A very good man—I will reward you, Sir, as the most grateful heart—

All is fair: All is above-board: All is as it was represented. I am above bribes, madam. You will be the happiest of women before day-break—*Good people!*—The three women advanced.

Then I saw what an ugly wretch he was!

Sir Hargrave advanced. The two horrid creatures raised me between them. Sir Hargrave took my struggling hand: And then I saw another ill-looking man enter the room, who I suppose was to give me to the hated man.

Dearly beloved, began to read the snuffling monster—

O my Lucy! Does not your heart ache for your Harriet? Mine has seemed to turn over and over, round and round, I don't know how, at the recital.—It was ready to choak me at the time.

I must break off for a few minutes.

LETTER XXXI

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

I WAS again like one frantic. Read no more! said I; and in my frenzy, dashed the book out of the minister's hand, if a minister he was. I beg your pardon, Sir, said I; but you must read no further. I am basely betrayed hither. I cannot, I will not, be his.

Proceed, proceed, said Sir Hargrave, taking my hand by force; virago as she is, I will own her for my wife—Are *you* the *gentle*, the *civil* Miss Byron, madam? looking sneeringly in my face.

Alas! my Lucy, I was no virago: I was in a perfect frenzy: But it was not an unhappy frenzy; since in all probability it kept me from falling into fits; and fits, the villain had said, should not save me.

Dearly beloved, again snuffled the wretch. O my Lucy! I shall never love these words. How may odious circumstances invert the force of the kindest words! Sir Hargrave still detained my struggling hand.

I stamp'd, and threw myself to the length of my arm, as he held my hand. No *dearly beloved's*, said I. I was just beside myself. What to say, what to do, I knew not.

The cruel wretch laughed at me; *No dearly beloved's!* repeated he, Very comical, 'faith! and laugh'd again: But proceed, proceed, doctor.

We are gathered together here in the sight of God, read he on.

This affected me still more. I adjure you, Sir, to the minister, by that God in whose sight, you read, we are gathered together, that you proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous Name, that you stop further proceedings. My life take: With all my heart, take my life: But my hand never, never, will I join with yours.

Proceed, doctor: Doctor, pray proceed, said the vile Sir Hargrave. When the day dawns, she will be glad to own her marriage.

Proceed at your peril, Sir, said I. If you are really and truly a minister of that God whose presence what you have read supposes, *do not* proceed: Do not make me desperate.—Madam, turning to the widow, you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman; look upon me as if I were one of those daughters, whom I see before me: Could you see one of them thus treated? Dear young women, turning to each, can you unconcernedly look on, and see a poor creature, trick'd, betray'd, and thus violently, basely, treated, and not make my case your own? Speak for me! Plead for me! Be my advocates! Each of you, if ye are women, plead for me, as you would yourselves wish to be pleaded for, in my circumstances, and were thus barbarously used!

The young women wept. The mother was mov'd.

I wonder I kept my head. My brain was on fire.

Still, still the unmov'd Sir Hargrave cried out, Proceed, proceed, doctor: To-morrow before noon, all will be as it should be.

The man who stood aloof (the sliest, sodden-fac'd creature I ever saw) came nearer—To the question, doctor, and to my part, if you please!—Am not I her father?—To the question, doctor, if you please!—The gentlewomen will prepare her for what is to follow.

O thou *man*! Of heart the most obdurate and vile! And will ye, looking at every person, one hand held up (for still the vile man griped the other quite benumbed hand in his iron paw) and adjuring each, Will ye see this violence done to a poor young creature?—A soul, gentlewoman, you may have to answer for. I *can* die. Never, never, will I be his.

Let us women talk to the lady by ourselves, Sir Hargrave. Pray your honour, let us talk to her by ourselves.

Ay, ay, ay, said the parson, by all means: Let the ladies talk to one another, Sir. She may be brought to consider.

He let go my hand. The widow took it. And was leading me out of the room—Not up stairs, I hope, madam, said I.

You shan't then, said she. Come, Sally; come, Deb; let us women go out together.

They led me into a little room adjoining to the parlour: And then, my spirits subsiding, I thought I should have fainted away. I had more hartshorn and water poured down my throat.

When they had brought me a little to myself, they pleaded with me Sir Hargrave's great estate.—What are riches to me? Dirt, dirt, dirt! I hate them. They cannot purchase peace of mind: I want not riches.

They pleaded his honourable love—I my invincible aversion.

He was an handsome man—The most odious in my eyes of the

human species. Never, never, should my consent be had to sanctify such a baseness.

My danger! And that they should not be able to save me from worse treatment—

How!—*Not able!*—Ladies, madam, is not this your own house? Cannot you raise a neighbourhood? Have you no neighbours? A thousand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a present before the week is out; I pledge my honour for the payment; if you will but save me from a violence, that no worthy woman can see offered to a distress'd young creature!—A thousand pounds!—Dear ladies! Only to save me, and see me safe to my friends!

The wretches in the next room, no doubt, heard all that passed. In at that moment came Sir Hargrave: Mrs. Awberry, said he, with a visage swell'd with malice, young ladies, we keep you up; we disturb you. Pray retire to your own rest: Leave me to talk with this perverse woman. She is mine.

Pray, Sir Hargrave, said Mrs. Awberry—

Leave her to me, I say:—Miss Byron, you *shall* be mine. Your Grevilles, madam, your Fenwicks, your Ormes, when they know the pains and the expence I have been at, to secure you, shall confess me their superior—Shall confess—

In wickedness, in cruelty, Sir, you are every man's superior.

You talk of cruelty, Miss Byron! triumphing over scores of prostrate lovers, madam! You remember your treatment of me, madam! kneeling, like an abject wretch, at your feet! Kneeling for pity! But no pity could touch your heart, madam!—Ungrateful, proud girl!—Yet am I not humbling you: Take notice of that: I am not humbling you: I am proposing to exalt you, madam.

Vile, vile, debasement! said I.

To exalt Miss Byron into Lady Pollexfen. And yet if you hold not out your hand to me—

He would have snatch'd my hand. I put it behind me. He would have snatch'd the other: I put that behind me too: And the vile wretch would then have kiss'd my undefended neck: But, with both my hands, I push'd his audacious forehead from me. Charming creature! he called me, with passion in his look and accent. Then, cruel, proud, ungrateful: And swore by his Maker, that if I would not give my hand instantly, instead of *exalting* me, he would *humble* me. Ladies, pray withdraw, said he. Leave her to me: Either Lady Pollexfen, or what I please; rearing himself proudly up! She may be happy if she will. Leave her to me.

Pray, Sir, said the youngest of the two daughters; and wept for me.

Greatly hurt, indeed, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and

consequence! But leave her to me, I say.—I will soon bring down her pride: What a devil, am I to creep, beg, pray, entreat, and only for a *wife*? But, madam, said the insolent wretch, you will be mine upon easier terms perhaps.—

Madam, *pray*, madam, said the widow to me, consider what you are about, and whom you refuse. Can you have a handsomer man? Can you have a man of a greater fortune? Sir Hargrave means nothing but what is honourable. You are in his power—

In *his* power, madam! return'd I. I am in *yours*. You are mistress of this house. I claim the protection of it. Have you not neighbours? *Your* protection I put myself under. Then clasping my arms about her, Lock me up from him till you can have help to secure to you the privilege of your own house; and deliver me safe to my friends, and I will share my fortune with your two daughters.

The wicked man took the mother and youngest daughter each by her hand, after he had disengaged the former from my clasping arms, and led them to the door. The elder followed them of her own accord. They none of them struggled against going. I begg'd, pray'd, besought them not to go, and when they did, would have thrust myself out with them. But the wretch, in shutting them out, squeezed me dreadfully, as I was half in, half out; and my nose gush'd out with blood.

I screamed: He seemed frightened: But instantly recovering myself—So, so, you have done your worst!—You have killed me, I hope. I was out of breath; my stomach was very much pressed, and one of my arms was bruised. I have the marks still; for he clapt to the door with violence, not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the door-way.

I was in dreadful pain. I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair—So, so, you have killed me, I hope—Well, now I hope, now I hope, you are satisfied. Now may you moan over the poor creature you have destroyed: For he express'd great tenderness, and consternation; and I, for my part, felt such pains in my bosom, that having never felt such before, I really thought I was bruised to death: Repeating my foolish So, so.—But I forgive you, said I—Only, Sir, call to the gentlewomen, Sir—Retire, Sir. Let me have my own sex only about me. My head swam; my eyes failed me; and I fainted quite away.

LETTER XXXII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

I UNDERSTOOD afterwards that he was in the most dreadful consternation. He had fastened the door upon me and himself; and for a few moments was not enough present to himself to open it. Yet crying out upon his God to have mercy upon him, and running about the room, the women hastily rapped at the door. Then he ran to it, opened it, cursed himself, and besought them to recover me, if possible.

They said I had death in my face: They lamented over me: My nose had done bleeding: But, careful of his own safety in the midst of his terror, he took my bloody handkerchief; if I did not recover, he said, *that* should not appear against him; and he hasted into the next room, and thrust it into the fire; by which were sitting, it seems, the minister and his helper, over some burnt brandy.¹

O gentlemen! cried the wretch, nothing can be done to-night. Take this; and gave them money. The lady is in a fit. I wish you well home.

The younger daughter reported this to me afterwards, and what follows: They had desired the maid, it seems, to bring them more firing, and a jug of ale; and they would sit in the chimney-corner, they said, till peep of day: But the same young woman who was taken off from her errand, to assist me, finding me, as they all thought, not likely to recover, ran in to them, and declared, that the lady was dead, certainly dead; and what, said she, will become of us all? This terrified the two men. They said, It was then time for them to be gone. Accordingly taking each of them another dram, they snatch'd up their hats and sticks, and away they hurried; hoping, the doctor said, that, as they were innocent, and only meant to serve the gentleman, their names, whatever happen'd, would not be called in question.

When I came a little to myself, I found the three women only with me. I was in a cold sweat, all over shivering. There was no fire in that room: They led me into the parlour, which the two men had quitted; and sat me down in an elbow chair; for I could hardly stand, or support myself; and chased my temples with Hungary-water.²

Wretched creatures, men of this cast, my Lucy, thus to sport with the healths and happiness of poor creatures whom they pretend to love! I am afraid I never shall be what I was. At times I am very sensible at my stomach of this violent squeeze.

The mother and elder sister left me soon after, and went to Sir Hargrave. I can only guess at the result of their deliberations by what followed.

The younger sister, with compassionate frankness, answered all

my questions, and let me know all the above particulars. Yet she wonder'd that I could refuse so handsome and so rich a man as Sir Hargrave.

She boasted much of their reputation. Her mother would not do an ill thing, she said, for the world: And she had a brother who had a place in the Custom-house, and was as honest a man, tho' she said it, as any in it. She own'd that she knew my new vile servant; and praised his fidelity to the masters he had served, in such high terms, as if she thought all duties were comprised in that one, of obeying his principals, right or wrong. Mr. William, she said, was a pretty man, a genteel man, and she believed he was worth money; and she was sure would make an excellent husband. I soon found that the simple girl was in love with this vile, this specious fellow. She could not bear to hear me hint any-thing in his disfavour, as, by way of warning to her, I would have done. But she was sure Mr. William was a down-right honest man; and that if he were guilty of any bad thing, it was by command of those to whom he owed duty: And *they* are to be answerable for that, you know, madam.

We were broke in upon, as I was intending to ask more questions (for I find this Wilson was the prime agent in all this mischief) when the elder sister called out the younger: And instantly came in Sir Hargrave.

He took a chair, and sat down by me, one leg thrown over the knee of the other; his elbow upon that knee, and his hand supporting his bow'd-down head; biting his lips; looking at me, then from me, then at me again, five or six times, as in malice.

Ill-natured, spiteful, moody wretch! thought I, trembling at his strange silence, after such hurt as he had done me, and what I had endur'd, and still felt in my stomach and arm, what an odious creature thou art!

At last I broke silence. I thought I would be as mild as I could, and not provoke him to do me farther mischief. Well have you done, Sir Hargrave, (have you not?) to commit such a violence upon a poor young creature that never did nor thought you evil!

I paused. He was silent.

What distraction have you given to my poor cousin Reeves's! How my heart bleeds for them!

I stopt. He was still silent.

I hope, Sir, you are sorry for the mischief you have done me; and for the pain you have given to my friends!—I hope, Sir—

Cursed! said he.

I stopt, thinking he would go on: But he said no more; only changing his posture; and then resuming it.

These people, Sir, seem to be honest people. I hope you design'd

only to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worse company is an assurance to me that you meant better than—

Devils all! interrupted he—

I thought he was going on; but he grinned, shook his head, and then again reclined it upon his hand.

I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me.—But my friends—As soon as day breaks (and I hope that is not far off) I will get the women to let my cousin Reeves—

Then up he started—Miss Byron, said he, you are a *woman*; a *true* woman—And held up his hand, clench'd. I knew not what to think of his intention.

Miss Byron, proceeded he, after a pause, you are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life: And yet I thought that the best of you all could fall into fits and swoonings whenever you pleased.

I was now silent. I trembled.

Damned fool! ass! blockhead! *woman's* fool!—I ought to be d—n'd for my credulous folly!—I tell you, Miss Byron—Then he look'd at me as if he were crazy; and walked two or three times about the room.

To be dying one half-hour, and the next to look so provoking—

I was still silent.

I could *curse* myself for sending away the parson. I thought I had known something of womens tricks—But yet your arts, your hypocrisy, shall not serve you, madam. What I failed in *here*, shall be done *elsewhere*. By the great God of Heaven it shall.

I wept. I *could not* then speak.

Can't you go into fits again? Can't you? said the barbarian; with an air of a piece with his words; and using other words of the lowest reproach.

God deliver me, pray'd I to myself, from the hands of this madman!

I arose, and as the candle stood near the glass, I saw in it my vile figure, in this abominable habit, to which till then, I had paid little attention. O how I scorned myself!

Pray, Sir Hargrave, said I, let me beg that you will not terrify me further. I will forgive you for all you have hitherto done, and place it to my own account, as a proper punishment for consenting to be thus mark'd for a vain and foolish creature. Your abuse, Sir, give me leave to say, is low and unmanly. But in the light of a punishment I will own it to be all deserved: And let here my punishment end, and I will thank you; and forgive you with my whole heart.

Your fate is *determined*, Miss Byron.

Just then came in a servant-maid with a capuchin,¹ who whispered something to him: To which he answered, *That's well*—

He took the capuchin: The maid withdrew; and approach'd me with it. I started, trembled, and was ready to faint. I caught hold of the back of the elbow chair.

Your fate is determined, madam, repeated the savage—Here, put this on—Now fall into fits again—Put this on!

Pray, Sir Hargrave—

And pray, Miss Byron: What has not been completed here, shall be completed in a safer place; and that in my own way—Put this on, I tell you. Your compliance may yet befriend you.

Where are the gentlewomen?—Where are—

Gone to rest, madam—John, Frank, called he out.

In came two men-servants.

Pray, Sir Hargrave—Lord protect me—Pray, Sir Hargrave—Where are the gentlewomen?—Lord protect me!

Then running to the door, against which one of the men stood—Man, stand out of the way, said I. But he did not: He only bowed.

I cried out, Mrs. — I forget your name: Miss — And t'other Miss — I forget your names — If you are good creatures, as I hoped you were—

I called as loud as my fears would let me.

At last came in the elder sister—O madam! good young gentlewoman! I am glad you are come, said I.

And so am I, said the wicked man.—Pray, Miss Sally, put on this lady's capuchin.

Lord bless me, for why? for what? I have no capuchin!

I would not permit her to put it on, as she would have done.

The savage then wrapt his arms about mine, and made me so very sensible by his force, of the pain I had had by the squeeze of the door, that I could not help crying out. The young woman put on the capuchin whether I would or not.

Now, Miss Byron, said he, make yourself easy; or command a fit, it is all one: My end will be better served by the latter—Miss Sally, give orders.

She ran out with the candle. Frank, give me the cloak, said Sir Hargrave.

The fellow had a red cloak on his arm. His barbarous master took it from him. To your posts, said he.

The two men withdrew in haste. Now, my dearest life, said he, with an air of insult, as I thought, you command your fate, if you are easy.

He threw the cloak about me.

I begg'd, pray'd, would have kneeled to him; but all was in vain. The tyger-hearted man, as Mr. Greville had truly called him, muffled me up in it, and by force carried me thro' a long entry to the fore-door. There was ready a chariot-and-six; and that Sally was at the door with a lighted candle.

I called out to her. I called out for her mother; for the other sister. I besought him to let me say but six words to the widow.

But no widow was to appear; no younger sister: She was perhaps more tender-hearted than the elder: And in spite of all my struggles, prayers, resistance, he lifted me into the chariot.

Men on horseback were about it. I thought *that* Wilson was one of them; and so it proved. Sir Hargrave said to that fellow, You know what tale to tell, if you meet with impertinents. And in he came himself.

I screamed. Scream on, my dear, upbraidingly said he; and barbarously mock'd me, imitating, low wretch! the bleating of a sheep [Could you not have killed him for this, my Lucy?] Then rearing himself up, Now am I lord of Miss Byron, exulted he!

Still I screamed for help; and he put his hand before my mouth, tho' vowing honour, and such sort of stuff; and, with his unmanly roughness, made me bite my lip. And away lash'd the coachman with your poor Harriet.

LETTER XXXIII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

As the chariot drove by houses, I cry'd out for help once or twice, at setting out. But under pretence of preventing my taking cold, he tied an handkerchief over my face, head, and mouth, having first muffled me up in the cloak; pressing against my arm with his whole weight, so that I had not my hands at liberty. And when he had done, he seized them, and held them both in his left-hand, while his right-arm thrown round me, kept me fast on the seat. And except that now-and-then my struggling head gave me a little opening, I was blinded.

But at one place on the road, just after I had screamed, and made another effort to get my hands free, I heard voices; and immediately the chariot stopt. Then how my heart was filled with hope! But, alas! it was but momentary. I heard one of his men say (that Wilson I believe) The best of husbands, I assure you, Sir; and she is the worst of wives.

I screamed again. Ay, scream and be d—n'd, I heard said in a stranger's voice, if that be the case. Poor gentleman! I pity him with all my heart. And immediately the coachman drove on again.

The vile wretch laugh'd; That's *you*, my dear, and hugg'd me round. *You* are the d—n'd wife. And again he laugh'd: By my soul, I am a charming contriver! Greville, Fenwick, Orme, where are you now? —By my soul, this will be a pretty story to tell when all your fears are over, my Byron!

I was ready to faint several times. I begg'd for air: And when we were in an open road, and I suppose there w^{as} nobody in sight, he vouchsafed to pull down the blinding handkerchief, but kept it over my mouth; so that except now-and-then, that I struggled it aside with my head (and my neck is still, my dear, very stiff with my efforts to free my face) I could only make a murmuring kind of noise.

The curtain of the fore-glass was pull'd down, and generally the canvas on both sides drawn up. But I was sure to be made acquainted when we came near houses, by his care again to blind and stifle me up.

A little before we were met by my deliverer, I had, by getting one hand free, unmuffled myself so far as to see (as I had guessed once or twice before by the stone pavements) that we were going thro' a town; and then I again vehemently screamed. But he had the cruelty to thrust an handkerchief into my mouth, so that I was almost strangled; and my mouth was hurt, and is still sore, with that and his former violence of the like nature.

Indeed, he now-and-then made apologies for the cruelty, to which, he said, he was compelled, by my invincible obstinacy, to have recourse. I was sorely hurt, he said, to be the wife of a man of his consideration! But I *should* be that, or worse. He was *in for it*, he said more than once, and *must* proceed. I might see that all my resistance was in vain. He had me in his net: And, d—n him, if he were not revenged for all the trouble I had given him. You keep no terms with me, my Byron, said he, once; and d—n me, if I keep any with you!

I doubted not his malice: His love had no tenderness in it: But how could I think of being consenting, as I may say, to such barbarous usage, and by a man so truly odious to me? What a slave had I been in spirit, could I have qualified on such villainous treatment as I had met with! or had I been able to desert myself!

At one place the chariot drove out of the road, over rough ways, and little hillocks, as I thought by its rocking; and then, it stopping, he let go my hands, and endeavoured to sooth me. He begged I would be pacified, and offered, if I would forbear crying out for help, to leave my eyes unmuffled all the rest of the way. But I would not, I told him, give such a sanction to his barbarous violence.

On the chariot's stopping, one of his men came up, and put an handkerchief into his master's hands, in which were some cakes and sweet-meats; and gave him also a bottle of sack, with a glass. Sir Hargrave was very urgent with me to take some of the sweet-meats, and to drink a glass of the wine: But I had neither stomach nor will to touch either.

He eat himself very cordially. God forgive me, I wish'd in my heart, there were pins and needles in every bit he put into his mouth.

He drank two glasses of the wine. Again he urged me. I said, I hoped I had eat and drank my last.

You have no dependence upon my honour, madam, said the villain; so cannot be disappointed much, do what I will. Ungrateful, proud, vain, obstinate, he called me.

What signifies, said he, shewing politeness to a woman who has shewn none to me, tho' she was civil to every other man? Ha, ha, ha, hah! What, my sweet Byron, I don't hit your *fancy*! *You don't like my morals!* Laughing again. My lovely fly, said the insulting wretch, hugging me round in the cloak, how prettily have I wrapt you about in my web!—

Such a provoking, low wretch!—I struggled to free myself; and unhook'd the curtain of the fore-glass: But he wrapt me about the closer, and said he would give me his garter for my girdle, if I would not sit still, and be orderly. Ah, my charming Byron, said he, your opportunity is over—All your struggles will not *avail* you—Will not *avail* you. That's a word of your own, you know. I will, however, forgive you, if you promise to love me now. But if you stay till I get you to the allotted place; then, madam, take what follows.

I saw that I was upon a large, wild, heath-like place, between two roads, as it seemed. I asked nothing about my journey's end. All I had to hope for as to an escape (tho' then I began to despair of it) was upon the road, or in some town. My journey's end, I knew, must be the beginning of new trials; for I was resolved to suffer death rather than to marry him. What I now was most apprehensive about, was, of falling into fits; and I answered to his barbarous insults, as little as possible, that I might not be provoked beyond the little strength I had left me.

Three or four times he offered to kiss me; and cursed my pride for resisting him; making him clasp a cloud, was his speech (aiming at wit) instead of his Juno, calling the cloak a cloud.

And now, my dear Byron, said he, if you will not come to a compromise with me, I must dress you again for the journey. We will stop at a town a little further (beckoning to one of his men, and on his approaching, whispering to him, his whole body out of the chariot) and there you shall alight; and a very worthy woman, to whom I shall introduce you, will persuade you, perhaps, to take refreshment, tho' I cannot.

You are a very barbarous man, Sir Hargrave. I have the misfortune to be in your power. You may dearly repent the usage I have already received from you. You have made my life of no estimation with me. I will not contend.

And tears run down my cheeks. Indeed, I thought my heart was broke.

He wrapt me up close, and tied the handkerchief about my mouth and head. I was quite passive.

The chariot had not many minutes got into the great road again, over the like rough and sometimes splashy ground, when it stopt on a dispute between the coachman, and the coachman of another chariot-and-six, as it proved.

Sir Hargrave had but just drawn my handkerchief closer to my eyes, when this happened. Hinder not my tears from flowing, said I; struggling to keep my eyes free, the cloak enough muffling me, and the handkerchief being over my mouth; so that my voice could be but just heard by him, as I imagine.

He looked out of his chariot, to see the occasion of this stop; and then I found means to disengage one hand.

I heard a gentleman's voice directing his own coachman to give way.

I then push'd up the handkerchief with my disengaged hand, from my mouth, and pulled it down from over my eyes, and cried out for help: Help, for God's sake.

A man's voice (it was my deliverer's, as it happily proved) bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril.

Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curses, order'd him to proceed, and to drive thro' all opposition.

The gentleman call'd Sir Hargrave by his name; and charg'd him with being upon a bad design.

The vile wretch said, he had only secured a runaway wife, eloped to, and intending to elope from, a masquerade, to her adulterer [Horrid!]: He put aside the cloak, and appealed to my dress.

I cried out, No, no, no, five or six times repeated; but could say no more at that instant, holding up then both my disengaged hands for protection.

The wicked man endeavoured to muffle me up again, and to force the handkerchief, which I had then got under my chin, over my mouth; and brutally cursed me.

The gentleman would not be satisfied with Sir Hargrave's story. He would speak to me. Sir Hargrave called him impertinent, and other names; and ask'd, Who the devil he was? with rage and contempt.—The gentleman, however, asked me, and with an air that promised deliverance, if I were Sir Hargrave's wife.

No, no, no, no—I could only say.

For my own part, I could have no scruple, distress'd as I was, and made desperate, to throw myself into the protection, and even into the arms, of my deliverer; tho' a very fine young gentleman. It would have been very hard, had I fallen from bad to bad; had the sacred name of protector been abused by another Sir Hargrave, who, vile as the first was, had not the crime of betraying a confidence to answer for. But, however this had prov'd, an escape from the present evil was all I had in my head at the time.

But you may better conceive, than I can express, the terror I was in, when Sir Hargrave drew his sword, and push'd at the gentleman with such words as denoted (for I could not look that way) he had done him mischief. But when I found my oppressor, my low-meaning, and soon after low-laid oppressor, pulled out of the chariot, by the brave, the gallant man (which was done with such force, as made the chariot rock) and my protector safe; I was as near fainting with joy, as before I had been with terror. I had shaken off the cloak, and untied the handkerchief.

He carried me in his arms (I could not walk) to his own chariot.

I heard Sir Hargrave curse, swear, and threaten. I was glad, however, he was not dead.

Mind him not, madam, fear him not, said Sir Charles Grandison [You know his noble name, my Lucy!] Coachman, drive not over your master. Take care of your master; or some such words he said, as he lifted me into his own chariot. He came not in, but shut the chariot-door, as soon as he had seated me.

He just surveyed, as it were, the spot, and bid a servant let Sir Hargrave know who he was; and then came back to me.

Partly thro' terror, partly thro' weakness, I had sunk to the bottom of the chariot. He opened the door, entered, and, with all the tenderness of a brother, soothed me, and lifted me on the seat once more. He ordered his coachman to drive back to Colnebrooke. In accents of kindness, he told me, that he had there at present the most virtuous and prudent of sisters, to whose care he would commit me, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irresistably welcome to me was his supporting arm, thrown round me, as we *flew* back, to what the vile Sir Hargrave's were!

Mr. Reeves has given you an account from the angelic sister—O my Lucy, they are a pair of angels!

I have written a long, long letter, or rather five letters in one, of my distresses, of my deliverance. And, when my heart is stronger, I will say more of the persons, as well as minds, of this excellent brother and his sister.

But what shall I do with my gratitude? O my dear, I am *overwhelmed* with my gratitude: I can only express it in silence before them. Every look, if it be honest to my heart, however, tells it: Reverence mingles with my gratitude—Yet there is so much ease, so much sweetness, in the behaviour of both—O my Lucy! Did I not find that my veneration of both is equal; did I not, on examination, find, that the amiable sister is as dear to me, from her experienced tenderness, as her brother from his remembred bravery (which must needs mingle awe with my esteem); in short, that I love the sister, and revere the brother; I should be afraid of my gratitude.

I have over-written myself. I am tired. O my grandmamma, you have never yet, while I have been in London, sent me your ever-valued blessing under your own hand: Yet, I am sure I had it; and *your* blessings, my dear uncle and aunt Selby; and your prayers, my Lucy, my Nancy, and all my loves; else my deliverance had not perhaps followed my presumptuous folly, in going dress'd out, like the fantastic wretch I appeared to be, at a vile, a foolish masquerade. — How often, throughout the several stages of my distress, and even in my deliverance, did I turn my eye *to* myself, and *from* myself, with the disgust that made a part, and that not a light one, of my punishment!

And so much, my Lucy, for masquerades, and masquerade-dresses, for ever!

Pray let not any-body unnecessarily be acquainted with this shocking affair. Particularly neither Mr. Greville nor Mr. Fenwick. It is very probable, that they (especially Mr. Greville) would be for challenging Sir Hargrave, were it only on a supposition that it would give him an interest in me in the *eye of the world*. You know that Mr. Greville watches for all opportunities to give himself consequence with me.

Were any farther mischief to happen to any-body, I should be grieved beyond measure. Hitherto I have reason to think, that a transaction so shocking is not very unhappily concluded. May the vile man sit himself down satisfied, and I shall be willing to do so too; provided I never more behold his face.

Mr. Reeves will send you with the above packet, a letter from Sir Charles Grandison, inclosing one from that vile Wilson. I can write no more just now, and they will sufficiently explain themselves.

Adieu, my dearest Lucy. I need not say how much I am, and will ever be,

Your faithful and affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXIV

Sir CHA. GRANDISON, To ARCH. REEVES, Esq;

Dear Sir, Canterbury, Feb. 22

THE inclosed long letter is just now brought to me. I pretend not to judge of the writer's penitence. Yet his confessions seem ingenuous; and he was not under any obligation to put them on paper.

As I presume that you will not think it adviseable to make the *ineffectual* attempt upon Miss Byron public by a prosecution, perhaps your condescending to let the man's sister know, that her brother, if in earnest, may securely pursue the honest purposes he mentions, may save the poor wretch from taking such courses as might be fatal, not only to himself, but to innocent persons, who otherwise may suffer by his being made desperate.

The man, as you will see by his letter, if you had not a still *stronger* proof, has abilities to do mischief. He has been in bad hands, as he tells us, from his youth upwards, or he might have been an useful member of society. He is a young man; and if yet he could be made so, his reformation will take from the number of the profligate, and add to that of the hopeful; and who knows how wide the circle of his acquaintance is, and how many of them may be influenced by his example either way? If he marry the not-dishonest young woman, to whom he seems to be contracted, may not your lenity be a means of securing a whole future family on the side of moral honesty?

His crime, as the attempt was frustrated, is not capital: And, not to mention the service of such an evidence as this, should Sir Hargrave seek for a legal redress, as he sometimes weakly threatens, my hope makes me see a further good that may be brought about by this man's reformation: Wicked masters cannot execute their base views upon the *persons* of the innocent, without the assistance of wicked servants. What a nest of vipers may be crush'd at once, or at least, render'd unhurtful, by depriving the three monsters he names of the aid of such an agent? Men who want to save appearances, and have estates to forfeit, will sometimes be honest of necessity, rather than put themselves into the power of *untried* villains.

You will be so good as to make my compliments to your lady, and to *our* lovely ward. You see, Sir, that I join myself with you in the honour of that agreeable relation.

I hope the dear lady has perfectly recovered her health and spirits. I am, dear Mr. Reeves,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXXV

To the Honourable Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

Saturday, Feb. 18

IN what an odious light must that wretch appear before the worthiest of men, who cannot but abhor himself!

I am the unhappy man who was hired into the service of the best of young ladies: Whom I was the means of betraying into the power of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, from the Ball in the Hay-market on Thursday night last.

Your honour has made yourself an *interest* in Miss Byron's fate, as I may say, by your powerful protection. Pardon me if I give you some account of myself, and of transactions which perhaps will otherwise never be known: And this in justice to all round.

My parentage was honest: My education was above my parentage. I set out with good principles: But I fell into a bad service. I was young, and of a good natural disposition; but had not virtue enough to resist a temptation: I could not say No, to an unlawful thing, when my principals commanded my assent.

I was, at *first* setting out, by favour of friends, taken as clerk to a merchant. In process of time I transacted his business at the Custom-house. He taught me to make light of oaths of office; and this by degrees made me think light of all moral obligations, and laid the foundation of my ruin.

My master's name was Bagenhall. He died; and I was to seek. His brother succeeded to his fortune, which was very large: He was brought up to no business: He was a gentleman: His seat is near Reading. I was recommended by him to the service of a gentleman who was nominated to go abroad on a foreign embassy. I will name his name, lest your honour should imagine I have any design to evade the strictest truth; Sir Christopher Lucas; I was to be this gentleman's master of the horse abroad.

The first service my new master employed me in, was to try to get for him the pretty daughter of an honest farmer.

I had been out of place¹ for a twelvemonth. Had I had twenty shillings aforehand² in the world, I would, I think, have said No. Nevertheless I consulted, in confidence, my late master's brother upon it. The advice he gave me, was, not to boggle³ at it: But if, he said, I could manage the matter so, as to cheat Sir Christopher, and get the girl for him, and keep the secret, he would give me 50*l*. I abhorred the double treachery of young Mr. Bagenhall: But undertook to serve Sir Christopher; and carried on a treaty with the

farmer for his daughter; as if she were to be the wife of Sir Christopher; but not to be owned till he return'd from abroad; no not even if she should prove with child.

I found, in the course of my visits at the farmer's, so much honesty both in father and mother, and so much innocence in the daughter, that my heart relented; and I took an opportunity to reveal Sir Christopher's base design to them; for the girl was design'd to be ruin'd the very first moment that Sir Christopher could be alone with her. Your honour may believe, that I enjoined all three strict secrecy.

Nevertheless this contriving devil of a master found a way to get the young woman by other means; and, in amorous dalliance, she told him to whom he was obliged for not succeeding before.

In rage he turned me out of his service, in the most disgraceful manner; but without giving any other reasons, than that he knew me to be a villain; and that I knew myself to be one: Nor would he give me a character: So I was quite reduced; and but for the kindness of a sister, who keeps an inn in Smithfield, I should have starved, or been obliged to do worse.

I should have told your honour, that the poor farmer and his wife both died of grief in half a year. An honest young man, who dearly loved the young woman, was found drowned soon after: It is feared he was his own executioner. Sir Christopher went not on his embassy. His preparations for it, and his expensive way of life, before and after, reduced him: And he has been long a beggar, as I may say. The poor young woman is now, if living, on the town. I saw her about half a year ago in St. Martin's Round-house,' taken up as a common prostitute, and charged with picking a pocket. She was a pretty creature, and had a very pious turn, when I knew her first. Her father had gone beyond himself in her education: And this was the fruit. What has such a man as Sir Christopher to answer for!—But it is come home to him. I rejoice that this wickedness was not added to my score.

But heavy scenes I had enough afterwards. Being utterly destitute, except what my sister did for me, and not enduring to be a burden to her, I threw myself on my master Bagenhall. He employed me in mean offices, till his pander died (he is a very profligate man, Sir!); and then he *promoted* me to a *still meaner*.

In this way, I grew a shameless contriver. He introduced me to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and to Mr. Merceda, a Portuguese Jew. In the service of these three masters, good heaven forgive me! what villainies was I not the means of perpetrating! Yet I never was so harden'd, but I had temporary remorse. But these three gentlemen would never let me rest from wickedness: Yet they kept me poor and necessitous; as the only means to keep me what they called *honest*; for

they had often reason to think, that had I had any other means of subsistence, I would have been *really* honest.

I was now Mr. Bagenhall's constant servant. Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda used to borrow me: But I must say Sir Hargrave is an innocent man to the other two. They caressed me, I speak it to my shame, as a man fit for their turn. I had contrivance, temper; I knew something of every-body. But my sister knows my frequent compunctions; and that I hated the vile course I was in. She used to lecture me enough. She is a good woman.

Will your honour have patience with me a little longer?

Sir Hargrave on the seventh of this month came to my master Bagenhall at Reading, with whom he had double business: One was to take a bond and judgment¹ of him (Sir Hargrave is no better than an usurer): Mr. Bagenhall has lived a most extravagant life: The other was to borrow me. Mr. Merceda had a scheme on foot at the same time, which he was earnest to engage me in; but it was too shocking; and Mr. Bagenhall came into Sir Hargrave's.

Sir Hargrave told them, he designed nothing *more* than a *violation*, if he could get my assistance, of the most beautiful woman in the world. And, Sir, to see the villainy of the other two, they both, unknown to each other, made proposals to me, to trick Sir Hargrave, and to get the lady, each for himself.

But to *me*, Sir Hargrave swore, that he was fully resolved to leave this wicked course of life. Bagenhall and Merceda, he said, were devils; and he would marry, and have no more to say to them. All that was in his view was honest marriage. He said he had never been in the lady's company but once, and that was the day before at Lady Betty Williams's. He said he went thither, knowing she was to be there; for having for some time had it in his head to marry, this was the lady he had pitch'd upon in his mind, from the character he had of her from every mouth at the Northampton races.

Now, said he, I shall have some difficulty to obtain her, notwithstanding my fortune is so great; for every one who sees her is in love with her; and he named several gentlemen who laid close siege to her.

She brought a servant up with her, said he, who *hones*² after the country, and is actually gone, or soon will. Her cousin enquires of every one after a proper servant for her. You, Wilson, said he, are handsome and genteel: He was pleased to say so. You have a modest humble look: You know all the duties of a servant: Get yourself entertain'd, and your fortune is made for life, if by your means I obtain the lady. I have already tender'd myself, said he. Perhaps she will have me in a few days. I don't expect to be denied, if she be disengaged, as it is said she is. If you can get into her service, you will

find out every thing. This is all that is to be done: But you must never mention my name, nor ever know any-thing of me, as I go and come.

Sir Hargrave declared, that his heart was burnt up with the love of the lady: And if he succeeded (as he had little doubt even without my help, had I been actually in Merceda's service) you will, said he, as my lady's servant, be mine of course; you shall never wear a livery; and you shall be my gentleman, till I can get a place for you in the customs. This, may it please your honour, he knew I had long aimed at, and it had been often promised by himself, and my other two masters; and was their first promise when they wanted to engage me in any of their schemes; tho' they never thought more of it when the service was over. If I got but myself engaged, I was, on the day I entered into my lady's service, to have as an earnest ten guineas.

Encouraged by such promises, and by a prospect more honest than ever Sir Hargrave, or either of the other two, had sought to engage me in, I offered my service to my lady; and, on Mr. Bagenhall's writing a good character of me, was accepted.

I could have been happy in the service of this lady, for all the days of my life. She is all goodness: All the servants, every-body, gentle and simple, adored her: But she, unexpectedly, refusing to have Sir Hargrave, and he being afraid that one of her three or four lovers would *cut him out*, he resolved to take more violent measures than he had at first intended.

If any man was ever mad in love, it was Sir Hargrave. But then he was as mad with anger to be refused. Sir Hargrave was ever thought to be one of the proudest men in England: And he complained that my lady used him worse than she did any-body else. But it was not her way to use any-body ill, I saw that.

Nevertheless he was resolved to strike a *bold stroke for a wife*, as were his words from the title of a play:¹ And between us we settled the matter in one night: For I had found means to get out unknown to the family.

It will be trespassing too much upon your honour's patience, to be very particular in our contrivances. I will be as brief as possible.

My lady was to go to a Masquerade. I got into the knowledge of every thing how and about it. The maids were as full of the matter as their master and mistresses.

It was agreed to make the chairmen fuddled. Two of *Mr. Merceda's footmen* were to undertake the task. Brandy was put into their liquor to hasten them.

They were soon overcome. The weather was cold: They drank briskly, and were laid up safe. I then hired two chance chairmen, and gave them orders as had been contrived.

I had twenty guineas given me in hand for my encouragement; in which were included the promised ten.

I had, when I was my first master Bagenhall's clerk, made acquaintance with several clerks of the Custom-house, particularly with one Awberry, a sober modest man; who has two sisters, to one of whom I am contracted, and always for two years past, intended to make my wife, as soon as I should be in any way to maintain her. The mother is a widow. All of them are very honest people.

Mr. Awberry the brother being assured by me (and I was well assured of it myself, and had no doubt about it) that marriage was intended; and knowing Sir Hargrave's great estate (and having indeed seen Sir Hargrave on the account, and received his protestations of honour) engaged his mother and sisters in it; and the result, as to them and me, was, that I was to receive, as soon as the knot was tied, an hundred guineas besides the twenty; and moreover an absolute promise of a place; and twenty pounds a year till I got it; and then my marriage with young Mrs. Awberry was to follow.

The widow has an annuity of thirty pounds, which, with her son's salary, keeps them above want.

She lives at Paddington. There is a back-door and garden, as it happens, convenient to bring any-body in, or carry any-body out, secretly; and hither it was resolved, if possible, that the lady should be brought, and a Fleet parson¹ and his clerk ready station'd, to perform the ceremony; and then all that the bridegroom wish'd was to follow of course.

Sir Hargrave doubted not (tho' he was fruitful in contrivances, and put many others in practice) but he should be detected if he carried the lady to his own house. And as he was afraid that the chairmen (notwithstanding several other artful contrivances) would be able to find out the place they carried her to, he had ordered his chariot-and-six to be at the widow Awberry's by six in the morning, with three servants on horseback, armed, and a horse and pistols besides. After marriage and consummation he was resolved to go to his house on the forest, but not to stay there; but to go to Mr. Merceda's house near Newberry, where he doubted not but he should be secret till he thought fit to produce the lady, as Lady Pollexfen: And often, very often, did he triumph on the victory he should obtain over her other lovers, and over her own proud heart, as he would have it to be.

The parson, Sir, came: The clerk was there: But what with fits, prayers, tears, and one thing or other, at one time the lady being thought irrecoverable (having receiv'd some unintended hurt in her struggling to get out of a door, as I heard it was) Sir Hargrave in terror dismissed the parson; and resolved to carry the lady, who by that time was recovered, in the chariot to his seat at Windsor; and then, staying there only to marry, go to Newberry: And from thence break out by degrees, as the matter should be taken.²

My lady screamed, resisted, and did all that woman could do, to get free: And more than once, people who heard her cry out for help were put on a wrong scent: And had we not met with your honour (who would see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears) the affair had been all over in the way Sir Hargrave wished, and was at so much pains and expence to effect. For, Sir, the chariot generally drove so fast, that before passengers could have *resolved* whether to interfere or not, we should have been out of sight or reach.

Sir Hargrave is in the greatest rage with us all, because we stood not better by him. He refuses any favour to me, and threatens to pistol me the moment he sees me. That's to be my reward.

We were four at setting out from Paddington; but one of the servants was dispatch'd to prepossess^t an old servant of Sir Hargrave's mother, at Colnebrooke, who keeps there a kind of haberdashery shop; and where he proposed to get some refreshment for the lady, if he could make her take any. For my part I wonder how she kept out of fits on the road. She had enow of them at Paddington.

The two servants who staid about Sir Hargrave, are discharged with all the marks of indignation that a master incensed by such a disappointment could express; and, as I said before, he is resolved to pistol me the moment he sees me. Yet I too well served him for the peace of my conscience.

A coach-and-four was ordered to carry the widow and her two daughters to Reading, to the New Inn there, where they were to reside for a week or so, till all was blown over; and that they might be out of the way of answering questions: And my *brother* Awberry, as I call him, and hope to make him (for he is a very honest man) was to go to them there.

And there in all probability, had Sir Hargrave succeeded, and been as good as his word, should I have been the husband of as tender-hearted a young woman as any in the parish she lives in.

Here is a very long letter, may it please you, Sir. I have shortened it however as much as I could: But in hatred to myself, and the vile ways I have, by excess of good-nature, and by meeting with wicked masters, been drawn into—For the clearing of my sister's character, who lives in credit among her neighbours, and of every other person who might otherwise have been suspected—In justice to Mrs. Awberry's, and her two daughters, and her son's characters—And in justice *so far* to Sir Hargrave's, as that he intended marriage (and had he *not*, he would have found no friends in his designs at Paddington) and so far as to clear him of having not offered the least incivility to my lady—[had he intended, or been provoked so to do, he was too well watch'd by the widow, and her daughters, to have been permitted; and that by my own request, which was, that they should be ready to run in

whenever they heard her cry out, and that they would not leave Sir Hargrave alone with my lady for six minutes, till their hands were joined in wedlock]—In justice I say to all these persons, I thought proper thus to give you, Sir, all that I knew relating to this wicked transaction. And if, may it please your honour, I were to be taken up, I could say no more before a magistrate; except this, which I had like to have forgot; which is, that had it not been for me, some mischief might have been done, between Sir Hargrave's servants and yours, if not to your honour's person.

All that I most humbly beg, is, the pardon of so sweet a lady. I have chosen, ever-to-be-honoured Sir, to write to you, whose goodness is so generally talk'd of, and who have so nobly redeemed and protected her. Mr. Reeves, I know, has suffered too much in his mind to forgive me. He is a worthy gentleman. I am sorry for the disturbance I have given him. I have hopes given me, that I shall get employment on the Keys, or as a tide-waiter¹ extraordinary.

Please the Lord, I will never, never more, be the tool of wicked masters. All I wish for is, to be able to do justice to the love of an honest young woman; and I am resolved, whether so enabled or not, to starve, rather than to go any more, no, not for a single hour, into the service of the iniquitous gentlemen I have so often named in this long letter.

If I might be assured, that I may pursue unmolested, any honest calling, so as that I may not be tempted or driven into unhappy courses, my heart would be at rest.

There might have been murder in this affair: That shocks me to think of. O Sir, good, excellent, brave, and the most worthy of gentlemen, you have given to *me* as great a deliverance, as you have to the *lady*: Yea, greater; for mine may be a deliverance, if I make a proper use of it, of soul as well as body. Which God grant, as also your honour's health and prosperity, to the prayers of

Your Honour's ever-devoted

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM WILSON

I thought I had something else to say: Something it is of *high* importance: Your life is threatened, Sir: God preserve your precious life. Amen!

LETTER XXXVI

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY**Friday, Feb. 24*

MY cousin Reeves has given assurance to the sister of that Wilson, that he may, unmolested by any of us, pursue the best means he can fall upon for the obtaining of an honest livelihood.

In every-thing it is determined to follow the advice of my deliverer.

What a letter is that fellow's! What men are there in the world!

Of such we have read: But I hoped, that I might have escaped suffering by any such.

We are extremely disturbed at the fellow's postscript; and the more, as we are told by several people, that Sir Hargrave will not sit down quietly; but threatens vengeance upon Sir Charles. I wish I had not come to London.

I hope my grandmamma's spirits are not affected by what she knows of the matter. It was very good of my aunt Selby to take the measures she did, in softening every circumstance, and not to let her know any-thing till the danger was over. But indeed it was but the natural effect of that prudence which regulates all the actions of my honoured aunt.

My grandmamma has such strength of mind, that now she knows I am safe, and not unhappy, I dare say she will by degrees bear to hear my *narrations*¹ read. She will be more uneasy if she thinks any-thing is kept from her.

Yet I know that her tenderness and her love for her Harriet will cost her some anguish, some sighs, some tears, as she reads, or hears read, the cruelty her girl has been treated with: Who, so tenderly brought up, so greatly indulg'd, never before knew what harshness was, and had only read of the words *cruelty*, *barbarity*, and such-like words. But then she will have more joy I hope, in my deliverance than she will have pain in my sufferings. And pray let her know, that I am every day less and less sensible of the pain in my stomach, of which I was so apprehensive, as really at the time to think it a mortal blow. My grandmamma has told us girls, you know, my Lucy, twenty and twenty frightful stories of the vile enterprizes of men, against innocent creatures; and will therefore call to mind stories which have concluded much worse than, blessed be God, mine has done.

Just now I have received a congratulatory packet of letters:

One from my aunt Selby, such a sweetly kind, such a truly maternal letter!

One from my dearest grandmamma. I will put it next my heart, whenever I feel there any of that pain, of which she is so kindly apprehensive.

One from Nancy—Dear girl!—She is very, very generous to forget her own malady to condole and congratulate me. Your brother James, my Lucy, has written me a very kind letter. He is a very good young man: God keep him so! What a mischievous creature is a bad man!

I have a charming letter, by the post, from my godfather: He has heard nothing of what has happened; and I am sure is too solicitous for my welfare, to take it well, if I do not let him know something about it: I will therefore soon write to him.

But *your* letter, my Lucy!—What, I warrant, you thought I had forgot *your* letter in the enumeration of the contents of the precious packet! If I *had*, your goodness, your love, might have made you forgive me: But I never would have forgiven myself.

But you and I, my dear, write for all to see what we write: And so I reserved yours to be last-mention'd. Only I slid in my papa Deane's between; not because I love him better than I do my Lucy—No, that is impossible!—But because I had a mind to shew you, that I was hastening to be quite well, and so assumed my little saucy tricks, and surprises, as if it were *possible* for me to be heedless, where my love to my Lucy was in the question.

And so you expect the particular character and description of the persons of this more than amiable brother and sister. Need you to have told me that you do? And could you think that after having wasted so many quires of paper in giving you the characters of people, many of whom deserved not to be drawn out from the common croud of mortals, I would forbear to give you those of persons who adorn the age in which they live, and even human nature?

You don't question, you say, if I begin in their praises, but my gratitude will make me write in a *sublime stile*; so you phrase it; and are ready, you promise me, to take with allowance, all the fine things from me, which Mr. Reeves has already taught you to expect.

You may be right, in your expectations, as far as I know; for my grandfather (so many years ago) used to say, that his little Byron was an enthusiast in her gratitude. But, however, when I say any-thing of the exalted minds, of the expanded hearts, of the amiable manners, of this happy brother and sister, which seems to exceed, in my praises, the bounds you will all be willing to set me, then let the overflowings be carried to account of the *grateful* enthusiasm, and *only* to that.

Which shall I begin with? You will have a sharp look-out upon me, you say: Ah, my Lucy! I know what you mean. But I am safe from every-thing but my gratitude, I will assure you.

And so, if I begin with the character of the Brother, then will you join with my uncle, shake your head, and cry, Ah! my Harriet! If I begin with the sister, will you not say, that I save my choicest subject for the last? How difficult is it to avoid censure, when there is a resolution taken to be censorious!

Well, but keep a *look-out*, if you please, my Lucy: Not the least shadow of reserve shall it give to my heart: My pen shall be honest to that heart; and I shall be benefited, I am sure, by the *faithful wounds* of such affectionate, and equally-beloved as revered *friends*—And so, Pen, take thy course.

Miss Grandison—Yes, my volant, my self-conducted quill, begin with the Sister, say my Lucy what she pleases—

Miss Grandison is about twenty-four: Of a fine stature: She has dignity in her aspect; and a very penetrating black eye, with which she does what she pleases: Her hair is black, very fine, and naturally curls: She is not fair, but her complexion is delicate and clear, and promises a long duration to her loveliness: Her features are generally regular: Her nose is a little aquiline; but that is so far from being a blemish, that it gives a kind of majesty to her other features: Her teeth are white and even: Her mouth is perfectly lovely; and a modest archness appears in her smiles, that makes one both love and fear her, when she begins to speak. She is finely shaped; and, in her air and whole appearance, perfectly genteel.

She herself says, That before her brother came to England, she was thought to be proud, pert, and lofty: But I hardly believe her; for the man lives not, it is my belief, who in fourteen months time (and Sir Charles has not been longer arrived) could so totally eradicate those qualities in a mind of which they had taken possession, as that they should not occasionally shew themselves.

She has charming spirits. I dare say she sings well, from the airs she now-and-then warbles in the gaiety of her charming heart, as she goes up and down stairs: She is very polite; yet has a vein of raillery, that were she *not* polite, would give one too much apprehension for one's ease: But I am sure she is frank, easy, and good-humoured: And, by turning over all the just and handsome things which are attributed to herself, to her brother's credit, she must be equally humble and generous.

She says, she has but lately taken a very great liking to reading: But I am ready to question what she says, when she speaks any-thing that some would construe to her disadvantage. She pretends, that she was too volatile, too gay, too airy, to be confined to sedentary amusements. Her father, however, according to the genteelest and most laudable modern education for women,¹ had given her a master, who taught her History and Geography; in both which she *acknowledges*

she made some progress. In Music, she *owns* she has skill: But I am told by her maid who attended me by her young lady's direction, and who delights to praise her mistress, that she reads and speaks French and Italian; that she writes finely, and is greatly admired for her wit, prudence, and obligingness. Nobody, said Jenny (who is a sensible young woman, a clergyman's daughter, well educated, and very obliging) can stand against her good-natured raillery: Her brother, she says, is not spared: But he takes delight in her vivacity, and gives way to it, when it is easy to see, that he could take her down, if he pleased. And then, added this good young woman, she is an excellent manager in a family, finely as she is educated [I rejoiced to hear that, for the honour of our reading ladies, as in Miss Clements's case]: She knows every-thing, and how to direct what should be done, from the private family-dinner, to a sumptuous entertainment: And every day inspects, and approves, or alters, the bill of fare: By the way, my Lucy, she is an early riser—Do you mind that? And so can do every-thing with ease, pleasure, and without hurry and confusion: For all her servants are early risers of course. What servants can for shame be in bed, at a reasonable hour to be up, when they have a master or mistress's example for early rising?

Yet this fine lady loves to go to the public places, and often goes, and makes a brilliant figure there. She has time for them, and earns her pleasures by her early rising.

Miss Grandison, Jenny tells me, has two humble servants [I wonder she has not two-and-twenty]: One is Sir Walter Watkyns, a man of a large estate in Somersetshire; the other is Lord G. eldest son of the Earl of G.; but neither of them highly approved by her: Yet Jenny says, they are both of them handsome men, and admired by the ladies: This makes me afraid, that they are modern men; and pay their court by the exterior appearance, rather than by interior worth. Who, my Lucy, that has heard what my late grandfather has said, and my grandmamma still says, of the men in their youthful days, will not say, that we have our lots cast in an age of *Petits Maitres*,¹ and *Insignificants*.

Such an amiable woman is Miss Charlotte Grandison—May I be found, on further acquaintance, but half as lovely in her eyes, as she is in mine!—Don't be jealous, Lucy! I hope I have a large heart. I hope there is room in it for half a dozen sweet female friends!—Yes, altho' another love were to intervene. I could not bear, that even the affection due to the man of my choice, were I to marry, should, like Aaron's rod, swallow up all the rest.²

But now for her Brother—My deliverer!—

But pray now, Lucy, don't you come with your sharp *look-out*: I warrant you will expect on this occasion to read the tumults of the

poor girl's heart in her character and description of a man, to whom she is so much obliged!—But what if she disappoint you, and yet do justice to his manifold excellencies? What if she find some faults in him, that his sister has not?

Parading Harriet, methinks you say! Teazing girl! Go on, go on, leave it to us to find you out: And take care that the very faults you pretend to discover, do not pass for a colour¹ only, and lead to your detection.

Thank you, Lucy, for your caution: But I will not be obliged to it. My pen shall follow the dictates of my heart; and if it be as honest to me, as I think it is to every-body else, I hope I have nothing to fear either from *your* look-out, or, which is still a sharper, my uncle Selby's.

Sir Charles Grandison, in his person, is really, a very fine man. He is tall; rather slender than full: His face in shape is a fine oval: He seems to have florid health; health confirmed by exercise.

His complexion seems to have been naturally too fine for a man: But as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overspread with a manly sunniness [I want a word]² that shews he has been in warmer climates than England: And so it seems he has; since the Tour of Europe has not contented him. He has visited some parts of Asia, and even of Afric, Egypt particularly.

I wonder what business a *man* has for such fine teeth, and so fine a mouth, as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain.

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shews him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye—Indeed, my Lucy, his eye shews, if possible, more of sparkling intelligence than that of his sister—

Now pray be quiet, my dear uncle Selby! What is beauty in a man to me? You all know, that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man.

And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible. His sister says, he is always the first to break thro' the restraints, and to banish the diffidences, that will generally attend persons on a quite new acquaintance. He *may*, for he is sure of being acceptable in whatever he does or says.

Very true, Lucy: Shake your head if you please.

In a word, he has such an easy, yet manly politeness, as well in his dress, as in his address (no singularity appearing in either) that were he *not* a fine figure of a man, but were even plain and hard-featured, he would be thought (what is far more eligible in a man, than mere beauty) very agreeable.

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, has travelled we may say, to some purpose.

Well might his sister tell Mr. Reeves, that whenever he married, he would break half a score hearts.

Upon my word Lucy, he has too many personal advantages for a woman who loved him with *peculiarity*,² to be easy with, whatever may be *his* virtue, from the foible our sex in general love to indulge for handsome men. For, O my dear, womens eyes are sad giddy things; and will run away with their sense, with their understandings, beyond the power of being overtaken either by stop thief, or hue-and-cry.

I know that here you will bid me take care not to increase the number of the giddy. And so I will, my Lucy.

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness: He is above quarreling with the world for trifles: But he is still more above making such compliances with it, as would impeach either his honour or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said, My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being an handsome man; not so much for his birth and fortune; nor for this or that single worthiness; as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a *good man*. And at another time she said, that he lived to himself, and to his own heart; and that tho' he had the happiness to please every-body, yet he made the judgment or approbation of the world matter but of second consideration. In a word, added she, Sir Charles Grandison, my *Brother* (and when she looks proud, it is when she says, *my Brother*) is not to be misled either by false glory, or false shame, which he calls, The great snares of virtue.¹

What a man is this, so to act!—What a woman is this, so to distinguish her brother's excellencies!

What a poor creature am I, compared to either of them! And yet I have had my admirers. So perhaps may still more faulty creatures among their inferiors. If, my Lucy, we have so much good sense as to make fair comparisons, what have we to do but to look forward, rather than backward, in order to obtain the grace of humility?

But let me tell you, my dear, that Sir Charles does not *look* to be so great a self-denier, as his sister seems to think him, when she says, he lives to himself, and to his own heart, rather than to the opinion of the world.

He dresses to the fashion, rather richly, 'tis true, than gaudily; but still richly: So that he gives his fine person its full consideration. He has a great deal of vivacity in his whole aspect; as well as in his eye. Mrs. Jenny says, that he is a great admirer of handsome women. His equipage² is perfectly in taste, tho' not so much to the glare of taste,

as if he aimed either to inspire or shew emulation. He seldom travels without a set, and suitable attendants; and, what I think seems a little to favour of singularity, his horses are not docked: Their tails are only tied up when they are on the road. This I took notice of when we came to town. I want, methinks, my dear, to find some fault in his outward appearance, were it but to make you think me impartial; my gratitude to him, and my veneration for him, notwithstanding.

But if he be of opinion that the tails of these noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer are so apt to annoy them (as Jenny just now told me was thought to be his reason for not depriving his cattle of a defence, which nature gave them) how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration! And how, in the more minute as well as we may suppose in the greater instance, does he deserve the character of the man of mercy, who will be merciful to his beast!

I have met with persons, who call those men *good*, that yet allow themselves in liberties which no good man can take. But I dare say, that Miss Grandison means by *good*, when she calls her brother, with so much pride, a *good man*, what I, and what you, my Lucy, would understand by the word.

With so much spirit, life, and gallantry in the first appearance of Sir Charles Grandison, you may suppose, that had I not been so dreadfully terrified and ill-used, and so justly apprehensive of worse treatment; and had I been offered another protection; I should hardly have acted the frightened bird flying from the hawk, to which, as Mr. Reeves tells me, Sir Charles (tho' politely, and kindly enough, yet too sensibly for my recollection) compared me.

Do you wonder, Lucy, that I cannot hold up my head, when I recollect the figure I must make in that odious Masquerade-habit hanging by my clasping arms about the neck of such a young gentleman? Can I be more effectually humbled than by such a recollection? And yet is not this an instance of that *false shame* in me, to which Sir Charles Grandison is so greatly superior?

Surely, surely, I have *had* my punishment for *my* compliances with this foolish world. False glory, and false shame, the poor Harriet has never been totally above. Why was I so much indulged? Why was I allowed to stop so many miles short of my journey's end, and then complimented, as if I had no farther to go?—But surely, I was past all shame, when I gave my consent to make such an appearance as I made, among a thousand strangers, at a Masquerade!

But now, I think, something offers of blame in the character of this almost faultless man, as his sister, and her Jenny, represent him to be.

I cannot think, from a hint given by Miss Grandison, that he is quite so frank, and so unreserved, as his sister is. Nay, it was more than an

hint: I will repeat her very words: She had been mentioning her own openness of heart, and yet confessing that she would have kept one or two things from him, that affected him not. 'But as for my brother, said she, he winds' one about, and about, yet seems not to have more curiosity than one would wish him to have. Led on by his smiling benignity, and fond of his attention to my prattle, I have caught myself in the midst of a tale of which I intended not to tell him one syllable.

'O Sir Charles, where am I got? have I said; and suddenly stopt.

'Proceed, my Charlotte! No reserves to your nearest friend.

'Yet he has *his*, and I have winded and winded about him, as he had done about me; but all to no purpose.

'Nevertheless, he has found means, insensibly, to set me on again with my own story, till I had told him all I knew of the matter; and all the time I was intending only that my frankness should be an example to him; when he, instead of answering my wishes, double-locked the door of his heart, and left not so much as the key-hole uncovered by which I might have peeped into it; and this in one or two points, that I thought it imported me to know. And then have I been ready to scold.'

Now this reserve to such a sister, and in points that she thinks it imports her to know, is what I do not like in Sir Charles. A *friend* as well as a sister! ought there to be a secret on one side, when there is none on the other? Very likely, he would be as reserved to a wife: And is not marriage the highest state of friendship that mortals can know? And can friendship and reserve be compatible? Surely, No.

His sister, who cannot think he has one fault, excuses him, and says, that her brother has no other view in drawing her on to reveal her own heart, but the better to know how to serve and oblige her.

But then, might not the same thing be said in behalf of the curiosity of so generous a sister? Or, is Sir Charles so conscious of his own superiority, as to think he can give advice to her, but wants not hers to him? Or, thinks he meanly of our sex, and highly of his own? Yet are there but two years difference in their age: And from sixteen to twenty-four, I believe women are generally more than two years aforehand with the men in ripeness of understanding; tho', after that time, the men may ripen into a superiority.

This observation is not my own; for I heard a very wise man once say, That the intellects of women usually ripen sooner than those of men; but that, when ripened, those of men, like trees of slow growth, generally hold longer, are capable of higher perfection, and serve to nobler purposes.

Sir Charles has seen more of the world, it may be said, than his sister has. He has travelled. But is not human nature the same in every

country, allowing only for different customs?—Do not love, hatred, anger, malice, *all* the passions, in short, good or bad, shew themselves by like effects in the faces, hearts, and actions of the people of every country? And let men make ever such strong pretensions to knowlege, for their far-fetch'd and dear-bought experience, cannot a penetrating spirit learn as much from the passions of a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in England, as it could from a man of the same or like ill qualities, in Spain, in France, or in Italy? And why is the Grecian Homer, to this day, so much admired, as he is in all these nations, and in every other nation where he has been read, and will be, to the world's end, but because he writes to nature? And is not the language of nature one language throughout the world, tho' there are different modes of speech to express it by?

But I shall go out of my depth. All I mean (and, from the frankness of my own heart, you will expect from me such a declaration) is, that I do not love that a man so *nearly* perfect, be his motives what they will, should have reserves to such a sister. Don't you think, Lucy, that this seems to be a *kind* of fault in Sir Charles Grandison? Don't you think, that it would mingle some fear in a sister's love of him? And should one's love of so amiable a brother be dashed or allayed with fear? He is said to be a good man: And a good man I dare say he *is*: What secrets can a good man have, that such a sister, living with him in the same house, and disdaining not, but, on the contrary, priding herself in, the title of her brother's *housekeeper*, should not be made acquainted with? Will a man so generous look upon her as he would upon a *mere* housekeeper?—Does not confidence engage confidence?—And are they not by *nature*, as well as inclination, friends?

But I fancy I am acting the world, in its malevolence, as well as impertinence: That world, which thinks itself affronted by great and superior merit; and takes delight to bring down exalted worth to its own level. But, at least, you will collect from what I have written, an instance of my *impartiality*; and see, that, tho' bound to Sir Charles by a tie of gratitude which never can be dissolved, I cannot excuse him, if he be guilty of a diffidence and reserve to his generous sister, which she is above shewing to him.

If I am allowed to be so happy, as to cultivate this desirable acquaintance [And I hope it is not their way to leave those whom they have relieved and raised, in order to shine upon, and bless only new objects of compassion] then will I closely watch every step of this excellent man; in hope, however, to find him as perfect as report declares him, that I may fearlessly make him my theme, as I shall delight to make his sister my example. And if I were to find any considerable faults in him, never fear, my dear, but my gratitude will enlarge my charity in his favour. But I shall, at the same time, arm my heart with those

remembred failings, lest my gratitude should endanger it, and make me an hopeless fool.

Now, my uncle, do not be very hard on your niece. I am sure, very sure, that I am not in danger *as yet*: And indeed I will tell you, by my Lucy, whenever I find out that I am. Spare, therefore, my dear uncle Selby, all your *conjectural constructions*.

And indeed you should in pity spare me, my dear Sir, at present; for my spirits are still weak: I have not yet forgiven myself for the masquerade affair; especially since Mr. Reeves has hinted to me, that Sir Charles Grandison (as he judges from what he dropt about that foolish amusement) approves not of masquerades. And yet self-partiality has suggested several strong pleas in my favour, indeed by way of extenuation only. How my judge, CONSCIENCE, will determine upon those pleas, when counsel has been heard on both sides, I cannot say. Yet I think, that an acquittal from this brother and sister, would go a great way to make my conscience easy.

I have not said one half of what I intended to say of this extraordinary man. But having imagined, from the equal love I have to his admirable sister, that I had found something to blame him for, my impartiality has carried me out of my path; and I know not how to recover it, without going a great way back. Let therefore what I have further to say, mingle in with my future narratives, as new occasions call it forth.

But yet will I not suffer any other subject to interfere with that which fills my heart with the praises, the due praises of this worthy brother and sister; to which I intended to consecrate this rambling and very imperfect letter: And which here I will conclude, with assurances (however needless I hope they are) of duty, love, and gratitude, where so much due from

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXVII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Feb. 24 & 25

Now have I near a week to go back, my Lucy, with my current narrative, having been thrown behind-hand by the long letters I have been obliged to write, to give you an account of my distress, of my deliverance, of the characters of this noble brother and sister, and a multitude of coincidences and reflexions, which all my dear friends expect, as they fall in, from the pen of their Harriet. And this letter shall therefore be a kind of diary of that week; only

that I will not repeat what my cousin Reeves has told me he has written.

On *Monday* I was conducted home in safety, by my kind protector, and his amiable sister.

Mrs. Reeves, Lady Betty, and Miss Clements, are in love with them both.

My cousin has told you, how much they disappointed us, in declining to stay dinner. What shall we do, if they are not as fond of our company as we are of theirs? We are not used to be slighted, you know: And to be slighted by those we love, there can be no bearing of that. But I hope this will not be the case.

At tea, the name of Sir Rowland Meredith carried me instantly down.

Mr. Reeves had told the good Knight, on his calling on the Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and on this day, before we returned from Colnebrooke, that I had been over-fatigued at the Masquerade on Thursday night [*And so I was*]; and was gone a little way out of town. *Carried* he should have said: I was carried with a witness.¹

Sir Rowland took notice, that I must have had a smart² illness for the time, by my alter'd countenance. You are, and must be, ever lovely, Miss Byron: But I think you look not quite so serene, you don't look so *composed*, as you used to do. But I was afraid you was denied to my longing sight. I was afraid you would let your papa go down to Caermarthen, without giving him an opportunity to bless his cross girl. It was in vain, he feared, to urge me—He stopt, and look'd full in my face—Pray, Sir Rowland, said I, how does my *brother* Fowler?

Why, ay, that's the duce of it! Your *brother* Fowler. But as the honest man says, so say I; I will not tease you. But never, never, will you have—But no more of that—I come to take my leave of you. I should have set out this very morning, could I have seen you on Saturday, or yesterday. But I shall go to-morrow morning early. You are glad of that, madam, I am sure.

Indeed, Sir Rowland, I shall always respect and value you. And I hope I shall have your good wishes, Sir—

Yes, yes, madam, you need not doubt it. And I will humble all the proud women in Wales, by telling them of Miss Byron.

You tell me, my Lucy, that you were all moved at one of the conversations I gave you between the Knight, Mr. Fowler, and myself.

Were I to be as particular in my account of what passed on Sir Rowland's taking leave of me, as I was on that other occasion, and were to judge by the effect his honest tenderness had on me, as I craved his blessing, and as he blessed me (the big tears, unheeded by himself, straying down his reverend cheeks) I think you would have been in like manner affected.

Mr. Fowler, is to go down after him—If—if—if, said the Knight, looking fervently in my face—

I should be glad, I said, to see, and to wish my *brother* a good journey.

Tuesday morning early I had a kind enquiry after my rest, from Miss Grandison, in her brother's name, as well as in her own. And about eleven o'clock came the dear lady herself. She would run up stairs to me, following Sally—In her dressing-room, say you?—She shall not come down.

She entered with the maid—Writing, my dear, said she, I one day hope, my Harriet, you will shew me all you write—There, there, sitting down by me, no bustle. And how *does* my fair friend?—*Well*—I see *very* well—*To* a lover—or *of* a lover—that's the same thing.—

Thus, sweetly familiar, ran she on.

Mrs. Reeves entered: Excuse me, madam, said Miss Grandison: This is but one of my flying visits, as I call them: My next shall be to *you*. But perhaps I may not make it in form neither: We are relations, you know. How does Mr. Reeves? He is a good man. At home?—

He is, madam, and will be rejoiced—

I know he will—Why, madam, this our Byron, our Harriet, I should say, looks charmingly!—You had best lock her up. There are many more Sir Hargrave's in the world, than there are Miss Byron's.

She told me, that Sir Charles had set out that morning early for Canterbury. He will be absent two or three days, said she. He charged me with his compliments. He did nothing but talk of his new-found sister, from the time he parted with you. I shall promote *your* interest with him, in order to strengthen *my own*. I want to find him out.

Some love-engagements, I suppose, madam? said Mrs. Reeves—It is impossible, but the ladies—

The ladies! Ay, that's the thing! The duce is in them! They will not stay to be asked. These men, the best of them, love nothing but what is attended with difficulty. But all his love-matters he keeps to himself; yet knows all mine—Except one little *entanglement*—Mr. Reeves hears not what we say (looking about her): But you, my dear, shall reveal to me your *sneaking* passion, if you have one, and I will discover mine—But not to *you*, Mrs. Reeves. No married women shall I trust with what lies in the innermost fold of my heart. Your husbands are always the wiser *for what you* know; tho' *they* can keep their own counsel; and then, Harriet, Satan-like, the ungenerous wretches, becoming both tempters and accusers, laugh at us, and make it wonderful for a woman to keep a secret.

The ladies will not stay to be asked, my Lucy!—An odd hint!—

These men, the best of them, love nothing but what comes to them with difficulty.—He keeps all his love-matters to himself.—ALL, my Lucy!—But indeed she had said before, that if Sir Charles married, *half a dozen hearts would be broken!*

This is nothing to *me* indeed. But, once more, I wonder why a man of a turn so laudable, should have *any* secrets? The more a good man permits any one to know of his heart, the more good he might do, by way of example.—And has he, can he have, *so many* love-secrets, and yet will he not let them transpire to such a sister?—Whom (and so she once hinted) it imported to know something of them. But, he knows best. I am very impertinent to be more concerned for his sister, than she is for herself. But I do love her. And one can no more bear to have those slighted whom we love, than one's self.

It is very difficult, Lucy, to know one's self. I am afraid I have a little spice of censoriousness in my temper, which I knew nothing of till now: But, no, it is not censoriousness neither: I cannot be so mean, as to be censorious: And yet I can now, methinks (for the first time) a little account for those dark spirits who may be too much obliged; and who, despairing to be able ever to return the obligation, are ready to quarrel with the obliger.

Spiteful men say, that we women know not ourselves; know not our own hearts. I believe there is something of truth in the aspersion: But as men and women are *brothers and sisters*, as I may say, are not the men *equally* censurable? And should not we women say so, were we to be as spiteful as they? Must it needs be, that a sister of the same father and mother must be more silly, more unsteady, more absurd, more impertinent, than her brother? I hope not.

Mrs. Reeves not knowing, as she said afterwards, but Miss Grandison might have something to say to me, withdrew.

I believe I told you last Sunday, said Miss Grandison, of a cousin that we have: A good-natured young fellow: He supped with us last night. Sir Charles was so full of your praises, yet not letting him into your history, that he is half-wild to see you.

God forbid, thought I, when she had gone only thus far, that this *cousin* should be proposed! What an easy thing is it, my Lucy, to alarm a woman on the side of her vanity!

He breakfasted with me this morning, continued she, after Sir Charles had set out; and knowing that I intended to make you a flying visit, he besought me to take him with me: But I would not, my dear, bring an inundation of new admirers upon you: He has a great acquaintance; and is very bold, tho' not indecent: He is thought to be a modern wit, you must know; and, to speak after an admirable writer, a *minute* philosopher; and thinks he has something to say for himself when his cousin is not present. Before Sir Charles arrived, and when

we were in expectation of his coming, being appris'd that Sir Charles had a serious turn, he threatened to play upon him, and, as he phrased it, to *bamboozle* him; for these wits and witlings have a language peculiar to themselves.¹ But on Sir Charles's arrival, in two conversations, he drew in his horns, as we say; and now reverences those good qualities which he has not, however, the grace to imitate. Now I will not answer, but you may have a visit from him to see the loveliest woman in England. If he comes, see him, or not, as you please; and think not yourself under any civil obligation to my brother, or me, to go out of your own way: But I hope he will not be so impertinent. I don't wish you to see him out of my brother's company; because you will see him then to his own advantage. And yet he has such a notion that we women love to be admired, and to have handsome things said to us, that he imagines, the visit of a man, made for *that* purpose, will give him as free a welcome to the finest woman in the world, as painters give to those who come to see their pictures, and for the like reason. But no more of Mr. Grandison. Yet I thought proper to prepare you, if he should take so confident a liberty.

I thanked her.

Well but, my dear, you seem to have a long parcel of writing before you: One, two, three, four—Eight leaves—Upon my word!—But Mr. Reeves told me you are a writer; and that you gave an account of all that befel you, to *our* grandmother Shirley, to *our* uncle and aunt Selby, to *our* cousins Lucy and Nancy—You see I remember every name: And will you one day let me see what you write?

Most willingly, madam—

Madam! interrupted she. So formal! *Charlotte* say.

With all my heart, my ever-amiable, my ever-kind, *Charlotte*.

So, so—Well may the men say, we love flattery, when rather than want it, we will flatter one another.

I was going to disclaim flattery: Hush, hush, hush, my dear, I doubt not your sincerity. You are a grateful and good girl: But dare you, will you, shew me all and every-thing about that Greville, that Orme, that Fowler, that Fenwick?—You see, I forget none of the names that your cousin Reeves told me of on Saturday last, and which I made you talk of last Sunday.

All and every-thing, Miss Grandison: But will you tell me of *your* gentleman?—

Will I! No doubt of it: How can young women be together one quarter of an hour, and not lead one another into talk of their lovers! Lord, my dear, those secrets, Sir Charles once said, are the cement of young womens friendships.²

And could Sir Charles—

Could Sir Charles?—Yes, yes, yes. Do you think a man can be a

judge of human nature, and leave *women* out of the question? Why, my dear, he finds us out in a minute. Take care of yourself, Harriet—If—

I shall be afraid of him—

What if you have a good conscience, my dear!—

She then looked very archly. She made me blush.

She look'd more archly. I blush'd, I believe, a deeper dye.

Did I not tell you, Lucy, that she could do what she pleased with her eyes?—But what did she *mean* by this?

In my conscience, my Harriet, little or much, I believe we women are all rogues in our hearts.¹

And does Miss Grandison say that from her own conscience?

I believe I do: But I must fly: I have ten more visits to pay before I go home to dress. You will tell me all about your fellows, you say?

And you will tell me, about your *entanglement*, as you called it.

Why that's a difficulty upon me: But you must encourage me by your freedom, and we will take up our fellows and lay them down again, one by one, as we run them over, and bid them lie still and be quiet till we recal them to our memory.

But I have not one lover, my Charlotte, to tell you of: I always gave them their dismissal—

And I have but two, that at present I care to own; and they *won't* be dismissed: But then I have half a dozen, I believe, that have said extravagant things to me; and we must look upon them as lovers elect, you know, who only want to be coquetted with.

Miss Grandison, I hope, cannot think of coquetting?

Not much: Only a little now-and-then, to pay the men in their own coin.

Charming vivacity! said I. I shall be undone, if you don't love me.

No fear, no fear of that!—I am a whimsical creature: But the sun in his course is not more constant than I am steady in my friendships. And these communications on both sides will rivet us to each other, if you treat me not with reserve.

She arose to go in a hurry. Abate, my dear Charlotte, of half your other visits, and favour me with your company a little longer.

Give me some chocolate then; and let me see your cousin Reeves's: I like them. Of the ten visits, six of the ladies will be gone to sales, or to plague tradesmen, and buy nothing: Any-where rather than at home: The devil's at home, is a phrase:² And our modern ladies live as if they thought so. Two of the other four called upon me, and hardly alighted: I shall do so by them. The other two I shall have paid my compliments to in one quarter of an hour.

I rang for chocolate; and to beg my cousins company.

They wanted but the word: In they came. My apartment (which

she was pleased to admire) then became the subject of a few moments conversation: And then a much better took place: Sir Charles, I mean.

I asked, If her brother had any relations at Canterbury?

I protest I don't know, said she: But this I know, That I have none there. Did I not hint to you, that Sir Charles has his secrets?—But he sometimes loves to play with my curiosity: He knows, I have a reasonable quantity of that.

Were I his sister—

Then you must do as he would have you, Harriet. I know him to be steady in his purposes: But he is besides so good, that I give up anything to oblige him—

Your *entanglement*, Charlotte? asked I, smiling. Mr. Reeves knows nothing from that word.

Why, yes, my *entanglement*; and yet I hate to think of it: So no more of that. It is the only secret I have kept from him; and that is, because he has no suspicion of the matter: If he had, tho' my life were to be the forfeit, I believe he would have it.

She told us, that she expected us soon to dine with her in St. James's Square:¹ But that she must fix Sir Charles. I expect, said she, you will often drop in upon me, as I will upon you. From this time, we will have nothing but conversation-visits between us; and we will leave the modern world to themselves; and be Queen Elizabeth's women. I am sorry to tell you—Let me whisper it.

And she did; but loud enough for every one to hear: Altho' I follow the fashion, and make one fool the more for it, I despise above one half of the women I know.

Miss Grandison, affectedly whispered I again, should not do so; because her example is of weight enough to mend them.

I'll be hang'd if Miss Byron thinks so, re-whisper'd she. The age is too far gone. Nothing but a national calamity can do it. But let me tell you, that, at the same time, I despise *more* than one half of the fellows. But, speaking out, you and I will try to think ourselves wiser than any-body else; and we shall have this comfort, we shall not easily find any of our sex, who by their superior wisdom will give us reason to think ourselves mistaken.

But adieu, adieu, and adieu, my agreeable friends! Let me see you, and you, and you, turning to each of the three, as often as is convenient, without ceremony: And remember we have been acquainted these hundred years.

Away she hurried, forbidding me to go out of my apartment. Mrs. Reeves could not overtake her. Mr. Reeves had much ado to be in time to make his compliments. She was in her chariot before he could offer his hand.

How pretty it was, my Lucy, in Miss Grandison, to remember the names of all my dear friends! She told me indeed, on Sunday, that she should.

If travelling into foreign countries gives ease and politeness, would not one think that Miss Grandison has visited every European court, as well as her brother? If she has not, was it necessary for Sir Charles to go abroad to acquire that freedom and ease which his sister has so happily attained without stirring out of the kingdom?

These men had not best despise us, Lucy. There is not, I hope, so much difference in the genius of the two sexes as the proud ones among theirs are apt to imagine; especially when you draw comparisons from equal degrees in both.

O Mr. Walden, take care of yourself, if ever again you and I meet at Lady Betty's!—But this abominable Sir Hargrave! Not one word more of meeting at Lady Betty's! There saw I first the wretch that still, on recollection, strikes terror into my heart.

Wednesday, a visit from Miss Clements and Lady Betty took me off my writing about two hours; yet I over-wrote myself, and was obliged to lie down for about two more. At night we had Sir John Allestree, and his nephew, and Miss Allestree, and Miss Clements, and Lady Betty, at supper, and cards. But, my Stomach paining me, about eleven I was permitted to retire to bed.

On *Thursday* I finished my long letter, relating my distresses, and deliverance. It was a dreadful subject. I rejoiced when I had done it.

The same day Mr. Reeves received Sir Charles's letter, inclosing that of the wretched Wilson. I have often heard my grandfather observe, that men of truly great and brave spirits are most tender and merciful; and that, on the contrary, men of base and low minds are cruel, tyrannical, insolent, where-ever they have power. What this short letter, so full of lenity, of mercy, of generous and humane care for the future good of a criminal, and extended to unborn families, as well as to all his acquaintance and friends in being, enables one to judge of the truly heroic Sir Charles Grandison; and what I have experienced of the low, groveling, unmanly insults of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen (I a poor defenseless silly girl, trick'd into his power); are flagrant proofs of the justice of the observation.

I wish, with all my heart, that the best woman in the world were queen of a great nation; and that it was in my power, for the sake of enlarging Sir Charles's to do good, to make him her royal consort. Then am I morally sure, that I should be the humble means of making a whole people happy!

But as we had all been informed from other hands, of Sir Hargrave's threatnings of Sir Charles's life, Wilson's postscript has fastened a weight on my heart, that will not be removed till the danger is overblown.

This day I had Miss Grandison's compliments, with tender enquiries, brought me; and a desire, that as she supposed my first visit would be one of thankful duty, meaning to church (for so I had told her it should) my next might be to her.

Yesterday I received the welcome packet, from so many kind friends: And I prosecuted with the more vigour, for it, my writing-task. How easily do we glide into subjects that please us!—How swiftly flies the pen!—The characters of Sir Charles and of Miss Grandison were the subjects; and I was amazed to find how much I had written in so short a time.

Miss Grandison sent me in the evening of this day her compliments, joined with those of her brother, who was but just returned from Canterbury.

I wonder what Sir Charles could do at Canterbury so many days, and to have nobody there whom his sister knows.

She would have made me a visit, she sent me word; but that as she expected her brother in the morning, she had intended to have brought him with her. She added, that this morning (*Saturday*) they should both set out for Colnebrooke, in hopes of the Earl and Countess of L. arriving there as this night from Scotland.

Do you think, Lucy, it would not have been generous in Sir Charles to have made *one* visit, before he set out for so many days, to *that* Canterbury, to the creature on whom he had laid such an obligation? I can only mean as to the *civility* of the thing, you must think; since he was so good to join in, nay, to propose, the farther intimacy, as a brother, and friend, and so-forth—I wish that Sir Charles be as sincere in his professions as his sister. He may in his travels (possibly he may) have mistaken some gay weeds for fine flowers, and pick'd them up, and brought them with him to England: And yet, if he has done so, he will, even then, be superior to thousands, who travel, and bring home nothing but the weeds of foreign climates.

He once said, as Miss Grandison told me, that the Countess of L. is still a more excellent woman than my Charlotte. Ah! Sir Charles! You can tell fibs, I believe. I will not forgive in you, those slighter deviations, which we are too apt to pass by in other, even tolerable, men.

I wish you may be in earnest, my good Sir, in proposing to cultivate an intimate friendship with me, as that of a brother to a sister [Shake your head, my Lucy, if you will, I mean no more] that I may be intitled to tell you your faults, as I see them. In your sister *Harriet* you shall find, tho' a respectful, yet an open-eyed monitor. Our Charlotte thinks you cannot be wrong in any-thing.

All I fear is, that Sir Charles's tenderness was designed to be excited only while my spirits were weak. Yet he bespoke a brotherly

relation to me, before Mr. Reeves, when he brought me home, and supposed me stolen from his family in my infancy. That was going farther than was necessary, if he thought to drop the fraternal character soon.

But might not my own behaviour alarm him? The kind, the considerate man, is perhaps compassionate in his intention. Not distinguishing aright my bashful gratitude, and down-cast eye, he might be afraid, lest I should add one to the half-score, that his sister says will die if he marry.

If this be so, what, my dear, will your Harriet deserve, if *his* caution does not teach *her* some?

After all, I believe, these men in general think our hearts are made of strange combustible materials. A spark struck, a match thrown in—But the best of men, this admirable man, will, I hope, find himself mistaken, if he think so of your Harriet.

What ails me, that I am grown such a boaster! Surely, this horrid attempt of Sir Hargrave has not affected my brain. Methinks I am not, some how or other, as I used to be in my head, or heart, I know not which.

Do you, Lucy, bring me back again, by your reminding love, if you think there is any alteration in your Harriet, for the worse: And the rather, as it may prevent my uncle—

But what makes me so much more afraid of my uncle, than I used to be?—Yet men, in their raillery, [Don't, however, read this paragraph to him] are so—I don't know how—so *un-tender*—But let me fall into the hands of my indulgent grandmamma, and aunt Selby, and into your gentle hands, and all will be as it should be.

But what was my subject, before this last seized, and ran away with, my pen? I did not use to wander thus, when I had a beaten path before me. O this vile, vile Sir Hargrave! If I have a fault in my head, that did not use to be there, it is entirely owing to him. I am sure my heart is not wrong.

But I can write nothing now but of Miss Grandison and her brother. What entirely new scenes are opened to me by my distress?—May I have cause, as Sir Charles wished, to reap good from the evil!

I will endeavour to bring Miss Clements into an acquaintance with these worthies; that is to say, if I have myself the interest to preserve my footing in their favour.

Lady Betty resolves to recommend *herself*. She *will* be acquainted with them, she says, whether they will or not. And yet I could not bear for Lady Betty that she should be slighted by those whom she dotes upon. That, surely, is one of the heaviest of evils. And yet *self-love*, where it is evidently inherent, will enable one to get over it,

I believe, pretty soon; tho' nothing but *that* and *pride* can, in *such*. Of some use therefore, you'll be apt to say, are pride and self-love. Why, yes, and so they are, where they are a part of a person's habit. But, O my Lucy, will not a *native* humility render this pride, whose genuine offspring are resentment and ill-will, absolutely unnecessary, and procure for us, unmingled with mortification, the esteem we wish for in the hearts of the worthy?

As to the rest of my new acquaintance in town, who, till I knew this admirable sister and brother, took up so much of my paper, tho' some of them are doubtless very worthy; Adieu—That is to say, as *chosen* subjects,—Adieu! says

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXVIII

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Saturday Night

LORD have mercy upon me, my dear!—What shall I do?—The vile Sir Hargrave has sent a challenge to Sir Charles!—What may be the event!—O that I had not come to London!—This is a copy of the letter, that communicates it. It is from that Bagenhall. But this is the copy of the letter—I will endeavour to transcribe it—But, no, I cannot—My Sally shall write it over. Lord bless me! What shall I do?

To Miss BYRON

Madam,

Cavendish-Square, Feb. 25

You might easily believe, that the affair betwixt Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and Sir Charles Grandison could not, after so violent an insult as the former received from the latter, end without consequences.

By all that's sacred, Sir Hargrave knows not that I write.

There is but one way that I can think of to prevent bloodshed; and that, madam, seems to be in your own power.

Sir Hargrave insists upon it, that he meant you nothing but honour. You know the use or abuse of the power he had obtained over you. If he behaved with indecency, he tells me not the truth.

To make a young lady, whatever were her merit, the wife of a man of near 10,000*l.* a year, and who had declared herself absolutely disengaged in her affections, was not doing dishonour to her, so much as to himself, in the violent measures his love obliged him to take to make her so.

Now, madam, as Sir Charles Grandison was utterly a stranger to you; as Sir Hargrave intended so honourably by you; and, as you are not engaged in your affections; if you will consent to be Lady Pollexfen; and if Sir Charles Grandison will ask pardon for his unprovoked knight-errantry; I will not be Sir Hargrave's second in the affair, if he refuse to accept of such satisfaction in full for the violence he sustained.

I solemnly repeat, that Sir Hargrave knows nothing of my writing to you. You may (but I insist upon it, as in confidence to every-body else) consult your cousin Reeves on the subject. Your honour given, that you will in a month's time be Sir Hargrave's, will make me exert all my power with him (and I have reason to think that is not small) to induce him to compromise on those terms.

I went to Sir Charles's house yesterday afternoon, with a letter from Sir Hargrave. Sir Charles was just stepping into his chariot to his sister. He opened it; and, with a civility that became his character, told me he was just going with his sister to Colnebrooke, to meet dear friends on their return from Scotland: That he should return on Monday; that the pleasure he should have with his long-absent friends, would not permit him to think of the contents till then: But that the writer should not fail of such an answer as a gentleman ought to give.

Now, madam, I was so much charm'd with Sir Charles Grandison's fine person, and politeness, and his character is so extraordinary, that I thought this interval between this night and Monday morning an happy one. And I took it into my head to make the above proposals to you; and I hope you will think it behoves you, as much as it does me, to prevent the fatal mischief that may otherwise happen, to men of their consideration.

I have not the honour of being personally known to you, madam; but my character is too generally established for any one to impute to me any other motives for this my application to you, than those above given. A line left for me at Sir Hargrave's, in Cavendish-square, will come to the hands of, madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

JAMES BAGENHALL

O my dear! What a letter!—Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, are grieved to the heart. Mr. Reeves says, that if Sir Hargrave insists upon it, Sir Charles is obliged, in honour, to meet him—Murderous, vile word *honour*! What, at this rate, is honour! The very opposite to duty, goodness, piety, religion; and to every thing that is or ought to be sacred among men.

How shall I look Miss Grandison in the face? Miss Grandison will hate me! To be again the occasion of endangering the life of such a brother!

But, what do you think?—Lady Betty is of opinion—Mr. Reeves has consulted Lady Betty Williams in confidence—Lady Betty says, that if the matter *can* be prevented—Lord bless me! she says, I *ought* to prevent it!—What! by becoming the wife of such a man, as Sir Hargrave! so unmanly, so malicious, so low a wretch!—What does Lady Betty mean?—Yet were it in my power to save the life of Sir Charles Grandison, and I refused to do it; for selfish reasons refused; for the sake of my worldly happiness; when there are thousands of good wives, who are miserable with bad husbands—But will not the sacrifice of *my* life be accepted by this sanguinary man! That, with all my heart, would I make no scruple to lay down. If the wretch will plunge a dagger in my bosom, and take that for satisfaction, I will not hesitate one moment.

But my cousin said, that he was of opinion, that Sir Charles would hardly be brought to ask pardon. How can I doubt, said I, that the vile man, if he may be induced by this Bagenhall to compromise on my being his wife, will dispense with that punctilio, and wreak on me, were I to be his unhappy property, his whole unmanly vengeance? Is he not spiteful, mean, malicious?—But abhorred be the thought of my yielding to be the wife of such a man!—Yet, what is the alternative? Were I to die, that wretched alternative would still take place: His malice to the best of men would rather be whetted than blunted, by my irrevocable destiny! O my Lucy! violent as my grief was, dreadful as my apprehensions were, and unmanly as the treatment I met with from the base man, I never was distress'd till now!

But should Miss Grandison advise, should she *insist* upon my compliance with the abhorred condition (and has she not a right to insist upon it, for the sake of the safety of her innocent brother?) can I then refuse my compliance with it?—Are we not taught, that this world is a state of trial, and of mortification? And is not calamity necessary to wean our vain hearts from it? And if my motive be a motive of justice and gratitude, and to save a life much more valuable to the world than my own; and which, but for me, had not been in danger—Ought I—And yet—Ah! my Lucy, what can I say?—How unhappy! that I cannot consult this dear lady, who has such an interest in a life so precious, as I might have done, had she been in town?

O my Lucy! What an answer, as this unwelcome, this wicked mediator gives it, was that which the excellent man returned to the delivered challenge—"I am going to meet dear friends on their return from Scotland!" What a meeting of joy will be here saddened over, if they know of this shocking challenge! And how can his noble heart

overflow with pleasure on the joyful occasion, as it would otherwise have done, with such an important event in suspense, that may make it the last meeting which this affectionate and most worthy of families will ever know! How near may be the life of this dear brother to a period, when he congratulates the safe arrival of his brother and sister! And who can bear to think of seeing, ere one week is over-past, the now rejoicing and harmonious family, clad in mourning for the first of brothers, and first of men? And I my Lucy, I, the wretched Harriet Byron, to be the cause of all!

And could the true hero say, "That the pleasure he should have on meeting his long-absent friends would not permit him to think of the contents of such a letter, till Monday; but that then the writer should not fail of such an answer—as a gentleman ought to give?"—O my dear Sir Charles! [on this occasion, he is, and ought to be, very dear to me] How I dread the answer which vile custom, and false honour, will oblige you, as a gentleman, to give! And is there no way with honour to avoid giving such an answer, as distracts me to be told (as Mr. Reeves tells me) *must* be given, if I, your Harriet, interpose not, to the sacrifice of all my happiness in this life?

But Mr. Reeves asks, May not this Bagenhall, tho' he says Sir Hargrave knows nothing of his writing, have written in concert with him?—What if he has, does not the condition remain? And will not the resentment, on the refusal, take place?—And is not the challenge delivered into Sir Charles's hands? And has he not declared, that he will send an answer to it on Monday? This is carrying the matter beyond contrivance, or stratagem. Sir Charles, so challenged, will not let the challenger come off so *easily*. He cannot, in real honour, now, make proposals for qualifying; or accept of them, if made to him. And is not Monday the next day but one?—Only *that* day between, for which I had been preparing my grateful heart to return my silent praises to the Almighty, in the place dedicated to his honour, for so signal a deliverance! And now is my safety to be owing, as it may happen, to a much better person's destruction!

I was obliged to lay down my pen.—See how the blister'd paper—It is too late to send away this letter: If it were not, it would be barbarous to torment you with it, while the dreadful suspense holds.

Sunday Morning

I am unable to write on in the manner I used to do. Not a moment all the past night did I close my eyes: How they are swelled with

weeping! I am preparing; however, to go to church: There will I renew my fervent prayers, that my grateful thanksgiving for the past deliverance may be blessed to me in the future event!

Mr. Reeves thinks, that no step ought to be, or can be, taken in this shocking affair, till Sir Charles returns, or Miss Grandison can be consulted. He has taken measures to know every motion of the vile Sir Hargrave.

Lord bless me, my dear! the man has lost three of his fore-teeth! A man so vain of his person! O how must he be exasperated!

Mr. Reeves also will be informed of Sir Charles's arrival the moment he comes to town. He has private information, that the furious Sir Hargrave has with him a man skilled in the science of offence, with whom he is practising—O my dear, how this distracts me!

For Mr. Reeves or me to answer this Bagenhall, Mr. Reeves says, is not to be thought of, as he is a wicked man, and was not likely to have written the alarming letter from good principles. I once indeed proposed to write—I knew not what to do, what to propose—Can you write, said Mr. Reeves, and promise or give hope to Sir Hargrave?

O no, no! answered I.

If you could, it is my opinion, that Sir Charles and his sister would both despise you, however self-denying and laudable your motive might be!

LETTER XXXIX.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Monday Morning, Feb. 27

WHAT a dreadful day was yesterday to me; and what a still worse night had I, if possible, than the former! My prayers, I doubt, cannot be heard, since they have not that affiance¹ with them that they used to be attended with. How happy was I before I came to London! I cannot write: I cannot do anything. Mr. Reeves is just informed, that Sir Charles, and Lord L. and the two sisters, arrived in town late last night. O my Lucy, to return such an answer, I doubt, as Sir Charles thinks a gentleman ought to send. Good heaven! how will this day end?

Eight o'Clock

I have received this moment the following billet.

My dear Harriet,

Prepare yourself for a new admirer: My sister L. and I, are resolved

to breakfast with you, unless you forbid us by the bearer. If we find you to have made an attempt to alter your usual morning appearance, we shall suspect you of a desire to triumph over us in the consciousness of your superior graces. It is a sudden resolution. You should have had otherwise notice last night; and yet it was late before we came to town.—Have you been good? Are you quite recovered? But in half an hour I hope to ask you an hundred thousand questions.

Compliments to our cousins.

CH. GR.

Here is a sweet sprightly billet. Miss Grandison cannot know, the Countess cannot know, any-thing of the dreadful affair, that has given to my countenance, and I am sure will continue on it, an appearance, that, did I not always dress when I arose for the morning, would make me regardless of that Miss Grandison hints at.

What joy, at another time, would the honour of this visit have given us! But even now, we have a melancholy pleasure in it: Just such a one, as the sorrowing friends of the desperate sick, experience, on the coming-in of a long-expected physician, altho' they are in a manner hopeless of his success. But a coach stops—

I ran to the dining-room window. O my dear! It is a coach; but only the two ladies! Good God!—Sir Charles at this moment, at this moment, my boding heart tells me—

Twelve o'Clock

My heart is a little lighter: Yet not unapprehensive—Take my narrative in course, as I shall endeavour to give you the particulars of every-thing that passed in the last more than agreeable three hours.

I had just got down into the great parlour, before the ladies entered. Mr. Reeves waited on them at their coach. He handed in the Countess. Miss Grandison in a charming humour entered with them. There, Lady L. first know our cousin Reeves, said she—

The Countess, after saluting Mrs. Reeves, turned to me—There, Lady L. said Miss Grandison, That's the girl! That's our Harriet!—Her ladyship saluted me—But how now! said Miss Grandison looking earnestly in my face. How now, Harriet!—Excuse me, Lady L. (taking my hand) I must reckon with this girl; leading me to the window—How now, Harriet!—Those eyes!—Mr. Reeves, cousin, Mrs. Reeves! What's to do here!—

Lively and ever-amiable Miss Grandison, thought I, how will, by-and-by, all this sweet sun-shine in your countenance be shut in!

Come, come, I *will* know, proceeded she, making me sit down, and taking my hand as she sat by me, her fan in the other hand; I *will* know the whole of this matter.—That's my dear, for I try'd to

smile—An April eye—Would to heaven the month was come which my Harriet's eye anticipates.

I sighed. Well, but why that heavy sigh, said she?—Our grandmother Shirley—

I hope, madam, is very well.

Our aunt Selby? Our uncle Selby? Our Lucy?

All well I hope.

What a duce ails the girl then? Take care I don't have cause to beat you?—Have any of your fellows hanged themselves?—And are you concern'd they did not sooner find the rope?—But come, we will know all by-and-by.

Charlotte, said the Countess, approaching me (I stood up) you oppress our new sister: I wish, my dear, you would borrow a few of our younger sister's blushes. Let me take you out of this lively girl's hands; I have much ado to keep her down, tho' I am her elder sister. Nobody but my brother can manage her.

Miss Grandison, madam, is all goodness.

We have been all disturbed, said Mrs. Reeves [I was glad to be help'd out] in the fear that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen—

O madam! He dare not; he will not;—He'll be glad to be quiet, if you'll let him, said the Countess.

It was plain they knew nothing of the challenge.

You have not heard any-thing particular, asked Miss Grandison, of Sir Hargrave?

I hope your *brother*, madam, has not, answered I.

Not a word, I dare say.

You must believe, ladies, said I, that I must be greatly affected, were any-thing likely to happen to my deliverer; as all must have been laid at my door. Such a family harmony to be interrupted—

Come, said Miss Grandison, this is very good of you: This is like a sister: But I hope my brother will be here by-and-by.

And Lord L. added the obliging Countess, wants to see you, my dear. Come, my love, if Charlotte is naught, we will make a party against her; and she shall be but my second-best sister. I hope my Lord and Sir Charles will come together, if they can but shake off wicked Everard, as we call a kinsman, whom Sir Charles has no mind to introduce to you, without your leave.

But we'll not stay breakfast for them, said Miss Grandison: They were not certain; and desired we would not.—Come, come, get us some breakfast; Lady L. has been up before her hour; and I have told you, Harriet, that I am an early riser. I don't choose to eat my gloves.—But I must do something to divert my hunger: And stepping to the harpsichord, she touch'd the keys in such a manner, as shew'd she could make them speak what language she pleased.

I attended to her charming finger: So did every one. But breakfast coming in—No but I won't, said she, anticipating our requests; and continuing the air by her voice, ran to the table: Hang ceremony, said she, sitting down first; let slower souls compliment: And taking some muffin, I'll have breakfasted before these *Pray madams*, and *Pray my dears*, are seated.

Mad girl! Lady L. called her. These, Mrs. Reeves, are always her airs with us: But I thought she would have been restrained by the example of her sister Harriet. We have utterly spoiled the girl by our fond indulgence. But, Charlotte, is a good heart to be *every-where* pleaded for a whimsical head?

Who sees not the elder sister in that speech, reply'd Miss Grandison? But I am the most generous creature breathing; yet nobody finds it out. For why do I assume these silly airs, but to make *you*, Lady L. shine at my expence?

Still, Lucy, the contents of that Bagenhall's letter hung heavy at my heart. But, as I could not be sure but Sir Charles had his reasons for concealing the matter from his sisters, I knew not how to enter directly into the subject: But, thought I, cannot I fish something out for the quiet of my own heart; and leave to Sir Charles's discretion, the manner of his revealing the matter to his sisters, or otherwise?

Did your ladyship, said I to Lady L. arrive on Saturday [I knew not how to begin] at the hospitable house at Colnebrooke, my asylum?

I did: And shall have a greater value for that house than ever I had before, for its having afforded a shelter to so valued a lady.

You have been told, ladies, I suppose, of that Wilson's letter to Sir Charles?

We have: And rejoice to find, that so deep a plot was so happily frustrated.

His postscript gives me concern.

What were the contents of it?

That Sir Hargrave breathed nothing but revenge.

Sir Charles told us nothing of that: But it is not unlikely that a man so greatly disappointed should rave and threaten. I am told that he is still, either by shame or illness, confined to his chamber.

At that moment, a chariot stopt at the door: And instantly, It is Lord L. and Sir Charles with him, said Miss Grandison.

I dared not to trust myself with my joy. I hurried out at one of the doors, as if I had forgot something, as they entered at the other. I rush'd into the back parlour—Thank God! Thank God! said I. My gratitude was too strong for my heart: I thought I should have fainted.

Do you wonder, Lucy, at my being so much affected, when I had been in such a dreadful suspense, and had formed such terrible ideas of the danger of one of the best of men, all owing to his serving and saving me?

Surprizes from joy, I fancy, and where gratitude is the principal spring, are sooner recovered than surprizes which raise the more stormy passions. Mrs. Reeves came in to me: My dear! Your withdrawing will be noticed. I was just coming in, said I: And so I was. I enter'd.

Sir Charles bowed low to me: So did my Lord. Permit me, madam, said Sir Charles, to present Lord L. to you: He is our brother—Our late-found sister Harriet, my Lord.

Yes, but, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, Miss Byron, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, have been tormenting themselves about a postscript to that footman's letter. You told us not of that postscript.

Who minds postscripts, Charlotte? Except indeed to a lady's letter. One word with you, good Miss Byron; taking my hand, and leading me to the window.

How the fool colour'd! I could feel my face glow.

O Lucy! What a consciousness of inferiority fills even a mind not ungenerous, when it labours under the sense of obligations it cannot return!

My sister Charlotte, madam, was impatient to present to you her beloved sister. Lady L. was as impatient to attend you. My Lord L. was equally desirous to claim the honour of your acquaintance. They insisted upon my introducing my Lord. I thought it was too precipitant a visit, and might hurt your delicacy, and make Charlotte and me appear, as if we had been ostentatiously boasting of the opportunities that had been thrown into our hands, to do a very common service. I think I see that you are hurt. Forgive me, madam, I will follow my own judgment another time. Only be assured of this, that your merits, and not the service, have drawn this visit upon you.

I could not be displeased at this polite address, as it helped me to an excuse for behaving so like a fool, as he might think, since he knew not the cause.

You are very obliging, Sir. My Lord and Lady L. do me great honour. Miss Grandison cannot do anything but what is agreeable to me. In such company, I am but a common person: But my gratitude will never let me look upon your seasonable protection as a common service. I am only anxious for the consequences to yourself. I should have no pretence to the gratitude I speak of, if I did not own, that the reported threatnings, and what Wilson writes by way of postscript, have given me disturbance, lest your safety should, on my account, be brought into hazard.

Miss Byron speaks like herself: But whatever were to be the consequences, can you think, madam, that a man of any spirit could have acted otherwise than I did? Would I not have been glad, that any man would have done just the same thing, in favour of my sister Charlotte?

Could I behave with greater moderation? I am pleased with myself on looking back; and that I am not always: There shall no consequences follow, that I am not forced upon in my own necessary defence.

We spoke loud enough to be heard: And Miss Grandison, joining us, said, But pray, brother, tell us, if there be grounds to apprehend any thing from what the footman writes?

You cannot imagine but Sir Hargrave would bluster and threaten: To lose such a prize, so near as he thought himself to carrying his point, must affect a man of his cast: But are ladies to be troubled with *words*? Men of true courage do not threaten.

Shall I beg one word with you, Sir Charles? said my cousin Reeves.

They withdrew to the back parlour; and there Mr. Reeves, who had the letter of that Bagenhall, shewed it to him.

He read it—A very extraordinary letter! said he; and gave it back to him—But pray, what says Miss Byron to it?—Is she willing to take this step in consideration of my safety?

You may believe, Sir Charles, she is greatly distress'd.

As a tender-hearted woman, and as one who thinks already much too highly of what was done, she *may* be distress'd: But does she hesitate a moment upon the part she ought to take? Does she not despise the writer and the writing?—I thought Miss Byron—

He stopt, it seems, and spoke and look'd warm; the first time, said Mr. Reeves, that I thought Sir Charles, on occasion, passionate.

I wish, Lucy, that he had not stopt. I wish he had said *what* he thought Miss Byron. I own to you, that it would go to my heart, if I knew that Sir Charles Grandison thought me a mean creature.

You must think, Sir Charles, that Miss Byron—

Pray, Mr. Reeves, forgive me for interrupting you, What steps have been taken upon this letter?

None, Sir.

It has not been honoured with notice, not with the *least* notice?

It has not.

And could it be supposed by these mean men (All men are mean, Mr. Reeves, who can be *premeditatedly* guilty of a baseness) that I would be brought to ask pardon for my part in this affair? No man, Mr. Reeves, would be more ready than myself to ask pardon, even of my inferior, had I done a wrong thing: But never should a prince make me stoop to disavow a right one.

But, Sir Charles, let me ask you, Has Sir Hargrave challenged you? Did this Bagenhall bring you a letter?

Sir Hargrave has: Bagenhall did: But what of that, Mr. Reeves? I promised an answer on Monday. I would not so much as think of setting pen to paper on such an account, to interrupt for a moment

the happiness I had hoped to receive in the meeting of a Sister and her Lord so dear to me! An answer I have accordingly sent him this day.

You *have* sent him an answer, Sir!—I am in great apprehensions—

You have no reason, Mr. Reeves, I do assure you. But let not my Sisters nor Lord L. know of this matter. Why should I, who cannot have a moment's uneasiness upon it, for *my own* sake, have the needless fears and apprehensions of persons to whom I wish to give nothing but pleasure, to contend with? An imaginary distress, to those who think it more than imaginary, is a real one: And I cannot bear to see my friends unhappy.

Have you accepted, Sir—Have you—

I have been too much engaged, Mr. Reeves, in such causes as this: I never drew my sword but in my own defence, and when no other means could defend me. I never could bear a design'd insult. I am naturally passionate. You know not the pains it has cost me, to keep my passion under: But I have suffered too much in my after-regret, when I have been hurried away by it, not to endeavour to restrain its first sallies.

I hope, Sir, you will not meet—

I will not meet any man, Mr. Reeves, as a duellist. I am not so much a coward, as to be afraid of being branded for one. I hope my spirit is in general too well known for any one to insult me on such an imputation. Forgive the seeming vanity, Mr. Reeves: But I live not to the world: I live to myself; to the monitor within me.

Mr. Reeves applauded him with his hands and eyes; but could not in words. The heart spoke these last words, said my good cousin. How did his face seem to shine in my eyes!

There are many bad customs, Mr. Reeves, that I grieve for: But for none so much as this of premeditated duelling. Where is the magnanimity of the man that cannot get above the vulgar breath? How many fatherless, brotherless, sonless families have mourned all their lives the unhappy resort to this dreadful practice! A man who defies his fellow-creature into the field, in a private quarrel, must first defy his God; and what are his *hopes*, but to be a murderer?—To do an irreparable injury to the innocent family and dependents of the murdered?—But since you have been let into the matter so far, by the unaccountable letter you let me see, I will shew you Sir Hargrave's to me. This is it, pulling it out of his pocket-book.

You did well, Sir Charles Grandison, to leave your name. My scoundrels were too far off their master to inform themselves by the common symbols, who the person was that insulted an innocent man (as to *him* innocent, however) on the highway. You expected to hear from me, it is evident; and you should have heard before now, had I

been able from the effects of the unmanly surprize you took advantage of, to leave my chamber. I demand from you the satisfaction due to a gentleman. The time your own; provided it exceed not next Wednesday; which will give you opportunity, I suppose, to settle your affairs; but the sooner the better. The place, if you have no objection, Kensington Gravel-pits. I will bring pistols for your choice; or you may for mine, which you will. The rest may be left to my worthy friend Mr. Bagenhall, who is so kind as to carry you this, on my part; and to some one whom you shall pitch upon,¹ on yours. Till when, I am

Your humble Servant,

Saturday. HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN

I have a copy of my answer somewhere—Here it is. You will wonder, perhaps, Mr. Reeves, on such a subject as this, to find it a long one. Had Sir Hargrave known me better than he does, six lines might have been sufficient.

Sir,

Mr. Bagenhall gave me yours on Saturday last, just as I was stepping into my chariot to go out of town. Neither the general contents, nor the time mentioned in it, made it necessary for me to alter my measures. My sister was already in the chariot. I had not done well to make a woman uneasy. I have many friends; and I have great *pleasure* in promoting *theirs*. I promised an answer on Monday.

My answer is this—I have ever refused (and the occasion has happened too often) to draw my sword upon a set and formal challenge. Yet I have reason to think, from the skill I pretend to have in the weapons, that in declining to do so, I consult my conscience rather than my safety.

Have you any friends, Sir Hargrave? Do they love you? Do you love them? Are you desirous of life for their sakes? for your own?—Have you enemies to whom your untimely end would give pleasure?—Let these considerations weigh with you: They do, and always did, with me. I am cool: You cannot be so. The cool person, on such an occasion as this, should put the warm one on thinking; This however as you please.

But one more question let me ask you—If you think I have injured you, is it prudent to give me a chance, were it *but* a chance, to do you a still greater injury?

You were engaged in an unlawful enterprize. If you would not have done by me in the same situation, what I did by you, you are not, let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, the man of honour, that a man of honour should be solicitous to put upon a foot with himself.

I took not an unmanly advantage of you, Sir Hargrave: You drew upon me: I drew not in return. You had a disadvantage in not quitting your chariot; after the lunge you made at me, you may be thankful that I made not use of it.

I should not have been sorry, had I been able to give the lady the protection she claimed, with less hurt to yourself: For I could have no malice in what I did: Altho' I had, and have still, a just abhorrence of the violence you were guilty of to an helpless woman; and who I have found since merited better treatment from you; and indeed merits the best from all the world; and whose life was endanger'd by the violence.

I write a long letter, because I propose *only* to write. Pardon me for repeating, that the men who have acted as you and I have acted, as well with regard to the lady, as to each other, cannot, were their principles such as would permit them to meet, meet upon a foot.

Let any man insult me upon my refusal, and put me upon my defence, and he shall find that numbers to my single arm shall not intimidate me. Yet, even in that case, I would much rather choose to clear myself of them as a man of honour should wish to do, than either to kill or maim any man. My life is not my own: Much less is another man's mine. Him who thinks differently from me, I can despise as heartily as he can despise me. And if such a one imagines, that he has a title to my life, let him take it: But it must be in my own way, not in his.

In a word, If any man has aught against me, and will not be concluded by the laws of his country, my goings out, and comings in, are always known; and I am any hour of the day to be found or met with, where-ever I have a natural call. My sword is a sword of defence, not of offence. A pistol I only carry on the road, to terrify robbers: And I have found a less dangerous weapon sometimes sufficient to repel a sudden insult. And now, if Sir Hargrave Pollexfen be wise, he will think himself obliged for this not unfriendly expostulation, or whatever he pleases to call it, to

His most humble Servant,

Monday.

CHARLES GRANDISON

Mr. Reeves besought Sir Charles to let him shew me these letters. I hope I have not trespassed much in transcribing them for you, my friends. But as I had not leave, I beg that they pass not out of the venerable circle.

I know I need not say how much I am pleased with the contents of the latter: I doubt not but you all will be equally so: Yet, as Sir Charles himself expects not that Sir Hargrave will rest the matter here; and indeed says he cannot, consistently with the vulgar notions

of honour; do you think I can be easy, as all this is to be placed to my account?

But it is evident, that Sir Charles *is*. He is govern'd by another set of principles, than those of false honour; and shews, what his sister says to be true, that he regards first his duty, and then what is called honour. How does the knowlege of these his excellencies raise him in my mind! Indeed, Lucy, I seem sometimes to feel, as if my gratitude had raised a throne for him in my heart; but yet as for a near friend, as a beloved brother only. My reverence for him is too great—Assure yourself, my dear, that this reverence will always keep me right.

Sir Charles and Mr. Reeves returning into company, the conversation took a general turn. But, oppressed with obligations as I am, I could not be lively. My heart, as Miss Grandison says, is, I believe, a proud one. And when I thought of what might still happen (who knows, but from assassination, in resentment of some very spirited strokes in Sir Charles's letter, as well as from the disgrace the wretch must carry in his face to the grave?) I could not but look upon this fine man, who seemed to possess his own soul in peace, sometimes with concern, and even with tender grief, on supposing, that now, lively and happy as he seemed to be, and the joy of all his friends, he might possibly, and perhaps in a few hours—How can I put down my horrid thoughts!

At other times, indeed, I cast an eye of some pleasure on him (when he look'd another way) on thinking him the only man on earth, to whom, in such distress, I could have wished to owe the obligations I am under to him. His modest merit, thought I, will not make one uneasy: He thinks the protection afforded but a common protection. He is accustomed to do great and generous things. I might have been obliged to a man whose fortune might have made it convenient for him to hope such advantages from the risque he run for me, as prudence would have made objections to comply with, not a little embarrassing to my gratitude.

But here, my heart is left free. And O, thought I, now-and-then, as I looked upon him, Sir Charles Grandison is a man with whom I would not *wish* to be in love. I, to have so many rivals! He, to be so much admired! Women not to stay till they are asked, as Miss Grandison once said; his heart must be proof against those tender sensations, which grow into ardour, and glow, in the bosom of a man pursuing a *first* and *only* love.

I warrant, my Lucy, if the truth were known, altho' Sir Charles has at Canterbury, or at one place or other, his half-score ladies, who would break their hearts if he were to marry, yet he knows not any *one* of them whom he loves better than another. And all but right! All but justice, if they will not stay till they are asked!

Miss Grandison invited Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and me, to dinner, on Wednesday, and for the rest of the day and evening. It was a welcome invitation.

The Countess expressed herself pleased with me. Poor and spiritless as was the figure which I made in this whole visit, her prepossession in my favour from Miss Grandison must have been very great and generous.

And will you not, before now, have expected, that I should have brought you acquainted with the persons of Lord and Lady L. as I am accustomed to give you descriptions of every one to whom I am introduced?

To be sure we have, say you.

Well, but my mind has not always been in tune to gratify you. And, upon my word, I am so much humbled with one thing, and another, that I have lost all that pertness, I think, which used to give such a liveliness to my heart, and alertness to my pen, as made the writing task pleasant to me, because I knew that you all condescended to like the flippant airs of your Harriet.

Lady L. is a year older than Sir Charles: But has that true female softness and delicacy in her features, which make her perfectly lovely; and she looks to be two or three years younger than she is. She is tall and slender; and enjoys the blessing of health and spirits in an high degree. There is something of more dignity and sprightliness in the air and features of Miss Grandison, than in those of Lady L.: But there is in those of the latter, so much sweetness and complacency, that you are not so much afraid of her as you are of her sister. The one you are sure to love at first sight. The other you will be ready to ask her leave to let you love her, and to be ready to promise that you will, if she will spare you: And yet, whether she will or not, you cannot help it.

Lady L. is such a wife, I imagine, as a good woman should wish to be thought. The behaviour of my Lord to her, and of her to my Lord, is free, yet respectful; affectionate, but not apishly fond. One sees their love for each other in their eyes. All love-matches are not happy: This was a match of love; and does honour to it. Every-body speaks of Lady L. with equal affection and respect, as a discreet and prudent woman. Miss Grandison, by her livelier manner, is not so well understood in those lights as she ought to be; and, satisfied with the worthiness of her own heart, is above giving herself concern about what the world thinks of it.

Lord L. is not handsome; but he is very agreeable. He has the look of an honest good man; and of a man of understanding. And he is what he looks to be. He is genteel, and has the air of a true British nobleman; one of those, I imagine, that would have been respected

by his appearance and manners, in the purest times, an hundred or two years (or how long?) ago.

I am to have the family-history of this Lord and Lady, on both sides, and of their loves, their difficulties, and of the obligations they talk of being under to their brother, to whom both my Lord and Lady behave with love that carries the heart in every word, in every look.

What, my dear, shall we say to this brother? Does he lay everybody that knows him under obligation? And is there no way to be even with him in any one thing? I long to have some intimate conversation with Miss Grandison, by which I shall perhaps find out the art he has of making every-body proud of acknowledging an inferiority to him.

I almost wish I could, while I stay in town, devote half my time to this amiable family; without breaking in upon them, so much as to be thought impertinent. The other half ought to be with my kind cousin Reeves's. I never shall make them amends for the trouble I have given them.

How I long for Wednesday, to see all the family of the Grandison's—They are all to be there—On several accounts I long for that day: Yet this Sir Hargrave—

I have written, my dear, as usual, very unreservedly. I know that I lie more open than ever to my uncle's observations. But if he will not allow for weakness of heart, of head, and for having been frightened out of my wits, and cruelly used; and for further apprehensions; and for the sense I have of obligations that never can be returned; why then I must lie wholly at his mercy—But if he should find *me* to be ever so silly a creature, I hope he will not make his particular conclusions general in disfavour of the sex.

Adieu, my dear Lucy!—And in you, adieu all the dear and revered friends, benefactors, lovers, of

Your HARRIET BYRON!

LETTER XL

Mrs. SELBY, To Miss HARRIET BYRON

My dearest Harriet,

Selby-house, Feb. 25

Altho' we have long ago taken a resolution, never to dictate to your choice; yet we could not excuse ourselves, if we did not acquaint you with any proposal that is made to us, on your account, that you might encourage it, or otherwise, as you thought fit.

The dowager Lady D. wrote me a letter some time ago (as you will see by the date): But insisted, that I should keep the contents a secret

in my own bosom, till she gave me leave to reveal it. She has now given me that leave, and requested that I will propose the matter to you. I have since shewn what has passed between her Ladyship and me, to your grandmamma, Mr. Selby, and Lucy. They are all silent upon it; for the same reasons, that I give you not my opinion; that is to say, till you ask it.

But do we not see, my dearest child, that something has happened, within a very few days past, that must distance the hope of every one of your admirers, as they come to be acquainted with the circumstances and situation you are now in? My dear love, you will never be able to resist the impulses of that gratitude which always opened and expanded your worthy heart.

Your uncle's tenderness for you, on such a prospect, has made him suppress his inclination to railly you. He professes to pity you, my dear. While, says he, the sweet girl was vaunting herself, and refusing this man, and dismissing that; and imagining herself out of the reach of the deity, to which, sooner or later, all women bow, I spared her not: But now, that I see she is likely to be over head and ears in the passion, and has so much to be said for her excuse if she is caught; and as our side must perhaps be the hoping side, the gentleman's the triumphant; I pity her too much for what *may* be the case, to tease her with my animadversions; especially after what she has suffered from the vile Sir Hargrave.

By several hints in your letters, it is impossible, my dear, that we *can* be beforehand with your inclinations. Young women in a beginning love are always willing to conceal themselves from themselves; they are desirous to smother the fire, before they will call out for help, till it blazes, and frequently becomes too powerful to be extinguished by *any* help. They will call the passion by another name; as *gratitude* suppose: But, my Harriet, gratitude so properly founded as yours is, can be but another name for *love*. The object so worthy, your own heart so worthy, consent of minds must bring it to love on one side; perhaps on both, if the half-score of ladies you have heard of, are all of them but *mere moderns*.¹ But that, my dear, is not to be supposed; since worthy hearts find out, and assimilate with, each other. Indeed, those ladies may be such as are captivated with outward figure. An handsome man need not to have the great qualities of a Sir Charles Grandison, to engage the hearts of the generality of our sex. But a good man, and an handsome man, if he has the vivacity that distinguishes Sir Charles, may marry whom he pleases. If we women love an handsome man, for the sake of our eye, we must be poor creatures indeed, if we love not good men, for the sake of our hearts.

What makes us apprehensive for you, my Harriet, is this: That we every one of us are in love ourselves with this fine young gentleman.

Your uncle has fallen in with Mr. Dawson, an attorney of Nottingham, who acts for Sir Charles in some of his affairs; and gives him such a character, respecting his goodness to his tenants and dependents *only*, as will render credible all that even the fondest love, and warmest gratitude, can say in his praise.

We can hardly sometimes tell how to regret (tho' your accounts of your sufferings and danger cut us to the heart as we read them) the base attempt of Sir Hargrave: Were all to end as we wish, we should not regret them: But that, my Harriet, is our fear. What will become of me, said your grandmamma, if, at last, the darling of my heart should be entangled in an hopeless passion?

If this is likely to be the case, while the fire I spoke of is but smothering, and while but here and there a spark escapes your struggling efforts to keep it down, resolve, my dear, to throw cold water on it, and quench it quite. And how is this to be done, but by changing your personal friendship with the amiable family, into a correspondence by pen and ink, and returning to our longing arms, before the flame gets a head?

When you are with us, you may either give hope to the worthy Orme, or encourage the proposal I inclose, as you please.

As you are not capable of the mean pride of seeing a number of men in your train, and have always been uneasy at the perseverance of Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Greville—As you have suffered so much from the natural goodness of your heart, on the urgency of that honest man Sir Rowland Meredith, in his nephew's favour; and still more from the baseness of that wicked Sir Hargrave—As your good character, and lovely person, engage you more and more admirers—And, lastly, As it would be the highest comfort that your grandmamma and your uncle, and I, and all your friends and well-wishers, could know, to see you happily married—We cannot but wish for this pleasure and satisfaction: The sooner you give it to us, the better.

But could there be any hope—You know what I mean—A royal diadem, my dear, would be a despicable thing in the comparison.

Adieu, my best love. You are called upon, in my opinion, to a greater trial than ever yet you knew, of that prudence for which you have hitherto been so much applauded by every one, and particularly by

Your truly maternal

MARIANNA SELBY

LETTER XLI

From the Countess Dowager of D. To Mrs. SELBY

Inclosed in the preceding

Jan. 23

GIVE me leave, madam, to address myself to you, tho' personally unknown, on a very particular occasion; and, at the same time, to beg of you to keep secret, even from Mr. Selby, and the party to be named, as still *more* immediately concerned in the subject, till I give my consent; as no one creature of my family, not even the Earl of D. my son, does, or shall from me, till you approve of it.

My Lord has just entered into his twenty-fifth year. There are not many better young men among the nobility. His minority gave an opportunity to me, and his other trustees, to put him in possession, when he came of age, of a very noble and clear estate; which he has not impaired. His person is not to be found fault with. He has learning, and is allowed to have good sense, which every *learned* man has not. His conduct, his discretion, in his travels, procured him respect and reputation abroad. You may make enquiry privately of all these matters.

We are, you must believe, very sollicitous to have him happily married. He is far from being an undutiful son. Indeed he was *always* dutiful. A dutiful son gives very promising hopes of making a good husband. He assures me that his affections are disengaged, and that he will pay the most particular regard to my recommendation.

I have cast about for a suitable wife for him. I look farther than to the *person* of a woman; tho' my Lord will by no means have beauty left out in the qualifications of a wife. I look to the family to whom a lady owes her education and training-up. Quality, however, I stand not upon. A man of quality, you know, confers quality on his wife. An antient and good gentleman's family is all I am sollicitous about in this respect. In this light, yours, madam, on all sides, and for many descents,¹ is unexceptionable. I have a desire, if all things shall be found to be mutually agreeable, to be related to it: And your character, as the young lady has been brought up under your eye, is a great inducement with me.

Your niece Byron's beauty, and merits, as well as sweetness of temper, are talk'd of by every-body. Not a day passes, but we hear of her to her great advantage. Now, madam, will you be pleased to answer me one question, with that explicitness which the importance of the case, and my own intended explicitness to you may require from woman to woman? Especially, as I ask it of you in confidence.

Are then Miss Byron's affections absolutely disengaged? We are very nice, and must not doubt in this matter.

This is the only question I will ask at present. If this can be answered as I wish, others, in a treaty of this important nature, will come into consideration on both sides.

The favour of a line, as soon as it will suit your convenience, will oblige, madam,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

M. D.

LETTER XLII

Mrs. SELBY, To the Countess Dowager of D.

Madam,

Jan. 27

I am greatly obliged to your Ladyship for your good opinion of me, and for the honour you do me, and all our family, in the proposed alliance.

I will answer your Ladyship's question with the requisite explicitness.

Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fenwick, all of this county, have respectively made application to us for our interest, and to Miss Byron for her favour: But hitherto without effect; tho' the terms each proposes might intitle him to consideration.

Miss Byron professes to honour the married state, and one day proposes to make some man happy in it, if it be not his own fault: But declares, that she has not yet seen the man to whom with her hand she can give her heart.

In truth, madam, we are all neutrals on this occasion. We have the highest opinion of her discretion. She has read, she has conversed; and yet there is not in the county a better housewife, or one who would make a more prudent manager in a family. We are all fond of her, even to doting. Were she *not* our child, we should love her for her good qualities, and sweetness of manners, and a frankness that has few examples among young women.

Permit me, madam, to add one thing; about which Miss Byron, in her turn, will be very nice. Your Ladyship is pleased to say, that my Lord's affections are disengaged. Were his Lordship a prince, and hoped to succeed with her, they must not be so, after he had seen and conversed with her. Yet the future happiness, and not pride, would be the consideration with her; for she has that diffidence in her own merits, from which the worthy of both sexes cannot be totally free. This diffidence would increase too much for her happiness, were she

to be thought of with indifference by any man on earth, who hoped to be more than indifferent to *her*.

As to other questions, which, as this is answered, your Ladyship thinks may come to be ask'd, I choose *un-ask'd* (having no reserves) to acquaint your Ladyship that Miss Byron has not, in her own power, quite 15,000*l.* She has, it is true, reversionary expectations. But we none of us wish that they should for many years take place; since that must be by the death of Mrs. Shirley, her grandmother, who is equally revered and beloved by all that know her; and whose life is bound up in the happiness of her grand-daughter.

I will strictly obey your Ladyship in the secrecy enjoined; and am, madam,

Your Ladyship's obliged and faithful humble Servant,

MARIANNA SELBY

LETTER XLIII.

From the Countess Dowager of D. To Mrs. SELBY

Feb. 23

I SHOULD sooner have answer'd yours, had I not waited for the return of my son, who had taken a little journey into Wales, to look into the condition of a small estate he has there; which he finds capable of great improvements; and about which he has given proper orders.

I took the first opportunity to question him in relation to his inclinations to marriage, and whether he had a regard to any particular woman: And having receiv'd an answer to my wishes, I mention'd Miss Byron to him, as a young lady that I should think, from the general good character she bore, would make him an excellent wife.

He said, he had heard her much talk'd of, and always to her advantage. I then shew'd him, as in confidence, my letter, and your answer. There can be, said I (on purpose to try him) but one objection on your part; and that is fortune: 15000*l.* to a nobleman, who is possess'd of 12000*l.* a year, and has been offered four times the portion, may be thought very inadequate. The less to be stood upon, replied he, where the fortune on my side is so considerable. The very answer, my dear Mrs. Selby, that I wish'd him to make.

I ask'd him, if I should begin a formal treaty with you, upon what he said. He answer'd, that he had heard from every mouth, so much said in praise of Miss Byron's mind, as well as person, that he *désir'd* I would; and that I would directly endeavour to obtain leave for him to visit the young lady.

I propose it accordingly. I understand, that she is at present in

London. I leave it to your choice, madam, and Mrs. Shirley's, and Mr. Selby's, to whom now, as also to Miss Byron, you will be so good as to communicate the affair, whether you will send for her down to receive my Lord's visit and mine; or whether we shall wait on her in town.

I propose very high satisfaction to myself, if the young people approve of each other, in an alliance so much to my wishes in every respect. I shall love the Countess of D. as well as any of you can do Miss Byron. And as she has not at present a mother, I shall with pleasure supply that tender relation to her, for the sake of so many engaging qualities, as common fame, as well as good Mrs. Selby, says she is mistress of.

You will dispatch an answer as to the interview. I am impatient for it. I depend much upon the frankness of the young lady, which you make a part of her agreeable character. And am, madam,

Your affectionate and faithful humble Servant,

M. D.

LETTER XLIV

Miss BYRON, To Mrs. SELBY

London, Feb. 28

INDEED, my dear and ever-indulgent aunt Selby, you have given me pain; and yet I am very ungrateful, I believe, to say so: But if I feel the pain (tho' perhaps I ought not) should I not own it?

What *circumstances*, what *situation*, am I in, madam, that I cannot be mistress of myself? That shall turn my uncle's half-feared, tho' always agreeable, raillery into *pity* for me?

"Over head and ears in the passion"—"I to be on the hoping side; the gentleman on the triumphant"—"It is impossible for you my friends to be aforehand with my inclinations"—"A beginning love to be mentioned, in which one is willing to conceal one's self from one's self!" *Fires, Flames, Blazes* to follow!—*Gratitude* and *Love* to be spoken of as synonymous terms—Ah! my dear aunt, how could you let my uncle write such a letter, and then copy it, and send it to me as yours?

And yet some very tender strokes are in it, that no *man*, that hardly any-body but you among *women*, could write.

But what do you *do*, madam, when you tell your Harriet of your own prepossessions in favour of a man, who, as you thought, had before in my eye too many advantages? Indeed you should have taken care not to let me know that his great qualities had impressed you all so

deeply: And my grandmamma to be so *very* apprehensive too for the *entangled girl*.

Hopeless passion, said she? *Entangled in an hopeless passion!* O let me die before this shall be deserved to be said of your Harriet!

Then again rises to your pen, *smothering* and *escaped sparks*; and I am desired to hurry myself to get *cold water* to quench the *flame*—Dear, dear madam, what images are here? And applied—To whom?—And by whom?—Have I written any-thing so *very* blazing!—Surely I have not. But you should not say you will all forgive me, if this be my sad situation. You should not say, How much you are *your-selves, all of you*, in love with this excellent man; and talk of Mr. Dawson, and of what he says of him: But you should have told me, that if I suffer my gratitude to grow into love, you will never forgive me; then should I have had a call of duty to check or controul a passion, that you were afraid could not be gratified.

Well, and there is no way left me, it seems, but to fly for it! To hurry away to Northamptonshire, and either to begin a new treaty with Lord D. or to give hope to an old lover. Poor Harriet Byron! And is it indeed so bad with thee? And does thy aunt Selby think it is?

But is there no hope, that the man will take *pity* of thee? When he sees thee so sadly *entangled*, will he not vouchsafe to lend an extricating hand?

Oh no!—Too much obliged, as thou already art, how canst thou expect to be farther obliged? Obligated in the highest degree?

But let me try if I cannot play round this bright, this beamy taper, without *sindging* my wings! I fancy it is not yet quite so bad with me! At least, let me stand this one visit of to-morrow: And then if I find reason to think I cannot stand it, I may take the kind advice, and fly for it; rather than add another hopeless girl to the half-score that perhaps have been long sighing for this best of men.

But even then, my aunt, that is to say, were I to fly and take shelter under your protecting wings, I shall not, I hope, think it *absolutely* necessary, to light up one flame, in order to extinguish another. I shall always value Mr. Orme as a friend; but indeed I am less than ever inclined to think of him in a nearer light.

As to Lady D's proposal, it admits not with me of half a thought. You know, my dearest aunt, that I am not yet *rejected* by one with whom you are all in love—But this *seriously* I will own (and yet I hope nothing but my gratitude is engaged, and that indeed is a very powerful tie) that since I have seen and known Sir Charles Grandison, I have not only (as before) an *indifference*, but a *dislike*, to all other men. And I think, if I know my own heart, I had rather converse but an hour in a week with him, and with Miss Grandison, than be the wife of any man I have ever seen or known.

If this should end at last in love, and if I should be *entangled in an hopeless passion*, the object of it would be Sir Charles Grandison: He could not insult me; and mean, as the word *pity* in some cases sounds, I had rather have his pity, than the love of any other man.

You will, upon the strength of what I have said, be so good, dear madam, as to let the Countess of D. know, that I think myself highly obliged to her, for her favourable opinion of me: That she has by it interested all my good wishes in her son's happiness; and that I was always of opinion, that equality of fortune and degree, tho' not absolutely necessary to matrimonial felicity, was however a circumstance not to be slighted: But you, madam, can put my meaning in better, in fitter words, when you are assured, that it *is* my meaning to give an absolute, tho' grateful, negative to this proposal. And I do assure you that such *is* my meaning; and that I should despise myself, were I capable of keeping one man in suspense, even had I hope of *your* hope, while I was balancing in favour of another.

I believe, madam, I have been a little petulant, and very saucy in what I have written: But my heart is not at ease: And I am vexed with these men, one after another, when Sir Hargrave has given me a surfeit of them, and only that the bad has brought me into the knowledge of the best, or I could resolve never more to hear a man talk to me, no not for one moment, upon a subject, that is become so justly painful to one who never took pleasure in their airy adulation.

I know you will, with your usual goodness, and so will my grand-mamma, and so will my uncle Selby, pardon all the imperfections of, dearest madam,

Your and Their ever dutiful

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XLV.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Tuesday Evening, Feb. 28

MR. REEVES, my dear, is just returned from a visit he made to St. James's Square. I transcribe a paper giving an account of what passed between Mr. Bagenhall and Sir Charles, in relation to the shocking affair which has filled me with so much apprehension; and which Sir Charles, at my cousin's request, allow'd him to put in his pocket.

Mr. Bagenhall came to Sir Charles yesterday evening with a message from Sir Hargrave, demanding a meeting with him, the next morning, at a particular hour, at Kensington Gravel-pits. Sir Charles took Mr. Bagenhall with him into his study, and asking him to sit down, Mr.

Bagenhall said, That he was once concerned in an affair of this nature, which had been very much misrepresented afterwards; and that he had been advised to take a step which Sir Charles might think extraordinary; which was, that he had brought with him a young gentleman, whom he hoped, for Sir Hargrave's satisfaction, as well as to do justice to what should pass between them, Sir Charles would permit to take minutes of their conversation: And that he was in the hall.

Let not a gentleman be left in the hall, said Sir Charles; and, ringing, directed him to be shewn into the study to them. Yet, Mr. Bagenhall, said he, I see no occasion for this. Our conversation on the subject you come to talk of, *can* be but short.

Were it to hold but two minutes, Sir Charles.

What you please, Mr. Bagenhall.

The young gentleman entered; and pen and ink were set before him. He wrote in short hand: And read it to the gentlemen; and Sir Charles, as it was to be transcribed for Sir Hargrave, desiring a copy of it, it was sent him the same night.

*A Conference between Sir Charles Grandison, Bart.
and James Bagenhall, Esq;*

Sir Ch. You have told me, Mr. Bagenhall, Sir Hargrave's demand. Have you seen, Sir, the answer I returned to his letter?

Mr. Bagenhall. I have, Sir.

Sir Ch. And do you think, there needs any other, or farther?

Mr. B. It is not, Sir Charles, such an answer as a gentleman can sit down with.

Sir Ch. Do you give that as *your own* opinion, Mr. Bagenhall? Or, as Sir Hargrave's?

Mr. B. As Sir Hargrave's, Sir. And I believe it would be the opinion of every man of honour.

Sir Ch. Man of honour! Mr. Bagenhall. A man of honour would not have given the occasion which has brought you and me, Sir, into a personal knowlege of each other. I asked the question, supposing there could be but one principal in this debate.

Mr. B. I beg pardon: I meant not that there should be two.

Sir Ch. Pray, Sir, let me ask you, Do you know the particulars of Sir Hargrave's attempt, and of his violence to the lady?

Mr. B. Sir Hargrave, I believe, has given me a very exact account of every thing. He meant not dishonour to the lady.

Sir Ch. He must have a very high opinion of himself, if he thought the *best* he could do for her, would be to do her honour.—Sir, pray put that down.—Repeating what he said to the writer, that he might not mistake.

Sir Ch. But do you, Mr. Bagenhall, think Sir Hargrave was justifiable, was a man of honour, in what he did?

Mr. B. I mean not, as I told you, Sir Charles, to make myself a principal in this affair. I pretend not to justify what Sir Hargrave did to the lady.

Sir Ch. I hope then you will allow me to refer to my answer to Sir Hargrave's letter. I shall send him no other. I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagenhall, I mean not a disrespect to you.

Mr. B. No other, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. Since he is to see what this gentleman writes, pray put down, Sir, that I say, The answer I have written, is such a one as he ought to be satisfied with: Such a one as becomes a man of honour to send, if he thought fit to send *any*: And such a one as a man, who has acted as Sir Hargrave acted by a woman of virtue and honour, ought to be thankful for.—Have you written that, Sir?

Writer. I have, Sir.

Sir Ch. Write further, if you please; That I say, Sir Hargrave may be very glad, if he hear no more of this affair from the lady's natural friends: That, however, I shall rid him of all apprehension of that nature; for that I still consider the lady as under my protection, with regard to any consequences that may naturally follow what happen'd on Hounslow-heath: That I say, I shall neglect no proper call to protect her farther; but that his call upon me to meet him, must be such a one as my own heart can justify; and that it is not my way to obey the insolent summons of any man breathing.—And yet, what is this, Mr. Bagenhall, but repeating what I wrote?

Mr. B. You are warm, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. Indeed I am not: I am only earnest. As Sir Hargrave is to be shewn what passes, I say more than otherwise I should choose to say.

Mr. B. Will you name your own time and place, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. To do what?

Mr. B. To meet Sir Hargrave?

Sir Ch. To do him good—To do good to my bitterest enemy, I would meet him. Let him know, that I wrote a very long letter, because I would discharge my mind of all that I thought necessary to say on the occasion.

Mr. B. And you have no other answer to return?

Sir Ch. Only this—Let Sir Hargrave engage himself in a like unworthy enterprize; and let the lady, as this did, claim my protection; and I will endeavour to give it to her, altho' Sir Hargrave were surrounded by as many men armed, as he has in his service; that is to say, if a legal redress were not at hand: If it were, I hold it not to be a point of bravery to insult magistracy, and to take upon myself to

be my own judge; and, as it might happen, another man's executioner.

Mr. B. This is nobly said, Sir Charles: But still Sir Hargrave had not injured *you*, he says. And as I had heard you were a man of an excellent character, and know Sir Hargrave to be a man of courage, I took it into my head, for the prevention of mischief, to make a proposal in writing to the lady, whom Sir Hargrave loves as his own soul; and if she had come into it—

Sir Ch. A strange proposal, Mr. Bagenhall. Could you expect anything from it?

Mr. B. Why not, Sir Charles? She is disengaged, it seems. I presume, Sir, you do not intend to make court to her yourself?

Sir Ch. We are insensibly got into a parley, upon a subject that will not bear it, Mr. Bagenhall. Tell Sir Hargrave—or, write it down from my lips, Sir, (speaking to the writer) That I wish him to take time to enquire after my character, and after my motives in refusing to meet him on the terms he expects me to see him. Tell him, That I have, before now, shewn an insolent man, that I *may be* provoked: But that, when I have been so, I have had the happiness to chastise such a one without murdering him, and without giving any advantage over my own life, to his single arm.

Mr. B. This is great talking, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. It is, Mr. Bagenhall. And I should be sorry to have been put upon it, were I not in hope, that it may lead Sir Hargrave to such enquiries as may be for *his* service, as much as for mine.

Mr. B. I wish, that two such spirits were better acquainted with each other, or that Sir Hargrave had not suffered so much as he has done, both in person and mind.

Sir Ch. What does all this tend to, Mr. Bagenhall? I look upon you as a gentleman; and the more, for having said, You were solicitous to prevent further mischief, or I should not have said so much to so little purpose. And once more, I must refer to my Letter.

Mr. B. I own I admire you for your spirit, Sir. But it is amazing to me, that a man of such spirit can refuse to a gentleman the satisfaction which is demanded of him.

Sir Ch. It is owing to my having some spirit, that I can, fearless of consequences, refuse what you call satisfaction to Sir Hargrave, and yet be fearless of insult upon my refusal. I consider myself, as a mortal man: I can die but once: Once I must die: And if the cause be such as will justify me to my own heart, I, *for my own sake*, care not, whether my life be demanded of me to-morrow, or forty years hence: But, Sir (speaking to the writer) Let not this that I have now said, be transcribed from your notes: It may to Sir Hargrave sound ostentatiously. I want not, that any-thing should be read or shewn to him,

that would appear like giving consequence to myself, except for Sir Hargrave's own sake.

Mr. B. I beg, that it may not be spared. If you are capable of acting as you speak; by what I have heard *of* you in the affair on Hounslow-Heath; and by what I have heard *from* you in this conversation; and *see* of you; I think you a wonder of a man; and should be glad it were in my power to reconcile you to each other.

Sir Ch. I could not hold friendship, Mr. Bagenhall, with a man that has been capable of acting as Sir Hargrave has acted, by an innocent and helpless young lady. But I will name the terms on which I can take by the hand, where-ever I meet him, a man to whom I can have no malice: These are they, That he lay at the door of mad and violent passion the illegal attempt he made on the best of women: That he express his sorrow for it; and, on his knees, if he pleases, (it is no disgrace for the *bravest* man to kneel to an injured lady) beg her pardon; and confess her clemency to be greater than he deserves, if she give it.

Mr. B. Good God!—Shall that be transcribed, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. By all means: And if Sir Hargrave is a man that has in his heart the least spark of true magnanimity, he will gladly embrace the opportunity of acting accordingly: And put down, Sir, That sorrow, that contrition, is all the atonement that can be made for a perpetrated evil.

A faithful Narrative.

Henry Cotes

February 27

Does not your heart glow, my Lucy, now you have read (as I suppose you have) this paper? And do not the countenances of every one of my revered friends round you [Pray look!] shine with admiration of this excellent man? And yet you all loved him before: And so you all think I did. Well, I can't help your thoughts!—But I hope I shall not be undone by a *good* man!

You will imagine, that my heart was a little agitated, when I came to read Mr. Bagenhall's question, Whether Sir Charles intended to make court to me himself? I am sorry to tell you, Lucy, that I was a little more affected than I wished to be. Indeed, I shall keep a *look-out*, as you call it, upon myself. To say truth, I laid down the paper at that place, and was afraid to read the answer made to it. When I took it up, and read what followed, I might have spared, I saw, my foolish little tremors. See how frank I continue to be: But if you come not to this paragraph before you are aware, you need not read it to my uncle.

Mr. Bagenhall went away so much pleased with Sir Charles (as he

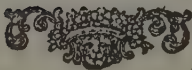
owned) that Mr. Reeves encourages me to hope, some way may be found to prevent further mischief. Yet the condition, which Sir Charles has proposed for my forgiving the wretch—Upon my word, my dear, I desire not to see Sir Hargrave either upon his knees, or upon his feet: I am sure I could not see him without very violent emotions. His barbarity, his malice, his cruelty, have impressed me strongly: Nor can I be glad to see the wretch with his disfigured mouth and lip. His lip, it seems, has been sewed up, and he wears a great black-silk patch upon the place.

I can't find that Sir Charles has heard from the exasperated man, since Mr. Bagenhall left him yesterday.

I hope nothing will happen to over-cloud to-morrow. I propose to myself as happy a day, as, in the present situation of things, can be given to

Your HARRIET BYRON

END OF VOLUME I





VOLUME II

LETTER I

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To Miss* LUCY SELBY

Wedn. Night, March 1

MR. FOWLER set out yesterday for Gloucestershire, where he has an estate. He proposes to go from thence to Caermarthen, to the worthy Sir Rowland. He paid a visit to Mr. Reeves, and desired him to present to me his best wishes and respects. He declared, that he could not possibly take leave of me, though he doubted not but I would receive him with goodness, as he called it. But it was *that* which cut him to the heart: So kind, and so cruel, he said, he could not bear it.

I hope, poor Mr. Fowler will be more happy than I could make him. Methinks, I could have been half-glad to have seen him before he went: and yet *but* half-glad; for, had he shewn much concern, I should have been pained.

Take now, my dear, an account of what passed this day at St. James's Square.

There were at Sir Charles Grandison's, besides Lord and Lady L. the young Lord G. one of Miss Grandison's humble Servants; Mr. Everard Grandison; Miss Emily Jervois, a young Lady of about fourteen, a ward of Sir Charles; and Dr. Bartlett, a Divine; of whom more by-and-by.

Sir Charles conducted us into the drawing-room, adjoining to the dining-room; where only were his two Sisters. They received my cousins and me with looks of love.

I will tell you, said Sir Charles, your company, before I present

them to you. Lord L. is a good man. I honour him as such; and love him as my Sister's Husband.

Lady L. bowed, and looked round her, as if she took pride in her Brother's approbation of her Lord.

Mr. Everard Grandison, proceeded he, if a sprightly man. He is prepared to admire you, Miss Byron. *You* will not believe, perhaps, half the handsome things he will say to you; but yet, will be the only person who hears them, that will not.

Lord G. is a modest young man: He is genteel, well-bred; but is so much in love with a certain young lady, that he does not appear with that dignity in her eye [Why blushes my Charlotte?] that otherwise perhaps he might.

Are not you, Sir Charles, a *modest* man?

No comparisons, Charlotte. Where there is a double prepossession; no comparisons!—But Lord G. Miss Byron, is a good kind of young man. You'll not dislike him, though my Sister is pleased to think—

No comparisons, Sir Charles.

That's fair, Charlotte. I will leave Lord G. to the judgment of Miss Byron. Ladies can better account for the approbation and dislikes of ladies, than we men can.

Dr. Bartlett you'll also see. He is learned, prudent, humble. You'll read his heart in his countenance, the moment he smiles upon you. Your Grandpapa, Madam, had fine curling silver hair, had he not? The moment I heard that you owed obligation to your Grandfather's care and delight in you, I figured to myself, that he was just such a man, habit excepted: Your Grandfather was not a Clergyman, I think. When I have friends whom I have a strong desire to please, I always endeavour to treat them with Dr. Bartlett's company. He has but one fault; he speaks too little: But were he to speak much, every one else would *wish* to be silent.

My ward Emily Jervois is an amiable girl. Her Father was a good man; but not happy in his nuptials. He bequeathed to my care, on his death-bed, at Florence, this his only child. My Sister loves her. I love her for her own sake, as well as for her Father's. She has a great fortune: And I have had the happiness to recover large sums, which her Father gave over for lost. He was an Italian merchant; and driven out of England by the unhappy temper of his Wife. I have had some trouble with her; and, if she be living, expect more.

Unhappy temper of his Wife, Sir Charles! You are very mild in your account of one of the most abandoned of women.

Well, but, Charlotte, I am only giving brief hints of Emily's story, to procure for her an interest in Miss Byron's favour, and to make their first acquaintance easy to each other. Emily wants no prepossession in Miss Byron's favour. She will be very ready herself to tell her whole

story to Miss Byron. Meantime, let us not say all that is just to say of the *Mother*, when we are speaking of the *Daughter*.

I stand corrected, Sir Charles.

Emily, Madam (turning to me) is not constantly resident with us in town. She is fond of being everywhere with my Charlotte.

And where *you* are, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Reeves whispered a question to Sir Charles, which was seconded by my eyes; for I guessed what it was: Whether he had heard anything further of Sir Hargrave?

Don't be anxious, said Sir Charles. All must be well. People, long used to error, don't, without reluctance, submit to new methods of proceeding. All must be well.

Sir Charles stepping out, brought in with him Miss Jervois. The Gentlemen seem engaged in conversation, said he. But I know the impatience of this young lady to pay her respects to Miss Byron.

He presented her to us: This dear girl is my Emily. Allow me, Madam, whenever Miss Grandison shall be absent, to claim for her the benefit of your instruction, and your general countenance, as she shall appear worthy of it.

There are not many men, my Lucy, who can make a compliment to one lady, without robbing, or, at least, depreciating another. How often have you and I observed, that a polite Brother is a black swan?'

I saluted the young lady, and told her, I should be fond of embracing every opportunity that should offer, to commend myself to her favour.

Miss Emily Jervois is a lovely girl. She is tall, genteel, and has a fine complexion; and, tho' pitted with the small-pox, is pretty. The sweetness of her manners, as expressed in her aspect, gives her great advantage. I was sure, the moment I saw her, that her greatest delight is to please.

She made me two or three pretty compliments; and, had *not* Sir Charles commended her to me, I should have been highly taken with her.

Mr. Grandison entered: Upon my honour, Sir Charles, I can stay no longer, said he: To know that the finest woman in England is under the same roof with me; yet to be so long detained from paying my respects to her—I can't bear it. And in a very gallant manner, as he seemed to *intend*, he paid his compliments, first to me, and then to my two Cousins:—And whispering, yet loud enough to be heard, to Miss Grandison, swore by his soul, that report fell short of my perfections—and I can't tell what.

Did I not tell you, that you would say so, Sir? said Miss Grandison:

I did not like the gentleman the better for what I had heard of him: But, perhaps, should have been less indifferent to his com-

pliment, had I not before been acquainted with Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. The men of this cast, I think, seem all alike. Poor creatures! how from my heart—But, indeed, now that I have the honour to know these two Sisters, I despise *myself*.

Sir Charles addressing himself to my Cousins and me, Now, said he, that my Cousin Grandison has found an opportunity to introduce himself; and that I have presented my Ward to you; we will, if you please, see how Lord L. Lord G. and Dr. Bartlett, are engaged.

He led my Cousin Reeves into the dining-room.

Lord L. addressed us with great politeness.

After Sir Charles had presented the Doctor to my Cousins, he respectfully took my hand: Were there fifty Ladies here, my good Dr. Bartlett, whom you had never seen before, you would, I am sure, from the character you have had of Miss Byron, be under no difficulty of reading that character in this young Lady's face. Miss Byron, behold, in Dr. Bartlett, another Grandfather!

I reverence, said I, good Dr. Bartlett. I borrow Sir Charles's thought: The character he has given you, Sir, is stamped in your countenance. I should have venerated you where-ever I had seen you.

The gentleman has such a truly venerable aspect, my Lucy, I could not help saying this.

Sir Charles's goodness, Madam, said he, as it ever did, prevents my wishes. I rejoice to see, and to congratulate, a new Sister, *restored*, as I will call it in the language of Miss Grandison, to the best of families.

Just then came in a servant, and whispered to Sir Charles: Shew the gentleman, said Sir Charles, into the drawing-room, next the Study.

Mr. Grandison came up to me, and said many silly things. I thought them so at that time.

Mr. Reeves soon after was sent for out by Sir Charles. I did not like his looks on his return.

Dinner being ready to be served, and Sir Charles, who was still with the gentleman, summoned to it, he desired we would walk down, and he would wait upon us by the time we were seated.

Some new trouble, thought I, of which I am the cause, I doubt.

Presently came in Sir Charles, unaffectedly smiling and serene.—God bless you, Sir, thought I!—His looks pleased me better than my Cousin's.

But, my dear, there is something going forward, that I cannot get out of my Cousin. I hoped I should, when I got home. The Gentleman to whom Sir Charles was called out, was certainly that Bagenhall. Mr. Reeves cannot deny that. I guessed it was, by Sir Charles's sending in for Mr. Reeves. It must be about me.

We had several charming conversations. Sir Charles was extremely entertaining. So unassuming, so lively, so modest, it was delightful to see the attention paid to him by the servants as they waited at table. They watched every look of his. I never saw love and reverence so agreeably mingled in servants faces in my life. And his commands were delivered to them with so much gentleness of voice and aspect, that one could not but conclude in favour of both, that they were the best of Servants to the best of Masters.

Mr. Grandison was very gallant in his speeches to me; but very uncivil with his eyes.

Lord L. said but little; but what he did say, deservedly gained attention.

Every-body revered Dr. Bartlett, and was attentive when he spoke; and would, I dare say, on his own account, had not the Master of the house, by the regard he paid him, engaged every one's veneration for him. Many of the questions which Sir Charles put to him, as if to inform himself, it was evident he could himself have answered: Yet he put them with an air of *teachableness*, if I may so express myself; and received the Doctor's answers to them with as much satisfaction, as if he were then newly enlightened by them.—Ah, my Lucy! you imagine, I dare say, that this admirable man lost nothing in my eyes, by this his polite condescension. Reserve, and a politeness that had dignity in it, shewed that the fine Gentleman and the Clergyman were not separated in Dr. Bartlett.—Pity they should be in any of the function!

Sir Charles gave Lord G. an opportunity to shine, by leading the discourse into circumstances and details, which Lord G. could best recount. My Lord has been a traveller. He is a connoisseur in Antiquities, and in those parts of *nice* Knowledge, as I, a woman, call it, with which the Royal Society here, and the learned and polite of other nations, entertain themselves.

Lord G. appeared to advantage, as Sir Charles managed it, under the awful eye of Miss Grandison. Upon my word, Lucy, she makes very free with him. I whisper'd her, that she did—A very Miss Howe, said I.

To a *very* Mr. Hickman,¹ re-whispered she.—But here's the difference: I am not determin'd to have Lord G. Miss Howe yielded to her Mother's recommendation, and intended to marry Mr. Hickman, even when she used him worst. One time or other (archly continued she the whisper, holding up her spread hand, and with a countenance of admiration) my Lord G. is to shew us his collection of Butterflies, and other gaudy insects:² Will you make one?—

¹ Of the gaudy insects! whispered I.—

Fie, Harriet!—One of the party, you know, I must mean. Let me

tell you, I never saw a collection of these various insects, that I did not the more admire the Maker of them, and of all us insects, whatever I thought of the collectors of the minute ones.¹—Another word with you, Harriet—These little playful studies may do well enough with persons who do not want to be *more* than indifferent to us: But do you think a Lover ought to take high delight in the painted wings of a Butterfly, when a fine Lady has made herself all over Butterfly to attract him?—Eyes off, Sir Charles!—for he looked, tho' smilingly, yet earnestly, at us, as we whisper'd behind the Countess's chair; who heard what was said, and was pleased with it.

LETTER II

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Thursday Morning, Mar. 2

I SHOULD have told you, that Miss Grandison did the honours of the table; and I will go round it; for I know you expect I should. But I have not yet done with Lord G.—Poor man! he is excessively in love, I see that. Well he may. What man would not with Miss Grandison? Yet is she too superior, I think.

What can a woman do, who is addressed by a man of talents inferior to her own? Must she throw away her talents? Must she hide her light under a bushel,² purely to do credit to the man? She cannot pick and choose, as men can. She has only her negative; and, if she is desirous to oblige her friends, not always *that*. Yet it is said, Women must not encourage Fops and Fools. They must encourage Men of Sense only. And it is *well* said. But what will they do, if their lot be cast only among Foplings? If the Men of Sense do not offer themselves? And pray, may I not ask, If the taste of the age, among the Men, is not Dress, Equipage, and Foppery? Is the cultivation of the mind any part of their study? The men, in short, are sunk, my dear; and the Women but barely swim.

Lord G. seems a little too finical in his dress. And yet I am told, that Sir Walter Watkyns outdoes him in Foppery. What can they mean by it, when Sir Charles Grandison is before them? *He* scruples not to modernize a little; but then you see, that it is in compliance with the fashion, and to avoid singularity; a fault to which great minds are perhaps too often subject, tho' *he* is so much above it.

I want to know, methinks, whether Sir Charles is *very* much in earnest in his favour to Lord G. with regard to Miss Grandison. I doubt not, if he be, but he has good reasons for it.

Were this vile Sir Hargrave out of my head, I could satisfy myself about twenty and twenty things, that now-and-then I want to know.

Miss Jervois behaved very discreetly. With what pleasure did she hang on every word that fell from the lips of her guardian! I thought more than once of Swift's Cadenus and Vanessa. Poor girl! how I should pity her, were she insensibly to suffer her gratitude to lead her to be in love with her benefactor! Indeed, I pity every-body who is hopelessly in love.

Now don't shake your head, my Uncle! Did I not always pity Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler?—You know I did, Lucy.

Miss Jervois had a smile ready for every one; but it was not an implicit, a childish smile. It had distinction in it; and shewed intelligence. Upon the whole, she said little, and heard all that was said with attention: And hence I pronounce her a very discreet young lady.

But I thought to have done with the *Men* first; and here is Mr. Grandison, hardly mentioned; who, yet, in his own opinion, was not the last of the men at table.

Mr. Grandison is a man of middling stature; not handsome in my eyes; but so near being handsome, that he may be excused, when one knows him, for thinking himself so; because he is liable to make greater mistakes than that.

He dresses very gaily too. He is at the *head* of the fashion, as, it seems, he thinks; but, however, is one of the *first* in it, be it what it will. He is a great frequenter of the drawing-room; of all manner of public spectacles; a leader of the taste at a new Play, or Opera. He dances, he sings, he laughs; and values himself on all three qualifications: And yet certainly has sense; but is not likely to improve it much; since he seems to be so much afraid of suffering in the consequence he thinks himself of, that whenever Sir Charles applies himself to him, upon any of his levities, tho' but by the eye, his consciousness, however mild the look, makes him shew an uneasiness at the instant. He reddens, sits in pain; calls for favour by his eyes, and his quivering lips; and has, notwithstanding, a smile ready to turn into a laugh, in order to lessen his own sensibility, should he be likely to suffer in the opinion of the company: But every motion shews his consciousness of inferiority to the man, of whose smiles or animadversions he is so very apprehensive.

What a captious, what a supercilious husband, to a woman who should happen to have a stronger mind than his, would Mr. Grandison make! But he values himself upon his having preserved his liberty.

I believe there are more bachelors now in England,¹ by many thousands, than were a few years ago: And, probably, the numbers of them (and of single women, of course) will every year increase. The luxury of the age will account a good deal for this; and the turn our Sex take in *un-domesticating* themselves, for a good deal more. But

let not those worthy young women, who may think themselves destined to a single life, repine over-much at their lot; since, possibly, if they have had no lovers, or having had one, two, or three, have not found an husband, they have had rather a miss than a loss, as men go. And let me here add, that I think, as matters stand in this age, or indeed ever did stand, that those women who have joined with the men in their insolent ridicule of Old Maids, ought never to be forgiven: No, tho' Miss Grandison should be one of the ridiculers. An Old Maid *may be* an odious character, if they will tell us, that the bad qualities of the persons, not the maiden State, are what they mean to expose. But then they must allow, that there are Old Maids of Twenty; and even that there are Widows and Wives of all ages and complexions, who, in the abusive sense of the words, are as much Old Maids, as the most particular of that class of females.

But a word or two more concerning Mr. Grandison.

He is about Thirty-two. He has had the *glory* of ruining two or three women. Sir Charles has *restored* him to a sense of shame [All men, I hope, are born with it]; which, a few months ago, he had got above. And he does not now entertain ladies with instances of the frailty of individuals of their Sex; which many are too apt, encouragingly, to smile at; when I am very much mistaken, if every woman would not find her account, if she wishes *herself* to be thought well of, in discouraging every reflection that may have a tendency to debase or expose the Sex in general. How can a man be suffered to boast of his vileness to one woman, in the presence of another, without a rebuke, that should put it to the proof, whether the boaster was, or was not, past blushing?

Mr. Grandison is thought to have hurt his fortune, which was very considerable, by his free living, and an itch of gaming; to cure him of which, Sir Charles encourages him to give him his company at all opportunities. He certainly has understanding enough to know how to value the favour; for he owns to Miss Grandison, that he both loves and fears him; and now-and-then tells her, that he would give the world, if he had it, to be able to be just what Sir Charles is! Good God! at other times he has broke out, What an odious creature is a Rake! How I hate myself, when I contemplate the excellencies of this divine Brother of yours!

I shall say nothing of Sir Charles in this place. You, I know, my Lucy, will admire me for my forbearance.

Lady L. and Miss Grandison were the Graces of the Table. So lively, so sensible, so frank, so polite, so good-humour'd, what honour do they and their Brother reflect back on the memory of their Mother! Lady Grandison, it seems, was an excellent woman. Sir Thomas was not, I have heard, quite unexceptionable. How useful,

if so, are the women in the greater, as well as in the lesser, parts of domestic duty, where they *perform* their duty! And what have those, who do not, to answer for, to GOD, to their Children, and even to their whole Sex, for the contempts they bring upon it by their uselessness, and perhaps extravagance; since, if the human mind is not actively good, it will generally be actively evil!

Dr. Bartlett I have already spoken of. How did he enliven the conversation, whenever he bore a part in it! So happy an elocution, so clear, so just, so solid, his reasoning. I wish I could remember every word he said.

Sir Charles observed to us, before we saw him, that he was not forward to speak. But, as I hinted, he threw the occasions in his way, on purpose to draw him out: And at such times, what he said was easy, free, and unaffected: And whenever a subject was concluded, he had done with it. His modesty, in short, made him always follow rather than lead a subject, as he very well might do, be it what it would.

I was charmed with the Brachman's prayer; which he, occasionally, gave us on the antient Persians being talked of.

Looking up to the rising Sun, which it was supposed they worshipped, these were the words of the Brachman:

"O THOU (meaning the ALMIGHTY) by whom *Thou* (meaning the Sun) art enlightened, illuminate my mind, that my actions may be agreeable to THY Will."

And this I will think of, my Lucy, as often as my early hour, for the future, shall be irradiated by that glorious orb.

Every-body was pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. Their modesty, good sense, and amiable tempers, and the kind, yet not ostentatious regard which they express to each other (a regard so creditable to the married state) cause them to be always treated and spoken of with distinction.

But I believe, as I am in a scribbling vein, I must give you the particulars of one conversation; in which farther honour was done to Dr. Bartlett.

After dinner, the Countess, drawing me on one side, by both my hands, said; Well, our other Sister, our new-found Sister, let me know how you like us? I am in pain lest you should not love us as well as you do *our* Northamptonshire relations.

You overcome me, Madam, with your goodness.

Miss Grandison then coming towards us, Dear Miss Grandison, said I, help me to words—

No, indeed, I'll help you to nothing. I am jealous. Lady L. don't think to rob me of my Harriet's preferable love, as you have of Sir Charles's. I *will* be best Sister here. But what was your subject?—

Yet I will answer my own question. Some pretty compliment, I suppose; Women to women. Women hunger and thirst after compliments. Rather than be without them, if no men are at hand to flatter us, we love to say handsome things to one another; and so teach the men to find us out.

You need not be *jealous*, Charlotte, said the Countess: You may be *sure*. This saucy girl, Miss Byron, is ever frustrating her own pretensions. Can flattery, Charlotte, say what we will, have place *here*?—But tell me, Miss Byron, how you like Dr. Bartlett?

Ay, tell us, Harriet, said Miss Grandison, how you like Dr. Bartlett? Pray, Lady L. don't anticipate me: I propose to give our new Sister the history of us all. And is not Dr. Bartlett one of *us*? She has already given me the history of all her friends, and of herself: And I have communicated to you, like a good Sister, all she has told me.

I considered Dr. Bartlett, I said, as a Saint; and, at the same time, as a man of true politeness.

He is indeed, said the Countess, all that is worthy and amiable in man. Don't you see how Sir Charles admires him?

Pray, Lady L. keep clear of my province. Here is Sir Charles. He will not let us break into parties.

Sir Charles heard this last sentence—Yet I wonder not, said he, joining us, that three such women get together: Goodness to goodness is a natural attraction. We men, however, will not be excluded.—Dr. Bartlett, if you please—

The Doctor approached in a most graceful manner—Let me again, Miss Byron, present Dr. Bartlett to you, as a man that is an honour to his cloth; and that is the same thing, as if I said, to human nature [The good man bowed in silence]; and Miss Byron, to you, my good Doctor, taking my hand, as a lady most worthy your distinguished regard.

You do me too much honour, Sir, said I. I shall hope, good Doctor Bartlett, by your instructions, to be enabled to deserve such a recommendation.

My dear Harriet, said the Countess, snatching my other hand, you are a *good* girl; and that is more to your honour than Beauty.

Be quiet, Lady L. said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Grandison came up—What! Is there not another hand for me?

I was vexed at his interruption. It prevented Dr. Bartlett from saying something that his lips were opening to speak with a smile of benignity.

How the World, said Sir Charles, smiling, will push itself in! *Heart*, not *Hand*, my dear Mr. Grandison, was the subject.

Whenever You, Sir Charles, and the Doctor, and these Ladies, are got together, I know I *must* be unseasonable: But if you exclude me such company, how shall I ever be what you and the Doctor would have me to be?

Lord L. and Lord G. were coming up to us: See your attraction, Miss Byron! said the Countess.

But, joined in Miss Grandison, we will not leave our little Jervois by herself, expecting and longing!—Our Cousins Reeves—only that when they are together, they cannot want company—should not be thus left. Is there more than one heart among us?—This Man's excepted, humourously pushing Mr. Grandison, as if from the company—Let us be orderly, and take our seats.

How cruel is this! said Mr. Grandison, appealing to Sir Charles.

Indeed I think it is a little cruel, Charlotte.

Not so: Let him be good then.—Till when, may all our Sex say, to such men as my Cousin has been—"Thus let it be done by the man, whom, if he were good, good persons would delight to honour."

Shame, if not principle, said Lord L. smiling, would effect the cure, if all ladies were to act thus. Don't you think so, Cousin Everard?

Well, well, said Mr. Grandison, I will be good, as fast as I can: But, Doctor, what say you?—Rome was not built in a day.

I have great hopes of Mr. Grandison, said the Doctor. But, Ladies, you must not, as Mr. Grandison observed, exclude from the benefit of your conversation, the man whom you wish to be good.

What! Not till he *is* good? said Miss Grandison. Did I not say, We should delight to honour him when he was?

But, what, Sir Charles? (come, I had rather take my cue from you, than any-body: what) are the signs which I am to give to be allowed—

Only these, my Cousin—When you can be serious on serious subjects; yet so chearful in your seriousness, as if it sat easy upon you; when you can, at times, prefer the company and conversation of Dr. Bartlett, who is not a solemn or severe man, to any other; and, in general, had rather stand well in his opinion, than in that of the gayest man or woman in the world.

Provided yours, Sir Charles, may be added to the Doctor's—

Command me, Mr. Grandison, whenever you two are together. We will not oppress you with our subjects. Our conversation shall be that of Men, of *chearful* Men. You shall lead them and change them at pleasure. The first moment (and I will watch for it) that I shall imagine you to be tired or uneasy, I will break off the conversation; and you shall leave us, and pursue your own diversions, without a question.

You were always indulgent to me, Sir Charles, said Mr. Grandison; and I have retired, and blushed to myself, sometimes, for *wanting* your indulgence.

Tea was preparing. Sir Charles took his own seat next Lord L. whom he set into talk of Scotland. He enjoyed the account my Lord gave of the pleasure which the Countess, on that her first journey into

those parts, gave to all *his* family and friends; as Lady L. on her part, acknowledged she had a grateful sense of *their* goodness to her.

I rejoice, said Sir Charles, that the sea divides us not from such worthy people, as you, my Lord, have given us a relation to. Next visit you make (Charlotte, I hope, will accompany me) I intend to make one in your train, as I have told your Lordship before.

You will add to our pleasure, Sir Charles. All my relations are prepared to do you honour.

But, my Lord, did not the Ladies think a little hardly of your Lordship's engagement? that a man of your merit should go from Scotland for a wife? I do assure you, my Lord, that, in all the countries I have been in, I never saw finer women than I have seen in Scotland; and in very few nations, tho' six times as large, greater numbers of them.

I *was* to be the happiest of men, Sir Charles, in a Grandison—I thank *you*, bowing.

It is one of my felicities, my Lord, that my Sister calls herself yours.

Lady L. whispering me, as I sat between her and Miss Grandison. The two worthiest hearts in the world, Miss Byron! my Lord L's, and my Brother's!

With joy I congratulate your Ladyship on both, re-whispered I. May God long continue to you two such blessings!

I thought of the vile Sir Hargrave at the time.

I can tell you how, said Mr. Grandison, to repay that nation—You, Sir Charles, shall go down, and bring up with you a Scottish lady.

I was vexed with myself for starting. I could not help it.

Don't you think, Lucy, that Sir Charles made a very fine compliment to the Scottish ladies?—I own, that I have heard the women of our Northern counties praised *also*. But are there not, think you, as pretty women in England?

My Sister Harriet, applied Sir Charles to me, you need not, I hope, be told that I am a great admirer of fine women.

I had like to have bowed—I should not have been able to recover myself, had I so seemed to apply his compliment.

I the less wonder that you are, Sir Charles, because, in the word *fine*, you include mind as well as person.

That's my good girl! said Miss Grandison, as she poured out the tea: and so he does.

My dear Charlotte, whispered I—Pray, say something encouraging to Lord G. He is pleased with every-body; but no-body says anything to him; and he, I see, both loves and fears you.

Hush, child! whispered she again. The man's best when he is silent. If it be his day to *love*, it is his day to *fear*. What a duce! shall a woman's time be Never?

That's good news for my Lord: Shall I hint to him, that his time *will* come?

Do, if you dare. I want you to provoke me. She spoke aloud.

I have done, said I.

My Lord, What do you think Miss Byron says?

For Heaven's sake, dear Miss Grandison!

Nay, I will speak it.

Pray, Madam, let me know, said my Lord.

You will know Miss Grandison in time, said Sir Charles. I trust her not with any of *my* secrets, Miss Byron.

The more ungenerous you, Sir Charles; for you get out of me all mine. I complained of you, Sir, to Miss Byron, for your reserves at Colnebrooke.

Be so good, Madam, said my Lord—

Nay, nothing but the Mountain and the Mouse.¹ Miss Byron only wanted to see your collection of insects.

Miss Byron will do me great honour—

If Charlotte won't attend you, Madam, said the Countess, to my Lord G's, I will.

Have I not brought you off, Harriet? whispered Miss Grandison—Trust me another time.—She will let you know the day before, my Lord.

Miss Grandison, my Lord, said I, loves to alarm. But I will with pleasure wait on *her*, and on the Countess, whenever they please.

You will see many things worth your notice, Madam, in Lord G.'s collection, said Sir Charles to me. But Charlotte thinks nothing less than men and women worthy of her notice; her parrot and squirrel, the one for its prattle, the other for its vivacity, excepted.

Thank you, Sir Charles—But pray do *you* be quiet! I fear nobody else.

Miss Byron, said the Countess, pray spare her not: I see you can make Charlotte afraid of *two*.

Then it must be of *three*, Lady L.—You know my reverence for my elder Sister.

No, no, but I don't. I know only, that nobody can better tell, what she *should* do, than my Charlotte: But I have always taken too much delight in your vivacity, either to wish or expect you to rein it in.

You acted by me like an *indolent* parent, Lady L. who miscalls herself *indulgent*. You gave me my head for your own pleasure; and when I had got it, tho' you found the inconvenience, you chose rather to bear it, than to take the pains to restrain me—But Sir Charles, whatever faults he might have had when he was from us, came over to us finished. He grew not up with us, from year to year: His blaze dazzled me; and I have tried over and over, but cannot yet get the better of my reverence for *him*.

If I have not my Sister's love, rather than what she pleasantly calls

her reverence, I shall have a much worse opinion of my own outward behaviour, than of her merit.

Your outward behaviour, Sir Charles, cannot be in fault, said Lord L. But I join with my Sister Charlotte, in her opinion of what *is*.

And I too, said the Countess—for I am a party—This is it, Sir Charles—Who that lies under obligations, which they cannot return, can view the obliger but with the most delicate sensibilities?

Give *me* leave, said Miss Emily, her face crimsoned over with modest gratitude, to say, that I am one, that shall ever have a reverence, superior to my love, for the best of guardians.

Blushes overspread my face, and gave a tacit acknowledgement, on my part, of the same sensibility, from the same motives.

Who is it, joined in Dr. Bartlett, that knows my patron, but must acknowledge—

My dear Dr. Bartlett, interrupted Sir Charles, from you, and from my good Lord L. these fine things are not to be borne. From my three Sisters, looking at *me* for one, and from my dear Ward, I cannot be so uneasy, when they will not be restrained from acknowledging, that I have succeeded in my endeavours to perform my *duty* to them.

I long to know, as I said once before, the particulars of what Sir Charles has done, to oblige every-body in so high a manner. Don't *you*, Lucy? Bless me! what a deal of time have I wasted since I came to town? I feel as if I had wings, and had soared to so great an height, that every thing and person that I before beheld without dissatisfaction, in this great town, looks diminutive and little under my aking eye. Thus, my dear, it must be in a better world, if we are permitted to look back upon the *highest* of our satisfactions in this.

I was asked to give them a lesson on the harpsichord after tea. Miss Grandison said, Come, come, to prevent all excuses, I will shew you the way.

Let it then be, said Mr. Grandison, Shakespeare's Cuckow.¹ You have made me enter with so much comparative shame into myself, that I must have something lively to raise my spirits.

Well, so it shall, replied Miss Grandison. Our poor Cousin does not know what to do with himself when you are got a little out of his reach.

That is not fair, Charlotte, said Sir Charles. It is not that graceful manner of obliging, in which you generally excel. Compliance and Reflection are not to be coupled.

Well, well, but I will give the good man his Cuckow, to make him amends.

Accordingly she sung that ballad from Shakespeare; and with so much spirit and humour, as delighted every-body.

Sir Charles being a judge of music, I looked a little sillier than common, when I was again called upon.

Come, my dear, said the kind Countess, I will prepare you a little further. When you see your two elder Sisters go before you, you will have more courage.

She sat down, and play'd one of Scarlatti's lessons; which, you know, are made to shew a fine hand.¹ And surely, for the swiftness of her fingers, and the elegance of her manner, she could not be equalled.

It is referred to you, my third Sister, said Sir Charles (who had been taken aside by Mr. Reeves; some whispering talk having passed between them) to favour us with some of Handel's music: Mrs. Reeves says, she has heard you sing several songs out of the Pastoral,² and out of some of his finest Oratorio's.

Come hither, come hither, my sweet Harriet—Here's his Alexander's Feast: My Brother admires that, I know; and says it is the noblest composition that ever was produced by man; and is as finely set, as written.³

She made me sit down to the instrument.

As you know, said I, that great part of the beauty of this performance arises from the proper transitions from one different strain to another, any one song must lose greatly, by being taken out of its place; and I fear—

Fear nothing, Miss Byron, said Sir Charles: Your obligingness, as well as your observation, intitle you to all allowances.

I then turned to that fine piece of accompanied recitative:

*Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.*

Which not being set so full with accompanying symphonies, as most of Mr. Handel's are, I performed with the more ease to myself, tho' I had never but once before play'd it over.

They all, with more compliments than I dare repeat, requested me to play and sing it once more.

Dare repeat! methinks I hear my Uncle Selby say. The girl that does nothing else but repeat her own praises, comes with her *If I dare repeat.*

Yes, Sir, I answer; for compliments that do not elevate, that do not touch me, run glibly off my pen: But such as *indeed* raise one's vanity; how can one *avow* that vanity by writing them down?—But they were resolved to be pleased before I began.

One compliment, however, from Sir Charles, I cannot, I find, pass over in silence. He whispered Miss Grandison, as he leaned upon my chair, How could Sir Hargrave Pollexfen have the heart to endeavour to stop such a mouth as that!

And now, having last night, and this morning, written so many

sides, it is time to break off. Yet I could give you many more particulars of agreeable conversation that passed, were I sure you would not think me insufferably tedious; and did not the unkind reserve of my Cousin Reeves, as to the business of that Bagenhall, rush upon my memory with fresh force, and help to tire my fingers. I am the more concerned, as my Cousin himself seems not easy; but is in expectation of hearing something, that will either give him relief, or add to his pain.

Why, Lucy, should our friends take upon themselves to keep us in the dark, as to those matters which it concerns us more to know, than perhaps any-body else? There is a tenderness sometimes shewn on arduous occasions in this respect, that gives as much pain, as we could receive from the most explicit communication. And then, all the while, there is so much strength of mind, and discretion, supposed in the person that knows an event, and such weakness in her that is to be kept in ignorance, that—But I grow as saucy as impatient. Let me conclude, before I expose myself to reproof for a petulance, that I hope is not natural to

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER III

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To* *Miss* LUCY SELBY

Thursday Night, Mar. 2

AND what do you think was the reason of Mr. Reeves's reserves? A most alarming one. I am obliged to him, that he kept it from me, tho' the uncertainty did not a little affect me. Take the account of it, as it comes out.

I told you in my former, that the person to whom Sir Charles was sent for out, was Mr. Bagenhall; and that Sir Charles had sent in for Mr. Reeves, who returned to the company with a countenance that I did not like so well as I did Sir Charles's. I now proceed to give you, from Minutes of Mr. Reeves, what passed on the occasion.

Sir Charles took Mr. Reeves aside—This unhappy man (Sir Hargrave, I mean, said he) seems to me to want an excuse to himself, for putting up with a treatment which he thinks disgraceful. When we have to deal with children, humours must be a little allowed for. But you'll hear what the proposal is now. Let not the Ladies, however, nor the Gentlemen, within, know any thing of the matter till all is over. This is a day devoted to pleasure. But *you*, Mr. Reeves, know something of the matter; and can answer for your fair Cousin.

He then led Mr. Reeves in to Mr. Bagenhall.

This, Sir, is Mr. Reeves.—Sir Hargrave, in short, Mr. Reeves, among other demands that I cannot comply with (but which relate only to myself, and therefore need not be mentioned) insists upon an introduction to Miss Byron. He says, she is absolutely disengaged—Is she, Sir?

I dare say she is, answered my Cousin.

This gentleman has been naming to me Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and others.

No one of them has ever met with the shadow of encouragement from my Cousin. She is above keeping any man in suspense, when she is not in any herself. Nothing has given her more uneasiness than the number of her Admirers.

Miss Byron, said Sir Charles, *must* be admired by every one that beholds her; but still more by those who are admitted to the honour of conversing with her. But Sir Hargrave is willing to build upon her disengagement something in his own favour. Is there any room for Sir Hargrave, who pleads his sufferings for her; who vows his honourable intentions even at the time that he was hoping to gain her by so unmanly a violence; and appeals to her for the purity, as he calls it, of his behaviour to her, all the time she was in his hands—who makes very large offers of settlements—Is there any room to hope, that Miss Byron—

No, none at all, Sir Charles—

What! not to save a life, Mr. Reeves?—said Mr. Bagenhall.

If you mean mine, Mr. Bagenhall, replied Sir Charles, I beg that that may not be considered. If Sir Hargrave means his own, I will pronounce that safe from any premeditated resentment of mine. Do you think Miss Byron will bear to see Sir Hargrave, Mr. Reeves? I presume he intends to beg pardon of her. Will she consent to receive a visit from him?—But is not this wretched trifling, Mr. Bagenhall?

You will remember, Sir Charles, this is a proposal of *mine*: What I *hoped* might be agreed to by Sir Hargrave; but that I was willing to consult you before I mentioned it to him.

I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagenhall: I now remember it.

If ever man doted upon a woman, said Mr. Bagenhall, it is Sir Hargrave on Miss Byron. The very methods he took to obtain her for a wife, shew that most convincingly.—You will promise not to stand in his way, Sir.

I repeat, Mr. Bagenhall, what I have heretofore told you; That Miss Byron (You'll excuse me, Mr. Reeves) is still under my protection. If Sir Hargrave, as he ought, is inclined to ask her pardon; and if he can obtain it, and even upon his own terms; I shall think Miss Byron and he may be happier together than at present I can imagine it possible. I am not desirous to be any-way considered, but

as her protector from violence and insult; and that I will be, if she claim it, in defiance of an hundred such men as Sir Hargrave. But then, Sir, the occasion must be sudden. No legal relief must be at hand. I will not, either for an adversary's sake, or my own, be defied into a cool and premeditated vengeance.

But, Sir Charles, Sir Hargrave has some hardships in this case. You will not give him the satisfaction of a Gentleman: And, according to the Laws of Honour, a man is not intitled to be *treated* as a Gentleman, who denies to one—

Of whose making, Mr. Bagenhall, are the Laws of Honour you mention? I own no Laws, but the Laws of GOD and my Country. But, to cut this matter short, tell Sir Hargrave, that, little as is the dependence a Man of Honour can have upon that of a man, who has acted by an helpless woman, as he has acted by Miss Byron, I will breakfast with him in his own house to-morrow morning, if he contradicts it not. I will attribute to the violence of his passion for the lady, the unmanly outrage he was guilty of. I will suppose him mistaken enough to imagine, that he should make her amends by marriage, if he could compel her hand; and will trust my person to his honour, one servant only to walk before his door, not to enter the house, to attend my commands, after our conversation is over. My sword, and my sword only, shall be my companion: But this rather, that I would not be thought to owe my safety to the want of it, than in expectation, after such confidence placed in him, to have occasion to draw it in my own defence. And pray, Mr. Bagenhall, do you, his friend, be present; and any other friends, and to what number, he pleases.

When I came to this place in my Cousin's Minutes, I was astonished; I was out of breath upon it.

Mr. Bagenhall was surprised; and asked Sir Charles, If he were in earnest?

I would not be thought a rash man, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave *threatens* me: I never avoid a threatener. *You* seem to hint, Sir, that I am not intitled to fair play, if I consent not to meet him with a murderous intention. With such an intention I never will meet any man; though I have as much reason to rely on the skill of my arm, as on the justice of my cause. If foul play is hinted at, I am no more safe from an assassin in my bedchamber, than in Sir Hargrave's house. Something must be done by a man who refuses a challenge, to let a challenger see (such is the world, such is the custom) that he has *better* motives than fear, for his refusal. I will put Sir Hargrave's Honour to the fullest test: Tell him, Sir, that I will bear a great deal; but that I will not be insulted, were he a Prince.

And you really would have me—

I would, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave, I see, will not be satisfied,

unless something extraordinary be done: And if I hear not from you, or from him, I will attend him by ten to-morrow morning, in an amicable manner, to breakfast at his own house in Cavendish Square.

I am in terror, Lucy, even in transcribing only.

Mr. Reeves, said Sir Charles, you undo me, if one word of this matter escape you, even to your Wife.

Mr. Reeves begged, that he might attend him to Sir Hargrave's.

By no means, Mr. Reeves.

Then, Sir Charles, you apprehend danger.

I do *not*. Something, as I said, must be done. This is the shortest and best method to make all parties easy. Sir Hargrave thinks himself slighted. He may infer, if he pleases, in his own favour, that I do *not* despise a man, in whom I can place such a confidence. Do you, Mr. Reeves, return to company; and let no one know the occasion of your absence, or of mine, from it.

I have told you, my dear, what a difference there was in the countenances of both, when each separately entered the dining-room. And could this great man (surely I may call him *great*) could he, in *such* circumstances, on his return, give joy, pleasure, entertainment, to all the company, without the least cause of suspicion of what had passed?

Mr. Reeves, as I told you, singled out Sir Charles in the evening to know what had passed after he left him and Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Charles acquainted him, that Mr. Bagenhall had proposed to let him know that night, or in the morning, how Sir Hargrave approved of his intended visit. He has, accordingly, signified to me already, said Sir Charles, that Sir Hargrave expects me.

And will you go, Sir?

Don't give yourself concern about the matter, Mr. Reeves. All must end well. My intention is, not to run into mischief, but to prevent it. My principles are better known abroad, than they are in England. I have been challenged more than once by men, who knew them, and thought to find their safety from them. I have been obliged to take some extraordinary steps to save myself from insult; and those steps have answered my end, in more licentious countries than this. I hope this step will preserve me from calls of this nature in my own country.

For God's sake, Sir Charles—

Be not uneasy on my account, Mr. Reeves. Does not Sir Hargrave value himself upon his fortune? He would be loth to forfeit it. *His* fortune is *my* security. And am I not a man of some consequence myself? Is not the affair between us known? Will not therefore the cause justify me, and condemn him? The man is turbulent; he is uneasy with himself; he knows himself to be in the wrong. And shall a man, who resolves to pay a sacred regard to laws divine and human,

fear this Goth? 'Tis time enough to fear, when I can be unjust. If you value my friendship, as I do yours, my good Mr. Reeves, proceeded he, I shall be sure of your absolute silence. I will attend Sir Hargrave by ten to-morrow morning. You will hear from me, or see me at your own house, by twelve.

And then it was, as Mr. Reeves tells me, that Sir Charles turned from him, to encourage me to give the company a lesson from Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, as set by Handel; which I chose to be in the lines, *Softly sweet, &c.*

Mr. Reeves went out in the morning. My Cousin says, he had been excessively uneasy all night. He now owns, he called at St. James's Square, and there breakfasted with Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, Miss Emily, and Dr. Bartlett. Sir Charles went out at nine, in a chair, one servant only attending him: The family knew not whither. And his two Sisters were fomenting a rebellion against him, as they humourously called it, for his keeping from them (who kept nothing from *him*) his motions, when they and my Lord were together, and at his house: But my Lord and Miss Emily pleasantly refused to join in it. Mr. Reeves told us, on his return, that his heart was so sunk, that they took great notice of his dejection.

About three o'clock, just as Mr. Reeves was determined to go to St. James's Square again, and, if Sir Charles had not been heard of, to Cavendish-Square (tho' irresolute what to do when there) the following billet was brought him from Sir Charles. After what I have written, does not your heart leap for joy, my Lucy?

Dear Sir,

Half an hour after two

I will do myself the honour of visiting Mrs. Reeves, Miss Byron, and you, at your usual tea-time, if you are not engaged. I tell the Ladies here, that those who have least to do, are generally the most busy people in the world. I can therefore be only answerable, on this visit, for, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON

Then it was, that, vehemently urged both by my Cousin and me, Mr. Reeves gave us briefly the cause of his uneasiness.

About six o'clock, Sir Charles came in a chair. He was charmingly dressed. I thought him, the moment he enter'd, the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. What a transporting thing must it be, my Lucy, to an affectionate wife, without restraint, without check, and performing nothing but her duty, to run with open arms to receive a worthy husband, returning to her after a long absence, or from an

escaped danger! How cold, how joyless!—But no! I was neither cold, nor joyless; for my face, as I felt it, was in a glow; and my heart was ready to burst with congratulatory meaning, at the visible safety, and unhurt person, of the man who had laid me before under such obligations to him, as were too much for my gratitude. O do not, do not tell me, my dear friends, that *you* love him, that *you* wish me to be his. I shall be ready, if you *do*, to wish—I don't know what I would say: But *your* wishes were always the leaders of *mine*.

Mrs. Reeves, having the same cause for apprehension, could hardly restrain herself when he entered the room. She met him at the door, her hand held out, and with so much emotion, that Sir Charles said, How well, Mr. Reeves, you have kept my secret!—Mr. Reeves told him, what an uneasiness he had laboured under from the preceding evening; and how silent he had been, till his welcome billet came.

Then it was that both my Cousins, with equal freedom, congratulated him.

And I'll tell you how the Fool, the maiden Fool, looked, and acted. Her feet insensibly moved to meet him, while he was receiving the freer compliments of my Cousins. I courtesied bashfully; it was hardly noticeable; and, *because* unnoticed, I paid my compliments in a deeper courtesy. And then, finding my hand in his, when I knew not whether I had an hand or not—I am grieved, Sir, said I, to be the occasion, to be the cause—And I sighed for one reason (perhaps you can guess what that was) and blushed for two; because I knew not what to say, nor how to look; and because I was under obligations which I could not return.

He kindly saved my further confusion, by making light of what had passed: And, leading me to a seat, took his place by me.

May I ask, Sir Charles?—said my Cousin Reeves, and stopt.

The conversation was too tedious, and too various, to be minutely related, Mr. Reeves. But Sir Hargrave had, by Mr. Bagenhall's desire, got his shorthand writer in a closet; and that unknown to me, till all was over. I am to have a copy of what passed. You shall see it, if you please, when it is sent me. Mean time, what think you of a compromise at *your* expence, Miss Byron?

I dare abide by every-thing that Sir Charles Grandison has stipulated for me.

It would be cruelty to keep a Lady in suspense, where doubt will give her pain, and cannot end in pleasure. Sir Hargrave is resolved to wait upon you: Are you willing to see him?

If, Sir, you would advise me to see him.

I advise nothing, Madam. Pursue your inclinations. Mr. Reeves is at liberty to admit whom he pleases into his house: Miss Byron to see in it, or wheresoever she is, whom *she* pleases. I told him my mind

very freely. But I left him determined to wait on you. I have reason to believe he will behave very well. I should be surprised, if he does not in the humblest manner ask your pardon; and *yours*, Mr. Reeves, and your Lady's. But if you have any apprehensions, Madam (to me) I will be ready to attend you at five minutes notice, before he shall be admitted to your presence.

It is very good, Sir, said Mr. Reeves, to be ready to favour Miss Byron with your countenance, on such an occasion. But I hope we need not give you that trouble in this house.

Sir Charles went away soon after; and Mr. Reeves has been accusing himself ever since, with answering him too abruptly, tho' he meant nothing but the truest respect. And yet as I have written it, on re-perusal, I don't above half like Mr. Reeves's answer. But where high respect is entertained, grateful hearts will always, I believe, be accusing themselves of imperfections, which none other see, or can charge them with.

As Sir Charles is safe, and I have now nothing to apprehend but Sir Hargrave's visit, I will dispatch this Letter, with assurances that I am, my dear Lucy,

Your ever-affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER IV

Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss LUCY SELBY

Friday, One o'Clock, Mar. 3

SIR CHARLES has just sent the impatiently-expected Paper, transcribed by the short-hand writer from his minutes of the conversation that passed on Sir Charles's intrepid visit at Sir Hargrave's. *Intrepid*, I call it: But had I known of it, as Mr. Reeves did, before the event, in some measure, justified the *rashness*, I should have called it *rash*, and been for proposing to send Peace-officers to Cavendish-Square, or taking some method to know whether he were safe in his person; especially when three o'clock approached; and his dinner-time is earlier than that of most other people of fashion.

Mr. Reeves has been so good as to undertake to transcribe this long paper for me, that I may have time to give you an account of three particular visits which I have received. I asked Mr. Reeves, If it were not a strange way of proceeding in this Bagenhall to have his short-hand writer, and now turned listener, always with him? He answered, It was not an usual way; but, in cases of this nature, where murder, and a tryal, were expected to follow the *rashness*, in a court of justice,

he thought it carried with it, tho' a face of premeditation, yet a look of fairness; and there was no doubt but the man had been in bad scrapes before now, and was willing to use every precaution for the future.

The PAPER

On Thursday morning, March the 2d, 17 . . I Henry Cotes, according to notice given me the preceding evening, went to the house of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Baronet, in Cavendish Square, about half an hour after eight in the morning, in order to take minutes, in short-hand, of a conversation that was expected to be held between the said Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Sir Charles Grandison, Baronet, upon a debate between the said Gentlemen; on which I had once before attended James Bagenhall, Esquire, at the house of the said Sir Charles Grandison in St. James's Square; and from which consequences were apprehended, that might make an exact account of what passed, of great importance.

I was admitted, about nine o'clock, into the withdrawing-room; where were present the said Sir Hargrave, the said James Bagenhall, Solomon Merceda, Esquire, and John Jordan, Esquire. And they were in full conversation about the reception that was to be given to the said Sir Charles Grandison; which not being a part of my orders or business, I had no command to take down; but the *contrary*.

And that I might, with the less interruption, take minutes of the expected conversation, I was ordered to place myself in a large closet adjoining to the said withdrawing-room, from which it was separated by a thin wainscot-partition: But, lest the said Sir Charles should object to the taking of the said minutes, I was directed to conceal myself there till called forth; but to take the said minutes fairly and truly, as, upon occasion, I would make oath to the truth thereof.

About half an hour after nine o'clock, I heard Mr. Bagenhall, with an oath, that denoted, by the voice, eagerness and surprize, say, Sir Charles was come. And immediately a footman enter'd, and said, "Sir Charles Grandison!"

Then three or four of the Gentlemen spoke together pretty loud and high: But what they said I thought not in my orders to note down. But this is not improper to note: Sir Hargrave said, Give me that pair of pistols, and let him follow me into the garden. By G— he shall take *one*.

No, no! I heard Mr. Merceda say; who being a foreigner, I knew his voice from the rest—No, no! That must not be.

And another voice, I believe by the lisp, it was Mr. Jordan's, say,

Let us, Sir Hargrave, hear what a man so gallant has to say for himself. *Occasions may arise afterwards.*

Mr. Bagenhall, whose voice I well knew, said, D—n his blood, if an hair of Sir Charles Grandison's head should be hurt on this visit. Do I, d—n ye all, said Sir Hargrave, offer any thing unfair, when I would give him the choice of the pistols?

What! in your own garden! A pretty story, whichsoever drops! said Mr. Merceda. The devil's in it, if he may not be *forced* now to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman elsewhere!

Desire Sir Charles (D—n his blood, said Sir Hargrave) to come in. And then [as I saw through a knot-hole, that I just then, hunting for a crack in the wainscot-partition, discovered] Sir Charles entered; and I saw, that he looked very sedate and chearful; and he had his sword by his side, though in a morning-dress.' And then the conversation began, as follows:

Sir Charles. YOUR Servant, Sir Hargrave. Mr. Bagenhall, yours. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Mr. Bagenhall. Yours, Sir Charles. You are a man of your word. This gentleman is Mr. Jordan, Sir Charles. This gentleman is Mr. Merceda.

Sir Ch. Mr. Merceda!—I have heard of Mr. Merceda.—I have been very free, Sir Hargrave, to invite myself to breakfast with you.

Sir Hargrave. Yes, by G—. And so you have before now. Have you any-body with you, Sir?—If you have, let them walk in.

Sir Ch. Nobody, Sir.

Sir Har. These are gentlemen, Sir. They are men of honour. They are my friends.

Sir Ch. They look like gentlemen. I suppose every man a man of honour, till I find him otherwise.

Sir Har. But don't think I have them here to intimidate—

Sir Ch. Intimidate, Sir Hargrave! I know not what it is to be intimidated. You say, the gentlemen are your friends. I come with a view to increase, and not diminish, the number of your friends.

Sir Har. "Increase the number of my friends!"—What! with one who robbed me of the only woman on earth that is worth having! And who, but for the unmanly advantage taken of me, had been my wife before the day was over, Sir! And yet to refuse me the satisfaction of a gentleman, Sir!—But I hope you are now come—

Sir Ch. To breakfast with you, Sir Hargrave—Don't be warm. I am determined, if possible, not to be provoked—But I must not be ill-treated.

Sir Har. Why, then, Sir, take one of those two pistols. My chariot shall carry us—

Sir Ch. No—where, Sir Hargrave. What has hitherto passed between us, was owing to accident. It is not my way to recriminate. To your own heart, however, I appeal: That must convince you, that the method you took to gain the Lady, rendered you unworthy of her. I took no *unmanly* advantage of you. That I refused to meet you in the way you have demanded, gives me a title to call myself your best friend—

Sir Har. “My best friend,” Sir!—

Sir Ch. Yes, Sir. If either the preservation of your own life, or the saving you a long regret for taking that of another, as the chance might have been, deserves your consideration. In short, it depends upon yourself, Sir Hargrave, to let me know whether you were guilty of a bad action from mad and violent passion, or from design, and a natural byass, if I may so call it, to violence; which alone can lead you to think of justifying one bad action by another.

Sir Har. Then, Sir, account me a man of *natural violence*, if you please. Who shall value the opinion of a man that has disgracefully—G—d— you, Sir—Do you see—what marks I shall carry to my grave—

Sir Ch. Were I as violent as you, Sir Hargrave, you might carry those marks to your grave, and not wear them long.—Let us breakfast, Sir. That will give you time to cool. Were I even to do, as you would have me, you will best find your account in being cool. You cannot think I would take such an advantage of you, as your passion would give me.

Mr. Bag. Nobly said, by Heaven!—Let us breakfast, Sir Hargrave. Then you will be cooler. Then will you be fitter to discuss this point, or any other.

Mr. Merceda. Very right. You have a noble enemy, Sir Hargrave.

Sir Ch. I am no man’s enemy, Mr. Merceda. Sir Hargrave should consider, that, in the occasion for all this, he was to blame; and that all my part in the affair was owing to accident, not malice.

Mr. Jordan. I doubt not, Sir Charles, but you are ready to ask pardon of Sir Hargrave, for your part—

Sir Ch. Ask pardon, Sir!—No!—I think I ought to have done just as I did. Were it to do again, I should do it, whoever were the man.

Sir Har. See there! See there!—Mr. Bagenhall, Mr. Merceda, Mr. Jordan! See there! Hear that!—Who can have patience!

Sir Ch. I can tell you who *ought* to have patience, Sir Hargrave. I should have a very mean opinion of any man here, called upon as I was, if he had not done just as I did: And a still meaner than I have of you, Sir Hargrave, had you, in the like case, refused the same assistance to a woman in distress. But I will not repeat what I have written.

Sir Har. If you are a *man*, Sir Charles Grandison, take your choice of one of those pistols, G—d—n you. I insist upon it.

And I saw thro' the knot-hole, that Sir Hargrave arose in passion.

Sir Ch. As I *AM* a *man*, Sir Hargrave, I will *not*. It might look to an angry man like an insult, which I am above intending, were I to say, that I have given, on our first *interview*, proofs that I want not courage. I give you now, as I think, the highest I *can* give, in refusing your challenge. A personal insult I know how to repel. I know how to defend myself—But, as I said, I will not repeat any-thing I have written.

Mr. Mer. But, Sir Charles, you have threatened a man of honour in what you have written, if we take you right, with a weapon that ought to be used only to a scoundrel; yet refuse—

Sir Ch. The man, Sir, that shall take it into his head to insult me, may do it with the greater safety, tho' perhaps not with impunity, as he may be assured I will not kill him for it, if I can help it. I can play with my weapons, Sir (it may look like boasting); but will not play with any man's life, nor consent to make a sport of my own.

Sir Har. D—n your coolness, Sir!—I cannot bear—

Sir Ch. Curse not your safety, Sir Hargrave.

Mr. Jor. Indeed, Sir Charles, I could not bear such an air of superiority—

Sir Ch. It is *more* than an air, Mr. Jordan. The man who can think of justifying one violent action by another, must give a *real* superiority against himself. Let Sir Hargrave confess his fault—I have put him in the way of doing it, with all the credit to himself that a man can have who has *committed* a fault—and I offer him my hand.

Sir Har. Damnable insult!—What! own a fault to a man who, without any provocation, has dashed my teeth down my throat; and, as you see—Gentlemen—say, Can I, ought I, *now*, to have patience?

Sir Ch. I intended not to do you any of this mischief, Sir Hargrave. I drew not my sword, to return a pass made by yours—Actually received a raking on my shoulder from a sword that was aimed at my heart. I sought nothing but to hinder you from doing that mischief to *me*, which I was resolved not to do to *you*. This, Sir Hargrave, This, gentlemen, was the state of the case; and the cause such, as no man of honour could refuse engaging in.—And now, Sir, I meet you, upon my own invitation, in your own house, unattended, and alone, to shew you, that I have the same disposition as I had from the first, to avoid doing you injury: And *this* it is, gentlemen, that gives me a superiority to Sir Hargrave, which he may lessen, by behaving as I, in his case, would behave to him.

Mr. Bag. By G— this is nobly said.

Mr. Jor. I own, Sir Hargrave, that I would sooner veil² to such a Man as this than to a King on his throne.

Sir Har. D—n me, if I forgive him, with these marks about me.—I insist upon your taking one of these pistols, Sir.—Gentlemen, my friends, he boasts of his advantages: He *may* have some from his cursed coolness: He can have none any other way. Bear witness, I forgive him, if he lodges a brace of bullets in my heart—Take one of those pistols, Sir. They are equally loaded—Bear witness, if I die, that I have provoked my fate. But I will die like a man of honour.

Sir Ch. To *die* like a man of honour, Sir Hargrave, you must have *lived* like one. You should be sure of your cause. But these pistols are too ready a mischief. Were I to meet you in *your own* way, Sir Hargrave, I should not expect, that a man so enraged would fire his over *my* head, as I should be willing to do mine over *his*. Life I would not put upon the perhaps involuntary twitch of a finger.

Sir Har. Well then, The sword. You came, tho' undressed, with your sword on.

Sir Ch. I did; and for the reason I gave to Mr. Bagenhall. I draw it not, however, but in my own defence.

Sir Har. (rising from his seat) Will you favour me with your company into my own garden? Only you and I, Sir Charles. Let the gentlemen my friends stay here. They shall only look out of the windows, if they please—Only to that grass-plot, Sir (pointing as I saw)—If *you* fall, I shall have the worst of it, from the looks of the matter, killing a man in my own garden: If *I* fall, you will have the evidence of my friends to bring you off.

Sir Ch. I need not look at the place, Sir Hargrave. And since, gentlemen, it is allowed, that the pistols may be dismissed; and since, by their lying loaded on the table, they seem but to stimulate to mischief; you will all excuse me, and you, Sir Hargrave, will forgive me—

And so saying, he arose, with great tranquillity, as I saw; and taking the pistols, lifted up the sash that was next to that at which Sir Hargrave stood, and discharged them both out of the window.

By the report, the writer is sure they were well loaded.

In ran a croud of servants, men and women, in dismay. The writer sat still in the closet, knowing the matter to be no worse. One of the men cried out, This is the murderer! And they all (not seeing their master, as I suppose, at the window beyond Sir Charles, and who afterwards owned himself too much surprised to stir or speak) were for making up to Sir Charles.

Sir Charles then retiring, put his hand upon his sword: But mildly said, My friends, your master is safe. Take care I hurt not any of you.

Sir Har. I am safe—Begone, scoundrels!

Mr. Bag. Begone! Quit the room. Sir Hargrave is safe.

Mr. Mer. }
Mr. Jor. } Begone! Begone!

The servants, as I saw, crowded out as fast as they came in.

Sir Charles, then stepping towards Sir Hargrave, said, You will, some time hence, Sir, think the discharge of those pistols much happier than if they had been put to the use designed when they were loaded. I offer you my hand: It is an offer that is not to be twice refused. If you have malice to me, I have none to you. I invited myself to *breakfast* with you. You and your friends shall be welcome to *dine* with me. My time is near expired (looking at his watch)—for Sir Hargrave seemed too irresolute either to accept or refuse his hand.

Mr. Jor. I am astonished!—Why, Sir Charles, what a tranquillity must you have within you! The devil take me, Sir Hargrave, if you shall not make up matters with such a noble adversary.

Mr. Mer. He has won me to his side. By the great God of Heaven, I had rather have Sir Charles Grandison for my friend than the greatest Prince on earth!

Mr. Bag. Did I not *tell* you, gentlemen?—D—n me, if I have not hitherto lived to nothing but to my shame! I had rather be Sir Charles Grandison in this one past hour, than the Great Mogul all my life.

Sir Hargrave even sobbed, as I could hear by his voice, like a child. —D—n my heart, said he, in broken sentences—And must I thus put up—And must I be thus overcome? By G—, By G—, Grandison, you must, you must, walk down with me into the garden. I have something to propose to you; and it will be in your own choice either to compromise, or to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman: But you must retire with me into the garden.

Sir Ch. With all my heart, Sir Hargrave.

And taking off his sword, he laid it on the table.

Sir Har. And must I do so too?—D—n me, if I do!—Take up your sword, Sir.

Sir Ch. I will, to oblige you, Sir Hargrave. It will be always in my choice to draw it, or not.

Sir Har. D—n me, if I can live to be *thus* treated!—Where the devil have you been till now?—But you must go down with me into the garden.

Sir Ch. Shew me the way, Sir Hargrave.

They all interposed: But Sir Charles said, Pray, gentlemen, let Sir Hargrave have his way. We will attend you presently.

The writer then came out, by the gentlemens leave, who staid behind, at the windows. They expressed their admiration of Sir Charles. And Mr. Merceda and Mr. Bagenhall (the writer mentions it to their honour) reproached each other, as if they had no notion of what was great and noble in man till now.

Sir Charles and Sir Hargrave soon appeared in sight; walking, and as conversing earnestly. The subject, it seems, was, some proposals

made by Sir Hargrave about the Lady, which Sir Charles would not comply with. And when they came to the grass-plot, Sir Hargrave threw open his coat and waistcoat, and drew; and seemed, by his motions, to insist upon Sir Charles's drawing likewise. Sir Charles had his sword in one hand; but it was undrawn: the other was stuck in his side: his frock was open. Sir Hargrave seemed still to insist upon his drawing, and put himself into a fencing attitude. Sir Charles then calmly stepping towards him, put down Sir Hargrave's sword with his hand, and put his left-arm under Sir Hargrave's sword-arm. Sir Hargrave lifted up the other arm passionately: But Sir Charles, who was on his guard, immediately laid hold of the other arm, and seemed to say something mildly to him; and letting go his left-hand, led him towards the house; his drawn sword still in his hand. Sir Hargrave seemed to expostulate, and to resist being led, tho' but faintly, and as a man overcome with Sir Charles's behaviour; and they both came up together, Sir Charles's arm still within his sword-arm—[The writer retired to his first place]. D—n me, said Sir Hargrave, as he enter'd the room, this man, this Sir Charles, is the devil—He has made a mere infant of me. Yet, he tells me, he will not be my friend neither, in the point my heart is set upon. He threw his sword upon the floor. This only I will say, as I said below, Be my friend in that one point, and I will forgive you with all my soul.

Sir Ch. The Lady is, must be, her own mistress, Sir Hargrave. I have acquired no title to any influence over her. She is an excellent woman. She would be a jewel in the crown of a prince. But you must allow me to say, She must not be terrified. I do assure you, that her life has been once in danger already: all the care and kindness of my sister and a physician could hardly restore her.

Sir Har. The most inflexible man, devil I should say, I ever saw in my life! But you have no objection to my seeing her. She shall see (yet how can I forgive you that?) what I have suffered in my person for her sake. If she will not be mine, these marks shall be *hers*, not *yours*. And tho' I will not terrify her, I will see if she has no pardon, no pity for me. She knows, she very well knows, that I was the most honourable of men to her, when she was in my power. By all that's sacred, I intended only to make her Lady Pollexfen. I saw she had as many lovers as visitors, and I could not bear it.—You, Sir Charles, will stand my friend, and if money and love will purchase her, she shall yet be mine.

Sir Ch. I promise you no friendship in this case, Sir Hargrave. All her *relations* leave her, it seems, to her own discretion; and who shall offer to lead her choice? What I said below, when you would have made *that* a condition, I repeat—I think she ought *not* to be yours; nor ought you, either for your own sake or hers, to desire it. Come,

come, Sir Hargrave, consider the matter better. Think of some other woman, if you are disposed to marry. Your figure—

Sir Har. Yes, by G—. I make a pretty figure now, don't I?

Sir Ch. Your fortune, will make you happier in marriage with any other woman, after what has happen'd, than this *can* make you. For my own part, let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, I would not marry the greatest princess on earth, if I thought she did not love me above all other men, whether I *deserved* her love or not.

Sir Har. And you have no view to yourself in the advice you give?—Tell me that—I insist upon your telling me that.

Sir Ch. Whenever I pretend to give advice, I should abhor myself, if I did not wholly consider the good of the person who consulted me; and if I had any retrospection to myself, which might in the least affect that person.

The breakfast was then brought in. This that follows was the conversation that passed at and after breakfast.

Mr. Bag. See what a Christian can do, Merceda. After this, will you remain a Jew?

Mr. Mer. Let me see such *another* Christian, and I will give you an answer. You, Bagenhall, I hope, will not think yourself intitled to boast of your Christianity?

Mr. Bag. Too true! We have been both of us sad dogs.

Sir Har. And I have been the most innocent man of the three; and yet, that's the devil of it, am the greatest sufferer. Curse me, if I can bear to look at myself in the glass!

Mr. Jor. You should be above all that, Sir Hargrave. And let me tell you, you need not be ashamed to be overcome, as you are overcome. You really appear to me a *greater*, and not a *less*, man, than you did before, by your compromising with such a noble adversary.

Sir Har. That's some comfort, Jordan. But, d—n me, Sir Charles, I will see the lady: And you shall introduce me to her, too.

Sir Ch. That cannot be—What! Shall I introduce a gentleman to a lady, whom I think he ought no more to see, than she should see him? If I thought you would go, I might, if she requested it, be there, lest, from what she has suffer'd already, she should be too much terrified.

Sir Har. What, Sir! You would not turn *Quixote* again?

Sir Ch. No need, Sir Hargrave. You would not again be the *giant* who should run away with the lady.'

The gentlemen laughed.

Sir Har. By G—, Sir, you have carried your matters very triumphantly.

Sir Ch. I mean not triumph, Sir Hargrave. But where either truth or justice is concerned, I hope I shall never palliate.

Mr. Bag. Curse me, if I believe there is such another man in the world!

Sir Ch. I am sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Bagenhall. Occasion calls not out every man equally.

Sir Har. Why did I not strike him? D—n me, that must have provoked you to fight.

Sir Ch. Provok'd, in that case, I should have been, Sir Hargrave. I told you, that I would not bear to be insulted. But, so warranted to take *other* methods, I should not have used my sword. The case has happened to me before now: But I would be upon friendly terms with you, Sir Hargrave.

Sir Har. Curse me, if I can bear my own littleness!

Sir Ch. When you give this matter your cool attention, you will find reason to rejoice, that an enterprize begun in violence, and carried on so far as you carried it, concluded not worse. Every opportunity you will have for exerting your good qualities, or for repenting of your bad, will contribute to your satisfaction to the end of your natural life. You could *not* have been happy, had you prevailed over me. Think you, that a murderer ever was an happy man? I am the more serious, because I would have you think of this affair. It *might* have been a *very* serious one.

Sir Har. You know, Sir Charles, that I would have compromised with you below. But not one point—

Sir Ch. Compromise, Sir Hargrave!—As I told you, I had no quarrel with *you*: You proposed conditions, which I thought should not be complied with. I aimed not to carry *any* point. Self-defence, I told you, was the whole of my system.

Mr. Bag. You have given some hints, Sir Charles, that you have not been unused to affairs of this kind.

Sir Ch. I have before now met a challenger; but it was when I could not avoid it; and with the resolution of standing only on my own defence, and in the hope of making an enemy a friend. Had I—

Mr. Bag. What poor toads, Merceda, are we!

Mr. Mer. Be silent, Bagenhall; Sir Charles had not done speaking. Pray, Sir Charles—

Sir Ch. I was going to say, that had I ever premeditatedly given way to a challenge, that I *could* have declined, I should have considered the acceptance of it as the greatest blot of my life. I am naturally choleric; yet, in this article, I hope I have pretty much subdued myself. In the affair between Sir Hargrave and me, I have the pleasure to reflect, that *passion*, which I hold to be my most dangerous enemy, has not had, in any one moment, an ascendancy over me.

Sir Har. No, by my soul! And how should it? You came off too triumphantly: You were not hurt: You have no *marks* to shew. May

I be cursed, if, in forgiving you, which yet I know not how to do, I do not think myself the greater hero!

Sir Ch. I will not contest that point with you, Sir Hargrave. There is no doubt but the man, who can subdue his passion, and forgive a *real* injury, is an hero. Only remember, Sir, that it was not owing to your *virtue* that I was not hurt; and that it was not my *intention* to hurt you.

Mr. For. I am charmed with your sentiments, Sir Charles. You must allow me the honour of your acquaintance. We all acknowledge duelling to be criminal: But no one has the courage to break through a bad custom.

Sir Ch. The empty, the *false* glory, that men have to be thought brave, and the apprehension of being deemed cowards among men, and among *women* too, very few men aim to get above.

Mr. For. But you, Sir Charles, have shewn that reputation and conscience are entirely reconcilable.

Mr. Bag. You have, by Heaven! And I beg of you, Sir, to allow me to claim your further acquaintance. You may save a soul by it.—Merceda, what say you?

Mr. Mer. Say! What a devil can I say? But the *doctrine* would have been nothing without the *example*.

Sir Har. And all this at my expence!—But, Sir Charles, I must, I will have Miss Byron.

Mr. For. I think every thing impertinent, that hinders me from asking questions for my information and instruction, of a man so capable of giving both, on a subject of this importance. Allow me, Sir Charles, to ask a few questions, in order to confirm me quite your proselyte.

Sir Ch. [taking out his watch, as I saw] Time wears. Let my servant be called in. The weather is cold. I directed him to attend before the door.

It was immediately order'd, with apologies.

Sir Ch. Ask me, Mr. Jordan, what questions you please.

Mr. For. You have been challenged more than once, I presume.

Sir Ch. I am not a quarrelsome man: But as it was early known that I made it a principle not to engage in a duel, I was the more subjected, I have reason to think, for that, to inconveniencies of this nature.

Mr. For. Had you always, Sir Charles, that magnanimity, that intrepidity, that steadiness, I know not what to call it, which we have seen and admire in you?

Sir Ch. I have always considered Spirit as the distinction of a man. My father was a man of spirit. I never fear'd man, since I could write man. As I never sought danger, or went out of my way to meet it, I

looked upon it when it came, as an unavoidable evil, and as a call upon me for fortitude. And hence I hardly ever wanted that presence of mind in it, which a man ought to shew; and which sometimes, indeed, was the means of extricating me from it.

Sir Har. An instance of which this morning, I suppose you think, has produced.

Sir Ch. I had not that in my head. In Italy, indeed, I should hardly have acted as in the instance you hint at. But in England, and, Sir Hargrave, I was willing to think, in Cavendish Square, I could not but conclude myself safe. I know my own heart. I wish'd you no evil, Sir. I was calm. I *expected* to meet you full of fire, full of resentment: But it is hard, thought I (as some extraordinary step seems necessary to be taken) if I cannot content myself with that superiority (excuse me, Sir Hargrave) which my calmness, and Sir Hargrave's passion, must give me over him, or any man. My sword was in my power. Had I even apprehended assassination, the house of an English gentleman could not have been the place for it: And where a confidence was reposed. But one particular instance, I own, I had in my thought, when I said what I did.

All the gentlemen besought him to give it.

Sir Charles. In the raging of the war, now, so seasonably for all the powers at variance, concluded,¹ I was passing through a wood in Germany, in my way to Manheim. My servant, at some distance before me, was endeavouring to find out the right road, there being more than one. He rode back affrighted, and told me he had heard a loud cry of murder, succeeded by groans, which grew fainter and fainter, as those of a dying person; and besought me to make the best of my way back. As I was thinking to do so (tho' my way lay through the wood, and I had got more than half-way in it) I beheld six Pandours² issue from that inner part of the wood, into which, in all probability, they had dragged some unhappy passenger; for I saw an horse bridled and saddled, without a rider, grazing by the road-side. They were well armed. I saw no way to escape. They probably knew every avenue in and out of the wood: I did not. They stopped when they came within two musquet-shots of me, as if they had waited to see which way I took. Two of them had dead poultry flung across their shoulders, which shewed them to be common plunderers. I took a resolution to ride up to them. I bid my servant, if he saw me attacked, make the best of his way for his own security, while they were employed either in rising or murdering me; but, if they suffered me to pass, to follow me. He had no portmanteau to tempt them. That, and my other baggage, I had caused to be sent by water to Manheim.— I am an Englishman, gentlemen, said I (judging, if Austrians, as I supposed they were, that plea would not disavail me): I am doubtful

of my way. Here is a purse; holding it out. As soldiers, you must be gentlemen: It is at your service, if one or two of you will be so kind as to escorte and guide me through this wood. They looked upon one another: I was loth they should have time to deliberate—I am upon business of great consequence. Pray direct me the nearest way to Manheim. Take these florins.

At last, one that seemed of authority among them, held out his hand; and, taking the purse, said something in Sclavonian; and two of them, with their pieces flung on their shoulders, and their sabres drawn, led me out of the wood in safety; but hoped, at parting, my farther generosity. I found a few more florins for them; and they rode back into the wood; I suppose to their fellows; and glad I was to come off so well. Had I either seemed afraid of them, or endeavoured to escape, probably I had been lost. Two persons were afterwards found murdered in the wood; one of them, perhaps, the unhappy man whom my servant had heard cry out, and groan.

Mr. Jor. I feel *now* very sensibly, Sir Charles, your danger and escape. Your fortitude indeed was then of service to you.

Sir Har. But, Sir Charles, methinks I shall be easier in myself, if you give me one instance of your making, before now, an enemy a friend. Have you one in point?

Sir Ch. Stories of this nature come very ill from a man's own mouth.

Sir Har. I must have it, Sir Charles. A brother-sufferer will better reconcile me to myself.

Sir Ch. If you will not excuse me then, I will tell you the story.

Mr. Jor. Pray, Sir—

Sir Ch. I had a misunderstanding at Venice with a young gentleman of the place. He was about twenty-two. I was a year younger—

Mr. Bag. At the Carnival, I suppose!—About a Lady, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. He was the only son of a noble Venetian family, who had great expectations from him. He was a youth of genius. Another noble family at Urbino, to which he was to be allied in marriage, had also an interest in his welfare. We had made a friendship together at Padua. I was at Venice by his invitation, and stood well with all his family. He took offence against me, at the instigation of a designing relation of his; to own the truth, a Lady, as you suppose, Mr. Bagenhall, his Sister. He would not allow me to defend my innocence to the face of the accuser; nor yet to appeal to his Father, who was a person of temper as well as sense. On the contrary, he upbraided me in a manner that I could hardly bear. I was resolved to quit Venice; and took leave of his whole family, the Lady excepted, who would not be seen by me. The Father and Mother parted with me with regret. The young gentleman had so managed, that I could not with honour appeal to

them; and, at taking leave of him in their presence, under pretence of a recommendatory letter, he gave into my hand a written challenge. The answer I returned, after protesting my innocence, was to this effect: "I am setting out for Verona in a few hours. You know my principles; and I hope will better consider of the matter. I never, while I am master of my temper, will give myself so much cause of repentance to the last hour of my life, as I should have, were I to draw my sword, to the irreparable injury of any man's family; or to run the same risque of injuring my own, and of incurring the final perdition of us both!"

Mr. Mer. This answer rather provoked than satisfied, I suppose.

Sir Ch. Provocation was not my *intention*. I designed only to remind him of the obligations we were both under to our respective families, and to throw in an hint of a still superior consideration. It was likely to have more force in that Roman Catholic country than, I am sorry to say it, it would in this Protestant one.

Sir Har. How, how, Sir Charles, did it end?

Sir Ch. I went to Verona. He followed me thither; and endeavoured to provoke me to draw. Why should I draw? said I. Will the decision by the sword be *certainly* that of justice? You are in a passion. You have no reason to doubt either my skill, or my courage [On such an occasion, Gentlemen, and with such a view, a man may perhaps be allowed to give himself a little consequence]: And solemnly once more do I avow my innocence; and desire to be brought face to face with my accusers.

He raved the more for my calmness. I turned from him, with intent to leave him. He thought fit to offer me a personal insult—I now, methinks, blush to tell it—He gave me a box on the ear, to provoke me to draw.—

Mr. Mer. And *did* you draw, Sir?

Mr. Bag. To be sure, you *then* drew?

Mr. Jor. Pray, Sir Charles, let us know. You could not then *help* drawing? This was a provocation that would justify a Saint.

Sir Ch. He had forgot, in that passionate moment, that *he* was a gentleman. I did not remember that *I* was one. But I had no occasion to draw.

Sir Har. What a plague—You did not cane him?

Sir Ch. He got well after a fortnight's lying-by.¹

Sir Har. Damnation!

Sir Ch. I put him into possession of the lodgings I had taken for myself, and into proper and safe hands. He was indeed unable for a day or two to direct for himself. I sent for his friends. His servant did me justice as to the provocation. Then it was, that I was obliged, in a letter, to acquaint the Father of a discovery I had made, which the

Son had refused to hear; which, with the Lady's confession, convinced them all of my innocence. His Father acknowledged my moderation; as the young gentleman himself did, desiring a renewal of friendship: But as I thought the affair had gone too far for a cordial reconciliation, and knew that he would not want instigators to urge him to resent an indignity, which he had, however, brought upon himself, by a greater offered to me, I took leave of him and his friends, and revisited some of the German courts; that of Vienna in particular, where I resided some time.

In the mean while the young Gentleman married. His Lady, of the Altieri family, is an excellent woman. He had a great fortune with her. Soon after his nuptials, he let me know, that, as he doubted not, if I had drawn my sword, I should, from his violence at the time, have had his life in my power, he could not but acknowledge that he owed all his acquisitions, and the best of wives, as well as the happiness of both families, with *that* life, to me.

I apply not this instance: But, Sir Hargrave, as I hope to see you married, and happy, though it can never be, I think, to Miss Byron, such generous acknowledgements as misbecome not an Italian, I shall then hope from an Englishman.

Sir Har. And had your Italian any marks left him, Sir?—Depend upon it, I shall never look into a glass, but I shall curse you to the very pit!

Sir Ch. Well, Sir Hargrave: This only I will add; That be as sensible as you will, and *as I am*, of the happy issue of this untoward affair, I will never expect a compliment from you, that shall tend to your abasement.

Mr. Jor. Your hand, Sir Hargrave, to Sir Charles—

Sir Har. What! without terms?—Curse me, if I do!—But let him bring Miss Byron in his hand to me (that is the least he can do): Then may I thank him for my wife.

Sir Charles made some smiling answer: But the writer heard it not.

Sir Charles would then have taken leave: But all the Gentlemen, Sir Hargrave among the rest, were earnest with him to stay a little longer.

Mr. Jor. My conversion must be perfected, Sir Charles. This is a subject that concerns us all. *We shall remember every tittle of the conversation*; and think of it when we do not see you.—Let me beg of you to acquaint me, how you came to differ from all other men of honour in your practice, as well as in your notions, upon this subject?

Sir Ch. I will answer your question, Mr. Jordan, as briefly as I can.

My Father, Sir, was a man of spirit. He had high notions of honour, and he inspired me early with the same. I had not passed my twelfth

year, when he gave me a master to teach me, what is called, the science of defence. I was fond of the practice, and soon obtained such a skill in the weapons, as pleased both my Father and Master. I had strength of body beyond my years: The exercise added to it. I had agility; it added to my agility: And the praises given me by my Father and Master, so heighten'd my courage, that I was almost inclined to wish for a subject to exercise it upon. My Mother was an excellent woman: She had instilled into my earliest youth, almost from infancy, notions of moral rectitude, and the first principles of Christianity; now rather ridiculed than inculcated in our youth of condition. She was ready sometimes to tremble at the consequences, which she thought might follow from the attention which I paid (thus encouraged and applauded) to this *practice*; and was continually reading lectures to me upon *true* magnanimity, and upon the law of kindness, benevolence, and forgiveness of injuries. Had I not lost her so soon as I did, I should have been a more perfect scholar than I am in these noble doctrines. As she knew me to be naturally hasty, and very sensible of affronts; and as she had observed, as she told me, that, even in the delight she had brought me to take in doing good, I shewed an over-readiness, even to rashness, which she thought might lead me into errors, that would more than overbalance the good I aimed to do; she redoubled her efforts to keep me right: And on this particular acquirement of a skill in the management of the weapons, she frequently enforced upon me an observation of Mr. Locke's;¹ "That young men, in their warm blood, are often forward to think they have in vain learned to fence, if they never shew their skill in a duel."

This observation, insisted upon, and inculcated, as she knew how, was very seasonable at that time of danger. And she never forgot to urge upon me, that the science I was learning, was a science properly called of *defence*, and not of *offence*; at the same time endeavouring to caution me against the low company into which a dexterity at my weapons might lead me, as well as against the diversions themselves exhibited at the infamous places where those brutal people resorted: Infamous even by name² (a) as well as in the nature of them.

From her instructions, I had an early notion, that it was much more noble to forgive an injury than to resent it; and to give a life than to take it. My Father (I honour his memory!) was a man of gaiety, of munificence. He had great qualities. But my Mother was my oracle. And he was always so just to her merit, as to command me to consider her as such; and the rather, he used to say, as she distinguished well between the *false* glory and the *true*; and would not have her boy a coward.

Mr. Mer. A good beginning, by my life!

(a) Hockley in the Hole, Bear-Garden, &c.

Mr. Jor. Pray proceed, Sir Charles. I am all attention.

Sir Har. Ay, ay, we all listen.

Mr. Bag. Curse him that speaks next, to interrupt you.

Sir Ch. But what indelibly impressed upon my heart my Mother's lessons, was an occurrence, which, and the consequences of it, I shall ever deplore. My Father, having taken leave of my Mother, on a proposed absence of a few days, was, in an hour after, brought home, as it was thought, *mortally* wounded in a duel. My Mother's surprize on this occasion threw her into fits, from which she never after was wholly free. And these, and the dangerous way he continued in for some time, brought her into an ill state of health; broke, in short, her constitution; so that, in less than a twelvemonth, my Father, to his inexpressible anguish of mind (continually reproaching himself on the occasion) lost the best of Wives, and my Sisters and I the best of Mothers and Instructors.

My concern for my Father, on whom I was an hourly attendant throughout the whole time of his confinement; and my being by that means a witness of what both he and my Mother suffered; completed my abhorrence of the vile practice of duelling. I went on, however, in endeavouring to make myself a master of the *science*, as it is called; and, among the other weapons, of the *staff*; the better to enable me to avoid drawing my sword, and to impower me, if called to the occasion, to give, and not take, a life; and the rather, as the custom was so general, that a young man of spirit and fortune, at one time or other, could hardly expect to escape a provocation of this sort.

My Father once had a view, at the persuasion of my Mother's Brother, who was a general of note and interest in the Imperial service, and who was very fond of a military life, and of me, to make a soldier of me, tho' an only son; and I wanted not, when a boy, a turn that way: But the disgust I had conceived, on the above occasion, against duelling, and the consideration of the absurd alternative which the gentlemen of our army are under, either to accept a challenge, contrary to laws divine and human, or to be broke, if they do not (though a soldier is the least master of himself, or of his own life, of any man in the community) made me think the English service, tho' that of my country, the least eligible of all services. And for a man, who was born to so considerable a stake in it, to devote himself to another, as my Uncle had done, from principles which I approved not, I could not but hesitate on the proposal, young as I was. As it soon became a maxim with me, not to engage, even in a national cause, without examining the justice of it, it will be the less wonder'd at, that I could not think of any foreign service.

Mr. Bag. Then you have never seen service, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. Yes, I made one campaign as a volunteer, notwithstanding

what I have said. I was then in the midst of marching armies, and could not tell how to abate the ardor those martial movements had raised in my breast. But, unless my country were to be unjustly invaded by a foreign enemy, I think I would not, on any consideration, be drawn into the field again.

Mr. Jor. But you lead from the point, Mr. Bagenhall: Sir Charles was going to say somewhat more on the subject of duelling.

Sir Ch. When I was thus unhappily deprived of my Mother, my Father, in order to abate my grief [I was very much grieved] was pleased to consent to my going abroad, in order to make the Grand Tour, as it is called; having first visited all the British dominions in Europe, Gibraltar and Minorca excepted. I then supposing I might fall into circumstances that might affect the principles my Mother had been so careful to instil into me, and to which my Father's danger, and her death, had added force, it was natural for me to look into history, for the rise and progress of a custom so much and so justly my aversion; and which was so contrary to all laws divine and human, and particularly to that true heroism which Christianity enjoins, when it recommends meekness, moderation, and humility, as the glory of the human nature. But I am running into length.

Again Sir Charles took out his watch. They were clamorous for him to proceed.

When I found, continued he, that this unchristian custom owed its rise to the barbarous northern nations, who had, however, some plea to make in excuse, which *we* have not, as they were governed by particular lords, and were not united under *one* head or government, to which, as to a last resort, persons supposing themselves aggrieved, might appeal for legal redress; and that these barbarous nations were *truly* barbarous, and enemies to all politeness; my reasoning on this occasion added new force to prejudices so well founded.

The gentlemen seemed afraid, that Sir Charles had done speaking. They begged he would go on.

I then had recourse, proceeded he, to the histories of nations famous for their courage. That of the Romans, who by that quality obtained the empire of the world, was my first subject. I found not any traces in their history, which could countenance the savage custom. When a dispute happen'd, the challenge from both parties generally was, "That each should appear at the head of the army the next engagement, and give proofs of his intrepidity against the common foe." The instance of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*,¹ which was a *public*, a *national* combat, as I may call it, affords not an exception to my observation. And yet even *that*, in the *early ages* of Rome, stands condemned by a better example. For we read, that Tullus challenged Albanus, general of the Albans, to put the cause of the two nations

upon the valour of each captain's arm, for the sake of sparing a greater effusion of blood. But what was the answer of Albanus, tho' the inducement to the challenge was so plausible? "That the cause was a public, not a private one; and the decision lay upon the two cities of Alba and Rome."

Many ages afterwards, Augustus received a challenge from Mark Antony. Who, gentlemen, thought of branding as a coward that Prince, on his answering, "That, if Antony were weary of his life, he might find many *other* ways to end it than by *his* sword?"

Metellus, before that, challenged by Sertorius, answer'd with his pen, not his sword, "That it was not for a captain to die the death of a common soldier."

The very Turks know nothing of this savage custom: And they are a nation that raised themselves by their bravery from the most obscure beginnings into one of the greatest empires on the globe, as at this day. They take occasion to exalt themselves above Christians, in this very instance; and think it a scandal upon Mussulmans to quarrel, and endeavour to wreak their private vengeance on one another.

All the Christian doctrines, as I have hinted, are in point against it. But it is dreadful to reflect, that the man who would endeavour to support his arguments against this infamous practice of duelling, by the Laws of Christianity, tho' the most excellent of all Laws [Excuse me, Mr. Merceda, your own are *included* in them] would subject himself to the ridicule of persons who call themselves Christians. I have mentioned therefore Heathens and Mahometans; tho' in this company, perhaps—But I hope I need not, however, remind any-body here, that that one doctrine of returning *good* for *evil*, is a nobler and more heroic doctrine than *either* of those people, or your *own*, Mr. Merceda, ever knew.

Mr. Jor. You have shewn it, Sir Charles, by example, by practice, to be so. I never saw an hero till now.

Sir Ch. One *modern* instance, however, of a challenge refused, I recollect, and which may be given, by way of *inference*, at least, to the advantage of my argument. The army of the famous Mareschal Turenne, in revenge for injuries more than hostile, as was pretended, had committed terrible depredations in the Palatinate. The Elector, incensed at the unsoldierly destruction, challenged the Mareschal to a single combat. The Mareschal's answer was to this effect: "That if the trust which the King his master had reposed in him, would permit him to accept of his challenge, he would not refuse it; but, on the contrary, would deem it an honour to measure his arms with those of so illustrious a Prince: But that, for the sake of his master's service, he must be excused."

Now, tho' I think the Mareschal might have returned a still better

answer (tho' this was not a bad one for a military man); yet where we can, as Christians and as Men, plead the Divine Laws, and have not, when we meet, as private subjects, the Mareschal's, nor even the *Goths* excuse, I think the example worthy consideration.

And if, gentlemen, I *have* argued before now, or should I hereafter argue, as follows, to a challenger, shall I deserve either to be branded or insulted?

"Of what use are the Laws of society, if magistracy may be thus defied? Were I to accept of your challenge, and were you to prevail against me, who is to challenge you; and if you fall, who him by whose sword you perish? Where, in short, is the evil to stop? But I will *not* meet you: My system is self-defence, and self-defence only. Put me upon *that*, and I question not but you will have cause to repent it. A *premeditated* revenge is that which I will not meet you to gratify. I will not dare to risque the rushing into my Maker's presence from the consequences of an act, which cannot, in the man that falls, admit of repentance, and leaves for the survivor's portion nothing but bitter remorse. I fear not any more the reproaches of men, than your insults on this occasion. Be the latter offered to me at your *peril*. It is perhaps as happy for you as for myself, that I have a fear of an higher nature. Be the event what it will, the test you would provoke me to, can decide nothing as to the justice of the cause on either side. Already you will find me disposed to do you the justice you pretend to seek. For your own sake, therefore, consider better of the matter; since it is not impossible, but, were we to meet, and both survive, you may exchange, what you will think, a real disgrace for an imaginary one."

And thus, gentlemen, have I almost syllogistically argued with myself on this subject:

Courage is a virtue;

Passion is a vice:

Passion, therefore, cannot be Courage.

Does it not then behove every man of true honour to shew, that reason has a greater share than resentment in the boldness of his resolves?

And what, by any degree, is *so* reasonable as a regard to our duty?

You called upon me, gentlemen, to communicate my notions on this important subject. I have the more willingly obeyed you, as I hope Sir Hargrave, on the occasion that brought us to this not unhappy breakfasting, will be the better satisfied that it has so ended; and as, if you are so good as to adopt them, they may be of service to others of your friends, in case of debates among them. Indeed, for my own sake, I have always been ready to communicate my notions on this head, in hopes sometimes to be spared provocation; for, as I have owned, I am passionate: I have pride: And am often afraid of

myself; and the more, because I am not naturally, I will presume to say, a timid man.

Mr. Bag. 'Fore God, Sir Hargrave, somebody has escaped a scouring, as the saying is.

Mr. Mer. Ay, by my life, Sir Hargrave, you had like to have caught a Tartar.

Sir Ch. *The race is not always to the swift,*¹ gentlemen. Sir Hargrave's passion would, doubtless, have laid him under disadvantage. Defence is guarded: Offence exposes itself.

Mr. Bag. But, Sir Charles, you despise no man, I am sure, for differing from you in opinion. I am a Catholic—

Sir Ch. A Roman Catholic—No religion teaches a man evil. I honour *every man* who lives up to what he professes.

Mr. Bag. But that is not the case with me, I doubt.

Mr. Mer. That is *out* of doubt, Bagenhall.

Mr. Jor. The truth is, Mr. Bagenhall has found his conveniencies in changing. He was brought up a Protestant. These *dispensations*, Mr. Bagenhall!—

Mr. Mer. Ay, and they were often an argument in Bagenhall's mouth, for making me his proselyte.

Sir Ch. Mr. Bagenhall, I perceive, is rather of the religion of the *Court*, than of that of the *Church*, of Rome.

Mr. Bag. But what I mean, by telling you I am a Catholic, is this: I have read the opinion of some of our famous Casuists, that, in some cases, a private man may become his own avenger, and challenge an enemy into the field.

Sir Ch. *Bannes* and *Cajetan*,² you mean; one a Spaniard, the other an Italian. But the highest authority of your Church is full against them in this point. The Council of Trent treats the combatants who fall, as self-murderers, and denies them Christian burial. It brands them, and all those who by their presence countenance and abet this shocking and unchristian practice, with perpetual infamy; and condemns them to the loss of goods and estates. And furthermore, it deprives, *ipso jure*, all those sovereign princes, who suffer such acts of violence to be perpetrated with impunity in the lands and cities which they hold of the Church, of all the territories so held. I need not add to this, that Lewis the XIVth's edict against duelling was the greatest glory of his reign.³ And permit me to conclude with observing, that the base arts of poisoning, by the means of treacherous agents, and the cowardly practice of assassination by bravoës hired on purpose to wreak a private revenge, so frequent in Italy, are natural *branches* of this old *Gothic tree*. And yet (as I have before hinted) the barbarous northern nations had pleas to make in behalf of duelling, from *their* polity, which we have not from *ours*; Christianity out of the question.

The gentlemen said, they would very seriously reflect upon all that had passed in this uncommon conversation.

Sir Har. Well, but, Sir Charles, I must recur to my old note—Miss Byron—She must be mine. And I hope you will not stand in my way.

Sir Ch. The Lady is her own mistress. I shall be glad to see any and all of you, gentlemen, at St. James's Square.

Mr. Bag. One thing I believe it is proper to mention to Sir Charles Grandison. You know, Sir, that I brought a young man to your house, to take minutes of the conversation that passed between you and me there, in apprehension of consequences. In *like* apprehensions, I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave—

Sir Har. And now, Bagenhall, I could curse you for it. The affair—confound it!—that I meant to be recorded for my own justification, has turned out to his honour. Now am I down in black and white, for a tame—fool.—Is it not so?

Mr. Jor. By no means. If you think so, Sir Hargrave, you have but ill profited by Sir Charles's noble sentiments.

Sir Ch. How is this, Mr. Bagenhall?

Mr. Bag. I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave to have the same young man, who is honest, discreet, and one of the swiftest short-hand writers of the age, to take a faithful account of every-thing that has passed; and he is in that closet.

Sir Ch. I must say, this is very extraordinary—But as I always speak what I think, if I am not afraid of my own recollection, I need not of any man's minutes.

Mr. Bag. You need not in this case, Sir Charles. Nothing has passed, as Sir Hargrave observes, but what makes for your honour. We that set him to work, have more need to be afraid than you. We bid him be honest, and not spare any of us. We little thought matters would have ended so amicably.

Mr. Jor. Thank God they have!

Mr. Mer. A very happy ending, I think!

Sir Har. Not except Miss Byron consents to wipe out these marks.

Mr. Bag. Mr. Cotes, your task is over. Pray step in with what you have done.

The writer obeyed. Mr. Bagenhall asked, If the minutes should be read? Sir Hargrave swore No; except, as he said, he had made a better figure in the debate. Sir Charles told them, he could not stay to hear them: But that, as they *were* written, and as he had been allowed before a copy of what passed between him and Mr. Bagenhall, he should be glad to have one now; and the rather, as Sir Hargrave should have an instance, after he had perused it, of his

readiness to condemn himself, if he found he had been wanting either to his own character, or to that of any man present.

They consented, that I should send Sir Charles the first fair copy. Sir Charles then took his leave.

The gentlemen all stood silent for several minutes, when they returned from attending him to the door, looking upon one another as if each expected the other to speak: But when they spoke, it was all in praise of Sir Charles, as the most modest, the most polite, the bravest, and noblest of men. Yet his maxims, they said, were confoundedly strange; impracticable for such sorry dogs as them (that was their phrase) to practise.

But Sir Hargrave seemed greatly disturbed and dejected. He could not, he said, support himself under the consciousness of his own inferiority. But what could I do? said he. The *devil* could not have made him fight. Plague take him! he beat me out of my play.

And yet, said Mr. Merceda, a tilting-bout seems no more to him than a game at pushpin.

You would have thought so, said Sir Hargrave, had you observed with what a sleight, and with what unconcernedness, he pushed down my drawn sword with his hand (tho' he would grant me nothing) and took me under the arm, and led me in to you, as tho' he had taken me prisoner. The devil has long, continued he, owed me a shame: But who would have thought he had so much power over Sir Charles Grandison, as to get him to pay it me? But, however, I never will be easy till Miss Byron is Lady Pollexfen.

I take leave, honoured Sir, to observe, that a few things are noted in this copy, which, to avoid giving offence, will not be in that I shall write for the gentlemen. I was ordered to shew it to Mr. Bagenhall, before you had it; but, for this reason, I shall excuse myself, as having not remember'd that command.

This, therefore, is a true copy of *all* that passed, taken to the best of the ability of, Sir, give me leave to subscribe,

*Your very great admirer,
and most humble servant,*

HENRY COTES

Continuation of Miss BYRON's Letter

WHAT a packet, including the short-hand writer's paper, transcribed by my cousin Reeves, shall I send you this time! I will not swell it by reflections on that paper; that would be endless; but hasten to give you some account of the visits I mentioned.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came, without any notice, about nine o'clock.

My heart sunk, when his chair stopt at the door, and I was told who was in it.

He was shewn into the great parlour. My cousin Reeves's soon attended him. He made great apologies to them (and so Mr. Reeves said he ought) for the disturbance he had given them.

He laid all to Love—Prostituted name! made to cover all acts of violence, indiscretion, folly, in both sexes!

I was in my own apartment. Mrs. Reeves came up to me. She found me in terror; and went down and told him so; and begged, that he would not insist upon seeing me.

The whole intent of this visit, he said, was to beg me to forgive him. It was probable, that I should have the same emotion upon his first visit at any other time; and he entreated the favour of seeing me. He had a *right*, he said, to see me: He was a sufferer for my sake. They saw, he told them, that he was not the man he had *been*; and as he had been denied, and been brought to deny himself, the satisfaction due to a gentleman, from a man whom he had never offended, he insisted on having the opportunity given him of seeing me, and receiving my forgiveness, as what would consolidate his reconciliation with Sir Charles Grandison.

There was no resisting this plea.

And down I *trembled*; I can hardly say walked.

Notwithstanding all my little reasoning with myself, to behave with the dignity of an injured person; yet the moment I saw him approach me, at my entrance into the parlour, I ran to Mr. Reeves, and caught hold of his arm, with looks, I doubt not, of terror. Had Sir Charles Grandison been there, I suppose I should have run to him in the same manner.

Ever-dear and adorable goodness! (were his words, coming to me) how sweet is this terror, and how just! *I* have forgiven worse injuries, pointing to his mouth. I meant nothing but honour to *you*.

Honour, Sir! Cruelty, Sir! Barbarity, Sir! How can you wish to see the creature whom you so wickedly treated?

I appeal to yourself, Madam, if I offered the least indecency!—For all I have suffered by my mad enterprize, what but disgrace—

Disgrace, Sir, was your portion, Sir (half out of breath)—What would you, Sir?—Why this visit? What am I to do?

I hardly knew what I said; and still I held Mr. Reeves's arm.

Forgive me, Madam: That is what you are to do: Pardon me: On my knee I beg your pardon. And he dropt down on one knee.

Kneel not to me, Sir—Pray do not kneel—You bruised, you hurt, you terrified me, Sir—And, Lord bless me! I was in danger of being your *wife*, Sir!

Was not this last part of my answer a very odd one? But the memory

of what I suffered at the time, and of the narrow escape I had, left me not the least presence of mind, on his address to me, kneeling.

He arose. *In danger of being my wife*, Madam! Only that the method I took was wrong, Madam!

Miss Byron, you see, is in terror, Sir Hargrave.—Sit down, my love (taking my hand, and leading me to the fire-side) How you tremble, my dear!—You see, Sir Hargrave, the terror my cousin is in—You see—

I do—I do; and am sorry for the occasion.—We will all sit down. Compose yourself, dear Miss Byron—And (holding up his clasped hands to me) I beseech you, forgive me.

Well, Sir, I forgive you—I forgive you, Sir.

Were you not in so much disorder, Madam—Were it to be seasonable now—I would tell you what I have further to beg. I would—

Speak, Sir, now; and never let me—

Suffer an interruption, Madam—I am too apprehensive of that word *never*. You *must* allow of my address. I ask you not any favour, but as I shall behave myself in future.

Yes, yes, Sir, your behaviour—But, Sir, were you to become the best man in the world, this, this, is the last time that I ever—

Dear Miss Byron! And then he pleaded his passion; his fortune; his sufferings.—A wretch! [Yet I had now-and-then a little pity for his disfigured mouth and lip]—His resolutions to be governed by me in every act of his life—The settlement of one half of his estate upon me.—The *odious* wretch mentioned *children*, my dear—*younger* children. He ran on in such a manner as if he had been drawing up marriage-articles all the way hither.

Upon my absolutely renouncing him, he asked me, If Sir Charles Grandison had not made an impression on my heart?

What, Lucy, could make me inwardly fret at this question? I could hardly have patience to reply. I now see, my dear, that I have indeed a great deal of pride.

Surely, Sir Hargrave, I am not accountable to you—

You are not, Madam: But I must insist upon an answer to this question. If Sir Charles Grandison has made an application to you for favour, I can have no hope.

Sir Charles Grandison, Sir, is absolutely disinterested. Sir Charles Grandison has made—There I stopt; I could not help it.

No application to my cousin, I assure you, Sir Hargrave, said Mr. Reeves. He is the noblest of men. Had he any such thoughts, I dare say, he would be under difficulties to break his mind, lest such a declaration should be thought to lessen the merit of his protection.

A good thought of Mr. Reeves. And who knows, my Lucy, but there may be some foundation for it?

Protection! D—n it!—But I am the *easier* upon this assurance. Let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, that, had I not found him to be a wonder of a man, matters should not have ended as they seem at present to have done.

But, Sir Hargrave, said Mrs. Reeves, permit me to say, as I know Miss Byron's mind, that there cannot be the least room to imagine that Miss Byron—

Dear Mrs. Reeves, forgive me. But I cannot receive a denial from any other mouth than hers. Is there no room for a sincere penitent to hope for mercy from a sweetness so angelic, and who is absolutely disengaged?

You have had *mine* already, Sir Hargrave, said I. I am amaz'd, that, knowing my mind *before* your wicked insult upon me, you should have any expectation of this kind *after* it.

He again vowed his passion, and such stuff.

I think, Lucy, I never shall be able, for the future, to hear with patience any man talk of love, of passion, and such nonsense.

Let me summarily add, for I am tired of the subject, that he said an hundred impertinent things, sillier than any of those said by Mr. Grandison, in my praise [indeed every-thing of this nature now appears silly to me]—He insisted upon a preference to Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme.—He resolved not to despair, as his sufferings for my sake had given him (as he said he presumed to hope) some merit in his own opinion, if not in mine; and as his forgiveness of the man who had injured him, ought, he thought, to have some weight in his favour.

He took leave of my cousins and me in a very respectful manner. I wish him no harm. But I hope I shall never see him again.

And now, Lucy, with the end of this very disagreeable visit, I will conclude my letter; and shall have another long one ready for the next post.

LETTER V

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To* *Miss* LUCY SELBY

Mar. 3

I HAD not recovered myself after Sir Hargrave's visit, when Lady L. and Miss Grandison called, as they said, for a moment; however, this agreeable moment lasted two hours. Miss Grandison, the instant she saw me, challenged me—Hey-day! What's the matter with our Harriet, Mrs. Reeves? And, patting my neck, Why these flutters, child?—Perturbations delightful, or undelightful, Harriet, whether?

I told her who had been here, and but just left me; and, by the help of my cousins, gave them the particulars of what had passed.

They were greatly pleased; and the more, they said, as their brother, on seeing them uneasy, had acquainted them, that all matters between him and Sir Hargrave were accommodated; but had not had opportunity to tell them more.

Let me reckon with you, Harriet, said Miss Grandison (taking my hand with a schooling air): I am half-jealous of you: Lady L. has got the start of me in my brother's affections: But she is my elder sister; first come, first served. I can bear that; but I will not be cut out by a younger sister.

What is now to follow? thought I; and I flutter'd like a fool; the more for her arch look, as if she would read my heart in my eyes.

Increased palpitation (O the fool!) made it look as if I took her jest for earnest. What a situation am I in!

Dear Charlotte, said Lady L. smiling, you shall not thus perplex our sweet sister.—My dear, don't mind her. You'll know her better in time.

Be quiet, Lady L. I shall have it all out.

All what out? said I. O Miss Grandison, how you love to alarm!

Well, well, I'll examine farther into these perturbations another time. I have beat the bush before now for one hare, and out have popt two. But all I mean is; a paper, a letter (my brother called it a paper) was brought to him sealed up. He rewarded the bringer; but sent it directly away, unopened (that we found out) to you, Harriet. Now, child, if I allow of *his* reserves, I will not allow of *yours*. Pray answer me fairly and truly; What are the contents of that paper?

They give the particulars of the conversation that passed in the alarming interview between Sir Charles—

And Sir Hargrave. That's my good girl. You see, Lady L. how this young thief will steal away the affections of our brother from us both. He has shewed *us* nothing of this. But if you would not have me jealous, Harriet, be sure keep no one secret of your heart from me—

That relates merely to myself, I think I will not.

Then you'll be a good girl: And I'll give my love for you the reins, without a pull-back.

Just then a servant came in with a card.

"Lady D's compliments to Mrs. Reeves and Miss Byron; and if it would be agreeable, she will wait on them presently, for one quarter of an hour. She is obliged to go out of town early in the morning."

What shall I do now? said I. I was in a flutter; not being fully recovered from that into which Sir Hargrave's visit had thrown me.

What now?—What now? said Miss Grandison. Ah! Harriet, we shall find you out by degrees.

By the way, Lucy, you are fond of plays; and it is come into my head, that, to avoid all *says-I's* and *says-she's*, I will henceforth, in all dialogues, write names in the margin: So fancy, my dear, that you are reading in one of your favourite volumes.

Harriet. Do you know Lady D.?

Miss Gr. Very well: But I did not know that you did, Harriet.

Lady L. And I know she has a son: And I know she wants him to marry.

Harriet. That I may keep no secrets from my two sisters, my aunt Selby has written to me—

Miss Gr. Lately?

Harriet. Very lately.

Miss Gr. O! because you had not told me of that.

Mrs. Reeves. And pray, Ladies, what is Lady D.'s character?

Lady L. She is a very good woman. She is a sensible and prudent woman.

Miss Gr. I am not very intimate with her: But have seen her in two or three of my visits. I have always thought her so.—And pray, Harriet, don't you want to know what character my *Lord* bears?

Harriet. My Lord is nothing to me. I *have* answered. I have given my negative.

Miss Gr. The duce you have!—Why, the man has a good 12,000*l.* a year.

Harriet. I don't care.

Miss Gr. What a duce ails the girl!

Then humourously telling on her fingers—ORME, *one*; FENWICK, *two*; GREVILLE, *three*; FOWLER, *four*—I want another finger; but I'll take in my thumb—SIR HARGRAVE, *five*—And now (putting the forefinger of one hand on the thumb of the other) LORD D. *six*!—And none of them the man!—Depend upon it, girl, pride will have a fall.

What could she mean by that?—Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, I hope, will not—But I believe she meant nothing.

Have I pride, Miss Grandison? coldly and gravely, as my cousin observed to me afterwards, asked I.

Miss Gr. Have you pride?—Yes that you have; or you have *worse*.

What could *this* mad lady mean by this?—And what could *I* mean? For I had tears in my eyes. I was very low-spirited at that moment.

Lady L. Well, but, Miss Byron, shall we be impertinent, if we stay to see the lady?—I have a great value for her. She has been an admirable executrix and trustee for her son; and was as good a wife. I was just going: but will stay to pay my compliments to her, as she goes out of town to-morrow. We can withdraw till you have had your talk.

Miss Gr. Does she come to persuade you, Harriet, to retract your refusal?

Harriet. I know not her business. I wrote my mind to my aunt Selby. But I believe my aunt could not have written, and the countess received what she wrote, by this time. But do not go: We can have no private talk.

Miss Gr. Well, but now I will tell you, without punishing your curiosity farther, what Lord D.'s character is. He is as sober a man as most of the young nobility. His fortune is great. In sense he neither abounds, nor is wanting; and that class of men, take my word for it, are the best qualified of all others to make good husbands to women of superior talents. They know just enough to induce them to admire in *her*, what they have not in *themselves*. If a woman has prudence enough to give consequence to such a one before folks, and will behave as if she thought him her superior in understanding, she will be able to make her own will a law to him; by the way of *I will, Shall I?*—Or, *If you please*, my dear, *I will do—what I think fit*. But a fool and a wit are the extreme points, and equally unmanageable. And now tell me, Harriet, what can be your motive for refusing such a man as this?

Harriet. I wish, my dear, you would not talk to me of these men. I am sick of them all—Sir Hargrave has cured me—

Miss Gr. You fib, my dear—But did you ever see Lord D.?

Harriet. No, indeed!

Miss Gr. “No, indeed!”—Why then you are a simpleton, child. What, refuse a man, an Earl too! in the bloom of his years, 12,000 good pounds a year! yet never have seen him—Your motives, child! Your motives!—I wish you are not already—There she stopt.

Harriet. And I wish, Miss Grandison, with all my heart, if that would tame you, that you were in love over head and ears, and could not help it!

Miss Gr. And wish you me that for spite, or to please me?—*I am* in love, my dear; and nothing keeps me in countenance, but having company among the grave ones. Dearly do I love to find girls out. Why, I found out Lady L. before she would own a tittle of the matter. So prim!—“And *how can you think so*, Charlotte? *Who, I, in love!* No indeed! No man has a place in *my* heart!” Then I was resolved to have her secret out. I began with my *roundabouts*, and my *suppose's*—A *leer*—as thus—[I was both vex'd and pleased with her archness] And then a *suppose*—Then came a blush—“Why, Charlotte, I cannot but say, that if I were *obliged* to have the one man or the other—” Then came a sigh, endeavoured in haste to be returned to the heart whence it came; and when it could not find its way back, to be cut into three-halves, as the Irishman said; that is, into two half-sighs, and a hem; and a “Get you gone, for an impertinent.”—As much as to say, “You have it!”—And when I found I *had*, and she own'd it;

why then I put my mad head to her grave one; and we had but one heart betwixt us.

Lady L. (laughing)—Out of breath, Charlotte, I hope.

Miss Gr. Not yet.—How often have I kept watch and ward for her! Sometimes have I lent her my dressing-room for their love-meetings: Yet, for the world, she would not marry without her papa's consent: No, but like the rest of us, she would suffer her affections to be engaged, without letting him know a syllable of the matter.—Very true, Lady L. what signifies looking serious?

Lady L. Strange creature!

Miss Gr. Once or twice did I change dresses with her. In short, I was a perfect Abigail¹ to her in the affair: And, let me tell you, two sisters, agreed to manage a love-affair, have advantages over even a lady and her woman.

Lady L. Mad creature!

Miss Gr. All this I did for her without fee or reward; only from the dear delight of promoting the good work, and upon the Christian principle of Do as you would be done by.—Is not all this true, Lady L.? Deny it if you can.

Lady L. And have you done, Charlotte? Ah! my dear Miss Byron, you'll never do any thing with this girl, except you hear all she has to say. And if you *have* a secret, 'tis better to let her know it at first. Charlotte is a generous girl, after all: But sometimes, as now, a very impertinent one—

What could these ladies mean by this, I wonder? If they suspect me to love somebody, surely this is not the way, that two such ladies, in *generosity*, should take; when they think I have no engagement; and know that the doubt must lie on their brother's side, whom, with all their *roundabouts*, as they call them, they cannot fathom.

I would give any-thing, methinks, to know if Sir Charles was ever in love.

Just then a rapping at the door made us suppose it was the countess. It was. After compliments to Mrs. Reeves and me, she embraced Lady L. very affectionately, and Miss Grandison kindly; asking the first after Lord L.'s health, and the other after her brother: He is the man of all men, Miss Grandison, said she, that I want to see. We shall be in town soon, for a month or two; and then you must make me known to one, whom every-body calls the best of men: As here, said she, coming up again to me, I have longed to be acquainted with one of the best of women.

Lady L. Miss Byron is, indeed, an excellent young woman. We do ourselves the honour of calling her *sister*.

Lady D. What an encouragement is that to be good? Even in this age, bad as it is, true merit will never want admirers. And let me say,

that where beauty and goodness meet, as *here*, they adorn each other.

Agreeable Lady D. ! thought I : My heart will not suggest a thought in favour of your *son* ; but I shall easily be in love with *you*. The heart hardly deserves praise, my Lucy, that is not fond of it from the worthy.

Her Ladyship took Lady L. aside ; and said something to her. Lady L. answered with a No, as I suppose : To which Lady D. replied, I am glad of that ; adding, I am not afraid of saying any-thing to a person of Lady L.'s known prudence.

Ah ! my Lucy ! She asked Lady L. I dare say, whether the acknowledged sisterhood extended to the brother, as a brother, or as—something else—And, by her chearful and condescending court to me afterwards, and to Mrs. Reeves, was satisfied by Lady L.'s answer, I make no doubt, that there is room for Lord D.'s address, for any-thing on Sir Charles's part.

I will not be mean, Lucy ! Greatly as I admire somebody, these excellent sisters shall not find me *entangled in an hopeless passion*.

Her Ladyship took my hand, and led me to the window. I was brought to town, said she, on an extraordinary occasion, two days ago ; and must set out on my return in the morning. I thought I would not miss the opportunity of paying my compliments to a young lady, of whom I had heard every-body speak with great commendation. I make no doubt but your good aunt Selby has—There she stopt.

My aunt has sent me up two of your Ladyship's letters, and copies of her answers.

I am pleased with your frankness, my dear. It was that part of your character that engaged me. Young women, in these cases, are generally either so affected, so starched (as if they thought there were something shameful in a treaty of this kind) or they are so awkward, that I have not patience with them. You have all the modesty—Indeed, my dear, your goodness of heart shines out in every feature of your face.

Your Ladyship does me high honour.

I am pleased even with that acknowledgement. The discretion of a person is often most seen in minutenesses. Another would have made disqualifying speeches—But compliments made to the heart by one who is not accustomed to flatter ; such compliments, I mean, as it would be culpable for a person not to be able to verify ; should not be disclaimed. To say truth, my dear, I did not intend to mention one word of the matter to you, on this first visit. I only wanted to see you, and to converse with you a little, that I might make report accordingly to my son ; who, however, knows not that I should pay my compliments to you : But the moment I saw you, your aspect confirmed all that I had heard said in your favour ; and seeing you also so much

caressed by two ladies of characters so establish'd; and no less pleased with what I observed of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves [You are a family of good people]; I was resolved to be as frank as you are, and as your aunt Selby has been—She is a good woman—

Indeed, madam, she is—

Accordingly, I have singled you out, in the face of every-body present—You will have the discretion to caution them on this subject, till you have seen my son (I am sure there can be no doubt on his side)—and till you know whether you shall approve of our proposals, or not: And, without hesitation, I bespeak your good opinion of *me* till then. I am sure, my dear, we shall be very happy in each other. If you and my Lord are happy, you and I *must* be so—But, when the knot is tied, I will be only your visitor, and that at your own invitation. I am thought to be a managing woman: Managing women are not generally the best to live with. You, I understand, are an excellent œconomist (A glorious character in this age for a young woman!—Persons of the highest quality ought not to think themselves above it). One person's methods may differ from another's; yet both may be equally good, and reach the same end. My son has found the *benefit* of my œconomy: Nevertheless, his wife shall not have cause to think, that, where she means well, I will prefer my methods to hers. If ever I give advice, it shall be only when you ask it: And then, if you do not take it, I will not be angry; but allow, that, having weighed the matter well, you prefer your own judgment, on the best convictions. People who are to act for themselves, should be always left to judge for themselves; because they only are answerable for their own actions. You blush, my dear! I hope I don't oppress you. I would not oppress a modesty so happily blended with frankness.

I was affected with her goodness. What an amiable frankness! O that all husbands mothers were like your Ladyship! said I—What numbers of happy daughters-in-law would there then be, that now are not so!

Charming creature! said she. Proceed. I am glad I don't oppress you with my prate.

Oppress me, madam!—You delight me! Talk of a bad world!—*I* ought, I am sure, to think it a good one!—In every matronly lady I have met with a *mother*: In many young ladies, as those before us, *sisters*: In their brother, a *protector*: If your Ladyship has not heard on what occasion, I shall be ready to acquaint you with it.

Sweet child! Charming frankness! I have *seen*, I have *heard* enough of you for my present purpose—We will return to company—Such company as I find you in, is not to be had at all times. I will restore you to them.

But, madam, declining her leading hand—

But, what, my dear!

Have you not, madam?—But your Ladyship could *not* have received any letter from my aunt Selby—I wrote—

I have *not*, my dear. I could not, as you say. But I shall find a letter from her, perhaps, on my return. You approve, I hope, of the proposal, if you shall have no objection to my son?

My aunt, madam, will let you know—

I will not have it otherwise than I wish it to be—Remember that I value you for the frankness you are praised for—A little female trifling to my *son*, if you will, in order to be assured of his value for you (and men love not all halcyon courtships) but none to *me*, my love. I'll assist you, and keep your counsel, in the first case, if it be necessary. He shall love you above all the women on earth, and convince you that he does, or he shall not call you his—But no female trifling to his mother, child! We women should always understand one another.

Because I would not be thought to be an insincere creature, a trifler, I think I ought to mention to your Ladyship, that it would be a great, a very great part of my happiness, to be deemed worthy of your friendship—without—

Without what?—You do well perhaps to blush! Without what?

Without the relation—if you please.

I was confounded with her goodness, Lucy. Here, my dear, is another superior character—I fancy her maiden-name was Grandison.

But I *don't please*. So no more of this. Let us join company. And, taking my hand, with the goodness of a real mother; yet her brow a little over-clouded; she made apologies to them for taking me aside; and said, she could trust to their prudence, she was sure, as they must needs guess at her view; and therefore she offered not to put a limit to their conjectures; since denial or evasion would but, in this case, as it *generally* did, defeat its own end, and strengthen what it aimed to weaken.

Is there no obtaining such a mother, thought I, without marrying Lord D.?—And should I refuse to see him, if an interview is desired, especially when Lady L. has seemed to encourage the countess to think, that somebody has no thoughts—Indeed I don't desire that somebody should—If—I don't know what I was going to add to that *if*: But pray tell my grandmamma, that I hope her Harriet will never give her cause to lament her being *entangled in an hopeless passion*. No, indeed!

But, my Lucy, one silly question to *you*, who have been a little *entangled*, and more happily *disentangled*—I catch myself of late in saying *him* and *he*, and writing to you *somebody*, and such-like words, instead of saying and writing boldly, as I used to do, Sir Charles, and

Sir Charles Grandison; which would sound more respectfully, and yet am sure I want not respect. What is the meaning of this?—Is it a sign—Ah! my Lucy! you said you would keep a sharp look-out; and did I not say I would upon myself? Surely I said truth: Surely you will think so, when you see such little silly things as these do not escape me. But when you think me too trifling, my dear, don't expose me. Don't read it out in the venerable circle. That to some may appear very weak and silly, which by others will be thought excusable, because natural. It would be wrong (as I yet never did it) to write separately to you. And what have I in my heart, were it to be laid open to all the world, that I should be—afraid—I was going to write, that I should be *ashamed* of? But I think I *am* a little ashamed, at times, for all that—Ah, Lucy! don't add, And so I ought.

Lady D. repeated her desire of being acquainted with Sir Charles. She had no daughter: So it was purely for the sake of his great character. She heard, she said, that he was the politest of brothers. That was always a good sign with her. He gives you, Miss Grandison, I am told, a great deal of his company.

Miss Grandison said, that their brother, she believed, was one of the busiest men in the kingdom, who was not engaged in public affairs; and yet the most of a family-man. I endeavour, said she, to make home delightful to him. I never break in upon him when he is in his study, without leave: Indeed I seldom ask it; for when he is inclined to give me his company, he sends his compliments to me, and requests, as a favour *from* me, what I am always ready to consider as one done *to* me. And I see he loves me: He is not uneasy in my company: He comes for half an hour, and stays an hour—But don't set me into talking of him; for my heart always dilates, when I enter into the agreeable subject, and I know not where to stop.

Lady L. Charlotte is a happy girl.

Miss Gr. And Lady L. is a happy woman; for he loves her as well as he loves me. Indeed he is so good as to say (but I know it is to keep us from pulling caps)¹ that he knows not which he loves best: We have different qualities, he says; and he admires in each what the other has not.

Lady D. But what are his employments? What can he be so much busied in?

Miss Gr. A continual round of good offices. He has a ward. She has a large fortune. The attention he pays to her affairs takes up a good deal of his time. He is his own steward; and then he has a variety of other engagements, of which we ask him not one word; yet long to know something about them.—But this we are sure of, that, if he thinks any-thing will give us pleasure, we shall hear of it: If the contrary, he is as secret as the night.

Will nobody say one bad or one indifferent thing of this man, Lucy? There is no bearing these things! O my dear, what a Nobody is your poor Harriet?

Lady D. He is one of the handsomest men in England, they tell me.

Miss Gr. Sisters are not judges. They may be partial. His benignity of heart makes his face shine. Had I a lover but half as handsome as I think my brother, I should make no objection to him on the account of person.

Lady L. But he is the genteelest of men!—What think *you*, sister Harriet?

Harriet. Sisters are not judges. They may be partial.

What meant *Lady L.* to apply to me? But I had been some time silent. She *could* not mean any-thing: And both sisters complimented me on recognizing the relation.

Lady D. asked me how long I should stay in town?

I said, I believed not long. I had leave for three months. Those would be soon elapsed; and as my friends were so good as to be pleased with my company, I should rather choose to walk within than step out of my limits.

The countess, with a nod of approbation, said, With good young people it will be always so: And this is more praise-worthy in *Miss Byron*, as she may do what she pleases.

Then, taking me a little aside—I hope, my dear, you meant nothing contrary to my wishes, when you referred, in so doubtful a manner, to what you had written to your aunt. You don't answer me! This is a call upon your frankness. Women, when any-thing is depending, on which they have set their hearts, are impatient—Don't you know that?—They love not suspense.

It is painful to me, madam, to decline a proposal that would give me a relation to so excellent a woman—But—

But *what*, my dear?—Let not maidenly affectation step in with its cold water. You are above it. Woman to woman, daughter to mother—You are above it.

Then, turning to the ladies, and to my cousins—You don't know, any of you (We are by ourselves) that *Miss Byron's* heart is engaged? *Miss Grandison*, let me apply to you: Maiden ladies open their hearts to one another. Know you whether *Miss Byron* has yet seen the man to whom she wishes to give her hand? Her aunt *Selby* writes to me, that she has not.

Miss Gr. We young women, madam, often know least of our own hearts. We are almost as unwilling to find out ourselves in certain cases, as to be found out by others. Speak, sister *Harriet*: Answer for yourself.

Was not this grievous, Lucy? And yet what ailed me, that I could

not speak without hesitation! But this lady's condescending goodness—Yet this wicked Sir Hargrave! His attempt, his cruel treatment of me, has made me quite another creature than I was.

My aunt Selby, madam, wrote the truth. To say I wish not to marry for some time to come, may sound like an affectation, because I have ever honoured the state—But something has happen'd that has put me out of conceit with myself, and with men too.

Lady D. With *all* men, child?—I will allow for a great many things in a *weak* mind, that I will not in *yours*. I have had an hint or two about an insult, or I know not what, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, since I came to town; for I have ask'd after you, my dear: But what is that but a confirmation of your merits? What a disagreeable woman must she be, whom but one man in the world could like?

But excuse me, Miss Byron. I have said abundance of impertinent things: I have gone further on this first visit than I intended. You must thank for this that ingenuous and open countenance, which confirms, at first sight, the character I had heard given by every-body who spoke of you. I shall see, perhaps, what your aunt Selby, to whom you refer, writes, when I get down. I shall soon be in town, as I said, for the rest of the winter; and then I will make myself mistress of your whole history from these ladies, and from yourself: And there shall end all my enquiries, and, I hope, all my solitudes, on an article that is next my heart.—Mean time, adieu, my dear—Adieu.

She then, courtesying to all round, gave her hand to Mr. Reeves, who led her to her chair; leaving us all full of her praises.

Miss Gr. (looking archly) I say nothing as to her *particular* errand, because I would not be too curious; and because you ask me no questions, Harriet.

Lady L. This must do, Miss Byron: Who would not wish for such a mother?

Harriet. Is the mother to be the principal inducement in such an article as this?

Miss Gr. Why, my dear, do you pretend, in such an age of *petits-maitres* as this, to live single, till you meet with a man who deserves you?—But, Harriet, you must voluntarily open your heart to me. I have a good deal of curiosity; and, whenever you are disposed to gratify it, will not *withdraw* my attention.

Harriet. I will read to you this moment, if you please, Ladies, as to my sisters, what Lady D. wrote to my aunt Selby; and what my aunt answered on the occasion.

Miss Gr. That's my best Harriet! I love to hear *how* and *everything* about these sort of matters.

Lady L. These girls, Mrs. Reeves, delight in love-subjects: There is a kind of enthusiasm in these matters that runs away with them.

Miss Gr. Say you so, Lady L.? And pray had you ever any of this enthusiasm? And if you had, did matrimony cure you of it?—See, Harriet! My sister has not been married many months; yet how quietly she now talks of the *enthusiasm* of love to us maidens!—Ah! my dear Lady L.! women, I see, have their free-masonry, as well as men! Don't you think so, Mrs. Reeves? A poor secret, after all, I believe, on both sides, whisper'd the lively lady, but loud enough for every-one to hear what she said.

Lady L. called her a mad girl. But let us be favour'd, said she to me, with your communications.

I pulled out the letters. I read the two first paragraphs in my aunt's letter to me, entire; for they propose the matter, and nothing else.

What follows, said I, is full of love and care, and so forth: But here is one paragraph more I can read to you.

Miss Gr. As much reserve as you please, sister Harriet. I am learning how to deal with you.

Lady L. Why that, Charlotte? No fear that you will tell us more than you have a mind we should know. Regard not, therefore, this threatening, Miss Byron.

Harriet. To own the truth, I cannot read every-thing my aunt writes: But the countess of D.'s proposal, and what relates to that, I will read, if you please.

Miss Gr. What you will—Read what you will. I find we are not at present so well acquainted, as we shall be hereafter.

What could Miss Grandison mean by that?

I read the last paragraph but one, in which my aunt proposes my coming down; and that I will either encourage the countess's proposal, or accept of Mr. Orme; ending with the earnest desire of my friends to have me married.

I then gave into Miss Grandison's hand the countess's first letter; and she read it out.

She gave it me back, and thanked me. Were all women, said she, capable of acting thus *frankly*, the sex would leave affectation to the men-monkeys. Remember, Harriet, that your openness of heart is one of the graces for which I principally admire you.

Lady L. O the rogue! Take care of her, Miss Byron! She tells you this, to get out of you all your secrets.

Miss Grandison may easily obtain her end, madam. She need only tell me, what she best likes I should be; and I must try to be that.

Miss Gr. Good girl! And take this along with you; that when you convince *me*, that you will not *hide*, I will convince *you*, that I will not *seek*. But what is next?

I then gave into her hand the copy of my aunt Selby's answer.

Miss Gr. May I read it all?

Harriet. If you please: The fondness of my aunt, and the partiality of—

Miss Gr. Away! away!—No affectation, child?

She read it out. Both sisters praised the heart of the dear and thrice-indulgent writer! and called her *their* aunt Selby.

I then gave Miss Grandison the countess's second letter. They were no less pleased with that than with the first.

Miss Gr. But now your opinion of the proposal, child? Will you trust us with that? Have you a copy of what you wrote?

Harriet. I kept a copy only of what immediately respected the proposal; and that, because it was possible I might want to have recourse to it, as my aunt might, or might not, write farther about it.

I took it out of my pocket-book, and gave it to her to read.

Thank you, child, said she: I should have no curiosity, if I did not love you.

She read it out: It was the paragraph that begins with "You will, upon the strength of what I have said," &c.—ending with "*Such is my meaning.*"—Luckily, I had not transcribed the concluding sentence of that paragraph; having been ashamed of the odd words, *Hope of your hope.*

Lady L. But *why* should that be your *meaning*, my dear?

Harriet. I added, I remember, that I was pained by the teazings of these men, one after another; that I never took delight in their airy adulation, and was now the more pained, because of the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, which had given me a surfeit of the sex.

Miss Gr. A temporary surfeit! It is over, I hope, by this time. But, my dear—And yet as I owe to your generosity the communication, I would not take occasion from it to tease you—

Harriet. Miss Grandison will oblige me, say what she pleases.

Miss Gr. As you intend to marry—As your friends are very desirous that you *should*—As Lady D. is an excellent woman—As her son is, as men go, a tolerable man—As he is a peer of the realm; which is something in the scale, tho' it is not of weight, singly consider'd—As his estate is very considerable—As you may have your own terms—As you like not any one of your numerous admirers:—All these *As's* considered, why, why, in the name of goodness, should you give so flat a denial? Yet have not seen the gentleman, and therefore *can* have no dislikes either to his sense or person? I wish, my dear, you would give such a reason for your denial, a denial so *strongly* expressed, as one would imagine such a woman as the countess of D. would be satisfied with, from such a one as Miss Byron.

Lady L. Perhaps, now that Miss Byron has seen what a lady the countess of D. is—

Miss Gr. And now that she has overcome the *temporary surfeit*—

Lady L. She will change her mind.

Are you not, my dear aunt Selby, are you not, my Lucy, distressed for me at this place? I was at the time greatly so for myself.

Harriet. My mind has been greatly disturbed by Sir Hargrave's violence; and by apprehensions of fatal mischiefs that might *too* probably have followed the generous protection given me. I was teased before by *good* men—Mr. Orme, and Sir Rowland Meredith in behalf of his nephew; and by men not so *good*, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Fenwick. And when I had hoped to have a little respite, a little leisure to look about me, and to collect my almost dissipated spirits, to have this new proposal made to my friends, and to me; and by a lady so worthy; wonder not, Ladies, if I am unable, on a sudden, to give such reasons for having refused to listen to it, as you require, altho', at the same time, I find not in my heart the least inclination to encourage it.

Miss Gr. You have had your difficulties of late, my Harriet, to contend with: And those you must look upon as a tax to be paid by a merit so conspicuous. Even in this slighter case, as you love to oblige, I can pity you for the situation you are likely to be in, betwixt the refused son and the deserving mother. But when you consider, that the plagues of the discreet proceed from other people, those of the indiscreet from themselves, you will sit down with a just compliment to yourself, and be content. You see I can be grave now-and-then, child.

Harriet. May I deserve to be called prudent and discreet! On that condition, I am willing to incur the penalty.

Lady L. Come, come; that is out of the question, my dear: So you are contented of course, or in the way to be so.

The Ladies took their leave, and seemed pleased with their visit.

It is now, my dear friends, some-how or other, become necessary, I think, to let you minutely into my situation, that you may advise, caution, instruct me—For, I protest, I am in a sort of wilderness.—Pray, my Lucy, tell me—But it cannot be from *Love*: So I don't care—Yet to lie under such a weight of obligation; and to find myself so much surpassed by these ladies—Yet it is not from *Envy*, surely: That is a very bad passion. I hope my bosom has not a place in it for such a mean self-tormentor. Can it be from *Pride*? Pride is a vice that always produces mortification: And proud you all made me of your favour—Yet I thought it was grateful to be proud of it.

I wish I were with you, Lucy. I should ask you abundance of questions; and repose my anxious heart on your faithful bosom; and, at the same time, from your answers, arm it against too great a sensibility, before it was too late. But pray, don't I remember, that you said, you found sighing a relief to you, on a certain occasion? I am serious, my dear. That there was a sort of you-know-not-what of *pleasure* in sighing? Yet that it was involuntary?—Did you not say,

that you were ready to quarrel with yourself, you knew not why?—And, pray, had you not a fretting, gnawing pain in your stomach, that made you I can't tell how to describe it; yet were humble, meek, as if looking out for pity from every-body, and ready to pity every-body?—Were you not attentive to stories of people, young women especially, labouring under doubts and difficulties?—Was not your humanity raised? your self-consequence lower'd? But did you not think *suspense* the greatest of all torments?—I think, my dear, you lived without eating or drinking; yet look'd not pining, but fresh.—Pure Love is, perhaps, to lovers as the manna of heaven was to the Israelites:¹ But yet, Israelite-like, we may be uneasy and murmur at the *too-much* of it.—Your rest—I remember it was broken. In your sleep you seemed to be disturbed. You were continually rolling-down mountains, or tumbling from precipices—or were borne down by tempests, carried away with sudden inundations; or sinking in deep waters; or flying from fires, thieves, robbers.—

How apt are we to recollect, or to *try* to recollect, when we are apprehensive, that a case may possibly be our own, all those circumstances, of which, while another's (however dear that other might be to us) we had not any clear or adequate ideas!—But I know, that such of these as I recollect not from *you*, must be owing to the danger, to the terror, I was in from the violence of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Often and often do I dream over again what I suffered from him. I am now imploring mercy from him; and meet with nothing but upbraidings and menaces. He is now stopping my mouth with his handkerchief: His horrible clergyman, if a clergyman he was, is reading the Service quite through: And I am contending against the legality of the asserted marriage. At other times, I have escaped; and he is pursuing me: He gains upon my flying feet; and I wake myself with endeavouring in vain to cry out for help.

But when fancy is more propitious to me, then comes my rescuer, my deliverer:² And he is sometimes a mighty prince (dreams then make me a perfect romancer) and I am a damsel in distress. The milk-white palfrey once came in. All the Marvelous takes place; and lions and tygers are slain, and armies routed, by the puissance of his single arm: *and so I am saved*.

Now, do not these resveries convince you, that I owe all my uneasiness to what I suffered from Sir Hargrave's barbarity? I think I must take my aunt's advice; leave London; and then I shall better find out, whether, as all my friends suspect, and as, to be ingenuous, I myself now begin sometimes to fear, a passion stronger than gratitude has not taken hold of my heart. Of this I am sure: My reasoning faculties are weaken'd. Miss Grandison says, that, in my illness at Colnebrooke, I was delirious; and that the doctor they called in was

afraid of my head: And should I suffer myself to be *entangled in an hopeless passion*, there will want no further proof, that my intellects have suffer'd.

Adieu, my Lucy! What a letter have I written! The conclusion of it, I doubt, will of itself, be a sufficient evidence of the weakness I have mentioned, both of head and heart, of

Your HARRIET

LETTER VI

Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss LUCY SELBY

Sat. Mar. 4

THIS morning Sir Hargrave Pollexfen made Mr. Reeves a visit. He said it was to him; but I was unluckily below; and forced to hear all he had to say, or to appear unpolite.

He proposed visiting my grandmamma and aunt Selby, in order to implore their forgiveness. But Mr. Reeves diverted him from thinking of that.

He had not sought me, he said, at Lady Betty Williams's, but from his desire (on the character he had heard of me) to pay his addresses to me, in preference to every other woman. He had laid out for several opportunities to get into my company, before he heard I was to dine there. Particularly, he once had resolved to pay a visit in form to my uncle Selby, in Northamptonshire, and had got all his equipage in readiness to set out; but heard that I was come to town with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He actually then set out, he said, for Peterborough, with intent to propose the affair to my godfather Deane: But found that he was gone to Cambridge: And then, being resolved to try his fate with me, he came to town; and hardly questioned succeeding, when he understood that my friends left me to my own choice; and knowing that he could offer such proposals, as none of the gentlemen who had made pretensions to me, were able to make. His intentions therefore were not sudden, and such as arose upon what he saw of me at Lady Betty Williams's; tho' the part I supported in the conversation there, precipitated his declaration.

He was very unhappy, he said, to have so mortally disoblged me; and repeated all his former pleas; his love [Rough love, I am sure] compassion, sufferings, and I cannot tell what; insisting, that he had forgiven much greater injuries, as was but *too* apparent.

I told him, that I had suffer'd more than he could have done, tho' his hurt was more visible than mine: That nevertheless I forgave him; as no bad consequences had followed between him and my protector

—[Protector! mutter'd he]—But that he knew my mind, before he made that barbarous attempt: And I besought him never more to think of me; and he must excuse me to say, that this must be the very last time I ever would see him.

A great deal was said on both sides; my cousins remaining attentively silent all the time: And at last he insisted, that I would declare, that I never would be the wife either of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick: Assuring me, that the rash step he had taken to make me his, was owing principally to his apprehension, that Mr. Greville was more likely to succeed with me than any other man.

I owed him, I told him, no such declaration. But Mr. Reeves, to get rid of his importunity, gave it as his opinion, that there was no ground for his apprehensions that I would give my hand to either; and I did not contradict him.

Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Jordan, before I could get away from this importunate man, came to enquire for him. He then owned, that they came in hope of seeing me; and besought me to favour him and them for one quarter of an hour only. I was resolved to withdraw: But, at Sir Hargrave's command, as impertinently given as officiously obeyed, Mr. Reeves's servant led them (his master indeed not contradicting) into the parlour where we were.

The two strangers behaved with great respect. They came with a resolution to be pleased with me, and would not suffer themselves to be disappointed. But never did men run praises higher, than both these gentlemen gave to Sir Charles Grandison. And indeed the subject made me easier in their company than I should otherwise have been.

It is not possible, I believe, for the vainest mind to hear itself profusely praised, without some pain: But it is surely one of the sweetest pleasures in the world, to hear a whole company join in applauding the absent person who stands high in our opinion; and especially if he be one to whose unexceptionable goodness we *owe*, and are not ashamed to *own*, obligation.

What further pleased me, was to hear Mr. Bagenhall declare, which he did in a very serious manner, that Sir Charles Grandison's *great* behaviour, as he justly called it, had made such impressions not only upon him, but upon Mr. Merceda, that they were both determined *to turn over a new leaf*, was his phrase; and to live very different lives from what they *had* lived; tho' they were far, they blessed God, from being before the worst of men.

These gentlemen, with Mr. Merceda and Sir Hargrave, are to dine with Sir Charles to-day. They both mentioned it with great pleasure: But Sir Hargrave did not seem so well pleased, and doubted of his being able to persuade himself to go. The invitation was given at

Mr. Jordan's motion, who took hold of an indirect invitation of Sir Charles's; Mr. Jordan declaring, that he was resolved not to let slip any opportunity of improving an acquaintance with so extraordinary a man.

The gentlemen took a very respectful leave. Sir Hargrave shewed so much dejection, and is so really mortified with the damage done to a face, that he used to take pleasure to see reflected in the glass (never once looking into either of those in the parlour he was in, all the time he staid) that I could once or twice have been concerned for him, had I not struggled to withhold my pity.

He talk'd of soon leaving town, and retiring to one of his country-seats; or of going abroad for a year or two, if he must have no hopes—Hopes! a wretch!

When I seriously reflect, I don't know whether his mortification is not the happiest thing that could have befallen him. It wants only to be attended with patience.—He is not *now* an ugly man in his person. His estate will always give him consequence. He will now think the better of others; and the worse of himself: He *may*, *much* worse; and not want as much vanity as comes to his share.

But say you, my uncle (as I fancy you do) that I also may spare some of *my* vanity, and not be the worse girl?—Ah! no!—I am now very sensible of my own defects. I am poor, low, silly, weak—Was I ever insolent? Was I ever saucy? Was I ever—O my uncle, hide my faults. I am mortified. Let me not reproach myself with having *deserved* mortification. If I did, I knew it not. I intended not to be saucy, vain, insolent—And if I was so, lay it to a flow of health, and good spirits; to time of life; young, gay, and priding myself in every-one's love; yet most in the love, in the fond indulgence, of all you my good friends: And then you will have some of my faults to lay at your own doors; nor will you, even *you*, my uncle, be clear of reproach, because your correction was always mingled with so much praise, that I thought you were but at play with your niece, and that you levelled your blame more at the Sex than at your Harriet.

BUT what have I written against myself? I believe I am *not* such a low, silly, weak creature, as I had thought myself. For just as I had laid down my pen with a pensive air, and to look into the state of my own heart, in order either to lighten, or to confirm, the self-blame I had so glibly written down, Lady L. in her chair, made us a visit. She came up directly to me: I am come to dine with your cousins and you, Miss Byron, said she. Shall I be welcome? But don't answer me: I know I shall.

Mrs. Reeves enter'd; and acknowledged the favour.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and some of his brethren, are to dine with my brother, said my Lady; and I, not being obliged to do the honours of the table, with my Lord's consent, made my escape. I cannot endure the wretch who could make such a vile attempt upon you, and who might have murder'd my brother.—Come, will you let me see what you are writing? You can forgive *Charlotte's* freedom: Will you excuse her *sister's*?

I cannot shew your Ladyship all I have written; but I will read you some passages of the long letter before me.

I told her my subject, and read to her such as I thought I could read. She raved at Sir Hargrave: Wonder'd he had the confidence to approach me, especially with hope. She praised me: Yet said to my cousin Reeves, that he ought to have been denied the house; and the rather, as I was myself very unwilling to see him.

I own, I thought so too. Both my cousins are *too* good-natur'd.

We had a great deal of talk about the duel that was so happily prevented. Lady L. gave us an account of the unhappy one which her father sought; and to the issue of which they owed the loss of the best of mothers: And at and after dinner she piously expatiated on the excellencies of that mother; and demonstrated, what I have often thought of great consequence (my grandmamma's and aunt Selby's examples before me affording the noblest proofs) that the conduct of women in their families is of high importance; and that they need not to look out of them so often as they do, to employ themselves; and that not only in the most useful, but in the most delightful manner.

My Lord L. having broke from the company at Sir Charles's, did us the honour to drink tea with us. Every-thing, he said, passed very agreeably among the gentlemen he had left; and it was his opinion, that his brother's noble behaviour, and the conversation that passed at table, and in which he left him and them engaged, would make more than one convert among them.

He told Lady L. that Sir Charles was to set out on Monday for Canterbury [For Canterbury, Lucy!]; and that he should take it for a favour, if she would give him her company for a few days to Colnebrooke. Their house in Brook-street, he said, would be ready to receive them in a week's time: It wanted nothing but a thorough airing. And if, said he, you could prevail upon Miss Grandison to be with us till her brother returns, and both sisters could induce Miss Byron to make a fourth, we shall be, said he, the happiest party in the world; and perhaps may get Sir Charles among us, on his return, for a day or two. I bowed.

I must tell you, my Lord, that Charlotte and I thought to offer our attendance on Miss Byron to some of the public entertainments: But

your Lordship's pleasure shall determine me; and if we could be so happy as to have Miss Byron for our guest, I am sure of my sister; and it would be my preferable wish. Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, will you spare Miss Byron to me?

I looked, as if for their leave. They gave a smiling assent.

My Lord and Lady both expressed themselves over-joy'd.

This Canterbury ran in my head. It was brought in naturally enough; and Mrs. Reeves wonder'd, that Sir Charles kept secret the motive of his journeying thither backward and forward. *The godlike man*, said Mr. Reeves, in the words of a great poet, *has nothing to conceal*. For my part, replied my Lord, I conclude the motive is rather a painful than a pleasurable one. Charlotte accuses her brother of reserves. I never found him reserved: But he loves to play with her curiosity, and amuse her: For she is very curious, yet has *her* secret.—Has she not, Lady L.?

Indeed she has, replied my Lady—Perhaps you, my dear, will be intrusted with it, when you are at Colnebrooke together.

Pray, madam, said I to Lady L. may I ask?—Does Sir Charles give Lord G. his interest in his addresses to Miss Grandison?

Lady L. My brother wishes Charlotte married. He is a great friend to the married state; especially with regard to our sex.

Mr. Reeves could not miss this opportunity. It is a wonder, said he, that Sir Charles himself does not think of marriage?

Lady L. That is a string that we but just touch sometimes, and away. There is a Lady—

There she stopt. Had she looked with earnestness at me, I had been undone, I believe.

[F] Let me ask you, Lucy: You have passed the fiery ordeal—Did you ever find in yourself a kind of impatience, next to petulance; and in your heart (only for fear of exposing yourself) that you were ready to quarrel, or to be short with any-body that came upon you of a sudden; yet have no business of consequence to engage either your fingers or your thoughts?—Of late, my dear, I have been very often troubled with this odd sensation. But my whole temper is altering, I believe. I shall grow peevish, perverse, and gloomy, I doubt. O this wicked Sir Hargrave! 

Pray, my dear, attend for the future to those indexes or hands; and forbear to read out the passages inclosed by them, if you can—But if you come upon them before you are aware, why then read on—with all my heart.

But to return to Lady L.'s alarming hint—"There is a Lady"—

Mrs. Reeves. That Sir Charles loves, I suppose?

Lady L. That loves Sir Charles; and she has—But for the Lady's sake—Yes, if it be allowable for any woman to be in love with any

man, upon an uncertainty of return, it is for one that is in love with my brother.

Harriet. And cannot Sir Charles make a return?—Poor Lady!

My cousin afterwards told me, that my upper-lip then quiver'd like an aspen leaf. I did not know that it did. I felt not a trembling at my heart; and when the lip trembles, the heart, I think, should be affected. There used to be a close connexion between mine.

Mr. Reeves. Miss Grandison told me, that, if her brother married, half a score women would break their hearts.

Lady L. The words *half a score* run as glibly off the tongue as *half a dozen*: But I believe, let the envious, the censorious, malign our sex, and charge us with the love of rakes and libertines, as they will, if all men were like my brother, there would not be a single woman, and hardly a bad one, in the kingdom. What say you, my Lord?

Lord L. My dear life, you know I am all attention, whenever you, or my sister Charlotte, make our brother the subject of your panegyric. If, Miss Byron, you do not choose to hear so much said of this best of men, you will, I doubt, have an ill time of it in the favour you will do us at Colnebrooke.

Harriet. My Lord, I should be very ungrateful, if I did not hear with pleasure every-thing that shall be said in praise of Sir Charles Grandison.

Lord L. When I am out of conceit with men, as too often they give me cause to be, I think of my brother, and forgive them.

I wonder, Lucy, what every-body *means* by praising Sir Charles Grandison so much in my hearing!—Shall I fly from town, to avoid hearing his praises?—Yes, say you?—But whither? It must not be to Selby-house. Well then, I may as well go to Colnebrooke. I shall there be informed of the reasons for all those general applauses; for hitherto I know nothing of his history, to what they tell me I am to know.

These general praises carried us away from a subject that I thought we should once have made more of—*That one Lady*—And I wanted to know, but had no opportunity to inform myself, whether that Lady's relations, or herself, live at Canterbury. On Monday, it seems, Sir Charles sets out for *that* Canterbury!

Our noble guests would not stay supper. They had not been gone two hours before I had an humourous letter from Miss Grandison. I inclose it.

Sat. night, 10 o'clock

Lord and Lady L. rejoice me, by telling me, you will accompany them to Colnebrooke on Monday.—That's my good girl!—I will go with them for the sake of your company. Yet I had half-denied them. And why? Because, if you must know—But hush—and catch a mouse

—Because, a certain Impertinent proposes a visit there; and I had thoughts to take the opportunity of being alone in town, to rid my hands for ever, if possible, of another silly fellow, of whom, for one *month*, a great while ago, I thought tolerably.

You and I, Harriet, will open to each other all our hearts. There is one chamber that has two beds in it. We will have that. Our dressing-room shall be common to both. Lady L. is a *morning-killer*! She always loved her bed: So we shall have charming opportunities for tête à tête conversation.

I will drink tea with you to-morrow—No, but I won't: You and your cousins shall drink tea with us—Do you hear? I won't be denied. And then we'll settle how it shall be. I'll tell you what, my dear—If, on my brother's return from Canterbury, he comes to us at Colnebrooke, we will call him to account for all his reserves. Here is this affair of Pollexfen's: How might it have ended! I tremble to think of it—You'll stand by me: Won't you? I cannot make Lord and Lady L. of my party, or I would have rebelled before now—But you and I, my dear, I warrant you—Yet you are so grave. Were you always such a grave, such a wise, such a *very* wise girl, Harriet? Was your grandfather a very sententious man? Was his name *Solomon* Shirley?

I love wisdom as well as any-body: But wisdom, out of its place, is a prude, my dear. How I ramble!—You'll come to-morrow—I designed but two lines. Adieu. Believe me

Ever Yours, C.G.

I hope, Lucy, I was not wrong in so readily consenting to go to Colnebrooke. My own inclination, indeed, was in my compliance; and I begin to mistrust myself; where-ever that strongly leads. Yet why should I undervalue myself? I know my heart to be good. In that I will not yield to any-body. I have no littleness in my mind: *Naturally* I have not. Guard me, O my friends! by your prayers, that no littleness, that is *not* natural to my heart, may depreciate it, and make me unworthy of the love you have ever shewn to

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER VII

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To* *Miss* LUCY SELBY

Sunday, Mar. 5

MY cousins will have it, that I am far gone in a certain passion [They speak quite out]; and with a man that has given no encouragement—Encouragement! how meanly sounds that word! But I hope they are

mistaken. I cannot say, but one may prefer, if one were to have one's choice—one man to another—But that is a different thing from being run away with by so *vehement* a folly as they are ready to ascribe to me.

Well, but, under this notion, they are solicitous that I should not neglect any opportunity [What a poor creature do they think me!] of *ingratiating* myself with the sisters: And therefore I must, by all means, accept of Miss Grandison's invitation to tea.

I insisted, however, that they should accompany me, as they likewise were invited: And they obliged me—I may say *themselves* too; for they admire the brother and sisters as much as I do.

We found together Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, Miss Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, and Mr. Grandison. Sir Charles was in his drawing-room, adjoining to the study; a lady with him, they said. What business had I to wish to know whether it was an elderly or a young lady? But I must tell you all my follies. When we alighted, a very genteel chair made way for our coach.

Mr. Grandison made up to me; and, as heretofore, said very silly things, but with an air, as if he were accustomed to say such, and to have them received as galant things, by those to whom he addressed them. How painful is it to a mind not quite at ease, to be obliged to be civil, when the ear is invaded by contemptible speeches, from a man who must think as highly of himself for uttering them, as meanly of the understanding of the person he is speaking to!

Miss Grandison saw me a little uneasy, and came up to us. Mr. Grandison, said she, I thought you had known Miss Byron's character by this time. She is something more than a pretty woman. She has a *soul*, Sir: The man who makes a compliment to her on her beauty, depreciates her understanding.

She then led me to her seat, and sat down next me.

Mr. Grandison was in the midst of a fine speech, and was not well pleased. He sat down, threw one leg over the knee of the other, hemm'd three or four times, took out his snuff-box, tapped it, let the snuff drop thro' his fingers, then broke the lumps, then shut it, and twirled it round with the fore-finger of his right-hand, as he held it between the thumb and fore-finger of the other; and was quite like a sullen boy: Yet, after a while, tried to recover himself, by forcing a laugh at a slight thing or two said in company, that was not intended to raise one.

I think, my dear, I could have allowed a little more for him, had not his name been Grandison.

We soon adjusted every-thing for the little journey. Mr. Grandison told Miss Grandison, that if she would make him amends for her treatment of him just now, she should put Lord L. upon inviting

him. Lord and Lady L. joined to do so. But Miss Grandison would not admit of his going; and I was glad of it.

But, not to affront you, cousin, said she, Miss Byron and I want to have a good deal of particular conversation: So shall not be able to spare *you* an hour of our company at Colnebrooke. But one thing, Sir: My brother sets out for Canterbury to-morrow: Tell him, that *we* won't be troubled with your company: Ask him, if *he* will?

Not in those words neither, cousin Charlotte: But I will offer my attendance; and if he accepts of it, I shall be half as happy as if I went to Colnebrooke; and *only* half, bowing to me.

Why, now, you are a good docible kind of man! I want to hear what will be my brother's answer: For we know not one syllable, nor can guess at his business at Canterbury.

The tea-equipage being brought in, we heard Sir Charles's voice, complimenting a lady to her chair; and who pleaded engagement for declining to drink tea with his sister. And then he enter'd the parlour to us. He addressed my cousins, who were next him, with his usual politeness. He then came to me: How does my good Miss Byron? Not discomposed, I hope, by your yesterday's visitors. They are all of them in love with you. But you must have been pained—I was pained for you, when I heard they had visited you. But extraordinary merit has some forfeitures to pay.

I am sure then, thought I, you must have a great many. Every-time I see him, I think he rises upon me in the gracefulness of his behaviour.

I have one agreeable piece of news to tell you, madam. Sir Hargrave will go abroad for a twelvemonth. He says, he cannot be in the same kingdom with you, and not see you. He hopes therefore to lessen the torment, by flying from the temptation. Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Merceda will go with him.

Then whispering me, he said, From an hint in the letter of the penitent Wilson, that Mr. Bagenhall's circumstances are not happy, and that he is too much in the power of Sir Hargrave; I have prevailed on the latter, in consideration of the other's accompanying him abroad, to make him easy. And, would you believe it? and can you forgive me?—I have brought Sir Hargrave to give Wilson the promised 100*l.* To induce him to do this, Merceda (influenced by the arguments I urged, founded on the unhappy fellow's confessions in that letter) offer'd 50*l.* more for his past services to himself: And both, as a proof of the sincerity of their promised reformation. Wilson shall not have the money, but upon his marrying the girl to whom he is contracted: And on my return from a little excursion I am making to Canterbury, I shall put all in a train. And now, let me ask you, once more, Can you forgive me for *rewarding*, as you may think it, a base servant?

O Sir! how can I answer you?—You told me at Colnebrooke, that we were to endeavour to bring good out of the evil from which you had deliver'd me. This indeed is making your words true in a very extensive sense: To make your enemies your friends; to put wicked men into a way of reformation; and to make it a bad man's interest to be good—*Forgive* you, Sir!—From what I remember of that poor wretch's letter, I was obliged to him myself: Tho' vile, he was less vile than he might have been. The young woman behaved with tenderness to me at Paddington: Let me therefore add 50*l.* to Mr. Merceda's 50*l.* as an earnest that I can follow a noble example.

You charm me, madam, said he. I am not disappointed in my opinion of you—The fellow, if he give hope of real penitence, shall not want the fourth 50*l.*—It would be *too good* in you, so great a sufferer as you were by his wickedness, to give it: But it will become a man to do it, who has not been injured by him, and who was the occasion of his losing the favour of his employer; and the rather, as he was an adviser to his fellow-agents to fly, and not to fire at my servants, who might have suffer'd from a *sturdier* villain. He has promised repentance and reformation: This small sum will give me a kind of right to enforce the performance.—But no more of this just now.

Miss Jervois just then looking as if she would be glad to speak with her guardian, he arose, and taking her hand, led her to the window. She was in a supplicating attitude, as if asking a favour. He seemed to be all kindness and affection to her.—Happy girl!—Miss Grandison, who had heard enough of what he said of Wilson, to be affected, whisper'd me, Did I not tell you, Harriet, that my brother was continually employed in doing good? He has invention, forecast, and contrivance: But you see how those qualities are all employed.

O Miss Grandison! said I, I am such a nothing! —I cannot, as Sir Hargrave says, bear my own littleness.

Be quiet, said she—You are an exceeding good girl! But you have a monstrous deal of pride. Early I saw that. You are not half so good as the famous Greek, who losing an election for which he stood, to be one of 300 only, thank'd the gods, that there were in Athens (I think it was) 300 better men than himself. Will you not have honour enough, if it can be said, that, next to Sir Charles Grandison, you are the best creature in the world?

Sir Charles led his ward to a seat, and sat down by us.

Cousin Charlotte, said Mr. Grandison, you remember your treatment of me, for addressing Miss Byron in an open, and I thought, a very polite manner. Pray where's your impartiality? Sir Charles has been shut up in his study with a lady who would not be seen by anybody else.—But Sir Charles may do any-thing.

I am afraid it is too late, cousin, said Miss Grandison: Else it would be worth your while to try for a reputation.

Has Charlotte, Mr. Grandison, said Sir Charles, used you ill? Ladies will do as they please with you galant men. They look upon you as their own; and you wish them to do so. You must bear the inconvenience for the sake of the convenience.

Well, but, Sir Charles, I am refused to be of the Colnebrooke party—Absolutely refused. Will *you* accept of my company? Shall I attend you to Canterbury?

Are you in earnest, cousin Grandison? Will you oblige me with your company?

With all my heart and soul, Sir Charles.

With all mine, I accept your kind offer.

This agreeably surprised his sisters as well as me: But why then so secret, so reserved, to them?

Mr. Grandison immediately went out to give orders to his servant for the journey.

A good-natur'd man! said Sir Charles.—Charlotte, you are sometimes too quick upon him—Are you not?

Too quick upon him!—No, no! I have hopes of him; for he can be ashamed: That was not always the case with him. Between your gentleness and my quickness, we shall make something of him in time.

Mr. Grandison immediately returned; and we lost something that Sir Charles was going to reply. But, by some words he dropt, the purport was to blame his sister for not sparing Mr. Grandison before company.

I imagine, Sir Charles, that if you take Mr. Grandison with you, one may venture to ask a question, Whether you go to any family at Canterbury, that we have heard of?—It is to do good, I am sure.

Your eyes have ask'd me that question several times, Charlotte. I aim not at making secrets of any-thing I do. I need not on this occasion. Yet you, Charlotte, have your secrets.

He look'd grave.

Have I my secrets, Sir Charles?—Pray what do you mean?

She colour'd, and seem'd sensibly touch'd.

Too much emotion, Charlotte, is a kind of confession. Take care. Then turning it off with a smile—See, Mr. Grandison, I am revenging your cause. Alarming spirits love not to be alarmed.

So, Harriet! whispering to me, I am silenced. Had I told you all my heart, I should half have suspected you. How he has flutter'd me!—Lady L. this is owing to you, whispering her behind my chair.

I know nothing, therefore could tell nothing. Conscience, conscience! Charlotte, re-whisper'd Lady L.

She sat still, and was silent for a little while; Lord and Lady L. smiling, and seeming to enjoy her agreeable confusion. At last—But, Sir Charles, you *always* had secrets. You got out of me two or three of mine without exchange.—You—

Don't be uneasy, my Charlotte. I expected a *prompt*, not a *deliberate* reply. My life is a various life. Some things I had better not have known myself. See, Charlotte, if you are serious, you will make me so. I have not any motives of action, I hope, that are either capricious or conceited [Surely, Lucy, he cannot have seen what I wrote to you about his reserves! I thought he look'd at me]—Only this one hint, my sister: Whenever you condescend to consult me, let me have every-thing before me, that shall be necessary to enable me to form a judgment—But why so grave, Charlotte? Impute all I have said, as a revenge of Mr. Grandison's cause, in gratitude for his obliging offer of accompanying me to Canterbury.

Cannot you reward *him*, Sir Charles, but by punishing *me*?

A good question, Charlotte. But do you take what I have said in that light?

I have done for the present, Sir: But I hope, when you return, we shall come to an *eclaircissement*.

Needs it one?—Will not better and more interesting subjects have taken place by that time?—And he look'd at her with an eye of particular meaning.

Now is he beginning to wind about me, whisper'd she to me, as I told you at Colnebrooke. Were he and I alone, he'd have me before I knew where I was. Had he been a wicked man, he would have been a *very* wicked one.

She was visibly uneasy; but was afraid to say any more on the subject.

Lady L. whisper'd—Ah! Charlotte, you are taken in your own toils. You had better let me into your secret. I would bring you off, if I could.

Be quiet, Lady L.

We then talk'd of the time in the morning of our setting out for Colnebrooke. I thought I read Miss Emily's mind in her eyes—Shall we not have the pleasure of Miss Jervois's company? said I.

She bowed to me, and smiled.

The very thing that Emily was petitioning to me for, said Sir Charles: And I wish'd, ladies, to have the motion come from one of you.

Emily shall go with us, I think, said Miss Grandison.

Thank you, madam, said she: I will take care not to break in upon you impertinently.

What! dost thou too think we have secrets, child?

Consent with your usual grace, Charlotte: Are you not too easily affected? Sir Charles spoke this smiling.

Every-thing you say, Sir Charles, affects me.

I ought then to be very careful of what I say. If I have given my sister pain, I beg her to forgive me.

I am afraid to go on, whisper'd she to me. Were he and I only together, my heart would be in his hand in a moment.

I have only this to observe, Miss Grandison, whisper'd I—When you are too hard upon me, I know to whom to apply for revenge.

Such another word, Harriet, and I'll blow you up!

What could she mean by that?—*Blow me up!* I have lock'd up my aunt's last letters, where so much is said about *entangling*, and *inclination*, and so-forth. When any-thing occurs, that we care not to own, I see by Miss Grandison, that it is easy for the slightest hint to alarm us.

But Sir Charles to say so seriously as he did, "That his life was a various life;" and that "he had better not have known some things himself;" affects me not a little. What can a man of his prudence have had to disturb him? But my favourite author! says,

*Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene,
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day;
But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.*—— [Night-thoughts.]

But so young a man! so prudent! as I said; and so generally beloved! But that he is so, may be the occasion.—Some lady, I doubt!—What sad people are we women at this rate! Yet some women may have the worst of it. What are your thoughts on all these appearances, Lucy?

Miss Grandison, as I said, is uneasy. These are the words that disturb her: "Only this one hint, my sister: Whenever you condescend to consult me, let me have every-thing before me, that shall be necessary to enable me to form a judgment."—And so they would *me* in her case.

But it seems plain from Sir Charles's hint, that he keeps to himself (as Miss Grandison once indeed said in his favour) those intelligences which would disturb her, and his other friends, to know. The secret which he would have made of the wicked challenge; his self-invited breakfasting with Sir Hargrave; are proofs, among others, of this: And if this be his considerate motive, what a forward, what a censorious creature have I been, on so many occasions, to blame him for his reserves, and particularly for his Canterbury excursions! I

think I will be cautious for the future, how I take upon me to censure those actions, which in such a man I cannot account for.

Miss Grandison, on her brother's withdrawing with Dr. Bartlett, said, Well, now that my cousin Grandison will accompany my brother to Canterbury, we shall have that secret out in course.

Lady L. It seems to be your fault, Charlotte, that we have not had it before.

Miss Gr. Be quiet, Lady L.

Mr. Gr. Perhaps not. You'll find I can keep a secret, cousin; especially if I am desired to do so.

Miss Gr. I shall wonder at that.

Mr. Gr. Why so?

Miss Gr. Shall I give it you in plain English?

Mr. Gr. You don't use to mince it.

Miss Gr. It would be strange, cousin, if a man should make a secret of an innocent piece of intelligence, who has told stories of himself, and gloried in them, that he ought, if true, to have been hanged for.—You would have it.

Mr. Gr. I knew I must have the plain English, whether I *ask'd* for it or not. But give me leave to say, cousin Charlotte, that you made not so superior a figure just now.

Miss Gr. True, Mr. Grandison. There is but one man in the world, of whom I stand in awe.

Mr. Gr. I believe it; and hope you never design to marry, for *that* reason.

Miss Gr. What a wretch is my cousin! Must a woman stand in awe of her husband? Whether, Sir, is marriage a state of servitude or of freedom to a woman?

Mr. Gr. Of freedom, as women generally make it—Of servitude, if they know their duty.—Pardon me, Ladies.

Miss Gr. Don't pardon him. I suppose, Sir, it is owing to your consciousness, that you have only the *will*, and not the *spirit*, to awe a woman of sense, that you are a single man at this day.

Lady L. Pray, my Lord, what have I done, that you treat me with so much contempt?

Lord L. Contempt! my best life!—How is that?

Lady L. You seem not to think it worth your while to *over-awe* me.

Miss Gr. Lord, my dear! how you are mistaken in applying thus to Lord L.! Lord L. is a good man, a virtuous man: None but rakes hold these *over-awing* doctrines. They know what they deserve; and live in continual fear of meeting with their deserts; and so, if they marry, having the hearts of slaves, they become tyrants. Miss Byron—

Mr. Gr. The devil's in it if you two Ladies want help. I fly the pit.

Lord L. And I think, Mr. Grandison, you have fought a hard battle.

Mr. Gr. By my soul, I think so too. I have held it out better than I used to do.

Miss Gr. I protest I think you have. We shall brighten you up among us. I am mistaken if there were not two or three smart things said by my cousin. Pray, did any-body mind them? I should be glad to hear them again. Do you recollect them yourself, cousin?

Mr. Gr. You want to draw me on again, cousin Charlotte. But the d—I fetch me, if you do. I'll leave off while I am well.

Miss Gr. Would you have thought it, Lady L.! My cousin has *discretion* as well as *smartness*. I congratulate you, Sir: A new discovery!—But hush! 'Tis time for both to have done.

Sir Charles enter'd. Mr. Grandison a sufferer again? said he.

Mr. Gr. No, no! Pretty well off this bout!—Miss Byron, I have had the better end of the staff, I believe.

Harriet. I can't say that, Sir. But you got off, I believe, in very good time.

Mr. Gr. And that's a victory, to what it used to be, I can assure you. Nobody ever could *awe* Miss Grandison.

Miss Gr. Coward!—You would *now* begin again, would you?—Sir Charles loves to take me *down*.

Mr. Gr. Never, madam, but when you are *up*: And laugh'd heartily.

Miss Gr. Witty too!—A man of repartee! A *verbal* wit! And that's half as good as a punster, at any time.

Sir Ch. Fight it out, cousin Grandison. You can laugh on, tho' the laugh of every other person should be against you.

Mr. Gr. And thou, Brutus?—It is time to have done.

As I think these conversations characteristic, I hope the recital of them will be excused.' Yet I am sensible, those things that go off well in conversation, do not always *read* to equal advantage.

They would fain have engaged us to stay supper: But we excused ourselves. I promised to breakfast with them.

I chose not to take my maid with me. Jenny is to be made over to me occasionally, for the time of my stay. Dr. Bartlett had desired to be excused. So our party is only the two Sisters, Lord L. Miss Jervois, and I.

Sir Charles and Mr. Grandison are to set out for their journey early in the morning.

Adieu, my Lucy. It is late: And sleepiness promises to befriend

Your HARRIET

LETTER VIII

*Mrs. SELBY, To Miss BYRON (a)**My dearest Child,**Selby-house, Sunday, Mar. 5*

WE are all extremely affected with your present situation. Such apparent struggles betwixt your natural openness of heart, and the confessions of a young, of a new passion, and that so laudably founded, and so visibly encreasing—O my Love, you must not affect reserves. They will sit very awkwardly upon a young woman, who never knew what affectation and concealment were.

You have laid me under a difficulty with respect to Lady D. She is to be with me on Saturday next. I have not written to her, tho' you desired I would; since, in truth, we all think, that her proposals deserve consideration; and because we are afraid, that a *greater* happiness will never be yours and ours. It is impossible, my dear, to imagine, that such a man as Sir Charles Grandison should not have seen the woman whom he could love, before he saw you; or whom he had not been engaged to love by his *gratitude*, as I may call it, for her *love*. Has not his sister talk'd of half a score ladies, who would break their hearts for him, were he to marry?—And may not this be the reason why he does not?

You see what an amiable openness of heart there is in the countess of D. You see, that your own frankness is a particular recommendation of you to her. I had told her, that you were disengaged in your affections: By your own disclaiming to her the proposed relation, you have given reason to so wise a lady to think it otherwise; or that you are not so much above affectation, as she had hoped you were. And tho' we were grieved to read how much you were pushed by Miss Grandison (*b*), yet Lady D. will undoubtedly make the same observations and inferences, that Miss Grandison did. And what would you have me do? since you cannot give a stronger instance of your affections being engaged, than by declining such a proposal as Lady D. made, before you have conversed with, or even seen Lord D. And it becomes not your character nor mine, either to equivocate, or to say the thing that is not.

Lady L. you think (and indeed so it appears) hinted to Lady D. that Sir Charles stands not in the way of Lord D.'s application. I see not therefore, that there can be any room to hope from that quarter. Nor

(a) This Letter, and the two that follow it, are inserted in this place, tho' not received, and answered, till Miss Byron was at Colnebrooke, for the sake of keeping entire the subject she writes upon from thence.

(b) Letter V. p. 271.

will your fortune, I doubt, be thought considerable enough. And as Sir Charles is not engaged by affection, and is generous and munificent, there is hardly room to imagine, but that, in prudence, fortune will have some weight with him. At least, on our side, that ought to be supposed, and to make a part of our first proposals, were a treaty to be begun.

Your grandmamma will write to you with her own hand. I refer myself wholly to her. Her wisdom, and her tenderness for you, we all know. She and I have talked of *every-thing*. Your uncle will not railly you, as he has done. We still continue resolved not to prescribe to your inclinations. We are afraid therefore of advising you as to this new proposal. But your grandmamma is very much pleased that I have not written, as you would have had me, a letter of absolute refusal to the countess.

Your uncle has been enquiring into the state of Sir Charles Grandison's affairs. We have heard so many good things of him, that I have desired Mr. Selby to make no further enquiries, unless we could have some hopes of calling him ours. But do you, my dear, nevertheless, omit nothing that comes to your knowlege, that may let us know in him what a good man is, and should be.

His magnanimity in refusing to engage in a duel, yet acquitting himself so honourably, as to leave no doubt about his courage, is an example, of itself, of a more than human rectitude of thinking and acting. How would your grandfather have cherished such a young man! We every one of us admire and revere him at the same time; and congratulate you, my dear, and his sisters, on the happy issue of the affair between him and that vile Sir Hargrave.

You will let me know your mind as to the affair of Lord D.; and that by the next post: Be not rash. Be not hasty. I am afraid I push'd your delicacy too much in my former. Your uncle says, that you are at times not so frank in directly owning your passion, as from your natural openness of heart he expected you would be, when a worthy object had attracted you: And he triumphs over us, in the imagination, that he has at last detected you of affectation in some little degree. We all see, and own, your struggle between virgin-modesty and openness of heart, as apparent in many passages of your letters; and we lay part of your reserve to the apprehensions you must have of his railery: But after you have declared, "That you had rather converse but one hour in a week with Sir Charles Grandison" (and *his sister* you put in: And sisters are good convenient people sometimes to a bashful or beginning lover, of our sex) "than be the wife of any man you have ever seen or known; and that, mean as the word *pity* sounds, you would rather have his pity than the love of any other man;"—Upon my word, my dear, you need not be backward to speak quite out. Excuse me, my child.

I have just now read the inclosed. Had I known your grandmamma could have written so long a letter, I might have spared much of mine. Hers is worthy of her. We all subscribe to it; but yet will be determined by your next, as to the steps to be taken in relation to the proposal of Lady D. But if you love, be not ashamed to own it to us. The man is Sir Charles Grandison.

With all our blessings and prayers for you, I bid you, my dear Love, Adieu.

MARIANNA SELBY

LETTER IX

Mrs. SHIRLEY, To Miss BYRON

Sunday, March 5

DON'T be afraid, don't be ashamed, my dearest Life, to open your whole heart to your aunt Selby and me. You know how we all dote upon you. It is no disgrace for a young woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion. *You* have shewn, I am sure, if ever young creature did shew, that you are no giddy, no indiscreet person. Not Greville, with all his gaiety; not Fenwick, with all his adulation; not the more respectable Orme, with all his obsequiousness; nor yet the imploring Fowler; nor the terrifying, the shocking Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; have seen the least shadow of vanity or weakness in you. How happily have you steer'd thro' difficulties, in which the love of being admired often involves meaner minds! And how have you, with mingled dignity and courteousness, entitled yourself to the esteem, and even veneration, of those whom you refused! And why refused! Not from pride, but principle; and because you could not love any one of them, as you thought you ought to love the man to whom you gave your hand.

And at last, when the man appeared to you, who was worthy of your love; who had so powerfully protected you from the lawless attempt of a fierce and cruel pretender; a man who proved to be the best of brothers, friends, landlords, masters, and the bravest and best of men; is it to be wonder'd at, that an heart, which never before was won, should discover sensibility, and acknowledge its fellow-heart?—What reason then can you have for shame? And why seeks my Harriet to draw a curtain between herself and her sympathizing friends? You see, my dear, that we are above speaking slightly, because of our uncertainty, of a man that all the world praises. Nor are you, child, so weak as to be treated with such poor policy.

You were not educated, my dear, in artifice. Disguises never sat so

ill upon any woman, as they do, in most of your late letters, upon you. Every child in love-matters would find you out. But be it your glory, whether our wishes are, or are not answered, that your affection is laudable; that the object of it is not a man mean in understanding, profligate in morals, nor sordid in degree; but such an one as all we your friends are as much in love with as you can be. Only, my dear Love, my Harriet, the Support of my life, and Comfort of my evil days, endeavour, for my sake, and for the sake of us all, to restrain so far your laudable inclination, as that, if it be not your happy lot to give us, as well as yourself, so desirable a blessing, you may not suffer in your health (an health so precious to me) and put yourself on a foot with vulgar girls run away with by their headstrong passions. The more desirable the object, the nobler the conquest of your passion, if it is to be overcome. Nevertheless, speak out, my dear, your whole heart to us, in order to intitle yourself to our best advice: And as to your uncle Selby, don't let his raillery pain you: He diverts us as well as himself by it: He gains nothing over us in the arguments he affects to hold with us: And you must know, that his whole honest heart is wrapt up in his and our Harriet. Worthy man! He would not, any more than I, be able to support his spirits, were any misfortune to befall his niece.

Your aunt Selby has just now shewn me her letter to you. She repeats in it, as a very strong expression in yours, "That you had rather converse with this excellent man but one hour in a week, than be the wife of any man you have ever seen or known." It is a strong expression; but, to me, is an expression greatly to your honour; since it shews, that the *mind*, and not the *person*, is the principal object of your love.

I knew that, if ever you did love, it would be a love of the purest kind. As therefore it has not so much *person* in it, as most loves; suffer it not to triumph over your reason; nor, because you cannot have the man you could prefer, resolve against having any other. Have I not taught you, that marriage is a duty, whenever it can be enter'd into with prudence? What a mean, what a selfish mind must that person have, whether man or woman, who can resolve against entering into the state, because it has its cares, its fatigues, its inconveniencies! Try Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, by this rule. If he forbears to marry on such narrow motives, this must be one of his great imperfections. Nor be afraid to try. No man is absolutely perfect.

But Sir Charles may have engagements, from which he cannot free himself. My Harriet, I hope, will not give way to a passion, which is not likely to be returned, if she find that to be the case. You hope, you prettily said in one of your letters, "that you shall not be undone

by a *good* man." After such an escape as you had from Sir Hargrave, I have no fear from a *bad* one: But, my child, if you are undone by a good one, it must be by your own fault, while neither he nor his sisters give you encouragement.

I know, my dear, how these suppositions will hurt your delicacy: But then you must doubly guard yourself; for the *reality* will be worse wounding to that delicacy, than the *supposition* ought to be. If there be but one man in the world that can *undo* you, will you not guard against him?

I long to fold my dearest Harriet to my fond heart: But yet, this that follows, is the advice I give, as to the situation you are now in: Lose no opportunity of cultivating the friendship of his amiable sisters [By the way, if Miss Grandison guesses at your mind, she is not so generous in her raillery as is consistent with the rest of her amiable character]. Never deny them your company, when they request it. Miss Grandison has promised you the history of their family. Exact the performance of that promise from her. You will thus come at further lights, by which you may be guided in your future steps.—In particular, you will find out, whether the sisters espouse the interest of any other woman; tho' Sir Charles's reservedness, even to them, may not let them know the secrets of his heart in this particular. And if they do not espouse any other person's interest, why may they not be made *your* friends, my dear?—As to fortune, could we have any hint what would be expected, we would do every thing in our power to make that matter easy; and must be content with moderate settlements in your favour.

But as I approve of your aunt's having forbore to write, as you would have had her, to Lady D. What shall we do in that affair? it will be ask'd.

What? Why thus: Lady D. has made it a point, that you are disengaged in your affections: Your aunt has signified to her that you are: You have given that lady an hint, which, you say, overclouded her brow. She will be here on Saturday next. Then will she, no doubt, expect the openest dealing.—And she ought to have it. Her own frankness demands it; and the character we have hitherto supported, and I hope always shall support, requires it. I would therefore let Lady D. know the whole of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's attempt [You, my dear, was so laudably frank as to *hint* it to her] and of the generous protection given you by Sir Charles Grandison. Truth never leaves room for self-reproach. Let your aunt Selby then own, that you had written to her; declining, with the most respectful gratitude, the honour intended you: Which she could no otherwise account for, than by supposing, and indeed believing, that you would prefer Sir Charles Grandison, from motives of gratitude, to any other man: But

that you knew nothing of his engagements; nor had reason to look upon any part of his behaviour to you, but as the effect of his general politeness; nor that his sisters meant more by calling you *sister*, than their *brother's* sister, as well as *theirs*.

All this shall be mentioned to Lady D. in *strict confidence*. Then will Lady D. know the whole truth. She will be enabled, as she *ought*, to judge for herself. You will not appear in her eye as guilty of affectation. We shall all act in character. If Lady L. and Miss Grandison did (as you suppose) acquaint Lady D. that you were not addressed by their brother, they will be found to have said the truth; and you know, my dear, that we should be as ready to do justice to others veracity, as to our own. She will see, that your regard for Sir Charles (if a regard you have, that may be an obstacle to her views) is owing to a laudable gratitude for his protection given to a young woman, whose heart was *before* absolutely disengaged.

And what will be the consequence?—Why, either that her ladyship will think no more of the matter; and then you will be just where you were; or, that she will interest herself in finding out Sir Charles's engagements: And as you have communicated to Lady L. and Miss Grandison the letters that have passed between Lady D. and your aunt, together with the contents of yours, so far as relates to the proposal; and as Lady D. is acquainted with those two ladies; she will probably inform herself of *their* sentiments in relation to the one affair and the other; and the matter on every side, by this means, will sooner come to a decision, then probably it can any other way.

I don't know whether I express myself clearly. I am not what I was: But, blessed be God, that I am what I am! I did not think, that, in so little a time, I could have written so much as I have. But my dear Harriet is my subject; and her happiness is, and has ever been, my only care, since I lost the husband of my youth, the dear man who divided with me that, and all my cares; who had a love for you equal to my own; and who, I think, would have given just *such* advice. What would Mr. Shirley have thought? How would he, in the like case, have acted? are the questions I always ask myself, before I give my opinion in any material cases, especially in those which relate to you.

And here let me commend a sentiment of yours, that is worthy of your dear grandfather's pupil: "I should despise myself," say you, "were I capable of keeping one man in suspense, while I was balancing in favour of another."

Good young creature, hold fast your principles, whatever befalls you. Look upon this world as you have been taught to look upon it. I have lived to a great age: Yet, to look backward to the time of my youth, when I was not a stranger to the hopes and fears that now agitate you, what a short space does it seem to be! Nothing with-holds

my wishes to be released, but my desire of seeing the darling of my heart, my sweet orphan-girl, happy in a worthy man's protection. O that it could be in——But shall we, my dear, prescribe to Providence? How know we what *that* has designed for Sir Charles Grandison? *His* welfare is the concern of hundreds, perhaps. He, compared to us, is as the public to the private. I hope we are good people: *Comparatively*, I am sure, we are good. That, however, is not the way by which we shall be judged hereafter. But yet, to him, we are but as that private.

Don't think, however, my best Love, that I have lived too long to be sensible of what most affects you. Of your pleasures, your pains, I can and do partake. Your late harassings, so tender, so lovely a blossom, cost me many a pang; and still my eyes bear witness to my sensibility, as the cruel scenes are at times read to me again, or as I recal them to memory. But all I mean is, to arm you against feeling too sensibly, when it *is* known, the event which is now hidden in the bosom of Providence, should it, as is but too likely, prove unfavourable.

You have a great deal of writing upon your hands. We cannot dispense with any of that. But if you write to your aunt Selby (as the time till next Saturday is short) that will be writing to us both.

God preserve, direct, and bless, my sweet orphan-child!—This is the hourly prayer of

Your ever-affectionate Grandmother;

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY

LETTER X

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To Mrs.* SELBY

Colnebrooke, Tuesday, March 7

I HAVE the favour of yours, and of my dear grandmamma's, just brought me. The contents are so affecting, that, tho' in full assembly, as I may say, in this delightful family, I begged to be permitted to withdraw, to write to them. Miss Grandison saw my confusion, my puzzle, what shall I call it? To be charged so home, my dear aunt!—*Such apparent struggles*—And were they, madam, so *very* apparent?—*A young, a new passion!*—And so *visibly increasing!*—Pray, madam, if it be *so*, it is not at its height—And is it not, while but in its progress, conquerable?—But have I been guilty of *affectation?* of *reserves?*—If I have, my uncle has been very merciful to the *awkward* girl.

And you think it impossible, madam, but *he* has seen women whom he could love, before he saw me? Very likely! But was it kind to turn the word *gratitude* upon me in such a manner?

I do see what an amiable openness of heart there is in Lady D. I admire her for it, and for her other matronly qualities. What can *you* do, madam? What can *I* do? That is the question, called upon as I am, by my grandmamma as well as by you, to speak still plainer, plain as in your opinion I had spoken, and indeed in my own, now I read the free sentence, drawn out and separated from the rest of the Letter. My grandmamma forgives, and even praises me, for this sentence. She encourages me to speak still plainer. It is no disgrace, she says, for a woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion, she tells me: Yet cautions me against suffering it to triumph over my reason; in short, not to love till there shall be a certainty of return. And so I can love *as I will*, *when I will*, nay *whom I will*; for if *he* won't have me, I am desired not to resolve against marrying some other; Lord D. for example, if *he* will be so good as to have me.

Well, but upon a full examination of my heart, how do I find it, now I am called upon by my two most venerable friends, to *undraw the curtain*, and to *put off the disguises*, thro' which every *child in love-matters* finds me out? Shall I speak my whole heart?—To such *sympathizing* friends surely I ought. Well, then, I own to you, my honoured grandmamma and aunt, that I cannot think of encouraging any other address. Yet have I no hope. I look upon myself as presumptuous: Upon him as too excellent, and too considerable; for he has a great estate, and still greater expectations: And as to personal and intellectual merit, what woman can deserve him?—Even in the article of fortune only, you think that, in prudence, a man so munificent should look higher.

Be pleased therefore, madam, in conformity to my grandmamma's advice, to tell Lady D. from me, 'That I think her laudable openness deserves like openness: That your Harriet *was* disengaged in her affections, absolutely disengaged, when you told her that she was: Tell her what afterwards happened: Tell her how my *gratitude* engaged me: That, at first, it was no more; but that now, being called upon, on this occasion, I have owned my gratitude exalted' [It may not, I hope, be said, *debased*, the object so worthy] 'into—Love'—Yes, say *Love*—since I act too *awkwardly* in the *disguises* I have assumed; 'That, therefore, I can no more in *justice*, than by *inclination*, think of any other man: And own to her, that her Ladyship has, however, engaged my respectful Love, even to reverence, by her goodness to me in the visit she honoured me with; and that, for *her* sake, had I seen nothing objectable in Lord D. upon an interview, and further acquaintance, I could have given ear to this proposal, preferably to any other that had yet been made me, were my heart as free, as it was when she made her first proposal.' And yet I own to you, my venerable friends, that I always think of Mr. Orme with

grateful pity, for his humble, for his modest perseverance. What would I give to see Mr. Orme married to some very worthy woman, with whom he could be happy!

Finally, bespeak for me her Ladyship's favour and friendship; but *not* to be renewed till my Lord is married—And may his nuptials be as happy as wished to be by a mother so worthy! But tell her, at the same time, that I would not, for twelve times my Lord's 12,000*l.* a year, give my hand to him, or to any man, while another had a place in my heart; however unlikely it is, that I may be called by the name of the man I prefer.

But tell Lady D. all this in confidence, in the strictest confidence; among more general reasons regarding the delicacy of our Sex, for fear the family I am with, who now love, should hate, and, what would be still worse, despise, your Harriet, for her presumption!—I think I could not bear that!—Don't mind this great blot—Forgive it—It *would* fall—My pen found it, before I saw it.¹

As to myself; whatever be my lot, I will endeavour to reap consolation from these and other passages in the two precious letters before me:

"If you love, be not ashamed to own it to *us*—The man is Sir Charles Grandison."

"Love is a natural passion."

"Mine is laudable: The object of it is a man not mean in understanding; nor profligate in morals; nor sordid in degree. All my friends are in love with him as well as I."

"My love is a love of the purest kind."

"And I ought to acquiesce, because our love of him is but as the love of private, compared to the love of public."

Noble instructions! my dearest two mamma's! to which I will endeavour to give their full weight.

And now let me take it a little unkindly, that you call me your *orphan-girl*! You two, and my honoured uncle, have supplied all wanting relations to me: My father then, my grandmamma, and my other mamma, continue to pray for, and to bless, not your orphan, but your real, daughter in all love and reverence,

HARRIET BYRON-SHIRLEY-SELBY

LETTER XI

*Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss LUCY SELBY**Colnebrooke, Tuesday, March 7*

HERE I am, my dear Lucy, returned to this happy asylum: But with what different emotions from the first time I enter'd it! How did my heart flutter, when one of Sir Charles's servants, who attended us on horseback, pointed out to us, at the command of the ladies, the very spot where the two chariots met, and the contest began. The recollection pained me: Yet do I not owe to that terrifying incident the friendship I am admitted into with so amiable a family?

Miss Grandison, ever obliging, has indulged me in my choice of having a room to myself. I shall have the more leisure for writing to you, my dear friends.

Both she and Lady L. are very urgent with me to shew them some of the letters in our correspondence; and Miss Grandison says, if that will encourage me to oblige them, they will shew me some of their brother's.—Who would not be tempted by such an exchange? I am more than half-afraid—But surely, in such an heap of stuff as I have written, there is something that I can *read* to them. Shall I be permitted, do you think, to have my letters returned me for this purpose? The remarks of these ladies on what I shall think fit to shew them, will be of great use in helping to settle my judgment. I know I have thrown out many things at random; and, being a young creature, and not passed the *age of fancy*, have, in all those sentiments which are not borrowed, been very superficial. How can it be otherwise?

The conversation in the coach turned upon their own family (for I put in my claim to Miss Grandison's former promise on that head); from which I gather'd the following particulars.

Sir Thomas Grandison was one of the handsomest men of his time: He had a great notion of magnificence in living; and went deep into all the fashionable diversions, except gaming with cards and dice; tho' he ran into one as expensive, but which he called a nobler vice; valuing himself upon his breed of race-horses and hunters, and upon his kennel; in both which articles he was extravagant to profusion.

His father, Sir Charles, was as frugal as Sir Thomas was profuse. He was a purchaser all his life; and left his son, besides an estate of 6,000*l.* a year in England, and near 2,000*l.* a year in Ireland, rich in money.

His Lady was of a noble family; sister to Lord W. She was, as you have already been told, the most excellent of women. I was delighted to see her two daughters bear testimony to her goodness, and to their

own worth, by their tears. It was impossible, in the character of so good a woman, not to think of my own mamma; and I could not help, on the remembrance, joining my tears with theirs.

Miss Jervois also wept, not only from tenderness of nature, and sympathy, but, as she owned, from regret, that she had not the same reason to rejoice in a living mother, as we had to remember affectionately the departed.

What I have written, and shall farther write, to the disadvantage of Sir Thomas Grandison, I gather'd from what was dropt by one lady, and by the other, at different times; for it was beautiful to observe with what hesitation and reluctancy they mentioned any of his failings, with what pleasure his good qualities; heightening the one, and extenuating the other. O my Lucy, how would their hearts have overflowed in his praises, had they had such a faultless father, and excellent man, as was my father! Sweet is the remembrance of good parents to good children!

Lady Grandison brought a great fortune to Sir Thomas. He had a fine poetical vein, which he was fond of cultivating. Tho' his fortune was so ample, it was his person, and his verses, that won the lady from several competitors. He had not, however, *her* judgment. He was a poet; and I have heard my grandfather say, that to be a poet, requires an heated imagination, which often runs away with the judgment.

This lady took the consent of all her friends in her choice; but here seemed an hint to drop from Lady L. that they consented, *because* it was her choice; for Sir Thomas, from the day he enter'd upon his estate, set out in a way that every-body concluded would diminish it.

He made, however, a *kind* husband, as it is called. His good-sense and his politeness, and the pride he took to be thought one of the best-bred men in England, secured her *complaisant* treatment. But Lady Grandison had qualities that deserved one of the best and tenderest of men. Her eye and her ear had certainly misled her. I believe a woman, who chooses a man whom every-body admires, if the man be not good, must expect that he will have calls and inclinations, that will make him think the character of a domestic man beneath him.

She endeavoured, at setting out, to engage his *companionableness*—shall I call it? She was fond of her husband. He had reason to be, and *was*, proud of his wife. But when he had shew'd her every-where, and she began to find herself in circumstances, which ought to domesticate a wife of a much gayer turn than Lady Grandison pretended to have, he gave way to his predominant byas; and after a while, leaving the whole family-care to her, for her excellence in every branch of which he was continually praising her (He did her that justice) he was but little at home in the summer; and, in the winter, was generally engaged four months in the diversions of this great town; and was

the common patron of all the performers, whether at plays, operas, or concerts.

At first setting out in this way, he was solicitous to carry his lady with him to town. She always cheerfully accepted of his invitation, when she saw he was urgent with her to go. She would not give a pretence for so gay a man to throw off that regard to appearances, which pride made him willing to keep up. But afterwards, his invitations growing fainter and fainter, and she finding that her presence lengthened the time of his stay in town, and added greatly to his expences (for he never would abate, when they were together, of that magnificence in which he delighted to live in the country) she declined going up: And having by this time her three children, she found it was as agreeable to Sir Thomas, as to herself, that she should turn her thoughts wholly to the domestic duties. Lady Grandison, when she found that she could not bring Sir Thomas to lessen his great expences, supposed it to be wisdom to endeavour, to the utmost of her power, to enable him to support them without discredit to himself, or visible hurt to his family. The children were young, and were not likely to make demands upon him for many years to come.

Here was a mother, my dear! Who will say, that mothers may not be the *most* useful persons in the family, when they do their duty, and their husbands are defective in theirs? Sir Thomas Grandison's delights centred in himself, Lady Grandison's in her husband and children. What a superiority, what an inferiority!

Yet had this lady, with the best œconomy, no narrowness in her heart. She was beloved for her generosity and benevolence. Her poor neighbours adored her. Her table was plenteous. She was hospitable, as well from the largeness of her own heart, as to give credit to her husband; and so far to accommodate herself to his taste, as that too great a difference might not be seen between his absence and presence. As occasions offer'd, she would confer benefits in the name of an husband, whom, perhaps, she had not seen of months, and knew not whether she might see for months to come. She was satisfied, tho' hers was the *first* merit, with the *second* merit reflected from that she gave him: "I am but Sir Thomas's almoner: I know I shall please Sir Thomas by doing this: Sir Thomas would have done thus: Perhaps he would have been more bountiful had he been present."

He had been once absent from this admirable wife six whole months, when he left her but for one: He designed only an excursion to Paris, when he set out; but, when in company as gay as himself, while he was there, he extended his tour; and, what was still more inexcusable, he let his lady hear from him by second-hand only. He never wrote one line to her with his own; yet, on his return, affected to surprise her by a sudden appearance, when she knew not that he was in England.

Was not this intolerably vain in him? The moment he appeared, so secure was he of his lady's unmerited love, that he supposed the joy she would break out into, would banish from her thoughts all memory of his past unkindness.

He ask'd her, however, after the first emotions (for she received him with real joy) If she could easily forgive him?—Forgive you, Sir?—Yes, if you can forgive yourself.

This he called severe. Well he might; for it was just. Lady Grandison's goodness was founded in principle; not in tameness or servility.

Be not serious, Sir Thomas, said my Lady; and flung her arms about him. You know, by your question, you were unkind. Not one line from your own hand neither—But the seeing you now safe and well, compensates me for all the anxieties you have given me in the past six tedious months—Can I say they were not anxious ones? But I pity you, Sir, for the pleasure you have lost by so long an absence: Let me lead you to the nursery; or let the dear prattlers come down to receive their father's blessing. How delightful is their dawning reason! Their improvements exceed my hopes: Of what pleasure do you deprive yourself by these long absences!

My dear Miss Grandison, let me write on. I am upon a sweet subject. Why will you tear me from it? Who, Lucy, would not almost wish to be the wife, the half-slighted wife, of a gay Sir Thomas, to be a Lady Grandison?

One reflexion, my dear Miss Grandison, let me make, before I attend you; lest I should lose it: What man who now, at one view, takes in the whole gay, fluttering life of Sir Thomas Grandison, tho' young, gay, and fluttering, himself, can propose to be more happy than Sir Thomas thought himself? What woman, who, in like manner, can take in the whole, useful, prudent, serene, benevolent, life of Lady Grandison, whatever turn to pleasure, less solid, and more airy, she may have, sees not, from this imperfect sketch, all that they should wish to be; and the transitory vanity of the one, and the solid happiness that must attend the other, as well here as hereafter?

Dear Lady!—had you not hurried me so, how much better should I have expressed myself!

I come. I come.

LETTER XII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

MISS GRANDISON has been making me read aloud some part of the letter I had just writ to you, Lucy. We know, said she, it is about *us*; but we shall think what you have written, greatly to our disadvantage, if we cannot hear some of it. Then she insisted (she is an arbitrary dear creature) on my giving the company [It was at tea, and Lord L. present] such histories as she should call for of my own family. On this condition only, said she, will we consent to be made fully known, as I find we shall, if I do not steal away your pen and ink, to *our* grandmother Shirley, *our* aunt Selby, and even to *our* Lucy.

Do not you think, Lucy, I ran on with pleasure in describing the persons and tempers of my father and mother, and relating their fortunes, loves, difficulties; as my grandmamma and aunt had enabled me to do, from what they used to recount in many a long summer-day, and in many a winter-evening, as we girls sat at work—Happy memorials!—Ay, but do you believe she did not question me about later events? She did, indeed, call upon me for two other histories.

And of whom? methinks you ask.

I won't tell *you*, Lucy: But if my *aunt* should be solicitous to know, and should *guess* that my uncle's and hers (so entertaining and instructive) was one of them; and if you, Lucy, should *guess* that the history of a young lady, whose discretion got the better of her love, and who cannot be dearer to herself than she is to me, is the other—Why, perhaps, neither my aunt, nor you, my dear, may be much mistaken.

Methinks I would fain rise now-and-then to my former *serenepertness* [Allow you of the words so connected?]: But my heart is heavy.

They were delighted with a certain gentleman's humourous character and courtship; with his lady's prudence and goodness, in the one story; and in the other, with the young lady's victorious discretion. They wish to be personally acquainted with each, and with my grandmamma. *All* the worthies in the world, my dear, are not in the Grandison-family!

Before I resume the continuation of the ladies family-history, let me ask; Don't you think, my dear, that God has blessed these happy children, for the sake of their excellent mother? And who knows, but

for their duty to their less-deserving father? It is my notion, that one person's remissness in duty, where there is a reciprocal one, does not absolve the other party from the performance of his. It is difficult, indeed, to love so well a faulty or remiss parent, as a kind and good one. But our duty is indispensable; and where it is paid, a blessing may the rather be expected, as the parent has not done his. If, *when you do well, and suffer for it*, says the Apostle, *ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God*.¹—Not to mention one consideration, which, however, ought not to be left out of the account; that a good child will be no less benefited by the *warning*, as Sir Charles no doubt is, from his father's unhappy turn; than by the *example*; as he is from that of his excellent mother.

Lady L. referred to the paper given in by the shorthand writer, for the occasion (as mentioned by Sir Charles) to which these three worthy children owed the loss of such a mother (a): And this drew her into a melancholy relation of some very affecting particulars. Among other things, she said, her mother regretted, in her last hours, that she had no opportunity, that she could think just and honourable, to lay by any thing considerable for her daughters. Her jewels, and some valuable trinkets, she hoped, would be theirs: But that would be at their father's pleasure. I wish, said she, that my dear girls were to have between them the tenth part of what I have saved—But I have done but my duty.

I have told you, Charlotte, said the Countess, what my mother said to me, a few hours before she died; and I will repeat it to Miss Byron. After having upon general principles, recommended filial duty, and brotherly and sisterly love to us all; and after my brother and sister had withdrawn; My dear Caroline, said she, let me add to the general arguments of the duty I have been enforcing upon you all, one respecting your *interest*, and let your sister know it. I am afraid there will be but a slender provision made for my dear girls. Your papa has the notion riveted in him, which is common to men of antient families, that daughters are but incumbrances, and that the son is to be everything. He loves his girls: He loves you dearly: But he has often declared, that, were he to have entire all the fortune that descended to him from his father, he would not give to his daughters, marry whom they would, more than 5,000*l.* apiece. Your brother loves you: He loves me. It will be in *his* power, should he survive your father, to be a good friend to you.—Love your brother.

To my brother afterwards she said something: I believe, recommending his sisters to him; for we coming in, boy as he was in years, but man in behaviour and understanding, he took each of our hands—You remember it, Charlotte [Both sisters wept] and kneeling down,

and putting them in my mother's held-out dying hands, and bowing his face upon all three—All, madam—All, my dearest best of mamma's, that you have enjoin'd—

He could say no more; and our arms were wet with his tears.—Enough, enough, my son; I distress you!—And she kissed her own arm—These are precious tears—You embalm me, my son, with your tears—O how precious the balm!—And she lifted up her head to kiss his cheek, and to repeat her blessings to the darling of her heart.

Who could refrain tears, my Lucy, on the representation of such a scene?—Miss Jervois and I wept, as if we had been present on the solemn occasion.

But, my Charlotte, give Miss Byron some brief account of the parting scene between my father and mother. She is affected as a sister should be—Tears, when time has matured a pungent grief into a sweet melancholy, are not hurtful: They are as the dew of the morning to the green herbage.

I cannot, said Miss Grandison—Do you, Lady L.

Lady L. proceeded—My father had long kept his chamber, from the unhappy adventure, which cost him and us all so dear. My mother, till she was forced to take to her bed, was constantly his attendant: And *then* was grieved she could not attend him still.

At last, the moment, happy to her, long dreaded by us, the releasing moment, approached. One last long farewell she wish'd to take of the man, who had been *ever* dear to her; and who had cost her *so* dear. He was told of her desire to be lifted to his bed-side in her bed; for one of his wounds (too soon skinned over) was broken out, and he was confined to his bed—He ordered himself to be carried, in a great chair, to hers. But then followed *such* a scene—

All we three children were in the room, kneeling by the bed-side—praying—weeping—O how ineffectually—Not even hope remaining—Best beloved of my soul! in faltering accents, said my mother, her head raised by pillows, so as that she sat upright—Forgive the desire of my heart once more to see you!—They would not bring me to *you*!—O how I distress you!—For my father sobbed; every feature of his face seem'd swelled almost to bursting, and working as if in mortal agonies—Charlotte, relieve me!—

The sweet lady's eyes were drowned in tears—

I cannot, said Miss Grandison; her handkerchief spread over her face.

Miss Emily sobbed. She held her hand before her eyes: Her tears trickled through her fingers.

I was affected beyond measure—Yet besought her Ladyship to proceed.—She went on.

I have endeavour'd, said my mother, in broken sentences—It was

my wish—It was my pride: Indeed, my chiefest pride, to be a good wife!—

O my dear!—You *have* been—My father could not say what.
Forgive my imperfections, Sir!—

O my dearest life! You had no imperfections: I, I, was all imper—
He could not speak out the word for his tears.

Bless your children in my sight: God hitherto has blessed them! God will continue to bless them, if they continue to deserve their father's blessing. Dear Sir Thomas, as you love them, bless them in my sight. I doubt not your goodness to them—But the blessing of a dying mother, joined with that of a surviving father—must have efficacy!

My father looked earnestly to us all—He could not speak.

My brother following my mother's dying eye, which was cast upon my father, arose from his knees, and approaching my father's chair, cast himself at his feet. My father threw his arms about his neck—God bless—God bless my son, said he—and make him a better man than his father. My mother demanding the cheek of her beloved son, said, God bless my dearest child, and make you an honour to your father's family, and to your mother's memory!

We girls followed my brother's example.

God bless my daughters!—God bless you, sweet loves, said my father; first kissing one, then the other, as we kneeled.—God make you as good women as your mother: Then, then, will you deserve to be happy.

God bless you, my dear girls, God bless you both, said my mother, kissing each, as you are dutiful to your father, and as you love one another—I hope I have given you no bad example.

My father began to accuse himself. My brother, with the piety of the Patriarch's two best sons,¹ retired, that he might not hear his father's confessions. We followed him to the farther end of the room. The manly youth sat down between us, and held an hand of each between his: His noble heart was soften'd: He two or three times lifted the hand of each to his lips. But he could only once speak, his heart seeming ready to burst; and that was, as I remember, O my sisters!—Comfort yourselves!—But who can say comfort—These tears are equally our duty and our relief.

My mother retained to the last that generosity of mind which had ever distinguished her. She would not permit my father to proceed with his self-accusation: Let us look forward, my dearest, my only Love, said she. I have a blessed hope before me: I pity as well as pray for survivors: You are a man of sense, Sir, and of enlarged sentiments: God direct you according to them, and comfort you! All my fear was (and that more particularly for some of the last past months) that I

should have been the mournful survivor. In a very few moments all my sufferings will be over; and God give you, when you come to this unavoidable period of all human vanity, the same happy prospects that are now opening to me! O Sir, believe me, all worldly joys are now nothing; less than nothing: Even my love of you and of the dear pledges of our mutual love with-holds not now my wishes after an happier state. There may we meet, and never be separated!—Forgive me only, my beloved husband, if I have ever made you for one hour unhappy or uneasy—Forgive the petulancies of my Love!

Who can bear this goodness? said my father: I have not deserved—

Dear Sir, no more—Were you not the husband of my choice?—And now your grief affects me—Leave me, Sir. You bring me back again to earth—God preserve you, watch over you, *heal* you, support you. Your hand, Sir Thomas Grandison, the name that was ever so pleasant in my ears! Your hand, Sir! Your heart was my treasure: I have now, and only now, a better treasure, a diviner Love, in view. Adieu, and in this world for ever adieu, my husband, my friend, my Grandison!

She turned her head from him, sunk upon her pillows, and fainted, and so saw not, had not the *grief* to see, the stronger heart of my father overcome; for he fainted away, and was carried out in his chair by the servants who brought him in. He was in a strong convulsion-fit, between his not half-cured wounds and his grief; and recover'd not till all was over with my blessed mother.

After my father was carried out, she came to herself. Her chaplain was once more admitted. The fatal moment approached. She was asked, if she would see her children again? No, she said; but bid her last blessing be repeated to them, and her charge, of *loving one another*, in the words of our Saviour, as *she had loved us*:¹ And when the chaplain came to read a text, which she had imperfectly pointed to, but so as to be understood, she repeated, in faltering accents, but with more strength of voice than she had had for an hour before, *I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith—There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness*:² And then her voice failing, she gave signs of satisfaction, in the hope of being entitled to that crown; and expired in an ejaculation that her ebbing life could not support.

O my Lucy! may my latter end, and the latter end of all I love, be like hers! The two ladies were in speechless tears, so was Miss Jervois, so was I, for some minutes. And for an hour or two, all the joys of life were as nothing to me. Even the regard I had entertained for the excellent son of a lady *so* excellent, my protector, my deliverer, had, for some hours, subsided, and was as nothing to me. Even now that I have concluded this moving recapitulation, it seems as nothing; and the whole world, my dear, is as a bit of dirt under my feet.

LETTER XIII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

THE son was inconsolable upon his mother's death. He loved his father, but next to adored his mother. His father, tho' he had given so little attention to his education, was excessively fond of him: And, no doubt, but he the more easily satisfied himself on this head, as he knew his remissness was so well supplied by his lady's care, which mingled with the cares of the masters of the several sciences, who came home to him, at her desire.

A deep melancholy having seized the young gentleman on a loss so irreparable, his father, who himself was greatly grieved, and the more, as he could not but reproach himself as having at least hasten'd that loss, was alarmed for his son; and yielded to the entreaties of General W. brother of Lord W. to permit him to travel. The general recommended for a governor to the young gentleman, an officer under him, who had been wounded, and obliged to quit the military service. Sir Thomas allowed his son 800*l.* a year, from the day of his setting out on his travels, which he augmented afterwards to 1,000*l.* Sir Charles was about seventeen when his mother died.

The two daughters were taken by Lady W. But she dying in about twelve months after Lady Grandison, they returned to their father; who, by that time, had pretty well got over his grief for the loss of his lady, and was quite recovered of the wounds which he received in the duel that cost her her life.

He placed over his daughters, as governess (though they both took exceptions at that title, supposing themselves of age to manage for themselves) the widow of one of his gay friends, Oldham by name, whose fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. Men of strong health, I have heard my grandfather say, and of a riotous turn, should not, in mere *compassion*, keep company with men of feeble constitutions, and make them the companions of their riots. So may one say, I believe, that extravagant men, of great and small fortunes, are equally ill-suited, since the expences which will but shake the one, will quite demolish the other.

Mrs. Oldham had fine qualities, and was an œconomist. She deserved a better husband, than had fallen to her lot; and the young ladies having had a foundation laid by a still more excellent manager, received no small advantage from her skill in family-affairs. But it was related to me with reluctance, and as what I must know on a further acquaintance with their family, if they did not tell it to me, that Sir Thomas was grateful to this lady in a way that cost her her reputation.

She was obliged, in short, in little more than a twelvemonth, to quit the country, and to come up to town. She had an indisposition, which kept her from going abroad for a month or two.

Lady L. being then about nineteen, and Miss Grandison about sixteen, they had spirit enough to oppose the return of this lady to her charge. They undertook themselves to manage every-thing at the capital seat in Hampshire.

Sir Thomas had another seat in Essex. Thither, on the reluctance of the young ladies to receive again Mrs. Oldham, he carried her; and they, as well as every-body else, for some time, apprehended they were actually married. She was handsome; well-descended; and tho' she became so unhappily sensible of the favours and presents by which Sir Thomas made way to her heart, she had an untainted character when he took her as a governess to the young ladies.

Was not Sir Thomas very, very faulty, with regard to this poor woman?—She had already suffered enough from a bad husband, to whom she remarkably well performed her duty.—Poor woman!—The example to his own daughters was an abominable one. She was the relict of his friend: She was under his protection: Thrown into it by her unhappy circumstances.—Were not these great aggravations to his crime?—Happy for those parents who live not to see such catastrophes as attended this child! This darling, it seems: Not undeservedly so; and whom they thought they had not unhappily married to Mr. Oldham—And he, poor man! thought himself not unhappy in Sir Thomas Grandison's acquaintance; tho' it ended in his emulating him in his expences, with a much less estate; in the ruin of his fortune, which indeed was his own fault; and in the ruin of his wife's virtue, which was more Sir Thomas's than hers.—May I say so?—If I may not (since women, whose glory is their chastity, must not yield to temptation) had not the husband, however, something to answer for, who, with his eyes open, lived at such a rate, against his wife's dutiful remonstrances, and better example, as reduced her (after his death) to the necessity of dependence on another's favour, and *such* another!

Sir Thomas was greatly displeased with his daughters, for resisting him in the return of their governess. He had thought the reason of her withdrawing a secret, because he wish'd it to be one: And yet her disgrace was, at the time, every-where talked of, but in his presence.

This woman is still living. She has two children by Sir Thomas, who are also living; and one by Mr. Oldham. I shall be told more of her history, when the ladies come to give me some account of their brother's.

Sir Thomas went on in the same gay fluttering way that he had done all his life. The love of *pleasure*, as it is called, was wrought into his habit. He was a *slave* to it, and to what he called *freedom*. He was

deemed one of the best companions among men, and one of the galantest men among women. His advantages of person and mind were snares to him. Mrs. Oldham was not the only one of her sex with whom he was intimate: He had another mistress in town, who had a taste for all its gaieties, and who even assumed his name.

He would now-and-then, by way of excursion, and to surprise the young ladies, visit Grandison-hall; but tho' it was once the seat he most delighted in, neither gave, nor seemed to receive, much pleasure there; hurrying away on a sudden, as if he had escaped from it; tho' never father had more reason to be pleased with the conduct and duty of daughters: And this he often declared, boasting of them in their absence; but snubbing, chiding, and studying to find fault with them, when present.

But what equally surprised and affected them, was, that his son had not been a year abroad, when he prohibited them to write to, or correspond with, him; and, by their brother's discontinuing to write to them, from about the same time, they supposed that he was under the same prohibition: And so, it seems, he was.

They presumed, their father's reason for this unkind prohibition was, his fear that his gaieties would have been one of the subjects of the correspondence; and the rather, as those gaieties were so likely to affect all three in their fortunes.

The young ladies, however, for some time, continued writing to their brother. Miss Grandison, in mentioning this, said, in her usual sprightly manner, that she never had any notion of obeying unreasonable commands; commands so evidently unreasonable as to be unnatural: And she called upon me to justify her in her notion. The Countess also desired me to speak my mind on this subject.

I am apprehensive, said I, of children's *partiality* in this respect: If they make themselves their own judges in the performance or non-performance of a duty, *inclination*, I am afraid, will too often be their guide, rather than right reason. They will be too apt, perhaps, to call those commands unnatural, which are not so unnatural as this seems to be.

But, Harriet, asked Miss Grandison, would not you have written on, in the like circumstances?

I believe not, replied I; and partly for this reason; because I should have had no doubt but my brother would have the same prohibition; and I should only have shewn my brother, as well as my father (were my father to know it) an instance of my refractoriness, without obtaining the desired end; or, if my brother had written, I should have made him a partaker in my fault.

Your answer regards the policy of the thing, Harriet, said Miss Grandison: But ought an unnatural command—

There she stopt: Yet by her looks expected me to speak.

I should have thought it hard; but that it was more meritorious to submit, than the contrary. I believe I should have supposed, that my father might have reasons which might not appear to me. But pray, ladies, how did your brother—

O, he was implicit—

Will you forgive me, ladies?—I should have been concerned, I think, that my brother, in a point of duty, tho' it were one that might be *disputable*, should be more *nice*, more *delicate*, than I his sister.

Miss Emily looked as if she were pleased with me.

Well, you are a good girl, a very good girl, said Miss Grandison: *That*, whether your doctrine be just or not, is out of dispute.

This prohibition gave the sisters the more sensible concern, as they were afraid it would lay a foundation for distance and indifference in their brother to them; on whom, as their mother had presaged, they were likely, if he survived their father, to have a too great dependence; but more particularly at that time, as their brother had promised, at his taking leave of them, to write a regular account of all that befel him, and of all that was curious, and worthy notice, in the courts and places he visited; and had actually begun to do so; and as he had asked their advice in relation to his governor, who proved not so proper a person for that employment, as was expected; and to which they had answered, without knowing, for some time, what was the resolution he took.

They asked their father, from time to time, after the welfare of their brother. He would answer them with pleasure, and sometimes with tears in his eyes, He is all that is *dutiful*, *brave*, *pious*, *worthy*: And would sometimes add, *God reward him!* I cannot. But when he mentioned the word *dutiful*, he would look at them, as if he had in his thoughts their resisting him in his intention of reinstating their governess; the only time, they could recollect, that they had given him the shadow of displeasure.

The ladies went on, and said, that Sir Thomas, in all companies, gloried in his son. And once Lord W. who himself, on his lady's death, openly indulged himself in liberties which before he was only suspected to take [O my Lucy! how rare a character, in this age, is that of a virtuous man!] told some gentlemen, who wonder'd that Sir Thomas Grandison could permit a son so beloved to be absent from him so many years,¹ that the reason Sir Thomas gave was, that his son's morals and his own were so different, that he should not be able to bear his own consciousness, if he consented to his return to England. The unhappy man was so habituated to vice, that he could talk familiarly of his gaieties to his intimates, seeming to think them too well known for him to endeavour to conceal them; but, however, would add

sometimes, I intend to set about altering my course of life; and then will I send for my son. But, alas! Sir Thomas went on from year to year, only *intending*: He lived not to begin the promised *alteration*, nor to see his son.

Yet one awakener he had, that made him talk of beginning the alteration of his way of living out of hand, and of sending for his son; which last act was to be the fore-runner of his reformation.

It happen'd, that Mrs. Farnborough, the woman he lived with when in town, was struck with the small-pox, in the height of her gaiety and pleasure; for she was taken ill at the opera, on seeing a lady of her acquaintance there, whose face bore too strongly the marks of the distemper, and who, it seems, had made her first visit to that place, rather than to a better. The malady, aided by her terror, proved mortal; and Sir Thomas was so much affected with the warning, that he left town, and, in pursuance of his temporary good resolutions, went down to his daughters; talked of sending for his son; and, for some few months, lived like the man of sense and understanding he was known to be.

LETTER XIV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

LORD L. returned from his travels about the time that Mrs. Farnborough was taken ill. He had brought some presents to Sir Thomas from his son, who took all opportunities to send him over curiosities, some of considerable value; which served at the same time to shew his oeconomy, and his duty. He forgot not, in this way, his sisters, tho' his accompanying letters were short, and merely polite, and such as required no other answer than thanks: Only they could discover by them, that he had warm wishes to be allowed to return to England; but such a submission to his father's pleasure, as entirely to give up his own.

Sir Thomas seemed fond of Lord L. And, setting out, on Mrs. Farnborough's death, for Grandison-hall, gave him an invitation to visit him there; for he would listen with pleasure, an hour together, to him, or to any one, who would talk, and give him some account of his son. How predominant must those passions, those habits, be in his heart, which could take place of a love so laudably paternal!

In pursuance of this invitation, Lord L. attended him at the Hall; and there fell in love with the eldest of the young ladies. He revealed his passion to her. She referred herself wholly to her father. Sir Thomas could not be blind to their mutual affection. Every-body saw it. Lord L.'s passion was of the ardent kind; and he was too honest to

wish to conceal it. But yet Sir Thomas would not see it. He behaved, however, with great freedom and civility to my Lord; so that the heart of the young lady was insensibly engaged; but he avoided several opportunities which the lover had lain in wait for, to open his mind, and make proposals.

At last, my Lord desired an audience of Sir Thomas, as upon a subject of the last importance. The Baronet, after some little delays, and not without some inauspicious reluctance, granted it: And then my Lord revealed his passion to him.

Sir Thomas asked him, if he had made it known to his daughter? And yet must have seen, on an hundred occasions, at breakfast, at dinner, at tea, at supper, how matters stood with both the lovers, if Miss Grandison's pleasant account of the matter may be depended upon.

Lord L. owned he had; and that he had asked her leave to make proposals to her father, to whom she wholly referred herself.

Sir Thomas seemed uneasy; and oddly answer'd, he was sorry for it: He wish'd his Lordship had not put such notions in the girl's head. Both his daughters would now be set a romancing, he supposed. They were, till now, modest young creatures, he said. Young women should not too soon be set to look out of themselves for happiness—He had known many quiet and orderly girls set a madding by the notice of men. He did not know what business young fellows had to find out qualifications in other mens daughters, that the parents of those daughters had not given themselves leisure to discover. A daughter of *his*, he hoped, had not encouraged such discoveries. It was to him but as *yesterday*, when they were crowing in the arms of their nurses; and now, he supposed, they would be set a crowing after wedlock.

What an *odd* father was Sir Thomas, my Lucy!—His own life, it is evident, had passed away very pleasantly.

Indeed he could hardly bear to think, he added, of either of his daughters as marriageable yet. They have not been nursed in the town hot-beds, my Lord. They are sober country-girls, and good housewives. I love not that girls should marry before they have done growing. A young wife makes a vapourish mother. I forget their age—But twenty-six or twenty-eight is time enough for a woman, either for the sake of modesty or discretion, to marry.

We may like *gay* men for *husbands*, my dear: Some of us do: But, at this rate, those daughters must be very good girls, who can make their best courtesies to their mothers, and thank them for their *fancies*; or the fathers must be more attentive to their growth than Sir Thomas was to that of his daughters.—What have I said?—I am here afraid of my uncle.

My Lord was surprised; and well he might. Sir Thomas had

forgot, as Lady L. observed, that he himself thought Miss *W.* was not too young at seventeen, to be *Lady Grandison*.

My Lord was a modest man: He was begging (as it may be called) the young woman, whom of all the women in the world he loved best, of her father, who was a man that knew the world, and had long made a considerable figure in it, and who, for reasons which would have held with him, had he lived to see her *forty*, had no mind to part with her. Yet my Lord pleaded his passion, her great and good qualities, as acknowledged by himself; and modestly hinted at the unexceptionableness of his own character, and the favour he stood in with his son; not saying the least word of his birth and alliances, which some lovers, of his rank, would not have forgot: And, it seems, he was right in forbearing to make these accidents a plea; for Sir Thomas valued himself upon his ancestry; and used to say, that his progenitor, in James the First's time, disgraced it by accepting of the title of Baronet.

Sir Thomas allowed something to the plea of his standing well with his son: Let me tell you, my Lord, said he, that I shall take no step in a family-affair of this consequence, without consulting with my son; and the rather, as he is far from expecting so much of my consideration for him. He is the pride of my life.

My Lord desired, that his suit might be put upon the issue of his son's approbation.

But pray, my Lord, what fortune do you expect with my girl? Well as you love her, I suppose the return of her love for yours, which you seem not to doubt, will not be enough. Can the poor girl be a Countess without a confounded parcel of dross fasten'd to her petticoat, to make her weight in the other scale?

My circumstances, said my honest Lord L. permit me not, in discretion, to make that compliment to my love, which my heart would with transport make, were they better: But I will lay them faithfully before you, and be determined by your generosity.

I could not but expect, from a young man of your Lordship's good-sense, such an answer as this: And yet I must tell you, that we fathers, who know the world, expect to make some advantage of a knowlege that has cost us so much. I should not dislike a little more romancing in love, from a man that asks for my daughter, tho' I care not how little of it is shewn by my son to another man's. Every father *thinks* thus, my Lord; but is not so honest as to *own* it.

I am sure, Sir Thomas, that you would not think a man worthy of your daughter, who had no regard to any-thing, but the gratification of his own wishes; who could think, for the sake of that, of involving a young lady in difficulties, which she never knew in her father's house.

Why, this, my Lord, is well said. You and I may afford to make

handsome compliments to one another, while compliments only are expected. I have a good share of health: I have not quitted the world so entirely, nor think I ought, as to look upon myself as the necessary tool of my children, to promote their happiness at the expence of my own. My Lord, I have still a strong relish for the pleasures of this world. My daughters *may* be women grown: Your Lordship seems to have *found out*, that they *are*; and has persuaded one of them, that she *is*; and the other will be ready to think she is not three years behind her. This is an inconvenience which you have brought upon me. And as I would be glad to live a little longer for myself, I wish you to withdraw your suit; and leave me to do as well as I *can* with my daughters. I propose to carry them to town next winter. They shall there look about them, and see whom they could like, and who could like them, that they may not be liable to after-repentance, for having taken the first man that offer'd.

My Lord told Sir Thomas, that he hoped there could not be reason to imagine, that any-thing could possibly arise from his address, that should be incompatible with the happiness of a father—And was going on in the same reasonable strain; but Sir Thomas interrupted him—

You must not, my Lord, suppose I can be a stranger to whatever may be urged by a young man on this subject. You say you are in love: Caroline is a girl that any-body may love: But I have not a mind she should marry so soon. I know the inconvenience of early marriages. A man's children treading upon his heels, and *shouldering him* with their shoulders: In short, my Lord, I have an aversion to be called a grandfather, before I am a *grey* father [Sir Thomas was not put to it to try to overcome this aversion]. Girls will start up, and look up, and parents cannot help it: But what father, in the vigour of his days, would not *wish* to help it? I am not fond of their partnership in my substance. Why should I divide my fortune with novices, when, making the handsome allowances to them, that I do make, it is not too much for myself? My son should be their example. He is within a year as old as my eldest girl. On his future alliances I build, and hope to add by them to the consequence of all my family [Ah! Lucy!]. Girls are said to be sooner women than boys are men. Let us see that they are so by their discretion, as well as by stature.—Let them stay—

And here Sir Thomas abruptly broke off the conversation for that time; to the great distress of Lord L. who had reason to regret, that he had a man of wit, rather than a man of reason, to contend with.

Sir Thomas went directly into his closet, and sent for his two daughters; and, tho' not ill-naturedly, raillied them both so much on their own *discoveries*, as he wickedly phrased it, and on admitting Lord L. into the secret, that neither of them could hold up their heads, for two or three days, *in* his presence: But, *out* of it, Miss Caroline

Grandison found that she was in love; and the more for Lord L.'s generous attachment, and Sir Thomas's not so generous discouragement.

My Lord wrote over to young Mr. Grandison, to favour his address. Lady L. permitted me to copy the following answer to his application.

My Lord,

I have the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 17th. Never brother loved his sisters better than I do mine. As the natural effects of that love, I receive with pleasure the notification of your great regard for my elder sister. As to myself, I cannot have one objection: But what am I in this case? She is wholly my father's. I also am his. The consideration he gives me in this instance, confounds me: It binds me to him in double duty. It would look like taking advantage of it, were I so much as to offer my humble opinion, unless he were pleased to command it from me. If he does, assure yourself, my Lord, that (my sister's inclination in your Lordship's favour presupposed) my voice shall be warmly given, as you wish. I am, my Lord, with equal affection and esteem,

Your Lordship's faithful and obedient Servant

Both sisters rejoiced at the perusal of this affectionate letter; for they were afraid, that the unnatural prohibition of correspondence between them and their brother had estranged his affections from them.

The particulars of one more conversation I will give you, between my Lord and Sir Thomas, on this important subject; for you must believe, Lord L. could not permit a matter of such consequence to his own happiness to go easily off; especially as neither of the two daughters were able to stand their father's continual raillery, which had banished from the cautious eyes, and apprehensive countenances, of both ladies, all indications of love, tho' it reigned with the more absolute power in the heart of Miss Caroline, for that concealment.

In this conversation, my Lord began with a little more spirit than he finished the former. The Countess lent me my Lord's minutes of it; which he took for her to see, and to judge of all that passed at the time.

On my Lord's lively, but respectful, address to Sir Thomas on the occasion, the Baronet went directly into the circumstances of my Lord, and his expectations.

Lord L. told him frankly, that he paid interest for 15,000*l.* for sisters fortunes; three of whom were living, and single: That he believed two of them would soon be advantageously married; and he should wish to pay them their portions on the day; and was contriving to do so, by increasing the incumbrance that his father had left upon the finest part of his estate, to the amount of 5,000*l.*; which, and his

sisters fortunes, were all that lay upon a clear estate of 5,000*l.* a year. After he had thus opened himself, he referred the whole to Sir Thomas's consideration.

My advice, my Lord, is this, said the Baronet; That you should by no means think of marriage till you are clear of the world. You will have 10,000*l.* to pay directly: You will have the interest of 10,000*l.* more to pay: And you men of title, on your marriages, whether you like ostentation or not, must be ostentatious. Your equipages, your houses, your furniture—A certain increase of expence.—By no means, my Lord L. think of marriage till you are quite clear of the world, unless you could meet with some rich widow or heiress, who could do the business at once.

Lord L. could only, at first, urge his passion [He durst not his daughter's affection, and the happiness of both, which were at stake]. Sir Thomas opposed discretion to that plea. Poor *passion*, Lucy, would be ashamed to see the sun, if *discretion* were always to be attended to in treaties of this kind.

Afterwards he told Sir Thomas, that he would accept the Lady upon his own terms. He besought his consent to their nuptials. He would wait his own time and pleasure. He would be content, if he gave not Miss Caroline a single shilling.

Sir Thomas was fretful—And so, lover-like, you would involve the girl you profess to love, in difficulties. I will ask her, if she wants for any-thing with me, that a modest girl can wish for? But, to be serious, it is a *plaguy* thing for a man to be obliged, by the officious *love*, as it is called, of a pretender to his daughters, to open his affairs, and expose his circumstances, to strangers. I wish, my Lord, that you had let my girls alone. I wish you had not found them out in their country-retirement. I should have carried them to town, as I told you, in a few months. Women so brought up, so qualified, and handsome girls, are such rarities in this age, and men worth having are so affrighted at the luxury and expensiveness of the modern women, that I doubted not but the characters of my girls would have made their fortunes, with very little of my help. They have *family*, my Lord, to value themselves upon, tho' but spinsters. And let me tell you, since I shall be thought a more unnatural man than I am, if I do not obey the present demand upon me to open my circumstances, I owe my son a great deal more than 30,000*l.*

I don't understand you, Sir Thomas.

Why, thus, my Lord, I explain myself: My father left me what is called rich. I lessen'd the ready money which he had got together for a purchase he lived not to complete, a great deal. That I looked upon as a deodand:¹ So was not answerable for it: And as I was not married, my son had no right in it. When I was married, and he was given me—

Forgive me, Sir Thomas: Your son a *right*—And had not your other children—

No, my Lord: They were girls—And as to them, had I increased my fortune by penuriousness, instead of living *like a man*, I was determined as to their fortunes—

But, as I was saying, when Lady Grandison died, I think (tho' every father does not; nor should I, were he not the best of sons, and did he *expect* it) the produce of her jointure, which is very considerable, should have been my son's. As to what I annually allowed him, *that* it was my duty to allow him, as my son, and for my own credit, had his mother not brought me a shilling.—Then, my Lord, I have been obliged to take up money upon my Irish estate; which being a family-estate, my son ought to have had come clear to him. You see, my Lord, how I expose myself.

You have a generous way of thinking, Sir Thomas, as to your son. But a man of your spirit would despise me, if I did not *say*, that—

I have not so generous a way of thinking for my daughters—I will save your Lordship the trouble of speaking out, because it is more agreeable from myself than it would be for any other man to do it. But to this I answer, that the late Earl of L. your Lordship's father, had one son and three daughters—I have one son, and two. He was an Earl—I am but a simple Baronet—If 5,000*l.* apiece is enough for an Earl's daughters, half the sum ought to do for a Baronet's.

Your fortune, Sir Thomas—And in England, where estates—

And where living, my Lord, will be five times more expensive to you than it need to be, if you can content yourself to live where your estate lies.—As for me, I have lived nobly—But had I been as rich as my father left me, 5,000*l.* should have done with a daughter, I assure you. You, my Lord, have *your* notions: I have *mine*. Money and a girl you expect from me: I ask nothing of you. As matters stand, if my girls will *keep* (and I hope they will) I intend to make as good a bargain for them, and with them, as I can. Not near 5,000*l.* apiece must they expect from me. I will not rob my son more than I *have* done.—See, here is a letter from him. It is in answer to one I had written, on the refusal of a wretch to lend me, upon my Irish estate, a sum that I wanted to answer a debt of honour, which I had contracted at Newmarket, unless my son (tho' it is an estate in fee) would join in the security. Does not such a son as this deserve every-thing?

I obtained a sight of this letter; and here is a copy.

Honoured Sir,

I could almost say I am sorry that so superior a spirit as yours should vouchsafe to comply with Mr. O.'s disagreeable and unnecessary demand. But, at least, let me ask, Why, Sir, did you condescend

to write to me on the occasion, as if for my consent? Why did you not send me the deeds, ready to sign? Let me beg of you, ever-dear and ever-honour'd Sir, that you will not suffer any difficulties, that I can join to remove, to oppress your heart with doubts for one moment. Are you not my *father*?—And did you not give me a mother, whose memory is my glory? That I *am*, under God, is owing to you. That I *am what I am*, to your indulgence. Leave me not any-thing! You have given me an education, and I derive from you a spirit, that, by God's blessing on my duty to you, will enable me to make my own fortune: And, in that case, the foundation of it will be yours; and you will be entitled, for that foundation, to my warmest gratitude. Permit me, Sir, to add, that, be my income ever so small, I am resolved to live within it. And let me beseech you to remit me but one half of your present bounty. My reputation is established; and I will engage not to discredit my father. All I have ever aimed at, is, to be in condition rather to lay, than to receive, an obligation. *That* your goodness has always enabled me to do: And I am rich, thro' your munificence; richer, in your favour.

Have you any thoughts, Sir, of commanding me to attend you at Paris, or at the Hague; according to the hopes you gave me in your last?—I will not, if you do me this honour, *press* for a return with you to my native country: But I long to throw myself at your feet; and, where-ever the opportunity of that happiness shall be given me, to assure you personally of the inviolable duty of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON

Must not such a letter as this, Lucy, have stung to the heart a man of Sir Thomas Grandison's pride? If not, what *was* his pride?—Sir Thomas had as good an education as his son: Yet could not live within the compass of an income of upwards of 7,000*l.* a year. His son called himself rich with 800*l.* or 1,000*l.* a year; and tho' abroad, in foreign countries, desired but half that allowance, that he might contribute, by the other half, to lessen the difficulties in which his father had involved himself by his extravagance.

His father, Lady L. says, *was* affected with it. He wept: He blessed his son; and resolved, for his sake, to be more cautious in his wagers than he had hitherto been. Policy, therefore, would have justified the young gentleman's chearful compliance, had he *not* been guided by superior motives. O my dear! the Christian Religion is a blessed religion! How does honest policy, as well as true greatness of mind, recommend that noble doctrine of returning good for evil!

LETTER XV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

MY Lord repeated his request, that he might have Sir Thomas's consent to his nuptials, upon his own terms; and promised never to expect a single shilling in dowry, but to leave the whole of that to time, and to his own convenience and pleasure.

We know, said Sir Thomas, what all this means. You talk, my Lord, like a young man. You ought not to think (You once said it yourself) of involving a young woman you love, as well as yourself, in difficulties. I know the world, and what is best to be done, if you will think no more of my daughter. I hope she has discretion. *First love* is generally *first folly*. It is seldom *fit* to be encouraged. Your quality, my Lord, to say nothing of your merit, will procure you a rich wife from the city. And the city now is as genteel, as polite, as the court was formerly. The wives and daughters of citizens, poor fellows! are apes of us gentry; and succeed pretty well, as to outward appearance, in the *mimicry*. You will, by this means, shake off all your father's sins. I speak in the language of young fellows, who expect a father to live solely for them, and not for himself. Some sober young men of quality and fortune, affrighted at the gaiety and extravagance of the modern women, will find out my girls: Who, I hope, will have patience. If they have not, let them pursue their inclinations: Let them take their *fill of love*, as Solomon says;¹ and if they run their heads into an hedge, let them stick there by the horns, with all my heart!

See, my dear, what a man a rakish father is!—O my good Lady Grandison, how might your choice have punished your children!

I pray to God, Sir Thomas, said my Lord, bowing, but angry; I pray to God, to continue me in a different way of thinking from yours, if this *be* yours. Give me leave to say, you are too young a gentleman to be a father of grown-up children. But I must love Miss Grandison; and still, if possible, poor young lady! more than ever, for what has passed in this conversation. And saying this, he withdrew.

Sir Thomas was very angry at this spirited speech. He sent for his daughter, and forbid her to receive my Lord's addresses. He order'd her never to think of him: And directing Miss Charlotte to be called in, repeated his commands before her; and threatened to turn them both out of his house, if they presumed to encourage any address, but with his knowlege. And don't think, said he, of going on to *engage your affections*, as a sensual forwardness is called, and then hope to take advantage of *my* weakness, to countenance *your own*. I know the world: I know your sex.—Your sister, I see, Charlotte, is a whining

fool: See how she whimpers! Begone from my presence, Caroline! And remember, Charlotte (for I suppose this impertinent Lord's address to your sister will go near to set you agog) that I expect, whether absent or present, to know of any application that may be made to you, before your liking has taken root in love, as it is called, and while my advice may have the weight that the permission or dissent of a father ought to have.

They both wept, courtesied, and withdrew.

At dinner, Miss Caroline begged to be excused attending her gay and arbitrary father; being excessively grieved, and unfit, as she desired her sister to say, to be seen. But he commanded her attendance.

Miss Charlotte Grandison told me what this wicked man [Shall I call Sir Charles Grandison's father so?] said on the occasion: "Womens tears are but, as the Poet says, the sweat of eyes." Caroline's eyes will not misbecome them. The more she is ashamed of herself, the less reason will she give me to be ashamed of her.--Let me see how the fool looks, now she is conscious of her folly. Her bashful behaviour will be an half-confession; and this is the first step to amendment. Tell her, that a woman's grief for not having been able to carry her point, has always been a pleasure to me. I will not be robbed of my pleasure. She owes it me for the pain she has given me."

Lord L. and she had parted. He had, on his knees, implored her hand. He would not, he said, either ask or expect a shilling of her father: His estate would and should work itself clear, without injury to his sisters, or postponing their marriage. Her prudence and generosity he built upon: They would enable him to be just to every one, and to preserve his own credit. He would not, he generously said, for the beloved daughter's sake, utter one reflecting word upon her father, after he had laid naked facts before her. Those, however, would too well justify him, if he did. And he again urged for her hand, and for a private marriage. Can I bear to think with patience, my dearest Miss Grandison, added he, that you and your sister, according to Sir Thomas's scheme, shall be carried to town, with minds nobler than the minds of any women in it, as adventurers, as *female* fortune-hunters, to take the chance of attracting the eyes and hearts of men, whether worthy or unworthy, purely to save your father's pocket? No, madam: Believe me, I love you not for my own sake merely, tho' heaven knows you are dearer to me than my life, but for yours as well: And my whole future conduct shall convince you, that I do. My love, inadam, has *friendship* for its base; and your worthy brother, once, in an argument, convinced me, that *love* might be selfish; that *friendship* could not; and that in a pure flame they could not be disunited; and when they were, that love was a cover only to a baseness of heart, which taught the pretender to it to seek to gratify

his own passion, at the expence of the happiness or duty of the object pretended to be beloved.

See, my Lucy!—Did we girls ever think of this nice, but just, distinction before? And is not *friendship* a nobler band than *love*?—But is not Lord L. a good man? Don't you love him, Lucy?—Why have I not met with these notions before in the men I have known?

But Miss Caroline was not less generous than my Lord L. No scheme of my father's shall make me forget, said she, the merits of Lord L. Your Lordship's affairs will be made easier by time. I will not embarrass you. Think not yourself under any obligation to me. Whenever any opportunity offers to make you easy all at once (for a mind so generous ought not to be laid under difficulties) embrace it: Only let me look upon you as my *friend*, till envy to an happier woman, or other unworthiness in Caroline Grandison, make me forfeit your good opinion.

Generous creature! said my Lord. Never will I think of any other wife while you are single. Yet will I not fetter her, who would leave me free.—May I, madam, hope, if you will not bless me with your hand now, that my letters will be received?—Your father, in forbidding my address to you, has forbidden me his house. He is, and ought to be, master in it.—May I hope, madam, a correspondence—

I am unhappy, said she, that, having such a brother as sister never had, I cannot consult him. The dear Charlotte is too partial to me, and too apt to think of what may be her own case. But, my Lord, I depend upon your honour, which you have never given me reason to doubt, that you will not put me upon doing a wrong thing, either with regard to my duty to my father, or to my own character. Try me not with a view to see the power you have over me. That would be ungenerous. I own you have some: Indeed a great deal.

LETTER XVI

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Tuesday Night

YOU may guess what were my Lord's assurances on this generous confidence in him. They agreed upon a private correspondence by letters.—Ah! Lady L. was this *quite* right, tho' it came out happily in the event? Does not concealment always imply somewhat wrong? Ought you not to have done *your* duty, whether your father did *his*, or not? Were you not called upon, as I may say, to a *tryal* of *yours*? And is not virtue to be proved by *tryal*? Remember you not who says, "For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall

take it patiently? But if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."¹—But you, Lady L. had lost your excellent mother very early.

The worthy young lady would not, however, be prevailed upon to consent to a private marriage; and my Lord took leave of her. Their parting was extremely tender; and the amiable Caroline, in the softness of her heart, overcome by my Lord's protestations of everlasting love to her in preference to all the women on earth, voluntarily assured him, that she never would receive any other proposal, while he was living, and single.

Sir Thomas shew'd himself so much displeased with Lord L. for the freedom of his last speech, that my Lord chose not to desire another audience of him; and yet, being unwilling to widen the difference, he took polite leave of the angry Baronet in a letter, which was put into his hands just before he had commanded Miss Caroline to attend him at dinner, which she had begged to be excused doing.

Don't you pity the young lady, Lucy, in this situation? Lord L. having but a little before taken leave of her, and set out for London?

Miss Charlotte told her sister, that, were it she, she should hardly have suffer'd Lord L. to go away by *himself*—Were it but to avoid an interview with a father who seem'd to have been too much used to womens tears to be moved by them; and who had such a satirical vein, and such odd notions of love.

I was very earnest to know what passed at this dinner-time.

Miss Grandison said, It is best for *me* to answer Miss Byron's curiosity, I believe; as I was a stander-by, and only my father and sister were the players:

Players! repeated Lady L.—It was a cruel scene. And I believe, Miss Byron, it will make you not wonder, that I liked Lord L. much the better for being rather a man of understanding than a man of wit.

Miss Grandison began as follows:

I went up with my father's *peremptory*, as I may call it, to my sister.

O my dear mamma! said Caroline, when she found she must go down, on what a new occasion do I want your sweet mediation! But, Charlotte, I can neither *walk* nor *stand*—

You must then lean upon me, my dear, and *creep*: Love will creep, they say, where it cannot go.²

Wicked girl! interrupted Lady L. I remember that was what she said.

I said it to make you smile, if I could, and take courage: But you know I was in tears for you, notwithstanding.

You thought of what might befall yourself, Charlotte.

So I did. We never, I believe, *properly* feel for others, what does not touch ourselves.

A compassionate heart, said I, is a blessing, though a painful one: And yet there would be no supporting life, if we felt quite as poignantly for others as we do for ourselves. How happy was it for my Charlotte, that she could smile, when the father's apprehended lecture was intended for the use of both!

I thank you for this, Harriet. You will not be long my creditor—But I will proceed.

Caroline took my advice. She leaned upon me; and creep, creep, creep, down she crept. A fresh stream of tears fell from her eyes, when she came to the dining-room door. Her tremblings were increased: And down she dropt upon a window-seat in the passage: I can go no further, said she.

Instantly a voice, that we knew must be observed, alarmed our ears—Where are you, Caroline! Charlotte? Girls! where are you? The housekeeper was in hearing, and ran to us: Ladies! Ladies! Your papa calls!—And we, in spite of the weakness of the one, and the unwillingness of the other, recovered our feet; and, after half a dozen creeping motions more, found ourselves within the door, and in our father's sight, my sister leaning upon my arm.

What devil's in the wind now! What tragedy-movements are here!

What measured steps!—In some cases, all women are natural actresses. But come, Caroline, the play is over, and you mistake your cue.

Good Sir!—Her hands held up—I wept for her; and for my own remoter case, if you will, Miss Byron.

The prologue is yours, Caroline. Charlotte, I doubt not, is ready with her epilogue. But come, come, it is time to close this farce—Take your places, girls; and don't be fools.—A pretty caution, thought I, said Miss Charlotte, when you make us both such!

However, the servants entering with the dinner, we hemm'd, handkerchief'd, twinkled, took up our knives and forks, laid them down, and took them up again, when our father's eye was upon us; piddled,¹ sipp'd; but were more busy with our elbows than with our teeth. As for poor sister Caroline, love stuck in her throat. She tried to swallow, as one in a quinsy; a wry face, and a strain'd neck, denoting her difficulty to get down but a lark's morsel—And what made her more awkward (I am sure it did me) was a pair of the sharpest eyes that ever were seen in a man's head, and the man a father (the poor things having no mother, no aunt, to support their spirits) cast first on the one, then on the other; and now-and-then an overclouded brow, adding to our awkwardness: Yet still more apprehensive of dinner-time being over, and the withdrawing of the servants.

The servants loved their young ladies. They attended with very serious faces; and seemed glad when they were dismissed.

Then it was that Caroline arose from her seat, made her courtesy, awkwardly enough; with the air of a boarding-school Miss,¹ her hands before her.

My father let her make her honours, and go to the door, I rising to attend her; but then called her back; I dare say, on purpose, to enjoy her awkwardness, and to punish her.

Who bid you go? Whither are you going, Caroline? Come back, Charlotte.—But it will be always thus: A father's company is despised, when a girl gets a lover into her head. Fine encouragement for a father, to countenance a passion that shall give himself but a second or third place, who once had a first, in his childrens affections! But I shall have reason to think myself fortunate, perhaps, if my children do not look upon me as their enemy.—Come back when I bid you.

We crept back more awkwardly than we went from table.

Sit down—We cross'd our hands, and stood like a couple of fools.

Sit down when I bid you. You are confoundedly humble. I want to talk with you. *JOHN, 1791*

Down sat the two simpletons, their faces and necks all awry, and on the edge of their chairs.

Miss Grandison then gave the following dialogue. She humourously, by her voice (an humble one for her sister, a less meek one for herself, an imperious one for Sir Thomas) marked the speakers. I will prefix their names.

Sir Thomas. What sort of leave has Lord L. taken of you, Caroline? He has sent *me* a letter. Has he sent *you* one? I hope he did not think a personal leave due to the daughter, and not to the father.

Charlotte. He thought you were angry with him, Sir, said I [Poor Caroline's answer was not ready].

Sir Tho. And supposed that your sister was *not*. Very well! What leave did he take of you, girl? woman? What do you call yourself?

Charlotte. Sir, my Lord L. I dare say, intended no disrespect to—I might as well have been silent, Harriet.

Sir Tho. I like not your preface, girl, interrupted he—Tell me not what *you* dare say. I spoke to your sister.—Come, sit upright. None of your averted faces, and wry necks. A little more innocence in your hearts, and you'll have less shame in your countenances. I see what a league there is between you. A promising prospect before me, with you *both*! But tell me, Caroline, do you love Lord L.? Have you given him hope that you will be his, when you can get the cross father to change his mind; or, what is still better, out of your way for ever? All fathers are plaguy ill-natur'd, when they do not think of their girls fellows, as their foolish girls think of them! Answer me, Caroline?

Caroline (weeping, at his severe speech). What can I say, Sir, and not displease you?

Sir Tho. What!—Why, that you are all obedience to your father. Cannot you say *that*? Sure you can say *that*.

Car. I hope, Sir—

Sir Tho. And I *hope* too. But it becomes you to be *certain*. Can't you answer for your own heart?

Car. I believe you think, Sir, that Lord L. is not an unworthy man.

Sir Tho. A man is not more worthy, for making my daughter forget herself, and behave like a fool to her father.

Car. I may behave like a fool, Sir, but not undutifully. You frighten me, Sir. I am unable to hold up my head before you, when you are angry with me.

Sir Tho. Tell me that you have broken with Lord L. as I have commanded you. Tell me, that you will never see him more, if you can avoid it. Tell me, that you will not write to him—

Car. Pardon me, Sir, for saying, that Lord L.'s behaviour to me has been ever uniformly respectful: He reveres my papa too: How can I treat him with disrespect?—

Sir Tho. So! I shall have it all out, presently—Go on, girl—And do you, Charlotte, attend to the lesson set you by your elder sister.

Char. Indeed, Sir, I can answer for the goodness of my sister's heart, and for her duty to you.

Sir Tho. Well said! Now, Caroline, do you speak up for Charlotte's heart: One good turn deserves another. But say what you will for each other, I will be my own judge of both your hearts; and facts shall be the test. Do you know, Caroline, whether Charlotte has any lover that is to keep you in countenance with yours?

Car. I dare say, Sir, that my sister Charlotte will not disoblige you.

Sir Tho. I hope, Caroline, you can say as much for Charlotte's sister.

Car. I hope I can, Sir.

Sir Tho. Then you know my will.

Car. I presume, Sir, it is your pleasure, that I should always remain single.

Sir Tho. Hey-day!—But why, pray, does your ladyship suppose so?—Speak out.

Car. Because I think, forgive me to say it, that my Lord L.'s character and his quality are such, that a more creditable proposal cannot be expected.—Pray, Sir, forgive me. And she held up her hands, pray-pray-fashion, thus—

Well said, Caroline! thought I—Pull up a courage, my dear!—What a duce—

Sir Tho. His quality!—Gewgaw!—What is a Scotch peerage?—And does your silly heart beat after a coronet? You want to be a Countess, do you?—But let me tell you, that if you have a *true* value

for Lord L. you will not, incumbered as he is with sisters fortunes, wish him to marry you.

Car. As to title, Sir, that is of very little account with me, without the good character.—As to prudence; my Lord L. cannot see anything in me to forfeit his prudence for.

Well answered, Caroline! thought I. In such a laudable choice, all should not be left upon the poor *Lov-ye*r!

Sir Tho. So the difficulty lies not with *you*, I find. *You* have no objection to Lord L. if he has none to you. You are an humbled and mortified girl, then. The woman must be indeed in love, who, once thinking well of herself, can give a preference against herself to her lover.

What business had Sir Thomas to say this, my Lucy?

Sir Tho. Let me know, Caroline, what hopes you have given to Lord L.—Or rather, perhaps, what hopes he has given *you*?—Why are you silent? Answer me, girl.

Car. I hope, Sir, I shall not disgrace my father, in thinking well of Lord L.

Sir Tho. Nor will he disgrace himself, proud as are the Scottish beggars of their ancestry, in thinking well of a daughter of mine.

Car. Lord L. tho' not a beggar, Sir, would think it an honour, Sir—

Sir Tho. Well said! Go on: Go on. Why stops the girl?—And so he ought. But if Lord L. is not a beggar for my daughter, let not my daughter be a beggar for Lord L. But Lord L. would think it an honour, you say—To be what?—Your husband, I suppose. Answer my question; How stand matters between you and Lord L.?

Car. I cannot, such is my unhappiness! say anything that will please my father.

Sir Tho. How the girl evades my question!—Don't let me repeat it.

Car. It is not disgraceful, I hope, to own, that I had rather be—

There she stopt, and half-hid her face in her bosom. And I thought, said Miss Grandison, that she never look'd prettier in her life.

Sir Tho. Rather be Lord L.'s wife than my daughter—Well, Charlotte, tell me, when are *you* to begin to estrange me from your affections? When are *you* to begin to think your father stands in the way of your happiness? When do *you* cast your purveying eyes upon a mere stranger, and prefer him to your father?—I have done my part, I suppose: I have nothing to do but to allot you the fortunes that your lovers, as they are called, will tell you are necessary to their affairs, and then to lie me down and die. Your fellows then, with you, will dance over my grave; and I shall be no more remembred, than if I had never been—except by your brother.

I could not help speaking here, said Miss Grandison. O Sir!

how you wound me!—Do all fathers—Forgive me, Sir—I saw his brow begin to lour.

Sir Tho. I bear not impertinence. I bear not—There he stopt in wrath.—But why, Caroline, do you evade my question? You know it. Answer it.

Car. I should be unworthy of the affection of such a man as Lord L. is, if I disowned my esteem for him. Indeed, Sir, I have an esteem for Lord L. above any man I ever saw. You, Sir, did not always disesteem him—My brother—

Sir Tho. So! Now all is out!—You have the forwardness—What shall I call it?—But I did, and I do, esteem Lord L.—But as what?—Not as a son-in-law. He came to me as my son's friend. I invited him down in that character: He, at that time, knew nothing of you. But no sooner came a single man into a single woman's company, but you both wanted to make a match of it. You were dutiful: And he was prudent: Prudent for himself. I think you talk'd of his prudence a while ago. He made his application to you, or you to him, I know not which—[Then how poor Caroline wept! And I, said Miss Charlotte, could hardly forbear saying *Barbarous!*] And when he found himself sure of you, then was the fool the father to be consulted: And for what? Only to know what he would do for two people, who had left him no option in the case. And this is the trick of you all: And the poor father is to be passive, or else to be accounted a tyrant.

Car. Sir, I admitted not Lord L.'s address, but conditionally, as you should approve of it. Lord L. desired not my approbation upon other terms.

Sir Tho. What nonsense is this?—Have you left me any way to help myself?—Come, Caroline, let me try you. I intend to carry you up to town: A young man of quality has made overtures to me. I believe I shall approve of his proposals. I am sure you will, if you are not prepossessed. Tell me, Are you, have you left yourself at liberty to give way to my recommendation?—Why don't you answer me?—You know, that you received Lord L.'s addresses *but conditionally, as I should approve of them.* And your spark desired not your approbation upon other terms. Come, what say you to this?—What! are you confounded?—Well you may, if you cannot answer me as I wish! If you can, why don't you?—You see, I put you but to your own test.

Car. Sir, it is not for me to argue with my father. Surely, I have not *intended* to be undutiful. Surely I have not disgraced my family, by admitting Lord L.'s conditional—

Sir Tho. *Conditional!*—Fool!—How conditional!—Is it not absolute, as to the exclusion of me, or of my option? But I have ever found, that the man who condescends to argue with a woman, especially on certain points, in which *nature*, and not *reason*, is concerned, must

follow her through a thousand windings, and find himself farthest off when he imagines himself nearest; and at last must content himself, panting for breath, to sit down where he set out; while she gambols about, and is ready to lead him a new course.

Car. I hope—

Sir Tho. None of your hopes—I will have certainty. May I—Come, I'll bring you to a point, if I can, woman as you are—May I receive proposals for you from any other man?—Answer me, Yes or No. Don't deal with me, as girls do with *common* fathers—Don't be disobedient, and then depend upon my weakness to forgive you. I am no *common* father. I know the world. I know your sex. I have *found* more fools in it than I have *made*.—Indeed, no man makes, or needs to make, you fools. You have folly deep-rooted within you. That weed is a native of the soil. A very little watering will make it sprout, and choak the noble flowers that education has planted.¹ I never knew a woman in my life, that was wise by the experience of other people. But answer me: Say—Can you receive a new proposal? or can you not?

Caroline answer'd only by her tears.

Sir Tho. Damnably *constant*, I suppose!—So you give up real virtue, give up duty to a *father*, for fidelity, for constancy, for a fictitious virtue, to a *lover*! Come hither to me, girl!—Why don't you come to me when I bid you?—

LETTER XVII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

MISS CAROLINE arose: Four creeping steps, her handkerchief at her eyes, brought her within her father's reach. He snatched her hand, quicken'd her pace, and brought her close to his knees. Poor sister Caroline! thought I: O the *ty*—And I had like, at the time, to have added the syllable *rant* to myself.—He pulled the other hand from her eye. The handkerchief dropt: He might see that it was wet and heavy with her tears. Fain would she have turn'd her blubber'd eye from him. He held both her hands, and burst out into a laugh—

And what cries the girl for? Why, Caroline, you *shall* have a husband, I tell you. I will hasten with you to the London market. Will you be offer'd at Ranelagh market first? the concert or breakfasting?—Or shall I shew you at the opera, or at the play? Ha, ha, hah!—Hold up your head, my amorous girl! You shall stick some of your mother's jewels in your hair, and in your bosom, to draw the eyes of fellows. You must strike at once, while your face is new; or you will be mingled with the herd of women, who prostitute their faces at every polite

place. Sweet impatient soul!—Look at me, Caroline. Then he laughed again.

Car. Indeed, Sir, if you were not my father—

Well said, Caroline! thought I; and trod on her toe.

Sir Tho. Hey-day! But what then?

Car. I would say you are very cruel.

Sir Tho. And is that all you would say, poor soft thing! in such circumstances, to any *other* man? Well, but, all this time, you don't tell me (still holding her hands) whether any other man will not do as well as your Scots-man?

Car. I am not kindly used. Indeed, Sir, you don't use me kindly. I hope I am *not* an *amorous* creature, as you call me. I am *not* in haste to be married. I am willing to wait your time, your pleasure: But, as I presume, that there can be no objection to Lord L. I wish not to be carried to any *London market*.

Sir Tho. (gravely). If I am disposed to railly you, Caroline; if I am willing to pass off, in a pleasant manner, a forwardness that I did not expect in my daughter; and for which, in my heart, I have despised the daughters of other men, tho' I have not told the wenches so; I will not be answered pertly. I will not have you forget yourself.

Car. (courtesying). Good Sir, permit me to withdraw. I will recollect myself, and be sorry—

Sir Tho. And is it necessary for you to withdraw, to recollect your *duty*?—But you shall answer my question—How stand you and Lord L.? Are you resolved to have him, and none other?—Will you wait for him, will he wait for you, till death has numbered me with my ancestors?

Car. O Sir! And she look'd down after her dropt handkerchief. She wanted it; and would have withdrawn one of her hands to reach it; and when she could not, the big tears running down her cheeks [Yet she look'd pretty] down she dropt on her knees—Forgive me, Sir—I dread your displeasure—But must say, that I am not an *amorous* girl: And, to convince you that I am not, I will never marry any man living, if it be not Lord L.

I all this time was in agitations for my poor sister. I tired three chairs; and now look'd at her; now from her; then at my fingers ends, wishing them claws, and the man an *husband*, instead of a father. Indeed, Miss Byron, I could not but make Caroline's treatment my own; and, in fancy, not so very remote, as you imagin'd, Lady L. Once I said to myself, If some Lord L. tenders himself to me, and I like him, I will not stand all this. The first moon-light night, if he urge me heartily, and I am sure the parson is ready, I will be under another protection, despicably as I have always thought of runaway daughters!—Should I have done right, Miss Byron?

The example, Miss Grandison! replied I—Such a mamma as you were blessed with! The world that would have sat in judgment upon the flight of the daughter, would not have known the cruel treatment of the father. I believe, my dear, you are glad you had not the trial: And you see how Lady L. is rewarded for her patient duty.

That's my good Harriet! said Lady L. I love you for your answer. But, Sister, you leave me in too much distress. You must release me from my knees,¹ and send me up to my chamber, as fast as you can.

A little patience, Lady L.—But what say my minutes?—Miss Byron seems all attention. This is a new subject to her. She never had any-body to controul her.

I think I could have borne any-thing from a father or mother, said I, had it pleased God to continue to me so dear a blessing.

Fine talking, Harriet! said Miss Grandison. But let me say, that a witty father is not a desirable character—By the way, ours was as cruel (Shall I say it, Lady L.? You are upon your knees, you know) to two very worthy sisters of his own: One of them ran away from him to a relation in Yorkshire, where she lives still, and as worthy an old maid she is as any in the county: The other died before she could get her fortune paid, or she would have been married to a man she loved, and who loved her: But she left every shilling of her fortune to her maiden sister, and nothing to my father.

It is well my brother is not in hearing, said Lady L. He would not have borne the hundredth part of what we have said. But sufferers will complain. Remember, however, Charlotte, that I am still upon my knees.

See, my Lucy! Rakish men make not either good husbands, or good fathers; nor yet good brothers.—But, no wonder! The narrow-hearted creatures centre all their delight in themselves.—Finely do women choose, who, taken in by their specious airs, vows, protestations, become the abject properties of such wretches! Yet, a reformed rake, they say, makes the best husband—Against general experience this is said—But by whom? By the vulgar and the inconsiderate only, surely!

Miss Grandison proceeded.

Sir Tho. You will never marry any other man living!—And this is declared, in order to convince me that you are not amorous!—Quibbling nonsense!—Had you *not* been amorous, you had not put yourself into a situation, that should give you courage to say this to me. Bold fool! Begone!

She arose.

Yet you shall not go, holding both her hands. And dare you thus declare yourself?—What option, I again ask you, is left me?—And yet Lord L. and you, as you pretended just now, were determined

only on a *conditional* courtship, as I should, or should not, *approve* of it! Confound your sex! This ever was, and ever will be, the case. The blind god sets you out, where you mean the *best*, on a pacing beast; you amble, prance, parade, till your giddy heads turn round; and then you gallop over hedge and ditch; leap fences; and duty, decency, and discretion, are trodden under foot!

Poor Miss Caroline! said I, Lucy, to them both—I expected this cruel retort.

I foresaw it, replied Lady L. And this kept me off so long from declaring my preference of Lord L. to all the men in the world; as, in justice to his merit, my heart several times bid me do without scruple.

Begone from my presence, said Sir Thomas, proceeded Miss Grandison—Yet he still held her hands—That little witch! I have been watching her eyes, and every working muscle of her saucy face [meaning poor me, said Miss Grandison]: She takes part with you in all your distresses—You are sorely distressed, are you not?—Am I not a tyrant with you both?—You want to be gone, both of you: Then shall I be the subject of your free discourses. All the resentment, that now you endeavour to confine, will then burst out: I shall be intitled to no more of your duty than is consistent with your narrow interest: Lord L. will be consulted in preference to me, and have the whole confidence of my daughters against me. I am now, from this hour, to be looked upon as your enemy, and not your father. But I will renounce you both; and permit your brother, the joy of my life, and the hope of my better days, to come over: And he shall renounce you, as I do, or I will renounce him: And, in that case, I shall be a father without a child; yet three living by the best of women. How would she—

I broke out here, said Miss Grandison, with an emotion that I could not suppress. O my dear mamma! How much do we miss you!—Were you to have become angel when we were *infants*, should we have missed you as we do *now*?—O my dear mamma! This, this, is the time that girls most want a mother!—

I was about to fly for it. I trembled at the sternness of my father's looks, on this apostrophe to my mother. He arose. Caroline, don't stir, said he; I have something more to say to you. Come hither, Charlotte! and held out both his hands—You have burst out at last. I saw your assurance swelling to your throat.—

I threw myself at his feet, and besought him to forgive me.

But taking both my hands in one of his, as I held them up folded—Curse me if I do! said he. I was willing you should be present, in hopes to make you take warning by your sister's folly and inconsistency. Lord L. has been a thief in my house. He has stolen my elder daughter's affections from me: Yet has drawn her in, as pretending that he desired not her favour, but as I approved of his addresses. I do *not*

approve of them. I hope I may be allowed to be my own judge in this case. She however declares, she will have nobody else. And have I brought up my children till the years that they should be of use and comfort to me; and continued a widower myself for their sakes [So my father was pleased to say, said Miss Grandison]; and all for a man I approve not?—And do you, Charlotte, call your blessed mother from her peaceful tomb, to relieve you and your sister against a tyrant-father?—What comfort have I in prospect before me, from such daughters?—But leave me. Leave my house. Seek your fortunes where you will. Take your cloaths: Take all that belongs to you: But nothing that was your mother's. I will give you each a draught on my banker for 500*l*. When that is gone, according to what I shall hear of your behaviour, you shall, or shall not, have more.

Dear Sir! said Caroline, flinging herself on her knees by me, forgive my sister!—Dear, good Sir! whatever becomes of *me*, forgive your Charlotte!

Sir Tho. You are fearless of *your* destiny, Caroline. You will throw yourself into the arms of Lord L. I doubt not.—I will send for your brother. But you shall both leave this house. I will shut it up the moment you are gone. It shall never again be open'd while I live. When my ashes are mingled with those of your mother, then may you keep open house in it, and trample under foot the ashes of both.

I sobbed out, Dear Sir, forgive me! I meant not to reflect upon my father, when I wish'd for my mother. I wish'd for her for *your* sake, Sir, as well as for *ours*. She would have mediated—She would have soften'd—

Sir Tho. My hard heart—I know what you mean, Charlotte!

And flung from us a few paces, walking about in wrath, leaving us kneeling at his vacant chair.

He then, ringing the bell, the door in his hand, ordered in the house-keeper. She enter'd. A very good woman she was. She trembled for her kneeling ladies.

Sir Tho. Beckford, do you assist these girls in getting up every-thing that belongs to them. Give me an inventory of what they take. Their father's authority is grievous to them. They want to shake it off. They find themselves women-grown. They want husbands—

Indeed, indeed, Beckford, we don't, said Caroline; interrupted by my father—

Do you give me the lye, bold-face?—

Pray your honour—Good your honour—intreated honest Beckford: Never were modester young ladies. They are noted all over the county for their modesty and goodness—

Woman, woman, argue not with me. Modesty never forgets duty. Caroline loves not her father. Lord L. has stolen away her affections

from me. Charlotte is of her party: And so are you, I find. But take my commands in silence—A week longer they stay not in this house—

Beckford, throwing herself on her knees, repeated—Good your honour—

We both arose, and threw ourselves at his feet—

Forgive us! I beseech you, forgive us!—For my mamma's sake, forgive us!—said Caroline—

For my mamma's sake, for my brother's sake, dear Sir, forgive your daughters! cried I, in as rueful an accent.

And we each of us took hold of his open'd coat, both in tears; and Beckford keeping us company.

Unmoved he went on—I intend you a *pleasure*, girls. I know you want to be freed from my authority. You are women-grown. The man who has daughters knows not discomfort with them, till busy fellows bid them look out of their father's house for that happiness, which they hardly ever find but in it.

We are yours, my papa, said I—We are nobody's else—Do not, do not, expose your children to the censures of the world. Hitherto our reputations are unsullied—

Dear Sir, cried Caroline, throw us not upon the world, the wide world! Dear Sir, continue us in your protection. We want not to be in any other.

You shall try the experiment, girls—I am not fit to be your counsellor. Lord L. has distanced me with the one: The other calls upon her departed mother to appear, to shield her from the cruelty of an unnatural father. And Lord L. has the insolence to tell me to my face, that I am too young a father to take upon me the management of women-grown daughters. And so I find it. Blubber not, Beckford; assist your young ladies for their departure. A week is the longest time they have to stay in this house. I want to shut it up: Never more to enter its gates.

We continued our pleadings.

O Sir, said Caroline, turn not your children out of doors. We are *daughters*. We never more wanted a father's protection than now.

What have we done, Sir, cried I, to deserve being turned out of your doors?—For every offensive word we beg your pardon. You shall always have dutiful children of us. Permit me to write to my brother—

So, so! You mend the matter. You want to interest your brother in your favour—You want to appeal to him, do you? and to make a son sit in judgment upon his father!—Prate not, girls! Intreat not!—Get ready to be gone. I will shut up this house—

Where-ever you are, Sir, intreated I, there let us be—Renounce not your children, your penitent children.

He proceeded. I suppose Lord L. will as soon find out your person,

Caroline, as he has your inclinations; so contrary to my liking. As to you, Charlotte, you may go down to your old aunt *Prue* in Yorkshire: [He calls their aunt Eleanor so from the word *Prude*—Yet we have seen, Lucy, it was owing to him that this lady did not marry]: She will be able to instruct you, that patience is a virtue; and that you ought not to be in haste to take a first offer, for fear you should not have a second.

Poor sister Caroline! He look'd disdainfully at her.

You are my father, Sir, said she. All is welcome from you: But you shall have no cause to reproach me. I will not be in haste. And here on my knees, I promise, that I will never be Lord L's, without your consent. I only beg of you, Sir, not to propose to me any other man.

My father, partly relented [partly, Harriet]: I take you at your word: And I insist that you shall not correspond with him, nor see him—You answer not to that. But you know my will. And once more, answer or not, I require your obedience. Beckford, you may go. Rise, Caroline.

And am *I* forgiven, Sir? said I—Dear Sir, forgive your Charlotte—[Yet, Miss Byron, what was my crime?]

Make the best use of the example before you, Charlotte: Not to imitate Caroline, in engaging your affections unknown to me.—Remember *that*. She has *her* plagues in giving *me* plague. It is fit she should. Where you cannot in duty follow the example, take the warning.

Beckford was withdrawn. He graciously saluted each girl: And thus triumphantly made them express sorrow for—Do you know for what, Harriet?

I wish, thought I to myself, Lucy, that these boisterous spirits, either fathers or husbands, were not generally most observed.

But was Miss Grandison's spirit so easily subdued? thought I.

You smile, Harriet. What do you smile at?

Will you forgive me, if I tell you?

I don't know.

I depend on your good-nature. I smiled to think, Lady L. how finely Miss Grandison has got up since that time.

Miss Gr. O the sly girl!—Remember you not, that I was *before* your debtor?

A good hit, I protest! said Lady L. Yet Charlotte was always a pert girl out of her father's presence. But I will add a word or two to my sister's narrative.

My father kept us with him till he read Lord L's letter, which he open'd not till then, and plainly, as I saw, to find some new fault with him and me on the occasion. But I came off better than I apprehended I should at the time; for I had not seen it. Here is a copy of it.

Lady L. allowed me, Lucy, to take it up with me, when we parted for the night.

Permit me, Sir, by pen and ink, rather than in person, as I think it will be most acceptable to you, to thank you, as I most cordially do, for the kind and generous treatment I have received at your hands, during a whole month's residence at Grandison-hall, whither I came with intent to stay but three days.

I am afraid I suffer'd myself to be surprised into an undue warmth of expression, when I last went from your presence. I ask your pardon, if so. You have a right in your own child. God forbid that I shou'd ever attempt to invade it! But what a happy man should I be, if my love for Miss Grandison, and that right, cou'd be made to coincide! I may have appeared to have acted wrong in your apprehension, in applying myself first to Miss Grandison: I beg, Sir, your pardon for that also.

But perhaps I have a still greater fault to atone for. I need not indeed acquaint you with it; but had rather intitle myself by my ingenuoussness to your forgiveness, than wish to conceal any-thing from you in any article of this high importance, whether you grant it me or not. I own then, that when I last departed from your angry presence, I directly went to Miss Grandison, and on my knees implored her hand. I presumed that an alliance with me was not a disgraceful one; and assured her, that my estate should work itself clear without any expectation from you; as it will, I hope, in a few years, by good management, to which I was sure she would contribute. But she refused me, and resolved to await the good pleasure of her father; yet giving me, I must honestly add, condescending hopes of her favour, could your consent be obtained.

Thus is the important affair circumstanced.

I never will marry any other woman, while there is the least shadow of hope, that she can be mine. The conversation of the best of young men, your son, for two months, in Italy, and one before *that* in some of the German courts, has made me ambitious of following such an example in every duty of life: And if I might obtain, by your favour, so dear a wife, and so worthy a brother, as well as so amiable a sister as Miss Charlotte, the happiest man in the world would then be,

Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

L.

Yet my father, said Lady L. called it an artful letter; and observed, that Lord L. was very sure of me, or he had not offer'd to make a

proposal to me, that deserved not to be excused. You were aiming at prudence, girl, in your refusal, I see that, said my father. You had no reason to doubt but Lord L. would hereafter like you the better for declining marriage in that clandestine manner, because the refusal would give him an opportunity to make things more convenient to himself. One half of a woman's virtue is pride, continued he [I hope not, truly, said Lady L.]; the other half, policy. If they were sure the man would not think the worse of them for it, they would not wait a second question. Had you had an independent fortune, Caroline, what wou'd you have done?—But go; you are a weak, and yet a cunning girl. Cunning is the wisdom of women. Womens weakness is man's strength. I am sorry that *my* daughters are not compounded of less brittle materials. I wonder that any man who knows the sex, marries.

Thus spoke the *rakish*, the *keeping* father, Lucy, endeavouring to justify his private vices by general reflexions on the sex. And thus are wickedness and libertinism called a knowlege of the world, a knowlege of human nature. Swift, for often painting a dunghil, and for his abominable Yahoe story, was complimented with this knowlege: But I hope, that the character of human nature, the character of creatures made in the image of the Deity, is not to be taken from the overflowings of such dirty imaginations.¹

What company, my dear, must these men be supposed to have generally kept? How are we authorised to wish (only that good is often produced out of evil, as is instanced in two such daughters, and such a son) that a man of this cast had never had the honour to call a Lady Grandison by his name! And yet Sir Thomas's vices called forth, if they did not establish, her virtues. What shall we say?

Whatever is, is in its causes just;

—But purblind man

Sees but a part o' th' chain, the nearest link;

His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,

That poises all above.

DRYD²

I thought, my Lucy, that the conversation I have attempted to give, wou'd not, tho' long, appear tedious to you; being upon a *new* subject, the behaviour of a free-liver of a father to his grown-up daughters, when they came to have expectations upon him, which he was not disposed to answer; and the rather, as it might serve to strengthen us, who have had in our family none but good men (tho' we have neighbours of a different character, who have wanted to be acquainted with us) in our resolution to reject the suits of libertine men by a

stronger motive even than *for our own sakes*: And I therefore was glad of the opportunity of procuring it for you, and for our Nancy, now her recover'd health will allow her to look abroad more than she had of late been used to do. I am sure, my grandmamma, and my aunt Selby, will be pleased with it; because it will be a good supplement to the lessons they have constantly inculcated upon us, against that narrow-hearted race of men, who live only for the gratification of their own lawless appetites, and consider all the rest of the world as made for themselves, the worst and most noxious reptiles in it.

LETTER XVIII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

THUS far had the ladies proceeded in their interesting story, when the letters of my grandmamma and aunt were brought me by a man and horse from London. By my answer you will see how much I was affected by the contents. The ladies saw my uneasiness, and were curious to know the cause. I told them from whence the letters came, and what the subject was; and that my aunt was to give for me, next Saturday, an answer to Lady D. in person.

I then retired to write. When I had dispatched the messenger, the ladies wished to know the resolution I had come to. I told them I had confirmed my negative.

Miss Grandison, with archness, held up her hands and eyes. I was vexed she did. Then, Charlotte, said I, spitefully, *you* would not have declined accepting this proposal.

She looked earnestly at me, and shook her head. Ah, Harriet, said she, you are an unaccountable girl! You will tell the truth; but not the whole truth.

I blushed, as I felt; and believe looked silly.

Ah, Harriet! repeated she; looking as if she would look me through.

Dear Miss Grandison! said I.

There is some Northamptonshire gentleman, of whom we have not yet heard.

I was a little easier then. But *can* this lady mean any-thing particular? She cannot be so ungenerous, surely, as to play upon a poor girl, if she thought her *entangled*. All I am afraid of, is, that my temper will be utterly ruined. I am not so happy in myself, as I used to be. Don't you think, Lucy, that taking one thing with another, I am in a situation that is very teasing?—But let me find a better subject.

The ladies, at my request, pursued their FAMILY-HISTORY.

Lord L. and Miss Caroline went on, hoping for a change in Sir Thomas's mind. He would, no doubt, they said, have been overcome by the young lady's duty, and my Lord L's generosity, had he not made it inconvenient to himself, to part with money.

He went to town, and carried his daughters with him; and, it is thought, would not have been sorry, had the lovers married without his consent; for, he prohibited anew, on their coming to town, my Lord's visits; so that they were obliged to their sister, as she pleasantly had told Lady L. for contriving to forward their interviews.

Mean time, my Lord's affairs growing urgent, by reason of his two sisters' marrying, he gave way to the offers of a common friend of his and Lord W's, to engage that nobleman, who approved of the match, to talk to Sir Thomas on the subject.

Lord W. and the Baronet met. My Lord was earnest in the cause of the lovers. Sir Thomas was not pleased with his interfering in his family affairs. And indeed a more improper man could hardly have been applied to on the occasion: For Lord W. who is immensely rich, was always despised by Sir Thomas for his avarice; and he as much disliked Sir Thomas for what he called his profusion.

High words passed between them. They parted in passion; and Sir Thomas resenting Lord L's appeal to Lord W. the sisters were in a worse situation than before; for now, besides having incurred the indignation of their father, their uncle, who was always afraid that Sir Thomas's extravagance would reduce the children to the necessity of hoping for his assistance, made a pretence of their father's ill treatment of him, to disclaim all acts of kindness and relation to them.

What concern'd the sisters still more, was, my Lord's declared antipathy to their brother; and that for no other reason, but because his father (who, he was sure, he said, could neither love nor hate in a right place) doted on him.

In this sad situation were these lovers, when overtures were made to Sir Thomas for his younger daughter: But tho' Miss Charlotte gave him no pretence to accuse *her* of beginning a love-affair unknown to him; yet those overtures never came to her knowledge from him, tho' they did from others: And would you have wondered, Harriet, said she, with such treatment before my eyes as Caroline met with, if I had been provoked to take some rash step?

No provocation, reply'd I, from a father, can justify a rash step in a child. I am glad, and so, I dare say, are you, that your prudence was your safeguard, when you were deprived of that which so good a child might have expected from a father's indulgence, especially when a mother was not in being.

Miss Grandison coloured, and bit her lip. Why did she colour?

At last Sir Thomas took a resolution to look into and regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give to his beloved son to come over. From *his* duty, discretion, and good management, he was sure, he said, he should be the happiest of men. But he was at a loss what to do with Mrs. Oldham and her two children. He doubted not, but his son had heard of his guilty commerce with her: Yet he cared not, that the young gentleman should find her living in a kind of wife-like state in one of the family-seats: And yet she had made too great a sacrifice to him, to be unhandsomely used; and he thought he ought to provide for his children by her.

While he was meditating this change of measures, that he might stand well with a son, whose character for virtue and prudence made his father half afraid of him, a proposal of marriage was made to him for his son by one of the first men in the kingdom, whose daughter, accompanying her brother and his wife, in a tour to France and Italy, saw and fell in love with the young gentleman at Florence: And her brother gave way to his sister's regard for him, for the sake of the character he bore among the people of prime consideration in Italy.

Sir Thomas had several meetings on this subject, both with the brother, and the Earl his father; and was so fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reserving to himself an annuity, and making over the whole of his estate to his son, in favour of this match: And once he said, He should by this means do as Victor Amadeus of Savoy did,¹ rid himself of many incumbrances; and, being not a *king*, was sure of his son's duty to him.

The ladies found a letter of their brother's among Sir Thomas's loose papers, which shewed that this offer had been actually made to him. This is a copy of it.

Dear and ever-honoured Sir,

I am astonished at the contents of your last favour. If the proposal made in it, arose from the natural greatness of your mind, and an indulgence which I have so often experienced, what shall I say to it? I cannot bear it. If it proceed from proposals made to you, God forbid that I should give your name to a woman, how illustrious soever in her descent, and how high soever the circumstances of her family, whose friends could propose such conditions to my father.

I receive with inexpressible joy so near an hope of the long wished-for leave to throw myself at your feet in my native country. When I have this happiness granted me, I will unbosom my whole heart to my father. The credit of your name, and the knowlege every one has of your goodness to me, will be my recommendation whenever you shall wish me to enlarge the family connexions.

Till I have this honour, I beseech you, Sir, to discontinue the treaty already begun.

You are pleased to ask my opinion of the Lady, and whether I have any objection to her person. I remember, I thought her a very agreeable woman.

You mention, Sir, the high sense the Lady, as well as Lord and Lady N. have of the civilities they received from me. My long residence abroad gave me the power of doing little offices for those of my country, who visited France and Italy. Those services are too gratefully remembred by my Lord and the Ladies.

I am extremely concern'd that you have reason to be displeased with any part of the conduct of my sisters. Can the daughters of such a mother as you had the happiness to give them, forget themselves? Their want of consideration shall receive no countenance from me. I shall let them know, that my love, my esteem, if it be of consequence with them, is not founded on relation, but merit: And that, where duty to a parent is wanting, all other good qualities are to be suspected.

You ask my opinion of Lord L. and whether he has sought to engage me to favour his address to your Caroline. He wrote to me on that subject: I inclose his letter, and a copy of my answer. As to my opinion of him, I must say, that I have not met with any British man abroad, of whose discretion, sobriety, and good-nature, I think more highly than I do of Lord L's. Justice requires of me this testimony. But as to the affair between him and my sister, I shall be extremely sorry, if Lord L's *first* impropriety of behaviour were to you; and if my sister has suffer'd her heart to be engaged against her duty.

You have the goodness to say, that my return will be a strengthening of your hands: May my own be weaken'd; May I ever want the power to do good to myself, or to those I love, when I forget, or depart from, the duty owing to the most indulgent of fathers, by

His CHARLES GRANDISON!

What an excellent young man is this!—But observe, Lucy; he says he will on his return to England unbosom his whole heart to his father; and till then, he desires him to discontinue the begun treaty with Lord N.—Ah, my dear!—What has any *new* acquaintance to expect, were she to be intangled in a *hopeless passion*? But let us consider—Had Sir Charles been actually married, would his being so, have enabled a woman's *reason* to triumph over her passion?—If so, passion is surely conquerable: And did I know any-body that wou'd allow it to be so in the *one* case, and not in the *other*, I would bid her take shame to herself, and, with deep humiliation, mourn her ungovernable folly.

The above letter came not to the hands of the young Ladies till after their father's death, which happen'd within a month of his receiving it, and before he had actually given permission for the young

gentleman's return. You may suppose they were excessively affected with the bad impressions their father had sought to make in their brother's heart, of their conduct; and, when he died, were the more apprehensive of their force.

He had suspended the treaty of marriage for his son till the young gentleman should arrive. He had perplexed himself about his private affairs, which, by long neglect, became very intricate, and of consequence must be very irksome for such a man to look into. He was resolved therefore to leave it to each steward (having persuaded himself, against appearances, to have a good opinion of both) to examine the accounts of the other; not only as this would give the least trouble to himself, but as they had several items to charge, which he had no mind should be explained to his son. Nor were those gentlemen less solicitous to obtain discharges from him; for, being apprised of his reason for looking into his affairs, they were afraid of the inspection of so good a manager as their young master was known to be.

Mr. Filmer, the steward for the Irish estate, came over, on this occasion, with his accounts: The two stewards acted in concert; and on the report of each, Sir Thomas examined totals only, and order'd releases to be drawn for his signing.

What a degrader even of *high* spirits, is vice! What meanness was there in Sir Thomas's pride! To be afraid of the eye of a son, of whose duty he was always boasting!

But who shall answer for the reformation of an habitual libertine, when a temptation offers? Observe what followed:

Mr. Filmer, knowing Sir Thomas's frailty, had brought over with him, and with a view to insnare the unhappy man, a fine young creature, not more than sixteen, on pretence of visiting her aunt who lived in Pallmall, and who was a relation of his wife. She was innocent of actual crime: But her parents had no virtue, and had not made it a part of the young woman's education; but had, on the contrary, brought her up with a notion that her beauty would make her fortune; and she knew it was all the fortune they had to give her.

Mr. Filmer, in his attendances on Sir Thomas, was always praising the beauty of Miss Obrien; her genteel descent, as well as figure, her innocence [Innocence! the Attractive equally to the attempts of Rakes and Devils!] But the Baronet, intent upon pursuing his better schemes, for some time, only gave the artful man the hearing. At last, however (for curiosity-sake) he was prevailed upon to make the aunt a visit. The niece was not absent. She more than answered all that Filmer had said in her praise, as to the beauty of her person. Sir Thomas repeated his visits. The girl was well tutored; behaved with prudence, with reserve rather; and, in short, made such an impression on his heart, that he declared to Filmer that he could not live without her.

Advantage was endeavoured to be taken of his infatuation. He offered high terms: But for some time the aunt insisted upon his marrying her niece.

Sir Thomas had been too long a *leader* in the free world, to be so *taken-in*, as it is called. But at last, a proposal was made him, from no part of which, the aunt declared she would recede, tho' the poor girl, (who, it was pretended, loved him above all the men she had ever seen) were to break her heart for him. A fine piece of flattery, Lucy, to a man who numbered near three times her years; and who was still fond of making conquests.

The terms were: That he should settle upon the young woman 500*l.* a year for her life; and on her father and mother, if they could be brought to consent to the (infamous) bargain, 200*l.* a year for their joint and separate lives: That Miss Obrien should live at one of Sir Thomas's seats in England; be allowed genteel equipages, his livery; and even for her credit-sake, in the eye of her own relations, who were of figure, to be connived at in taking his name. The aunt left it to his generosity to reward her for the part she had taken, and was to take, to bring all this about with the parents and girl.

Sir Thomas thought these demands much too high: He stood out for some time; but artifice being used on all sides to draw him on, *Love*, as it is called (prostituted word!) obliged him to comply.

His whole concern was now, how to provide for this new expence, without *robbing*, as he called it, his Son (daughters were but daughters, and no part of the question with him); and to find excuses for continuing the young gentleman abroad.

Mrs. Oldham had, for some time past, been uneasy herself, and made him so, by her compunction on their guilty commerce; and now lately, on Sir Thomas's communicating his intention to recal his son, had hinted her wishes to be allowed to quit the house in Essex, and to retire both from that and him; for fear of making the young gentleman as much her enemy, as the two sisters avowedly were.

Mrs. Oldham's proposal, now that he was acquainted with Miss Obrien, was better relished by Sir Thomas, than when it was first made. And before he actually signed and sealed with the aunt, for her niece, he thought it was best to sound that unhappy woman, whether she in earnest desired to retire; and if so, what were her expectations from him: Resolving, in order to provide for both expences, to cut down timber, that, he said, groaned for the ax; but which hitherto he had let stand as a resource for his son, and to enable him to clear incumbrances that he had himself laid upon a part of his estate.

Accordingly, he set out for his seat in Essex.

There, while he was planning future schemes of living, and reckoning upon his savings in several articles, in order the better to support

an expence so guiltily to be incurred; and had actually begun to treat with Mrs. Oldham; who agreed, at the first word, to retire; not knowing but his motive, (poor man!) as well as hers, was reformation. There was he attacked by a violent fever; which in three days deprived him of the use of that reason which he had so much abused.

Mr. Bever, his English steward, posted down, on the first news he had of his being taken ill, hoping to get him to sign the ready-drawn up releases. But the eagerness he shewed to have this done, giving cause of suspicion to Mrs. Oldham, she would not let him see his master, tho' he arrived on the second day of Sir Thomas's illness, which was before the fever had seized his brain.

Mr. Filmer had been to meet, and conduct to London, Mrs. Obrien the mother of the girl, who came over to see the sale of the poor victim's honour completed [Could you have thought, Lucy, there was such a mother in the world?]; and it was not till the fifth day of the unhappy man's illness that he got to him, with his releases also ready drawn up, as well as the articles between him and the Obriens, in hopes to find him well enough to sign both. He was in a visible consternation when he found his master so ill. He would have staid in the house to watch the event; but Mrs. Oldham not permitting him to do so, he put up at the next village, in hopes of a favourable turn of the distemper.

On the sixth day, the physicians giving no hopes of Sir Thomas's recovery, Mrs. Oldham sent to acquaint the two young ladies with his danger; and they instantly set out to attend their father.

They could not be supposed to love Mrs. Oldham; and, taking Mr. Grandison's advice, who accompanied them, they let the unhappy gentlewoman know, that there was no farther occasion for her attendance on their father. She had prudently, before, that she might give the less offence to the two ladies, removed her son by her former husband, and her two children by Sir Thomas; but insisted on continuing about him, and in the house, as well from motives of tenderness, as for her own security, lest she should be charged with embezzlements; for she expected not mercy from the family, if Sir Thomas died.

Poor woman! what a tenure was that by which she held!

Miss Caroline consented, and brought her sister to consent, that she should stay; absolutely against Mr. Grandison's advice; who, libertine as he was himself, was very zealous to punish a poor Magdalen, who, *tho'* faulty, was not so faulty as himself. Wicked people, I believe, my dear, are the severest punishers of those wicked people, who administer not to their own particular gratifications. Can mercy be expected from such? Mercy is a *virtue*.

It was shocking to the last degree to the worthy daughters to hear

their raving father call upon nobody so often, as upon Miss Obrien; tho' they then knew nothing of the girl, nor of the treaty on foot for her; nor could Mrs. Oldham inform them; who or what she was. Sometimes, when the unhappy man was quietest, he would call upon his son, in words generally of kindness and love. Once in particular, crying out—O save me! save me! my Grandison, by thy presence! I shall be consumed by the fire that is already lighted up in my boiling blood.

On the ninth day, no hope being left, and the physicians declaring him to be a dying man, they dispatched a letter by a messenger to hasten over their brother, who (having left his ward, Miss Emily Jervois, at Florence in the protection of the worthy Dr. Bartlett) was come to Paris, as he had written, in expectation of receiving there his father's permission to return to England.

On the eleventh day of his illness, Sir Thomas came a little to himself. He knew his daughters. He wept over them. He wish'd he had been kinder to them. He was sensible of his danger. Several times he lifted up his feeble hands, and dying eyes, repeating, God is just. I am, I have been, very wicked! Repentance! Repentance! how hard a task! said he once to the minister who attended him, and whose prayers he desired.—And Mrs. Oldham once coming in his sight—O Mrs. Oldham! said he, what is this world now? What wou'd I give—But repent, repent—Put your good resolutions in practice, lest I have more souls than my own to answer for.

Soon after this his delirium return'd; and he expired about eleven at night, in dreadful agonies. Unhappy man!—Join a tear with mine, my Lucy, on the awful exit of Sir Thomas Grandison, tho' we knew him not.

Poor man! in the pursuit—Poor man!—He lived not to see his beloved son!—

The two daughters, and Mr. Grandison, and Mrs. Oldham (for her own security) put their respective seals on every place, at that house, where papers, or any-thing of value were supposed to be repositied. And Mr. Grandison, assuming that part of the management; dismissed Mrs. Oldham from the house; and would not permit her to take with her more than one suit of cloaths, besides those she had on. She wept bitterly, and complained of harsh treatment: But was not pitied; and was referred by Mr. Grandison to his absent cousin for still more rigorous justice.

She appealed to the ladies; but they reproach'd her with having lived a life of shame, against better knowlege; and said, That now she must take the consequence. Her punishment was but beginning. Their brother would do her strict justice, they doubted not: But a man of his virtue, they were sure, would abhor her. She had mis-led

their father, they said. It was not in his temper to be cruel to his children. She had lived upon their fortunes; and now they had nothing but their brother's favour to depend upon.

Daughters so dutiful, my Lucy, did right to excuse their father all they could: But Mrs. Oldham suffer'd for all.

I am so much interested in this important history, that I have not the heart to break thro' it, to tell you how very agreeably I pass my time with these ladies, and Lord L. in those parts of the day, when we are all assembled. Miss Emily has a fine mind; gentle, delicate, innocently childish beyond her stature and womanly appearance; but not her years. The two ladies are very good to her. Lord L. is an excellent man.

This is Friday morning: And no Sir Charles! *Canterbury* is surely a charming place. Was you ever at *Canterbury*, Lucy?

To-morrow, Lady D. is to visit my aunt. My letter to my aunt will be in time, I hope. I long to know—Yet why should I?—But Lady D. is so *good* a woman! I hope she will take kindly my denial, and look upon it as an absolute one.

I have a great deal more of the family-history to give you: I wish I could write as fast as we can talk. But, Lucy, concerning the Lady, with whose father Sir Thomas was in treaty for his son? Don't you want to know something more about her?—But, ah, my dear, be this as it may, there *is* a Lady, in whose favour both sisters interest themselves. I have found that out. Nor will it be long, I suppose, before I shall be informed who she is; and whether or not Sir Charles encourages the proposal.

Adieu, my Lucy! You will soon have another letter from

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XIX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

YOU see, my dear, how many important matters depended on the conduct and determination of the young Baronet.

Lord L. was at this time in Scotland, where he had seen married two of his three sisters; and was busying himself in putting his affairs in such a way, as should enable him to depend the less, either on the justice or generosity of Sir Thomas Grandison, whose beloved daughter he was impatient to call his.

Miss Charlotte was absolutely dependent upon her brother's generosity; and both sisters had reason to be the more uneasy, as it was now, in the worldly-wise way of thinking, become his *interest* to keep up the distance which their unhappy father had been solicitous to create between them, from a policy low, and entirely unworthy of him.

The unhappy Mrs. Oldham had already received a severe instance of the change of her fortune; and had no reason to doubt, but that the sisters, who had always, from the time she was set over them as their governess, look'd upon her with an evil eye; and afterwards had but too just a pretence for their aversion; would incense against her a brother, whose fortune had been lessen'd by his father's profusion. The few relations she had living, were people of honour, who renounced all correspondence with her, from the time she had thrown herself so absolutely into the power of Sir Thomas Grandison: And she had three sons to take care of.

Bever and Filmer, the English and Irish stewards, were attending Sir Charles's arrival with great impatience, in hopes he would sign those accounts of theirs, to which they had no reason to question but his father would have set his hand, had he not been taken so suddenly ill, and remained delirious almost to the end of his life.

Miss Obrien, her mother and aunt, I shall mention in another place.

Lord W. had a great dislike to his nephew, for no other reason, as I have said, than because he was his father's favourite. Yet were not his nieces likely to find their uncle more their friend for that. He was indeed almost entirely under the management of a woman, who had not either the birth, the education, the sense, or moderation of Mrs. Oldham, to put in the contrary scale against her lost virtue; but abounded, it seems, in a low selfish cunning, by which she never failed to carry every point she set her heart upon: For, as is usual, they say, with these keeping men, Lord W. would yield up, to avoid her teasing, what he would not have done to a wife of fortune and family, who might have been a credit to his own: But the *real slave* imagined himself master of his *liberty*; and sat down satisfied with the sound of the word.

The suspended treaty of marriage with Lord N.'s sister was also to be taken into consideration, either to be proceeded with, or broken off, as should be concluded by both parties.

This was the situation of affairs in the family, when Sir Charles arrived.

He return'd not an answer to his sister's notification of his father's danger; but immediately set out for Calais, embarked and the same day arrived at the house of his late father in St. James's Square. His

sisters concluded, that he would be in town nearly as soon as a letter could come. They therefore every hour, for two days together, expected him.

Judge, my dear, from the foregoing circumstances (sisterly love out of the question, which yet it could not be) how awful must be to them, after eight or nine years absence, the first appearance of a brother, on whom the whole of their fortunes depended; and to whom they had been accused by a father, now so lately departed, of want of duty; their brother's duty unquestionable!

In the *same* moment he alighted from his post-chaise, the door was open'd; he enter'd; and his two sisters met him, in the hall.

The graceful youth of seventeen, with fine curling auburn locks waving upon his shoulders;¹ delicate in complexion; intelligence sparkling in his fine free eyes; and good humour sweetening his lively features; they remembred: And, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripen'd in the same space of time, they seemed not to expect that manly stature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, which every one who sees this brother, admires in his noble aspect: An aspect then appearing more solemn than usual; an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

O my brother! said Caroline, with open arms: But, shrinking from his embrace; *May* I say, my brother?—and was just fainting. He clasped her in his arms, to support her—

Charlotte, surprised at her sister's emotion, and affected with his presence, ran back into the room they had both quitted, and threw herself upon a settee.

Her brother followed her into the room, his arm round Miss Caroline's waist, soothing her; and, with eyes of expectation, My Charlotte! said he, his inviting hand held out, and hastening towards the settee. She then found her feet; and, throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both sisters to his bosom: Receive, my dearest sisters, receive your brother, your friend; assure yourselves of my unabated love.

That assurance, they said, was balm to their hearts; and when each was seated, he, sitting over-against them, look'd first on one, then on the other; and taking each by the hand; Charming women! said he: How I admire my sisters! You *must* have minds answerable to your persons. What pleasure, what pride, shall I take in my sisters!

My dear Charlotte! said Miss Caroline, taking her sister's other hand, has not our brother, now we see him near, all the brother in his aspect? His goodness only looks stronger, and more perfect: What was I afraid of?

My heart also sunk, said Charlotte; I know not why. But we feared—Indeed, Sir, we both feared—O my brother!—Tears trickling down the cheeks of each—we meant not to be *undutiful*—

Love your brother, my sisters, as he will endeavour to deserve your love. My mother's daughters could not be undutiful! Mistake only!—Unhappy misapprehension!—We have all something—Shades as well as lights there must be!—A kind, a dutiful veil—

He pressed the hand of each with his lips, arose, went to the window, and drew out his handkerchief.

What must he have in his thoughts! No doubt, but his father's unhappy turn, and recent departure! No wonder, that such a son could not, without pious emotion, bear the reflexions that must croud into his mind, at that instant!

Then, turning towards them, Permit me, my dear sisters, said he, to retire for a few moments. He turn'd his face from them. My father, said he, demands this tribute. I will not ask *your* excuse, my sisters.

They joined in the payment of it; and waited on him to his apartment, with silent respect. No ceremony, I hope, my Caroline, my Charlotte. We were true sisters and brother a few years ago. See your Charles as you saw him then. Let not absence, which has increased my love, lessen yours.

Each sister took a hand, and would have kissed it. He clasped his arms about them both, and saluted them.

He cast his eye on his father's and mother's pictures with some emotion, then on them; and again saluted each.

They withdrew. He waited on them to the stairs head. Sweet obligingness! Amiable sisters! In a quarter of an hour I seek your presence.

Tears of joy trickled down their cheeks. In half an hour he joined them in another dress, and re-saluted his sisters, with an air of tenderness, that banished fear, and left room for nothing but sisterly love.

Mr. Grandison came in soon after. That gentleman, who (as I believe I once before mentioned), had affected, in support of his own free way of life, to talk how he would laugh at his cousin Charles, when he came to England, on his *pious* turn, as he called it; and even to boast, that he would enter him into the town-diversions, and make a *man* of him; was struck with the dignity of his person, and yet charmed with the freedom of his behaviour. Good God! said he to the ladies afterwards, what a fine young man is your brother!—What a self-denier was your father!—

The ladies retiring, Mr. Grandison enter'd upon the circumstances of Sir Thomas's illness and death; which, he told the sisters, he touch'd *tenderly*: As tenderly, I suppose, as a man of his unfeeling heart could touch such a subject. He inveighed against Mrs. Oldham; and with some exultation over her, told his cousin what they had done as to her; and exclaim'd against her for the state she had lived in; and the difficulty she made to resign Sir Thomas to his daughters care in

his illness; and particularly for presuming to insist upon putting her seal with theirs to the cabinets and closets, where they supposed were any valuables.

Sir Charles heard all this without saying one word, either of approbation or otherwise.

Are you not pleased with what we have done, as to this vile woman, Sir Charles?

I have no doubt, cousin, replied Sir Charles, that every-thing was design'd for the best.

And then Mr. Grandison, as he told the sisters, ridiculed the unhappy woman on her grief, and mortified behaviour, when she was obliged to quit the house, where, he said, she had reigned so long Lady Paramount.

Sir Charles ask'd, If they had search'd for or found a will?

Mr. Grandison said, They had look'd in every probable place; but found none.

What I think to do, cousin, said Sir Charles, is, to interr the venerable remains (I must always speak in this dialect, Sir) with those of my mother. This, I know, was his desire. I will have an elegant, but not sumptuous monument erected to the memory of both, with a modest inscription, that shall rather be matter of instruction to the living, than a panegyric on the departed. The funeral shall be decent, but not ostentatious. The difference in the expence shall be privately applied to relieve or assist distressed housekeepers, or some of my father's poor tenants, who have large families, and have not been wanting in their honest endeavours to maintain them. My sisters, I hope, will not think themselves neglected, if I spare them the pain of conferring with them on a subject that must afflict them.

These sentiments were new to Mr. Grandison. He told the sisters what Sir Charles had said. I did not contradict him, said he: But as Sir Thomas had so magnificent a mind, and always lived up to it, I should have thought he ought to have been honoured with a magnificent funeral. But I cannot but own, however, that what your brother said, had something great and noble in it.

The two ladies, on their brother's hinting his intentions to them, acquiesced with all he proposed; and all was performed according to directions which he himself wrote down. He allowed of his sisters compliance with the fashion: But he in person saw performed, with equal piety and decorum, the last offices.

Sir Charles is noted for his great dexterity in business. Were I to express myself in the language of Miss Grandison, I should say, that a sun-beam is not more penetrating. He goes to the bottom of an affair at once, and wants but to hear both sides of a question to determine; and when he determines, his execution can only be staid by perverse

accidents, that lie out of the reach of human foresight: And when he finds *that* to be the case, yet the thing right to be done, he changes his methods of proceeding; as a man would do, who finding himself unable to pursue his journey by one road, because of a sudden inundation, takes another, which, tho' a little about, carries him home in safety.

As soon as the solemnity was over, Sir Charles, leaving every-thing at Grandison-hall as he found it, and the seals unbroken, came to town, and, in the presence of his sisters, broke the seals that had been affixed to the cabinets and escrutoires in the house there.

The ladies told him, that their bills were ready for his inspection; and that they had a balance in their hands. His answer was, I hope, my dear sisters, we shall have but one interest. It is for you to make the demands upon me, and for me to answer them as I shall be able.

He made memorandums of the contents of many papers, with surprising expedition; and then locked them up. He found a bank note of 350*l.* in the private drawer of one of the bureaux in the apartment that was his father's. Be pleased, my sisters, said he, presenting it to Miss Caroline, to add that to the money in your hands, to answer family calls.

He then went with his sisters to the house in Essex. When there, he told them, it was necessary for Mrs. Oldham (who had lodgings at a neighbouring farm-house) to be present at the breaking of the seals, as she had hers affixed; and accordingly sent for her.

They desired to be excused seeing her.

It will be a concern to me, said he, to see her: But what *ought* to be done, *must* be done.

The poor woman came with fear and trembling.

You will not, Lucy, be displeased with an account of what passed on the occasion. I was very attentive to it, as given by Miss Grandison, whose memory was aided by the recollection of her sister. And, as I am used to aim at giving affecting scenes in the very words of the persons, as near as I can, to make them appear lively and natural, you will expect, that I should attempt to do so in this case.

Sir Charles, not expecting Mrs. Oldham would be there so soon, was in his stud with his groom and coachman, looking upon his horses: For there were most of the hunters and racers, some of the finest beasts in the kingdom.

By mistake of Miss Caroline's maid, the poor woman was shewn into the room where the two ladies were. She was in great confusion; courtesied; wept; and stood, as well as she could stand; but leaned against the tapestry-hung wall.¹

How came this? said Miss Caroline to her maid. *She* was not to be shewn in to us.

I beg pardon; courtesying, and was for withdrawing; but stopt on Charlotte's speech to her—My *brother* sent for you, madam—Not *me*, I assure you.—He says it is necessary, as you thought fit to put your seal with ours to the locked-up places, that you should be present at the breaking them. Yet he will see you with as much pain as you give us. Prepare yourself to see him. You seem mighty unfit—No wonder!

You have heard, Lucy, that Charlotte attributes a great deal of alteration for the better in her temper, and even in her heart, to the example of her brother.

Indeed, I am unfit, *very* unfit, said the poor woman. Let me, ladies, bespeak your generosity: A little of your pity: A little of your countenance. I am, indeed, an unhappy woman!

And so you deserve to be.

I am sure we are the sufferers, said Caroline.

Lord L. as she owned, was then in her head, as well as heart.

If I may withdraw without seeing Sir Charles, I should take it for a favour. I find I cannot bear to see him. I insist not upon being present at the breaking the seals. I throw myself upon your mercy, ladies, and upon his.

Cruel girls! shall I call them, Lucy? I think I will—*Cruel* girls! They ask'd her not to sit down, tho' they saw the terror she was in: And that she had the modesty to forbear sitting in their presence.

What an humbling thing is the consciousness of having lived faultily, when calamity seizes upon the heart!—But shall not virtue be appeased, when the hand of God is acknowledged in the words, countenance, and behaviour, of the offender? Yet, perhaps, it is hard for sufferers—Let me consider—Have I, from my heart, forgiven Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?—I will examine into that another time.

And so you have put yourself into mourning, madam?

Shall I say, that Caroline said this, and what follows? Yet I am glad it was not Charlotte, methinks; for Caroline thought herself a sufferer by her, in an especial manner—However, I am sorry it was *either*.

Pretty *deep* too! Your weeds, I suppose, are at your lodgings—

You have been told, Lucy, that Mrs. Oldham by many was called Lady Grandison; and that her birth, her education, good sense, tho' all was not sufficient to support her virtue against necessity and temptation (poor woman!) might have given her a claim to the title.

Indeed, ladies, I am a *real* mourner: But I never myself assumed a character, to which it was never in my thought to solicit a right.

Then, *madam*, the world does you injustice, *madam*, said Charlotte.

Here, ladies, are the keys of the stores; of the confectionary; of the wine-vaults: You demanded them not, when you dismissed me

from this house. I thought to send them: But by the time I could provide myself with a lodging, you were gone; and left only two common servants, besides the groom and helpers: And I thought it was best to keep the keys, till I could deliver them to your order, or Sir Charles's. I have not been a bad manager, ladies, consider'd as an housekeeper. All I have in the world is under the seals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy.

The sisters order'd their woman to take the keys, and bring them to the foot of their thrones. Dear ladies, forgive me, if you should, by surprize, see this. I know that you think and act in a different manner now.

Here comes my brother! said Caroline.

You'll soon know, Madam, what you have to trust to from *him*, said Charlotte.

The poor woman trembled, and turned pale. O how her heart must throb, I warrant!

LETTER XX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

SIR CHARLES enter'd. She was near the door. His sisters were at the other end of the room.

He bowed to her—Mrs. Oldham, I presume, said he—Pray, Madam, be seated. I sent to you, that you might see the seals—Pray, madam, sit down.

He took her hand, and led her to a chair not far distant from them; and sat down in one between them and her.

His sisters owned, they were startled at his complaisance to her. Dear ladies! they forgot, at that moment, that *mercy* and *justice* are sister-graces, and cannot be separated in a virtuous bosom.

Pray, madam, compose yourself; looking upon her with eyes of anguish and pity mingled, as the ladies said, they afterwards recollected with more approbation than at the time. What, my Lucy, must be the reflexions of this humane man, respecting his father, and her, at that moment!

He turn'd to his sisters, as if to give Mrs. Oldham time to recover herself. A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to suppress her audible sobs, and, most considerately, he would not hear them. Her emotions attracting the eyes of the ladies, he took them off, by asking them something about a picture that hung on the other side of the room.

He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand—I am not a stranger to your melancholy story, Mrs. Oldham—Be not discomposed—

He stopt to give her a few moments time to recover herself—Resuming; See in me a friend, ready to thank you for all your past good offices, and to forget all mistaken ones.

She could not bear this. She threw herself at his feet. He raised her to her chair.

Poor Mr. Oldham, said he, was unhappily careless! Yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love—Your misfortunes threw you into the knowlege of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this house—By written evidences I can justify you; evidences that no one here will, I am sure, dispute.

It was plain, that his father had written in her praise, as an œconomist; the only light in which this pious son was then willing to consider her.

Indeed, I have—And I would still have been—

No more of that, madam. Mr. Grandison, who is a good-natured man, but a little hasty, has told me that he treated you with unkindness. He owns you were patient under it. Patience never yet was a solitary virtue. He thought you wrong for insisting to put your seal: But he was mistaken. You did right, as to the thing; and I dare say, a woman of your prudence, did not wrong in the manner. No one can judge of another, that cannot be that very other in imagination, when he takes the judgment-seat.

O my brother! O my brother!—said both ladies at one time—half in admiration, tho' half-concern'd, at a goodness so eclipsing.

Bear with me, my sisters. We have *all* something to be forgiven for.

They knew not how far they were concern'd, in his opinion, in the admonition, from what their father had written of *them*. They owned, that they were mortified: Yet knew not how to be angry with a brother, who, tho' more than an equal sufferer with them, could preserve *his* charity.

He then made a motion, dinner-time, as he said, not being near, for chocolate; and referred to Mrs. Oldham to direct it, as knowing best where every-thing was. She referred to the deliver'd-up keys. Caroline called in her servant, and gave them to her. Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham to be so good as to direct the maid.

The ladies easily saw, that he intended by this, to relieve the poor woman by some little employment; and to take the opportunity of her absence, to endeavour to reconcile them to his intentions, as well as manner of behaving to her.

The moment she was gone out of the room, he thus addressed himself to the ladies:

My dear sisters, let me beg of you to think favourably of me on this occasion. I would not disoblige you for the world. I consider not the case of this poor woman, on the foot of her own merits, with regard to

us. Our father's memory, is concern'd. Was *he* accountable to us, was *she*, for what each did?—Neither of them was. She is intitled to justice, for its own sake: To generosity, for ours: To kindness, for my father's. Mr. Grandison accused her of living in too much state, as he called it. Can that be said to be *her* fault? With regard to *us*, was it *any-body's*? My father's magnificent spirit is well known. He was often at this house. Where-ever he was, he lived in the same taste. He praises to me Mrs. Oldham's œconomy in several of his letters. He had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not *ours* till now. Whatever he *has* left us, he might have still lessen'd it. That œconomy is all that concerns us in interest; and that is in her favour. If any act of kindness to my sisters was wanting from the parent, they will rejoice, that they *deserved* what they hoped to meet with from him: And where the parent had an option, they will be glad, that they acquiesced under it. He could have given Mrs. Oldham a title to a name that would have commanded our respect, if not our reverence. My sisters have enlarged minds: They are daughters of the most charitable, the most forgiving, of women. Mr. Grandison (it could not be *you*) has carried too severe an hand towards her. Yet he meant service to us all. I was willing, before I commended this poor woman to your *mercy* (since it was necessary to see her) to judge of her behaviour. Is she not humbled enough? From my soul I pity her. She loved my father; and I have no doubt but mourns for him in secret; yet dares not own, dares not plead, her love. I am willing to consider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this house: It becomes us so to behave to her, as that the world should think we consider her in that light only. As to the *living proofs* (unhappy innocents!) I am concern'd, that what are the delight of other parents, are the disgrace of this. But let *us* not, by resentments, publish faults that could not be *hers only*.—Need I say more?—It would pain me to be obliged to it. With pain have I said thus much—The circumstances of the case are such, that I cannot give it its full force. I ask it of you as a favour, not as a right (I should hate myself, were I capable of exerting to the utmost any power that may be devolved upon me) that you will be so good as to leave the conduct of this affair to me. You will greatly oblige me, if you can give me your chearful acquiescence.

They answer'd by tears. They could not speak.

By this time Mrs. Oldham returned; and, in an humble manner, offer'd chocolate to each young lady. They bent their necks, not their bodies, with cold civility, as they owned; each extending her stately hand, as if she knew not whether she should put it out or not.

Methinks I see them. How could such gracious girls be so ungracious, after what Sir Charles had said?

Their brother, they saw, seemed displeased. He took the salver

from Mrs. Oldham. Pray, madam, sit down, said he, offering her a dish, which she declined, and held the toasted bread to his sisters; who then were ready enough to take each some—And when they had drank their chocolate; Now, Mrs. Oldham, said he, I will attend you—Sisters, you will give me your company.

They arose to follow him. The poor woman courtesied, I warrant, and stood by while they passed: And methinks I see the dear girls bridle, and walk as stately, and as upright, as duchesses may be supposed to do in a coronation-procession.

Miss Grandison acknowledged, that she grudged her brother's extraordinary complaisance to Mrs. Oldham; and said to her sister, as arm in arm they went out, Politeness is a charming thing, Caroline!

I don't quite understand it, replied the other.

They did not intend their brother should hear what they said: But he did; and turned back to them (Mrs. Oldham being at a distance, and, on his speaking low, dropping still further behind them): Don't you, my sisters, do too little, and I will not do too much. She is a gentlewoman. She is unhappy from *within*. Thank God, *you* are not. And she is not now, nor ever was, your servant.

They reddened, and look'd upon each other in some confusion.

He pressed each of their hands, as in love. Don't let me give you concern, said he; only permit me to remind you, while it is yet in time, that you have an opportunity given you to shew yourselves Grandisons.

When they came to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his usual apartment, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and begged to be excused attending them in it. She wept. You will find every-thing there, Sir, said she, to be as it ought. I am ready to answer all questions. Permit me to wait in the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles allowed her request.

Poor woman! said he: How unhappily circumstanced is she, that she dares not, in *this* company, shew the tenderness, which is the glory, not only of the female, but of the human nature!

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little casket, and a paper wafer'd upon the back of it; with these words written in Sir Thomas's hand, *My wife's jewels, &c.*

The key was tied to one of the silver handles.

Had you not my mother's jewels divided between you? ask'd he.

My father once shew'd us this casket at Grandison-hall, answer'd Caroline. We thought it was still there.

My dear sisters, let me ask you: Did my father forbear presenting these to you, from any declared *misapprehension* of your want of duty to him?

No, replied Miss Caroline. But he told us, they should be ours

when we married. You have heard, I dare say, that he was not fond of seeing us dressed.

It must have been *misapprehension* only, had it been so. You could not be undutiful to a *father*.

He would not permit it to be open'd before him: But, presenting it to them, Receive your right, my sisters. It is heavy. I hope there is more than jewels in it. I know that my mother used to deposit in it her little hoard. I am sure there can be no dispute between such affectionate sisters, on the partition of the contents of this casket.

While their brother was taking minutes of papers, &c., the ladies retired to open the casket.

They found three purses in it; in one of which was an India bond of 500*l.* inclosed in a paper, thus inscribed by Lady Grandison—*From my maiden money.* 120 Carolus's were also in this purse in two papers; the one inscribed, *From my aunt Molly*; the other, *From my aunt Kitty*.

In the second purse were 115 Jacobus's,¹ in a paper, thus inscribed by the same Lady, *Presents made at different times by my honoured mamma, Lady W.* three bank notes and an India bond, to the amount of 300*l.*

The third purse was thus labelled, as Lady L. shewed me by a copy she had of it in her memorandum book.

"For my beloved son: In acknowledgement of his duty to his father and me from infancy to this hour Jan. 1. 17— Of his love to his sisters—Of the generosity of his temper; never once having taken advantage of the indulgence shewn him by parents so fond of him, that, as the only son of an antient family, he might have done what he pleased with them—Of his love of truth: And of his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making A GOOD MAN.—GOD grant it. Amen!"

The ladies immediately carried this purse, thus labelled, to their brother. He took it; read the label, turning his face from his sisters, as he read;—Excellent woman! said he, when he had read it, *Being dead, she speaks.*² May her pious prayer be answer'd! looking up. Then opening the purse, he found five coronation-medals of different princes in it, and several others of value; a gold snuff-box, in which, wrapt in cotton, were three diamond rings; one signified to be his grandfather's; the two others, an uncle's and brother's of Lady Grandison: But what was more valuable to him than all the rest, the ladies said, was a miniature picture of his mother, set in gold; an

admirable likeness, they told me; and they would get their brother to let me see it.

Neglecting all the rest, he eagerly took it out of the shagreen case; gazed at it in silence; kissed it; a tear falling from his eye. He then put it to his heart: Withdrew for a few moments; and return'd with a cheerful aspect.

The ladies told him what was in the other two purses. They said they made no scruple of accepting the jewels; but the bonds, the notes, and the money, they offer'd to him.

He ask'd, If there were no particular direction upon either? They answer'd, No.

He took them; and emptying them upon the table, mingled the contents of both together: There may be a difference in the value of each: Thus mingled, you, my sisters, will equally divide them between you. This picture (putting his hand on his bosom, where it yet was,) is of infinite more value than all the three purses contained besides.

You will excuse these particularities, my dear friends. But if you do not, I can't help it. We are all apt, I believe, to pursue the subjects that most delight us. Don't grudge me my pleasure: Perhaps I shall pay for it. I admire this man more than I can express.

Saturday Night—And *no* Sir Charles Grandison. With all my heart!

LETTER XXI

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

WHEN Sir Charles and his sisters had look'd over every other place in his father's apartment, they followed Mrs. Oldham to hers.

A very handsome apartment, upon my word!

How *could* Miss Grandison—She knew the situation the unhappy woman had been in: Mistress of that house.

Her brother look'd at her.

Mrs. Oldham shewed them which of the furniture and pictures (some of the latter valuable ones) she had brought into the house, saved, as she said, from the wreck of her husband's fortune—But, said she, with the consent of creditors. I, for *my part*, did not wrong anybody.

In that closet, Sir, continued she, pointing to it, is all that I account myself worth in the world. Mr. Grandison was pleased to put his seal upon the door. I besought him to let me take 50*l.* out of it; having but very little money about me: But he would not: His refusal, besides the disgrace, has put me to some shifts. But, weeping, I throw myself upon your mercy, Sir.

The sisters frankly owned, that they harden'd each other by fault-finding. They whisper'd, that she expected no mercy from *them*, it was plain. O what a glory belongs to goodness, as well in its influences, as in itself! Not even these two amiable sisters, as Miss Charlotte once acknowledged, were so noble in themselves before their brother's arrival, as they are now.

Assure yourself of justice, madam, said Sir Charles. Mr. Grandison is hasty: But he would have done you justice, I dare say. He thought he was acting for a trust.—You may have letters, you may have things, here in this closet, that we have no business with.—Then, breaking the seal; I leave it to you, to shew us any-thing proper for us to take account of. The rest I wish not to see.

My Ladies, Sir—They will be pleased to—

YES, Mrs. Oldham, said Caroline: And was putting herself before her brother, and so was her sister, while Sir Charles was withdrawing from the closet: But he took each by her hand, interrupting Caroline—

NO, *Mrs. Oldham*—Do you lay out things as you please: We will step into the next apartment.

He accordingly led them both out.

You are very generous, Sir, said Miss Grandison.

I would be so, Charlotte. Ought not the private drawers of women to be sacred?

But such a creature, Sir—said Miss Caroline—

Every creature is intitled to justice—Can ladies forget decorum? You see she was surprised by Mr. Grandison. She has suffer'd disgrace: Has been put to shifts.

Well, Sir, if she will do justice—

Remember (with looks of meaning) whose *house-keeper* she was.

They owned they were daunted [And so, dear ladies, you ought to have been] but not convinced at that instant. It is generous to own this; because the acknowledgement makes not for your glory, ladies.

Mrs. Oldham, with tears in her eyes, came courtesying to the ladies and their brother, offering to conduct them into her closet. They found, that she had spread on her table in it, and in the two windows, and in the chairs, letters, papers, laces, fine linen, &c.

These papers, Sir, said she, belong to you. I was *bid* to keep them safe [Poor woman! she knew not how to say, *by whom* bid]. You will see, Sir, the seals are whole.

Perhaps a *will*, said he.

No, Sir, I believe not. I was told they belonged to the Irish estate. Alas! and she wiped her eyes, I have reason to think, there was not time for a will—

I suppose, Mrs. Oldham, you urged for a will—said Miss Charlotte. Indeed, ladies, I often did; I own it.

I don't doubt it, said Miss Caroline.

And very *prudently*, said Sir Charles. I myself have always had a will by me. I should think it a kind of *presumption* to be a week without one.

In this drawer, Sir, are the money, and notes, and securities, that I have been getting together. I do assure you, Sir, very honestly—pulling out a drawer in the cabinet.

To what amount, Mrs. Oldham, if I may be *so bold*? ask'd Caroline.

No matter, sister Caroline, to what amount, said Sir Charles. You hear Mrs. Oldham say, they are honestly got together. I dare say, that my father's bounty enabled even his meanest *servants* to save money. I would not keep one, that I thought did not. I make no comparisons, Mrs. Oldham: You are a gentlewoman.

The two ladies only whisper'd to each other, as they owned, *So we think!*—Were there ever such perverse girls? I am afraid my uncle will think himself justified by them on this occasion, when he asserts, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to put a woman right, when she sets out wrong. If it be generally so with us, I am sure we ought to be very careful of prepossession.—And has he not said, Lucy, that the best women, when wrong, are most tenacious? It may be so: But then I hope, he will allow, that at the time they *think* themselves right.

I believe there is near 1200*l.* said Mrs. Oldham, and look'd, the ladies observed, as if she was afraid of their censures.

Near 1200*l.* Mrs. Oldham! said Miss Charlotte.—Lord, sister, how glad would we have been sometimes of as many shillings between us!

And what, Caroline, what Charlotte, young ladies as you were, but growing up into women, and in your father's house, would you have done with more than current money? Now you have a claim to independency, I hope that 1200*l.* will not be the sum of either of your stores.

They courtesied, they said; but yet thought 1200*l.* a great saving.—Dear ladies! how could you forget, and what a pain would it have been for your brother to have reminded you, that Mrs. Oldham had *two* children; to say nothing of a third!

Trembling, as they owned, *Here*, said she, in this private drawer, are some presents—I disclaim them. If you believe me, ladies, I never wish'd for them. I never was seen in them but once. I never shall wear them—offering to pull out the drawer.

Forbear, Mrs. Oldham. Presents are yours. The money in that drawer is yours. Never will I either disparage or diminish my father's bounty. He had a right to do as he pleased. Have not we, to do as we please? Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?—If you,

Mrs. Oldham, if you, my sisters, can tell me of any-thing he but intended or inclined to do by any one of his people, that intention will I execute with as much exactness, as if he had made a will, and it was part of it. Shall we do nothing but *legal* justice?—The law was not made for a man of conscience.

Lord bless me, my Lucy! what shall I do about this man?

Here (would you believe it?) I laid down my pen; ponder'd, and wept, for *joy*; I think, it *was* for joy, that there is such a young man in the world; for what else could it be?—And now, with a watry eye, twinkle, twinkle, do I resume it.

His sisters owned, they were confounded; but that still the time was to come when they were to approve, from their hearts, of what he said and did.

Mrs. Oldham wept at his goodness. She wept, I make no doubt also, as a penitent.—If my ladies, said she, will be pleased to—And seemed to be about making an offer to them—of the jewels, as I suppose.

My sisters, Mrs. Oldham, said Sir Charles, interrupting her, are Grandisons. Pray, madam—holding in her hand, which was extended to the drawer—

She took out of another drawer 40*l.* and some silver. This, Sir, is money that belongs to you. I received it in Sir Thomas's illness. I have some other moneys; and my accounts wanted but a few hours of being perfected, when I was dismissed. They shall be completed, and laid before you.

Let this money, Mrs. Oldham, be a part of those accounts; declining, then, to take it.

There are letters, Sir, said she. I would withhold nothing from you. I know not, if, among some things, that I wish not *any-body* to see, there are not concerns, that you ought to be made acquainted with, relating to persons and things, particularly to Mr. Bever and Mr. Filmer, and their accounts. I hope they are good men.—You must see these letters, I believe.

Let me desire you, Mrs. Oldham, to make such extracts from those letters, or any others, as you think will concern me; and as soon as you can: For those gentlemen have written to me to sign their accounts, which, they hint, had my father's approbation.

She then told Sir Charles (as I have already related) how earnest Mr. Bever was to get to the speech of Sir Thomas; and how mortified Mr. Filmer was to find him incapable of writing his name; which both said was all that was wanted.

An honest man, said Sir Charles, fears not inspection. They shall want no favour from me. I hope nothing but justice from them.

She then shewed him some other papers; and while he was turning them over, the ladies and she withdrew to another apartment, in which, in two mahogany chests, was her wardrobe. They owned they were curious to inspect it, as she had always made a great figure. She was intending to oblige them; and had actually open'd one of the chests, and, tho' reluctantly, taken out a gown, when Sir Charles enter'd.

He seemed displeased; and, taking his sisters aside, Tell me, said he, can what this poor woman seems to be about, proceed from her own motion? I beg of you to say, you put her upon it. I would not have reason to imagine, that any woman, in such circumstances, could make a display of her apparel.

Why, the motion is partly mine, I must needs say, answer'd Charlotte.

Wholly, I hope; and the compliance owing to the poor woman's mortified situation. You are young women. You may not have consider'd this matter. Do you imagine, that your curiosity will yield you pleasure? Don't you know what to expect from the magnificent and bountiful spirit of him, to whose memory you owe duty?

They recollected themselves, blushed, and desired Mrs. Oldham to lock up the chest. She did; and seemed pleased to be excused from the mortifying task.

Ah, my Lucy, one thing I am afraid of; and that is, that Sir Charles Grandison, politely as he behaves to us all, thinks us women in general very pitiable creatures. I wish I knew that he did; and that for two reasons: That I might have something to think him blameable for: And to have the pride of assuring myself, that he would be convinced of that fault, were he to be acquainted with my grandmamma, and aunt.

But, do you wonder, that the sisters, whose minds were thus open'd and enlarged by the example of such a brother, blazing upon them all at once, as I may say, in manly goodness, on his return from abroad, whither he set out a stripling, should, on all occasions, break out into raptures, whenever they mention *THEIR* brother?—Well may Miss Grandison despise her lovers, when she thinks of him and of them at the same time.

Sunday. Sir Charles is in town we hear: Came thither but last night—Nay, for that matter, his sisters are more vexed at him than I am.—But what pretence have I to be disturbed? But I say of him, as I do of Lady D.: He is so good, that one would be willing to stand well with him.—Then he is my *Brother*, you know.

LETTER XXII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

AFTER Sir Charles had inspected into every-thing in this house, and taken minutes of papers, letters, writings, &c. and lock'd up the plate, and other valuables, in one room, he order'd his servants to carry into Mrs. Oldham's apartment all that belonged to her; and gave her the key of that; and directed the housekeeper to be assisting to her in the removal of them, at her own time and pleasure, and to suffer her to come and go, at all times, with freedom and civility, as if she had never *left the house*, were his words.

How the poor woman courtesied and wept, I warrant! The dear girls, I am afraid, then envied her—and perhaps expressed a grudging spirit; for they said, This was their brother's address to them at the time.

You may look upon the justice I aim at doing to persons who can claim *only* justice from me, as an earnest, that I will do *more* than justice to my beloved sisters: And you should have been the first to have found the fruits of the love I bear you, had I not been afraid, that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. The moment I know what I can do, I will do it; and I request you to hope, largely: If I have ability, I will exceed your hopes.

My dear sisters, continued he, and took one hand of each, I am sorry, for your *spirits* sake, that you are left in my power. The best of women was always afraid it would be so. But the moment I can, I will give you an absolute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your own.

Surely, Sir, said Caroline (and they both wept) we must think it the highest felicity, that we *are* in the power of such a brother. As to our *spirits*, Sir—

She would have said more; but could not; and Charlotte took it up where her sister left off: Best of brothers, said she—Our *spirits* shall, as much as possible (I can answer for both) be guided hereafter by yours. Forgive what you have seen amiss in us—But we *desire* to depend upon our good behaviour. We cannot, we will not, be independent of you.

We will talk of these matters, replied he, when we can do *more* than talk. I will ask you, Caroline, after your inclinations; and you, Charlotte, after *yours*, in the same hour that I know what I can do for you both, in the way of promoting them. Enter, mean time, upon your measures: Reckon upon my best assistance: Banish suspense. One of my first pleasures will be, to see you both happily married.

They did not *say*, when they related this to me, that they threw themselves at his feet, as to their better father, as well as brother: But I fancy they *did*.

He afterwards, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, said, I would be glad to know, madam, how you dispose of yourself: Every unhappy person has a right to the good offices of those who are less embarrass'd. When you are settled, pray let me know the manner: And if you acquaint me with the state of your affairs, and what you propose to do for and with those who are intitled to your first care, your confidence in me will not be misplaced.

And pray, and pray, ask'd I of the ladies, what said Mrs. Oldham? How did she behave upon this?—

Our Harriet is strangely taken with Mrs. Oldham's story, said Miss Grandison—Why, she wept plentifully, you may be sure. She clasped her hands, and kneeled to pray to God to bless him, and all that—She could not do otherwise.

See, Lucy!—But am I, my grandmamma; am I, my aunt, to blame? Is it inconsistent with the strictest virtue to be charmed with such a story?—May not virtue itself pity the lapsed?—O yes, it may! I am sure, you, and Sir Charles Grandison, will say it may. A while ago, I thought myself a poor creature, compared to these two ladies: But now I *believe* I am as good as they in some things.—But *they* had not such a grandmamma and aunt as I am bless'd with: *They* lost their excellent mother, while they were young; and their brother is but lately come over: And his superior excellence, like sunshine, breaking out on a sudden, finds out, and brings to sight, those spots and freckles, that were hardly before discoverable.

Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham would give in writing what she proposed to do for herself, and for those *who were under her cure*. She did, at her first opportunity. It was, That she purposed going to London, for the sake of the young people's education: Of turning into money what jewels, cloaths, and plate, she should think above her then situation in life: Of living retired in a little genteel house: And she gave in an estimate of her worth: To what amount the ladies know not: But this they know, that their brother allows her an annuity, for the sake of her sons by his father: And they doubt not but he will be still kinder to them, when they are old enough to be put into the world.

This the ladies think an encouragement to a guilty life. I will not dare to pronounce upon it, because I may be thought partial to the generous man: But should be glad of my uncle's opinion. This, however, may be said, That Sir Charles Grandison has no vices of his own to cover by the extensiveness of his charity and beneficence; and if it be not goodness in him to do thus, it is greatness; and this, if it

be not praise-worthy, is the first instance that I have known goodness and greatness of soul separable.

The brother and sisters went down, after this, to Grandison-hall; and Sir Charles had reason to be pleased with the good order in which he found every-thing there.

LETTER XXIII

Miss BYRON, In Continuation

THE next thing the ladies mention'd was, Sir Charles's management with the two stewards.

I will not aim at being very particular in this part of the family-history.

When Sir Charles found that his father had left the inspection of each steward's account to the other, he enter'd into the examination of the whole himself; and tho' he allowed them several disputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowlege a much greater balance in his favour, than they had made themselves debtors for. This was the use he made of detecting them, to his sisters. — You see, sisters, that my father was not so profuse as some people thought him. He had partners in his estate; and I have reason to think that he often paid interest for his own money.

On his settling with Filmer, the treaty with Miss Obrien came out. Mr. Filmer had, by surprize, brought that beautiful girl into Sir Charles's presence; and he owned to his sisters, that she was a very lovely creature.

But when the mother and aunt found, that he only admired her as a man would a fine picture, they insisted that Sir Thomas had promised to marry Miss Obrien privately; and produced two of his letters to her, that seemed to give ground for such an expectation. Sir Charles was grieved for the sake of his father's memory, at this transaction; and much more on finding that the unhappy man went down to his seat in Essex, his head and heart full of this scheme, when he was struck with his last fatal illness.

A meeting was proposed by Filmer, between Sir Charles, the mother, the aunt, and himself, at the aunt's house in Pallmall. Sir Charles was very desirous to conceal his father's frailty from the world. He met them: But before he enter'd into discourse, made it his request to be allowed half an hour's conversation with Miss Obrien by herself; at the same time, praising, as it deserved, her beauty.

They were in hopes, that she would be able to make an impression on the heart of so young and so lively a man; and complied. Under pretence of preparing her for so unexpected a visit, her aunt gave her

her cue: But, instead of her captivating him, he brought her to such confessions, as sufficiently let him into the baseness of their views.

He returned to company, the young woman in his hand. He represented to the mother the wickedness of the part she had come over to act, in such strong terms, that she fell into a fit. The aunt was terrified. The young creature wept; and vowed that she would be honest.

Sir Charles told them, That if they would give him up his father's two letters, and make a solemn promise never to open their lips on the affair, and would procure for her an honest husband, he would give her 1000*l.* on the day of marriage; and, if she made a good wife, would be further kind to her.

Filmer was very desirous to clear himself of having any hand in the blacker part of this plot. Sir Charles did not seem solicitous to detect and expose him: But left the whole upon his conscience. And having made before several objections to his account, which could not be so well obviated in England, he went over to Ireland with Filmer; and there very speedily settled every-thing to his own satisfaction; and, dismissing him more genteelly than he deserved, took upon himself the management of that estate, directing several obvious improvements to be made; which are likely to turn to great account.

On his return, he heard that Miss Obrien was ill of the small-pox. He was not, for her own sake, sorry for it. She suffer'd in her face, but still was pretty and genteel: And she is now the honest and happy wife of a tradesman near Golden-square; who is very fond of her. Sir Charles gave with her the promised sum, and another 100*l.* for wedding-cloaths.

One part of her happiness and her husband's is, that her aunt, supposing she had disgraced herself by this match, never comes near her: And her mother is return'd to Ireland to her husband, greatly dissatisfied with her daughter on the same account.

While these matters were agitating, Sir Charles forgot not to enquire what steps had been taken with regard to the alliance proposed between himself and Lady Frances N.

He paid his first visit to the father and brother of that Lady.

All that the sisters know of this matter, is, that the treaty was, on this first visit, entirely broken off. Their brother, however, speaks of the lady, and of the whole family, with great respect. The lady is known to esteem him highly. Her father, her brother, speak of him every-where with great regard: Lord N. calls him the finest young gentleman in England. And so, Lucy, I believe he is. Sir Charles Grandison, Lord N. once said, knows better by non-compliance, how to create friendships, than most men do by compliance.

Lady L. and Miss Grandison, who, as I have before intimated, have another lady whom they favour, once said to him, that the Earl and

his son Lord N. were so constantly speaking in his praise, that they could not but think that it would at last be a match between him and Lady Frances. His answer was, The lady is infinitely deserving: *But it cannot be.*

I am ready to wish, he would say, what *can* be, that we need not—Ah, Lucy!—I know not what I would say: But so it will always be with silly girls, that distinguish not between the *would* and the *should*. One of which, is

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXIV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

I WILL proceed with the family-history.

Sir Charles forgot not, on his arrival in England, to pay an early visit to Lord W. his mother's brother, who was then at his house near Windsor.

I have told you, that my Lord had conceived a dislike to him; and that for no other reason, but because his father loved him. Lord W. was laid up with the gout when he came: But he was instantly admitted to his stately presence. The first salutations, on one side, were respectful; on the other, coldly civil. My Lord often survey'd his kinsman from head to foot, as he sat; as if he were loth to like him, I suppose; yet knew not how to help it. He found fault with Sir Thomas. Sir Charles told him, That it was a very ingrateful thing to him to hear his father spoken slightly of. He desired his Lordship to forbear reflections of that sort. My father, said he, is no more. I desire not to be made a party in any disputes that may have happen'd between him and your Lordship. I come to attend you as a duty which I owe to my mother's memory; and I hope this may be done without wounding that of my father.

You say well, said my Lord; but I am afraid, kinsman, by your air and manner, and *speech* too, that you want not your father's proud spirit.

I revere my father for his spirit, my Lord. It might not always be exerted as your Lordship, and his other relations, might wish: But he had a manly one. As to myself, I will help your Lordship to my character at once. I am, indeed, a very proud man. I cannot stoop to flatter, and, least of all men, the great and the rich: Finding it difficult to restrain this fault, it is my whole study to direct it to laudable ends; and I hope, that I am too proud to do anything unworthy of my father's name, or of my mother's virtue.

Why, Sir (and look'd at him again from head to foot) your father never in his whole life said so good a thing.

Your Lordship knew not my father as he deserved to be known. Where there are misunderstandings between two persons, tho' relations, the character of either is not to be taken from the other. But, my Lord, this is, as I said before, a visit of duty: I have nothing to ask of your Lordship, but your good opinion; and that no longer than I deserve it.

My Lord was displeased. "You have nothing to ask of me!"—repeated he. Let me tell you, *independent* Sir, that I like not your speech. You may leave me, if you please: And when I want to see you again, I will send for you.

Your servant, my Lord. And let me say, that I will not again attend you, till you do. But *when* you do, the summons of my *Mother's* brother shall be chearfully obeyed, notwithstanding this unkind treatment of *Lord W.*

The very next day, my Lord, hearing he was still at Windsor, viewing the curiosities of the place, sent to him: He directly went. My Lord expressed himself highly pleased with his readiness to come, and apologized to him for his behaviour of the day before. He called him Nephew, and swore, that he was just such a young man as he had wished to see. Your mother used to say, proceeded he, that you could do what you would with her, should you even be unreasonable: And I beg of you to ask me no favour but what is fit for me to grant, for fear I should grudge it after I had granted it; and call in question, what no man is willing to do, my own discretion.

He then asked him about the methods he intended to take with regard to his way of life. Sir Charles answered, That he was resolved to dispose of his racers, hunters, and dogs, as soon as he could: That he would take a survey of the timber upon his estate, and fell that which would be the worse for standing; and doubted not but that a part of it in Hampshire would turn to good account: But that he would plant an oakling for every oak he cut down, for the sake of posterity: He was determined, he said, to lett the house in Essex; and even to sell the estate there, if it were necessary, to clear incumbrances; and to pay off the mortgage upon the Irish estate; which he had a notion was very improveable.

What did he purpose to do for his sisters; who were left, he found, absolutely in his power?'

Marry them, my Lord, as soon as I can. I have a good opinion of Lord L. My elder sister loves him. I will enquire what will make him easy: And easy I will make him, on his marriage with her, if it be in my power. I will endeavour to make the younger happy too. And when these two points are settled, but not before, because I will not deceive the family with which I may engage, I will think of myself.

Bravo! bravo! said my Lord; and his eyes, that were brimful some moments before, then ran over. As I hope to be saved, I had a good mind to—to—to—And there he stopt.

I ask only for your approbation, my Lord, or correction, if wrong. My father has been very regardful of my interests. He knew my heart, or he would perhaps have been more solicitous for his daughters. I don't find that my circumstances will be very narrow: And if they *are*, I will live within compass, and even lay up. I endeavour to make a virtue of my pride, in this respect: I cannot live under obligation. I will endeavour to be just; and then, if I can, I will be generous. That is another species of my pride. I told your Lordship, that if I could not conquer it, I would endeavour to make it innocent at least.

Bravo! bravo! again cried my Lord—And threw his arms about his neck, and kissed his cheek, tho' he screamed out at the same time, having hurt his gouty knee with the effort.

And then, and then—said my Lord, you will marry yourself. And if you marry with discretion, good Lord, what a *great* man you will be!—And how I shall love you!—Have you any thoughts of marriage, kinsman?—Let me be consulted in your match,—and—and—and—you will vastly oblige me. Now I believe, I shall begin to think the name of Grandison has a very agreeable sound with it. What a fine thing it is, for a young man to be able to clear up his mother's prudence so many years after she is gone, and lessen his father's follies! Your father did not use me well; and I must be allowed sometimes to speak my mind of him.

That, my Lord, is the only point on which your Lordship and I *can* differ.

Well, well, we *won't* differ—Only one thing, my dear kinsman: If you sell, give me the preference. Your father told me, that he would mortgage to any man upon God's earth sooner than to me. I took that very heinously.

There was a misunderstanding between you, my Lord. My father had a noble spirit. He might think, that there would be a selfishness in the appearance, had he ask'd of your Lordship a favour. Little-spirited men sometimes choose to be obliged to relations, in hopes that payment will be less rigorously exacted, than by a stranger—

Ah kinsman! kinsman!—That's the white side of the business.

Indeed, my Lord, that would be a motive with me to avoid troubling your Lordship in an exigence, were it to happen. For mistrusts will arise from possibilities of being ungrateful, when perhaps there is no room, were the heart to be known, for the suspicion.

Well said, however. You are a young man that one need not be afraid to be acquainted with. But what would you do as a lender? Would you think hardly of a man that wanted to be obliged to *you*?

O no!—But in this case I would be determined by prudence. If my friend regarded *himself* as the first person in the friendship; *me* but as the second, in cases that might hurt my fortune, and disable me from acting up to my spirit, to other friends; I would then let him know, that he thought as meanly of my understanding as of my justice.

Lord W. was delighted with his nephew's notions. He over and over prophesied, That he would be a great man.

Sir Charles, with wonderful dispatch, executed those designs, which he had told Lord W. he would carry into effect. And the sale of the timber he cut down in Hampshire, and which lay convenient for water-carriage, for the use of the government, furnished him with a very considerable sum.

I have mentioned, that Sir Charles, on his setting out from Florence to Paris, to attend his father's leave for his coming to England, had left his ward Miss Jervois, at the former place, in the protection of good Dr. Bartlett. He soon sent for them both over, and placed the young lady with a discreet widow-gentlewoman, who had three prudent daughters; sometimes indulging her with leave to visit his sisters, who are very fond of her, as you have heard. And now let me add, That she is an humble petitioner to me, to procure her the felicity, as she calls it, to be constantly resident with Miss Grandison. She will be, she says, the best girl in the world, if she may be allowed this favour: And not one word of advice, either of her guardian, or of Miss Grandison, or of Lady L. shall be lost upon her—And besides, as good women, said she, as Mrs. Lane and her daughters *are*, what protection can women give me, were my unhappy mother to be troublesome, and resolve to *have me*, as she is continually threatening?

What a new world opens to me, my Lucy, from the acquaintance I am permitted to hold with this family! God grant that your poor Harriet pay not too dearly for her knowlege!—She *would*, I believe you think, were she to be *entangled in an hopeless Love*.

LETTER XXV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

LORD L. came to town from Scotland within two or three months of Sir Charles's arrival in England. His first visit was to the young Baronet; who, on my Lord's avowing his passion for his sister, and her acknowledging her esteem for him, introduced him to her, and put their hands together, holding them between both his: With pleasure, said he, I join hands where hearts so worthy are united. Do me, my

Lord, the honour, from this moment, to look upon me as your brother. My father, I find, was a little embarrassed in his affairs. He loved his daughters, and perhaps was loth that they should too early claim another protection: But had he lived to make himself easy, I have no doubt, but he would have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me—And I will perform it.

His sister was unable to speak for joy. My Lord's tears were ready to start.

My father, proceeded Sir Charles, in one of his letters to me, acquainted me with the state of your Lordship's affairs. Reckon upon my best services: Promise, engage, undertake. The brother, my Lord, hopes to make you easy: The sister, will make you happy.

Miss Charlotte was affected with this scene; and she pray'd, with her hands and eyes lifted up, that God would make his power as large as his heart: The whole world would then, she said, be benefited either by his bounty, or his example.

Do you wonder now, my dear Mr. Reeves, that Miss Grandison, Lady L. and Lord L. know not how to contain their gratitude, when this beneficent-minded brother is spoken of?

And has not my Charlotte, said he, turning towards her, and looking at Miss Caroline, some happy man, that she can distinguish by her love? You are *equally* dear to me, my sisters. Make me your confident, Charlotte. Your inclinations shall be my choice.

Dear Miss Grandison, why did you mislead me by your boasts of unreservedness? What room was there for reserves to such a brother?—And yet it is plain, you have not let him know all your *heart*; and he seems to think so too. And now you are uneasy at an hint he has thrown out of that nature.

Two months before the marriage, Sir Charles put into his sister's hands a paper sealed up. Receive these, my Caroline, said he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother would have wish'd, had we been bless'd with her life. When you oblige Lord L. with one hand, make him, with the other, this present: And intitle yourself to all the gratitude, with which I know his worthy heart will overflow, on *both* occasions. I have done but my duty. I have performed only an article of the will, which I have made in my mind for my father, as time was not lent him to make one for himself.

He saluted her, and withdrew, before she broke the seal: And when she did, she found in it bank notes for 10,000*l*.

She threw herself into a chair, and was unable for some time to stir; but recovering herself, hurried out to find her brother. She was told, he was in her sister's apartment. She found him not there, but Charlotte in tears. Sir Charles had just left her. What ails my Charlotte?

O this brother, my Caroline!—There is no bearing his generous goodness. See that deed. See that paper that lies upon it. She took it up; and these were the contents of the paper:

“I have just now paid my sister Caroline the sum that I think she would have been intitled to expect from my father’s bounty, and the family circumstances, had life been lent him to settle his affairs, and make a will. I have an entire confidence in the discretion of my Charlotte: And have, by the inclosed deed, establish’d for her, beyond the power of revocation, that independency as to fortune, to which, from my father’s death, I think her intitled. And for this, having acted but as an executor, I claim no merit, but that of having fulfilled the supposed will of either of our parents, as either had survived the other. Cherish, therefore, in your grateful heart, *their* memory. Remember, that when you marry, you change the name of Grandison. Yet, with all my pride, what is Name?—Let the man be worthy of you: And be he who he will that you intitle to your vows, I will embrace him, as the brother of

Your affectionate
CHARLES GRANDISON”

The deed was for the same sum, as he had given her sister, and to carry interest.

The two sisters congratulated, and wept over, each other, as if distressed.—To be sure, they *were* distressed.

Caroline found out her brother: But when she approached him, could not utter one word of what she had meditated to say: But, dropping down on one knee, blessed him, as she owned, in heart, both for Lord L. and herself; but could only express her gratitude by her lifted-up hands and eyes.

Just as he had raised and seated her, enter’d to them the equally grateful Charlotte. He placed her next her sister, and drawing a chair for himself, taking an hand of each, he thus addressed himself to them:

My dear sisters, you are *too* sensible of these but *due* instances of my brotherly love. It has pleased God to take from us our father and mother. We are *more* than brothers and sisters; and must supply to each other the wanting relations. Look upon me only as an executor of a will, that *ought* to have been made, and perhaps *would*, had time been given. My circumstances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare say, than my father thought they would be. Less than I have done, could not be done, by a brother who had *power* to do this. You don’t know how much you will oblige me, if you never say one word more on this subject. You will act with less dignity, than becomes my sisters, if you look upon what I have done in any other light than as your *due*.

O my aunt! Be so good, as to let the servants prepare my apartment at Selby-house. There is no living within the blazing glory of this man! But, for one's comfort, he seems to have one fault; and he owns it—And yet does not acknowledgement annihilate that fault?—O no! for he thinks not of *correcting* it. This fault is *pride*. Do you mind *what* a stress he lays now-and-then on the Family-name? and, as above, *Dignity*, says he, *that becomes my sisters!*—Proud mortal!—O my Lucy! he *is* proud, *too* proud, I doubt, as well as *too* considerable in his fortunes—What would I say?—Yet, I know who would *study* to make him the happiest of men—Spare me, spare me here, my uncle; or rather, skip over this passage, Lucy.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave Caroline, with his own hand, to Lord L.

Charlotte has two humble servants, Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, as you have seen in my former letters; but likes not either of them.

Lord L. carried his Lady down to Scotland, where she was greatly admired and caressed by all his relations. How happy for your Harriet was their critically-proposed return, which carried down Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte to prepare every-thing at Colnebrooke for their reception!

Sir Charles accompanied my Lord and Lady L. as far on their way to Scotland as York; where he made a visit to Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, his father's maiden-sister, who resides there. She, having heard of his goodness to his sisters, and to every-body else with whom he had concerns, longed to see him; and on this occasion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bless, and applaud, her nephew.

What multitudes of things have I farther to tell you, relating to this *strange* man! *Let me call him names.*

I enquired after the history of the good Dr. Bartlett: But the ladies said, As they knew not the whole of it, they would refer me to the Doctor himself. They knew however enough, they said, to reverence him as one of the most worthy and most pious of men. They believed, that he knew all the secrets of their brother's heart.

Strange, methinks, that these secrets lie so *deep*! Yet there does not seem any thing so *very* forbidding, either in Sir Charles or the Doctor, but that one might ask them a few innocent questions. And yet I did not use to be so very curious neither. Why should I be more so than his sisters?—Yet persons coming strangers into a family of extraordinary merit, are *apt*, I believe, to be more inquisitive about the affairs and particularities of that family, than those who make a part of it: And when they have no other motive for their curiosity, than a desire to applaud and imitate, I see not any great harm in it.

I was also very anxious to know, what, at so early an age (for Sir Charles was not then eighteen) were the faults he found with the governor appointed for him. It seems, the man was not only profligate himself, but, in order to keep himself in countenance, laid snares for the young gentleman's virtue; which, however, he had the happiness to escape; tho' at an age in which youth is generally unguarded. This man was also contentious, quarrelsome, and a drinker; and yet (as Sir Charles at the time acknowledged to his sisters) it had so very indifferent an appearance, for a young man to find fault with his governor, that, as well for the appearance-sake, as for the man's, he was very loth to complain, till he became insupportable. It was mentioned, as it ought, greatly to the honour of the young gentleman's frankness and magnanimity, that when, at last, he found himself obliged to complain of this wicked man to his father, he gave him a copy of the letter he wrote, as soon as he sent it away. You may make, Sir, said he, what use you please of the step I have taken. You see my charge. I have not aggravated it. Only, let me caution you, that, as I have not given you by my own misconduct any advantage over me, you do not make a still worse figure in my reply, if you give me occasion to justify my charge. My father loves his son. I *must* be his son. An altercation cannot end in your favour.

But, on enquiry into the behaviour of this bad man (who might have tainted the morals of one of the finest youths on earth), which the son besought the father to make before he paid any regard to his complaints, Sir Thomas dismissed him, and made a compliment to his son, that he should have no other governor, for the future, than his own discretion.

Miss Jervois's history is briefly this:

She had one of the best of fathers: Her mother is one of the worst of women. A termagant, a swearer, a drinker, unchaste—Poor Mr. Jervois!—I have told you, that he (a meek man) was obliged to abandon his country, to avoid her. Yet she wants to have her daughter under her own tuition—Terrible!—Sir Charles has had trouble with her. He expects to have more—Poor Miss Jervois!

Miss Emily's fortune is very great. The ladies say, Not less than 50,000*l.* Her father was an Italian and Turkey merchant; and Sir Charles, by his management, has augmented it to that sum, by the recovery of some thousands of pounds, which Mr. Jervois had thought desperate.

And thus have I brought down, as briefly as I was able, tho' writing almost night and day (and greatly indulged in the latter by the ladies,

who saw my heart was in the task,) the history of this family, to the time when I had the happiness (by means, however, most shockingly undesirable) to be first acquainted with it.

And now a word or two to present situations.

Sir Charles is not yet come down, Lucy. And this is Monday!—Very well!—He has made excuses by his cousin Grandison, who came down with my cousin Reeves on Sunday morning; and both went up together yesterday—Vastly busy, no doubt!—He will be here to-morrow, I *think*, he says. His excuses were to his sisters and Lord L. I am glad he did not give himself the importance with your Harriet, to make any to her on his absence.

Miss Grandison complains, that I open not my heart to her. She wants, she says, to open hers to me; but as she has intricacies that I cannot have, I must *begin*. She knows not *how*, she pretends. What her secrets may be, I presume not to guess: But surely I cannot tell a sister, who, with *her* sister, favours another woman, that I have a regard for her brother; and that before I can be sure he has any for me.

She will play me a trick, she just now told me, if I will not let her know who the happy man in Northamptonshire is, whom I prefer to all others. That there *is* such a one *somewhere*, she says, she has no doubt: And if she find it out, before I tell her, she will give me *no quarter*, speaking in the military phrase;¹ which sometimes she is apt to do. Lady L. smiles, and eyes me with great attention, when her sister is raillyng me, as if she, also, wanted to find out some reason for my refusing Lord D. I told them an hour ago, that I am beset with their eyes, and Lord L.'s; for Lady L. keeps no one secret of her heart, nor, I believe, any body's else that she is mistress of, from her Lord. Him, I think, of all the men I know (my uncle not excepted) I could soonest intrust with a secret. But, have I, Lucy, any to reveal? It is, I hope, a secret to myself, that never will be unfolded, even *to* myself, that I love a man, who has not made professions of Love to me. As to Sir Charles Grandison—But have done, Harriet! Thou hast named a name, that will lead thee—Whither will it lead me?—More than I am at present my own, I am, and will be ever, my dear Lucy,

Your affectionate HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXVI

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Monday, Mar. 13*

I WILL now tell you, who the Lady is, to whom the two sisters have given their interest.

It is Lady Anne S. the only daughter of the Earl of S. A vast fortune, it seems, independent of her father; and yet certain of a very great one from him. She is to be here this very afternoon, on a visit to the two Ladies. With all my heart. I hope she is a very agreeable Lady. I hope she has a capacious mind. I hope—I don't know what to hope—And why? Because I find myself out to be a selfish wretch, and don't wish her to be so fine and so good a woman, as I *say* I do. Is Love, if I *must* own Love, a narrower of the heart?—I don't know whether, while it is in suspense, and is only on one side, it be not the parent of jealousy, envy, dissimulation; making the person pretend generosity, disinterestedness, and I cannot tell what; but secretly wishing, that her rival may not be so worthy, so lovely, as she pretends to wish her to be.—Ah! Lucy, were one *sure*, one could afford to be *generous*: One might then look down with pity upon a rival, instead of being mortified with apprehensions of being looked down upon.

But I will be just to the education given me, and the examples set me. Whatever I shall be able to do, or to wish, while I am in *suspense*; when any happy woman becomes the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, I will revere her; and wish her, for his sake as well as her own, all the felicities that this world can afford; and if I cannot do this from my heart, I will disown that heart.

The two Ladies set upon Mr. Grandison on Sunday, to get out of him the business that carried Sir Charles so often of late to Canterbury. But tho' he owned, that he was not enjoined secrecy, he affected to amuse them, and strangely to romance; hinting to them a story of a fine woman in love with *him*, and he with *her*; yet neither of them thinking of marriage: Mr. Grandison valued not truth, nor scrupled solemn words, tho' ludicrously utter'd, to make the most improbable stuff perplexing and teasing; and then the wretch laughed immoderately at the suspense he supposed he had caused.

What witless creatures, what mere nothings, are these beaux, fine fellows, and laughers of men!—How silly must they think us women!—And how silly indeed are such of us, as can keep in countenance, at our own expence, their folly!

He was left alone with me for half an hour last night; and, in a very serious manner, besought me to receive his addresses. I was greatly

displeased with the two sisters; for I thought they intended to give him this opportunity, by their manner of withdrawing. Surely, thought I, I am not sunk so low in the eyes of the Ladies of such a family as this, as to be thought by them a fit wife to the only worthless person in it, because I have not the fortune of Lady Anne S. I will hear, thought I, what Miss Grandison says to this; and, altho' I had made excuses to my cousin Reeves's, at *their* request, for staying here longer than I had intended, I will get away to town as fast as I can. Proud as they are of the name of Grandison, thought I, the name *only* won't do with Harriet Byron. I am as proud as they.

I said nothing of my resentment: But told both Ladies, the moment I saw them, of Mr. Grandison's declaration. They expressed themselves highly displeased with him for it; and said, they would talk to him. Miss Grandison said, She wondered at his *presumption*. His fortune was indeed very considerable, she said, notwithstanding the extravagance of his youth: But it was an high degree of confidence, in a man of such free principles, to think himself intitled to countenance from——in short, from such a Lady, as your Harriet, Lucy; whatever you may think of her in these days of her humiliation.

She added the goodness of my heart to her compliment. I hope it is not a bad one. *Then* it was that I told them of my thoughts of going to town on the occasion: And the two Ladies instantly went to their cousin, and talk'd to him in such a manner, that he promised, if no more notice were taken of the matter, never again to give occasion for them to reprimand him on this subject. He had indeed, he owned, no very *strong aspirations* after matrimony; and had balanced about it a good while, before he could allow himself to declare his passion so seriously: But only, as it was probable, that he might at one time or other enter the *pale*, he thought he never in his life saw a woman with whom he could be so happy, as with me.

But you see, Lucy, by this address of Mr. Grandison, that nothing is thought of in the family of *another* nature. What makes me a little more affected than otherwise I believe I should be, is, That all you, my dear friends, are so much in love with this really great, because good, man. It is a very happy circumstance for a young woman, to look forward to a change of condition with a man, of whom every one of her relations highly approves. But what can't be, can't. I shall see what merit Lady Anne has by-and-by. But if fortune—Indeed, my dear, were I the first princess on earth, I would have no other man, if I might have him. And so I say, that am but poor Harriet Byron. By this time Lady D. will have taken such measures, I hope, as will not disturb me in my resolution. It is *fixed*, my dear. I cannot help it. I *must* not, I *ought* not, I therefore *will* not, give my *hand*, whatever has passed between that Lady and my aunt, to any man living, and

leave a preference in my *heart* against that man. Gratitude, Justice, Virtue, Decency, all forbid it.

And yet, as I see no hope, nor trace for hope, I have begun to attempt the conquest of my *hopeless*—What shall I call it?—*Passion*?—Well, if I must call it so, I must. A *child in love-matters*, if I did not, would *find me out*, you know. Nor will I, however *hopeless*, be ashamed of owning it, if I can help it. Is not reason, is not purity, is not delicacy, with me? Is it *person* that I am in love with, if I *am* in love? No: It is virtue, it is goodness, it is generosity, it is true politeness, that I am captivated by; all centred in this one *good man*. What then have I to be ashamed of?—And yet I *am* a little ashamed now-and-then, for all that.

After all, that Love, which is founded on fancy, or exterior advantages, is a Love, I should think, that may, and oftentimes *ought* to be overcome: But that which is founded on interior worth; that blazes out when charity, beneficence, piety, fortitude, are signally exerted by the object beloved; how can such a Love as that be restrained, damped, suppress'd? How can it, without damping every spark of generous goodness, in what my partial grandmamma calls a *fellow-heart*, admiring and longing to promote and share in such glorious philanthropy?

Philanthropy!—Yes, my uncle: Why should women, in compliance with the petulance of narrow-minded men, forbear to use words that some seem to think above them, when no other single word will equally express their sense? It will be said, They need not *write*. Well then, don't let them *read*: And carry it a little further, and they may be forbidden to *speak*. And every lordly man will then be a Grand Signor, and have his mute attendant.

But won't you think my heart a little at ease, that I can thus trifle? I would fain have it be at ease; and that makes me give way to any cheerful idea that rises to my mind.

The Ladies here have made me read to them several passages out of my Letters to you before I send them. They are more generous than I think I wish them to be, in allowing me to skip and pass over sentences and paragraphs as I please: For is not this allowing that I have something to write, or have written something, that they think I *ought* to keep from their knowledge; and which they do not *desire* to know? With all my heart. I will not be mean, Lucy.

Well, Lucy, Lady Anne has been here, and is gone. She is an agreeable woman. I can't say but she is *very* agreeable. And were she actually Lady Grandison, I think I could respect her. I *think* I

could—But O, my dear friends, what an happy creature was I, before I came to London!

There was a good deal of discourse about Sir Charles. She owned, that she thought him the handsomest man she ever saw in her life. She was in love with his great *character*, she said. She could go nowhere, but he was the subject. She had heard of the affair between him and Sir Hargrave; and made me an hundred compliments on the occasion; and said, That her having heard, that I was at Colnebrooke, was one inducement to her, to make this visit.

It seems, she told Miss Grandison, That she thought me the prettiest creature she ever beheld.—*Creature* was her word—We are all creatures, 'tis true: But I think I never was more displeased with the sound of the word *Creature*, than I was from Lady Anne.

My aunt's Letter relating to what passed between her and Lady D. is just brought me.

And so Lady D. was greatly chagrined!—I am sorry for it. But, my dear aunt, you say, that she is not displeased with me in the main, and commends my sincerity. That, I hope, is but doing me justice. I am very glad to find, that she knew not how to get over my prepossession in favour of another man. It was worthy of herself, and of my Lord D.'s character. I shall always respect her. I hope this affair is quite over.

My grandmamma regrets the uncertainty I am in: But did she not say herself, that Sir Charles Grandison was too considerable in his fortune; in his merit? That we were but as the private, he the public, in this particular? What room is there then for regret? Why is the word *uncertainty* used? We may be *certain*—And there's an end of it. His sisters can railly me; "Some happy man in Northamptonshire!"—As much as to say, "You must not think of our brother." "Lady Anne S. has a vast fortune." Is not that saying, "What hope can *you* have, Harriet Byron?"—Well, I don't care: This life is but a passage, a short passage, to a better: And let one jostle, and another elbow; another push me, because they know the weakest must give way; yet I will endeavour steadily to pursue my course, till I get thro' it, and into broad and open day.

One word only more on this subject—There is but one man in the world, whom I can honestly marry, my mind continuing what it is. His I cannot expect to be: I must then of necessity be a single woman as long as I live. Well! And where is the great evil of that? Shall I not have less cares, less anxieties?—I *shall*. And let me beg of my dear friends, that none of you will ever again mention marriage to

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXVII

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Tuesday, March 14*

SIR CHARLES is come at last! He came time enough to breakfast, and with him the good Dr. Bartlett. My philosophy, I doubt, is gone again, quite gone; for one while at least. I must take sanctuary, and that very soon, at Selby-house.

Every word that passes now, seems to me worth repeating. There is no describing how the presence of this man animates every one in company. But take only part of what passed.

We were in hopes, Sir Charles, said Lord L. that we should have had the pleasure of seeing you before now.

My heart was with you, my Lord: And (taking my hand; for he sat next me, and bowing) the more ardently, I must own, for the pleasure I should have shared with you all, in the company of this your lovely guest.

[What business had he to take my hand? But indeed, the character of *brother* might warrant the freedom.]

I was engaged most part of last week in a very melancholy attendance, as Mr. Grandison could have informed you.

But not a word of the matter, said Mr. Grandison, did I tell the Ladies; looking at his two cousins. I amused them, as they love to do all mankind, when they have power.

The Ladies, I hope, cousin, will punish you for this reflexion.

I came not to town till Saturday, proceeded Sir Charles; and found a billet from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, inviting himself, Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and Mr. Jordan, to pass the Sunday evening with me at St. James's-square. The company was not suitable to the day, nor the day to the purposed meeting. I made my excuses, and desired them to favour me at breakfast on Monday morning. They came. And when we were all in good humour with one another, I proposed, and was seconded by Mr. Jordan, that we would make a visit—You will hardly guess to whom, Miss Byron—It was to the widow Awberry at Paddington.

I started, and even trembled. What I suffered there, was all in my mind.

He proceeded then to tell me, that he had, tho' not without some difficulty on Sir Hargrave's part, engaged him to draw upon his banker for the 100*l.* he had promised Wilson; on Mr. Merceda on his banker for 50*l.* and he himself generously added 50*l.* more; and, giving, as he said, the air of a frolick to the performance of a promise, they all of

them went to Paddington. There, satisfying themselves of the girl's love for Wilson, and of the widow's opinion of Wilson's good intentions by the girl; they let them know, that the sum of 200*l.* was deposited in Sir Charles's hands to be paid on the day of marriage, as a portion for the young woman; and bid them demand it as soon as they thought fit. Neither Wilson nor the widow's son was there. The widow and her daughters were overjoy'd at this unexpected good news.

They afterwards shew'd Sir Charles, it seems, every scene of my distress; and told him, and the gentlemen, all but Sir Hargrave (who had not patience to hear it, and went into another room) my whole sad story. Sir Charles was pleased to say, That he was so much affected with it, that he had some little difficulty, on joining Sir Hargrave, to be as civil to him as he was before he heard the relation.

To one condition, it seems, the gentlemen insisted Sir Charles should consent, as an inducement for them to comply with his proposal. It was, that Sir Charles should dine with Sir Hargrave and the company at his house on the forest, some one day in the next week, of which they would give him notice. They all insisted upon it; and Sir Charles said, he came the more readily into the proposal, as they declared, it would be the last time they should see him for at least a twelvemonth to come; they being determined to prosecute their intended tour.

Wilson and young Awberry waited on Sir Charles the same evening. The marriage is to be celebrated in a few days. Wilson says, that his widow-sister in Smithfield will, he is sure, admit him into a partnership with her, now that he shall have something to carry into the stock; for she loves his wife-elect; and the saving both of body and soul, will be owing, he declared (with transport that left him speechless) to Sir Charles Grandison.

Every-body was delighted with the relation he gave. Dear Sir Charles, said Mr. Grandison, let me be allowed to believe the Roman Catholic doctrine of Supererogation,¹ and let me express my hope, that I your kinsman may be the better for your good works. If all you do, is but necessary, the Lord have mercy upon me!

Miss Grandison said, if I had written to my friends the account of what I suffered from the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, as she doubted not but I had, Lady L. as well as herself, would take it for a particular mark of my confidence, if they might be allowed to peruse it.

When I am favoured, reply'd I, with the return of my Letters, I will very chearfully communicate to you, my dear Ladies, my relation of this shocking affair.

They all expressed a pleasure in my frankness. Sir Charles said, he admired me beyond expression, for that noble criterion of Innocence and Goodness.

There, Lucy!

I think there is nothing in that part, but what they may see.

LETTER XXVIII

Miss BYRON, In Continuation

THE two sisters and Lord L. were then solicitous to know what was the occasion, which he called melancholy, that had engaged his attendance so many days at Canterbury.

It is *really* a melancholy occasion, reply'd he. You must not be surprised, my Lord; nor you, my sisters, if you see me in mourning in a few days. His sisters started. And so, *truly*, must I. But I am his third sister, you know. He seemed in haste to explain himself, lest he should keep us in painful suspense. My journeyings to Canterbury have been occasioned by the melancholy necessity of visiting a sick friend, who is now no more.

You had all such an opinion, said Mr. Grandison, that I could keep no secret, that—

You were resolved, interrupted Miss Grandison, to say any-thing but the truth. Indeed, cousin, you had better have been silent at this time—Is there a necessity, brother, for *us* to go into mourning?

There is not. I had a true value for the departed. But custom will oblige me to mourn outwardly, as an *executor* only. And I have given orders about that, and other necessary matters.

Did we know the deceased gentleman, brother? said Lady L.

No. His name was Danby. He was an eminent merchant; an Englishman; but, from his youth, settled in France. He had for months been in a languishing state of health; and at last, finding his recovery desperate, was desirous to die in his native country. He landed at Dover about two months ago: But his malady so greatly increased, that he was obliged to stop at Canterbury in his way to town; and there at last he yielded to the common destiny. The body was to be brought to town as this night. I have order'd it to an undertaker's. I must lock myself up for a day or two, when I go to town. His concerns are large; but, he told me, not intricate. He desired, that his will might not be opened 'till after his interment; and that that might be private. He has two nephews, and a niece. I would have had him join them in the trust with me: But he refused to do so. An attempt once had been made upon his life, by villains set at work by a wicked brother, father of those nephews, and that niece, of which they were innocent: They are worthy young people. I had the happiness to save his life: But had no merit in it; for my own safety was involved in his. I am afraid he has been too grateful.

But, my good brother, said Miss Grandison, were you not a little reserved on this occasion? You went and returned, and went and returned, to Canterbury, and never said one word to us of the call you had to go thither. For my part, I thought there was a Lady in the case, I do assure you.

My reserve, as you call it, Charlotte, was rather accidental, than designed; and yet I do now-and-then treat your agreeable curiosity as mariners are said to do a whale; I throw out a tub. But this was too melancholy an occasion to be sported with. I was affected by it. Had the gentleman lived to come to town, you would all have been acquainted with him. I love to communicate pleasure, but not pain; when, especially, no good end can be answered by the communication. I go to different places, and return, and hardly think it worth troubling my sisters with every movement. Had I thought you had any curiosity about my little journeyings to Canterbury, you should have had it answered. And yet I know my sister Charlotte loves to puzzle, and find out secrets where none are intended.

She blush'd; and so did I. Your servant, Sir, was all she said.

But, Charlotte, proceeded he, you thought it was a *Lady* that I visited: You know not your brother. I never will keep a secret of that nature from *you*, my good Lord, nor from *you*, my sisters, when I find myself either encouraged or inclined to make a second visit. It is for *your* Sex, Charlotte, to be very chary of such secrets; and reason good, if you have any doubt, either of the man's worthiness, or of your own consequence with him.

He looked very earnestly at her, but smiled.

So, my brother! I thank you, humorously rubbing one side of her face (tho' she needed not to do so, to make both cheeks glow) this is another box on the same ear. I have been uneasy, I can tell you, Sir, at an hint you threw out before you last went to Canterbury, as if I kept from you something that it behoved you to know. Now, pray, Sir, will you be pleased to explain yourself?

And, since you put it so strongly to me, Charlotte, let me ask you, Have you not?

And let me ask you, Sir—Do you think I have?

Perhaps, Charlotte, your solicitude on this subject, now, and the alarm you took at the time, on a very slight hint, might warrant—

No *warrants*, brother!—Pray be so good as to speak all that lies on your mind.

Ah, Charlotte! and looked, tho' smilingly, with meaning.

I will not bear this *Ah, Charlotte!* and that meaning look.

And are you willing, my dear, to try this cause?

I demand my trial.

Charming innocence! thought I, at the time—Now shall I find

some fault, I hope, in this almost perfect brother. I triumphed in my mind; for my Charlotte.

Who shall be your judge?

Yourself, Sir.

God grant you may be found guilty, cousin, said Mr. Grandison, for your plaguing of me.

Has that wretch, looking at Mr. Grandison, insinuated any-thing? —She stopt.

Are you afraid, my sister?

I would not give that creature any advantage over me.

Sir Ch. I think I would, if there were fair room—You have too often all the game in your own hands. You should allow Mr. Grandison his chance.

Miss Gr. Not to arise from such an observing by-stander, as my brother.

Sir Ch. Conscious, Charlotte!

Miss Gr. May be not—

Sir Ch. *May be*, is doubtful: *May be No*, implies *May be Yes*.

Lady L. You have made Charlotte uneasy: Indeed, brother, you have. The poor girl has been harping upon this string, ever since you have been gone.

Sir Ch. I am sorry what I said pressed so hard—Do *you*, Lady L. if this delinquency comes to trial, offer yourself as an advocate for Charlotte?

Lady L. I know not any act of delinquency she has committed.

Sir Ch. The act of delinquency is this—Shall I, Charlotte, explain myself?—

Miss Gr. Teazing man! How can you—

Mr. Grandison rubbed his hands, and rejoiced. Miss Grandison was nettled. She gave Mr. Grandison *such* a look!—I never saw such a contemptuous one—Pray, Sir, do you withdraw, if you please.

Mr. Gr. Not I, by the Mass! Are you afraid of a trial in open court? O-ho, cousin Charlotte!—

Miss Gr. Have I not a *cruel* brother, Miss Byron?

Lord L. Our sister Charlotte really suffers, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. I am sorry for it. The *innocent* should not suffer. We will drop the cause.

Lady L. Worse and worse, brother.

Sir Ch. How so, Lady L.? Is not Charlotte innocent?

Dr. Bartlett. If an advocate be required, and you, Sir Charles, are judge, and not a pleader in this cause, I offer myself to Miss Grandison.

Sir Ch. A very powerful one she will then have. You think her cause a just one, Doctor, by your offer. Will you, Charlotte, give Dr. Bartlett a brief? Or *have* you given him one?

Dr. Bart. I have no doubt of the justice of the cause.

Sir Ch. Nor of the justice of the *accuser*, I hope. I cannot be a judge in it.

Lady L. Nay, then!—Poor Charlotte!

Miss Gr. I wish, cousin Grandison, you would withdraw.

Mr. Gr. I wish, cousin Charlotte, you would *not* wish it.

Miss Gr. But are you serious, brother?

Sir Ch. Let us call another cause, sister, if you please. Pray, my Lord, what visitors have you had since I had the honour to attend you?

Miss Gr. Nay, brother—Don't think—

Sir Ch. BE QUIET, Charlotte.

Lady L. Your own words, sister!—But we had a visit from Lady Anne S. yesterday.

I was glad to hear Lady L. say this. But nothing came of it.

Sir Ch. You have seen Lady Anne more than once, my Emily: How do you like Lady Anne?

Miss Emily. Very well, Sir. She is a very agreeable Lady. Don't you think so, Sir?

Sir Ch. I do—But, Charlotte (and looked tenderly upon her) I must not have you uneasy.

She sat vexed—her complexion raised, and playing with a lump of sugar; and sometimes twirling round and round a tea-cup; for the tea-things, thro' earnestness of talking, were not taken away, tho' the servants were withdrawn.

Mr. Gr. Well, I will leave you together, I think. Poor cousin Charlotte!—[Rising, he tapped her shoulder.] Poor cousin Charlotte! Ha, ha, ha, hah!

Miss Gr. Impertinence! with a look, the fellow to that she gave him before.

Miss Emily. I will withdraw, if you please, madam; rising, and courtesying.

Miss Grandison nodded her assent. And Emily withdrew likewise.

Dr. Bartlett offer'd to do so. Miss Grandison seem'd not to disapprove of his motion: But Sir Charles said, The Doctor is retained on your part, Charlotte: He must hear the charge. Shall Miss Byron be judge?

I begged to be excused. The matter began to look like earnest.

Miss Gr. (whispering me) I wish, Harriet, I had opened my whole heart to you. Your nasty scribbling! Eternally at your pen; or I had.

Then I began to be afraid for her. Dear Miss Grandison! re-whisper'd I, it was not for me to obtrude—Dear Miss Grandison, my pen should never have interfered, if—

Miss Gr. (still whispering) One should be courted out of some sort of secrets. One is not very forward to begin some sort of discourses—

Yet the subjects most in our hearts, perhaps. But don't despise me. You see what an accuser I have. And so generous a one too, that one must half condemn one's self at setting out.

Harriet. (whispering) Fear nothing, my Charlotte. You are in a brother's hands.

Miss Gr. Well, Sir Charles; and now, if you please, for the charge. But you say, you cannot be judge and accuser: Who shall be judge?

Sir Ch. Your own heart, Charlotte. I desire all present to be your advocates, if their judgment be with you: And if it be *not*, that they will pity you in silence.

He looked smilingly serious. Good Heaven! thought I.

Miss Gr. Pity me!—Nay, then—But, pray, Sir, your charge.

Sir Ch. The matter is too serious to be spoken of in metaphor.

Miss Gr. Good God!—Hem!—and twice more she hemm'd—Pray, Sir, begin. Begin while I have breath.

Lord and Lady L. and Dr. Bartlett, and I, look'd very grave; and Miss Grandison look'd, in general, *fretfully humble*, if I may so express myself: And every-thing being removed, but the table, she play'd with her diamond ring; sometimes pulling it off, and putting it on; sometimes putting the tip of her finger in it, as it lay upon the table, and turning it round and round, swifter or slower, and stopping thro' downcast vexation, or earnest attention, as she found herself more or less affected—What a sweet confusion!

Sir Ch. You know, my dear Charlotte, that I, very early after my arrival, enquired after the state of your heart. You told me it was absolutely free.

Miss Gr. Well, Sir.

Sir Ch. Not satisfied with your own acknowledgement; as I knew that young Ladies [I know not why, when *proper* persons make enquiries, and for motives not ungenerous] are too apt to make secrets of a passion that is not in itself illaudable; I asked your elder sister, who scrupled not to own hers, whether there was any one man, whom you preferred to another?—She assured me, that she knew not of any one.

Lady L. My sister knows that I said truth.

Miss Gr. Well, well, Lady L. nobody doubts your veracity.

Sir Ch. Dear Charlotte, keep your temper.

Miss Gr. Pray, Sir, proceed—And the ring turn'd round very fast.

Sir Ch. On several occasions I put the same question, and had the same assurances. My reason for *repeating* my question, was owing to an early intelligence—Of which more by-and-by.

Miss Gr. Sir!

Sir Ch. And that I might either provide the money that I thought due to her as my sister, or take time to pay it, according to the

circumstances of her engagement; and take from her all apprehensions of controul, in a case that might affect the happiness of her life—These, and brotherly Love, were the motives of my enquiry.

Miss Gr. Your generosity, Sir, was without example.

Sir Ch. Not so, I hope. My sisters had an *equitable*, if not a *legal* right to what has been done. I found, on looking into my affairs, that, by a moderate calculation of the family-circumstances, no man should think of addressing a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison, without supposing himself intitled, either by his merits or fortune, to expect 10,000*l.* with her—And this, even allowing to the Son the customary preferences given to men as men; tho' given for the sake of pride, perhaps, rather than natural justice. For does not tyrant custom make a daughter change *her* name in marriage, and give to a son, for the sake of *name* only, the estate of the common ancestor of both?

This generous hint, affected me. It was nearly my own case, you know. I might otherwise have been a rich heiress, and might have had as strong pretensions to be distinguished by the Grandisons, for my fortune, as any Lady S. in the kingdom. But worthless as those are, to whom, for the sake of the name, my father's estate is passed, I never grudged it to them till I came acquainted with these Grandisons.

Lord L. But who, Sir Charles, but you—

Sir Ch. Pray, my Lord, let not your generosity mislead you to think that a favour, which is but a due. We shall not be judged by comparison. The Laws of Truth and Justice are always the same. What others would not have done in the like situation, that let them look to: But what is the *mortal* man, who should make an unjust advantage of *mortality*?

Miss Grandison pulled out her handkerchief, put it to her eyes, and then in her lap; and putting half on, and half off, by turns, her ring, looked now-and-then at me, as if she wished me to pity her.

Indeed, Lucy, I did pity her: Every one did; and so did her judge, I dare say, in his heart. But justice, my Lucy, is a severe thing. Who can bear a tryal, if the integrity and greatness of this man's heart is to be the rule, by which their actions are to be examined? Yet you shall hear how generous he was.

Sir Ch. Allow me, for Miss Byron's sake, who has been but lately *restored* to our family, to be a little more particular, than otherwise I need to be. I had not been long in England, before Sir Walter Watkyns desired my interest with my sister. I told him, That she was entirely her own mistress; and that I should not offer to lead her choice. Lord G. made his court to her likewise; and, applying to me, received the same answer.

I enter'd, however, into serious talk with my sister upon this subject. She ask'd me what *I* thought of each gentleman. I told her frankly.

Miss Gr. And pray, brother, be so good as to repeat what you said of them. Let Miss Byron be judge whether either of the portraits was very inviting.

Sir Ch. I told her, Miss Byron, that Sir Walter would, I presumed, be thought the handsomer man of the two. He was gay, lively, genteel; and had that courage in his air and manner, that Ladies were seldom displeased with. I had not, however, discovered any great depth in him. My sister, I imagined, if she married him, would have the superiority in good sense: But I question'd whether Sir Walter would easily find that out; or allow it, if he did. He was a brisk man for an hour, and might have wit and sense too; but indeed I hardly ever saw him out of Ladies company; and he seemed to be of opinion, that flash rather than fire, was what would recommend him to them. Sometimes I have thought, I told her, that women of sense should punish such men with their contempt, and not reward them with their approbation, for thus indirectly affronting their understandings: But that I had known women of sense approve a man of that character; and each woman must determine for herself, what appeared most agreeable to her.

Miss Gr. (whispering) Well, Harriet—

Har. (whispering) Don't interrupt him.

Sir Ch. You remember, my dear Charlotte, that it was in this kind of way I spoke about Sir Walter Watkyns; and added, That he was independent; in possession of the family-estate, which I believed was a good one; and that he talked handsomely to me of settlements.

I do remember this, said Miss Grandison; and whispering me, I am afraid, said she, he knows too much; but the *person* he cannot know.—Well, Sir, and pray be pleased to repeat what you said of Lord G.

Sir Ch. Lord G. I told you, was a gay-dressing man, but of a graver cast than the other. The fashion, rather than his inclination, seemed to govern his outward appearance. He was a modest man, and I feared had too much doubt of himself to appear with that dignity in the eye of a lively woman, which should give him a first consequence with her.

Miss Gr. Your servant, Sir.

Sir Ch. I believed he would make a good husband: So perhaps might Sir Walter: But the one would *bear*, the other perhaps must be *borne with*. Ladies, as well as men, I presumed, had some foibles, that they would not care to part with. As to fortune, I added, that Lord G. was dependent on his father's pleasure. He had, indeed, his father's entire approbation, I found, in his address: And I hoped that a sister of mine would not wish for any man's death, for the sake of either title or fortune. You have seen Lord G. Miss Byron?

Harr. What, Sir Charles, was Miss Grandison's answer?

I did not care to give any opinion, that might either *hurt* or *humour* my Charlotte.

Sir Ch. Charlotte told me, in so many words, That she did not approve of either. Each gentleman, said I, has besought me to be his advocate: A task that I have not undertaken. I only told them, That I would talk to my sister upon the subject: But did not think a brother ought to expect an influence over a sister, where the gentlemen suspected their own. You will remember, said I to my sister, that women cannot choose where they will; and that the same man cannot be everything—She desired me to tell her, which of the two *I* would prefer?—First, said I, let me repeat the question I have more than once put to you—Have you any the least shadow of a preference in your heart, to any third person?—What was my sister's answer? She said, She had not. And yet, had I not had the private intelligence I hinted at, I should have been apt to imagine, that I had some reason to repeat the question, from the *warmth*, both of *manner* and *accent*, with which she declared, that she approved of neither. Women, I believe, do not, with *earnestness*, reject a man who is not *quite* disagreeable, and to whose quality and fortune there can be no objection, if they are absolutely unprejudiced in another's favour.

We women look'd upon one another. I have no *doubt*, thought I, but Sir Charles came *honestly* by his knowledge of us. The dear Charlotte sat uneasy. He proceeded.

However, I now made no question but my sister's affections were absolutely disengaged. My dear Charlotte, said I, I would rather be excused telling you, which gentleman's suit I should incline to favour, lest my opinion should not have your inclination with it; and your mind, by that means, should suffer any embarrassment. She desired to know it.

Miss Gr. You were very generous, Sir; I owned you were, in this point, as well as in all others.

Sir Ch. I then declared in favour of Lord G. as the man who would be most likely to make her happy; who would think himself most obliged to her for her favour: And I took the liberty to hint, that tho' I admired her for her vivacity, and even, when her wit carried its keenest edge, loved to be awakened by it, and wished it never to lose that edge; yet I imagined, that it would *hurt* such a man as Sir Walter. Lord G. it would *enliven*: And I hoped, if she took pleasure in her innocent sallies, that she would think it *something*, so to choose, as that she should not be under a necessity of repressing those sprightly powers, that *very seldom* were to be wished to be reined in.

Miss Gr. True, Sir. You said, *very seldom*, I remember.

Sir Ch. I never will flatter either a Prince, or a Lady; yet should be sorry to treat either of them rudely. She then asked me after my *own*

inclinations. I took this for a desire to avoid the subject we were upon; and would have *withdrawn*; but not in ill-humour. There was no reason for it. My sister was not obliged to follow me in a subject that was not agreeable to her: But I took care to let her know, that *her* question was not a disagreeable one to *me*: But would be more properly answered on some other occasion. She would have had me to stay.—For the sake of the former subject, do you ask me to stay, Charlotte? No, said she.

Well then, my dear, take time to consider of it; and at some other opportunity we will resume it. Thus tender did I *intend* to be, with regard to my sister's inclinations.

Miss Grandison wiped her eyes—And said, but with an accent that had a little peevishness in it, You wanted not, Sir, all this preparation. Nobody has the shadow of belief, that *you* could be wrong.

Sir Ch. If this, Charlotte, be well said; if, in that accent, it be *generously* said; I have done—And from my heart acquit you, and as cordially condemn myself, if I have appeared in your eye to intend to raise my own character, at the expence of yours. Believe me, Charlotte, I had much rather, in a point of delicacy, that the brother should be found faulty than the sister: And let it pass, that I am so.—And only tell me, in what way you would wish me to serve you.

Miss Gr. Pardon me, brother. You can add forgiveness to the other obligations under which I labour. I was petulant.

Sir Ch. I do; most cordially I do.

Miss Gr. (wiping her eyes) But won't you proceed, *Sir*?

Sir Ch. At another opportunity, *madam*.

Miss Gr. MADAM!—Nay, now you are indeed angry with me. Pray, proceed.

Sir Ch. I am not: But you shall allow me an hour's conversation with you in your dressing-room, when you please.

Miss Gr. No!—Pray, proceed. Every one here is dear to me. Every one present must hear either my acquittal or condemnation. Pray, *Sir*, proceed—Miss Byron, pray sit still—Pray (for we were all rising to go out) keep your seats. I believe I have been wrong. My brother said, you must pity me in silence, if you found me faulty. Perhaps I shall be obliged to you for your pity.—Pray, *Sir*, be pleased to acquaint me with what you know of my faults.

Sir Ch. My dear Charlotte, I have said enough to point your fault to your own heart. If you know it; *that*, I hope, is sufficient.—Do not imagine, my dear, that I want to controul you—But—He stopt.

Miss Gr. BUT *what*, *Sir*?—Pray, *Sir*—And she trembled with eagerness.

Sir Ch. But it was not right to—And yet, O that I were mistaken in this point, and my sister not wrong!

Miss Gr. Well, Sir, you have reason, I suppose, to think—There she stopt—

Sir Ch. That there is a man whom you can approve of—notwithstanding—

Miss Gr. All I have said to the contrary. Well, Sir, if there be, it is a great fault to have denied it.

Sir Ch. That is all I mean—It is no fault, for you to prefer one man to another. It is no fault in you to give this preference to any man, without consulting your brother. I proposed that you should be entirely mistress of your own conduct and actions. It would have been ungenerous in me, to have supposed you accountable to me, who had done no more than my duty by you. Dear Charlotte, do not imagine me capable of laying such a load on your free will: But I should not have been made to pronounce to Lord G. and even to the Earl his father (on their enquiries, whether your affections were or were not engaged) in such a manner as gave them hopes of succeeding.

Miss Gr. Are you sure, Sir?

Sir Ch. O my sister, how hard fought (now must I say?) is this battle!—I can urge it no farther. For *your* sake, I can urge it no farther.

Miss Gr. Name your man, Sir!—

Sir Ch. Not *my* man, Charlotte—Captain Anderson is not *my* man.

He arose; and, taking her motionless hand, pressed it with his lips:—Be not too much disturbed, said he. I am distress'd, my sister, for your distress—I think, more than I am for the error: And, saying this, bowing to her, he withdrew.

He saw and pitied her confusion. She was quite confounded. It was very good of him to withdraw, to give her time to recover herself. Lady L. gave her her salts. Miss Grandison hardly ever wanted salts before.

O what a poor creature am I, said she, even in my own eyes! Don't despise me, Harriet—Dr. Bartlett, can you excuse me for so *sturdy* a perseverance?—My Lord, forgive me!—Lady L. be indulgent to a sister's fault. But my brother will always see me in this depreciating light! "A battle hard fought," indeed! How one error, persisted in, produces another!

When Sir Charles heard her voice, as talking, every one soothing, and pitying her, he returned. She would have risen, with a disposition seemingly, as if she would have humbled herself at his feet: But he took her folded hands in one of his, and with the other drew a chair close to her, and sat down: With what sweet majesty, and mingled compassion in his countenance! Miss Grandison's *consciousness* made it terrible *only* to her.—Forgive me, Sir! were her words.

Dear Charlotte, I do. We have all something to be forgiven for. We

pity others then most cordially, when we want pity ourselves. Remember only, in the cases of other persons, to soften the severity of your virtue.

He had Mrs. Oldham in his thoughts, as we all afterwards concluded.

We know not, said he, to what *inconveniencies* a small departure from principle will lead: And now let us look forward. But first, Had you rather shew me into your dressing-room?

Miss Gr. I have now no wish to conceal any-thing from the persons present. I will only withdraw for a few moments.

She went out. I followed her. And then, wanting some-body to divide her fault with, the dear Charlotte blamed my *nasty* scribbling again: But for that, said she, I should have told you all.

And what, my dear, would that have done, returned I?—That would not have prevented—

No: But yet you might have given me your advice: I should have had the benefit of that; and my confessions would have been, then, perhaps, aforehand with his accusations.—But, forgive me, Harriet—

O my Charlotte, thought I to myself, could you but rein in your charming spirit, a little, a *very* little, you would not have had two forgivenesses to ask instead of one.

LETTER XXIX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

MISS GRANDISON desired me to return to the company. I did. She soon followed me; took her seat; and, with an air of mingled dignity and concern, deliver'd herself after this manner.

If it be not too late, after a perseverance in error so obstinate, to reinstate myself in my brother's good opinion, dearer to me than that of the whole world besides, my ingenuousness shall make atonement for that error.

Sir Ch. I would spare my sister the—

Miss Gr. I will not be spared, Sir—Pray hear me—I would not, in order to extenuate my own faults (I hope I have not many) seek to throw blame upon the absent; much less upon the *everlastingly* absent: And yet my brother's piety must not be offended, if I am obliged to say something that may seem to cast a shade on a memory—Be not hurt, Sir—I will be favourable to that memory, and just to my own fault. You, Harriet, would no more excuse me, than my brother, if I failed in either.

I bowed, and blushed. Sir Charles look'd at me with a benign aspect.

My *father*, proceeded she, thought fit to be, or to *seem* to be, displeased with something that passed between him and Lord L. on the application made by my Lord to him for my sister.

Sir Ch. He was not willing, perhaps, that a treaty of marriage should be begun but at his own first motion, however unexceptionable the man, or the proposal.

Miss Gr. Every one knows that my father had great abilities; and they were adorned with a vivacity and spirit, that, where-ever pointed, there was no resisting. He took his two daughters to task upon this occasion; and, being desirous to discourage in them, at that time, any thoughts of marriage, he exerted, besides his authority, on this occasion (which I can truly say, had *due* weight with us both) that vein of humour and raillery for which he was noted; insomuch that his poor girls were confounded, and unable to hold up their heads. My sister, in particular, was made to be ashamed of a passion, that surely no young woman, the object so worthy, ought to be ashamed of. My father also thought fit (perhaps for wise reasons) to acquaint us, that he designed for us but small fortunes: And this depreciated me with myself. My sister had a stronger mind, and had better prospects. I could not but apprehend from what my *sister* suffer'd, what must be my sufferings in turn; and I thought I could be induced to take any step, however rash, where virtue was not to be wounded, rather than undergo what she underwent from the raillery of a man so lively, and so humorous, and who stood in so venerable a degree of relation to me. While these impressions were strong in my mind, Captain Anderson, who was quarter'd near us, had an opportunity to fall into my company at an assembly. He is a sprightly man, and was well received by every-body; and particularly a favourite of three young ladies, who could hardly be civil to each other, on his account: And this, I own, when he made assiduous court to me, in preference to them, and to every other woman, gave him some consequence with me: And then, being the principal officer in that part of the country, he was caressed, as if he were a general. A daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison was deemed a prize worthy of his ambition, by every-body, as well as by himself: While this poor daughter, dreading the difficulties that her sister had met with, and being led to think, by what her father declared to both sisters, that two or three thousand pounds would be the height of her fortune, had only to apprehend, that a captain either of horse or foot, who had been perhaps for years a frequenter of public places, both in town and country, in hopes of raising his fortune, would think himself but poorly paid for his pains (were she even to obtain her father's pardon) should she engage without waiting for his consent; as she was urged to do, by letters, which he found ways unsuspectingly to send her. — I hope, Sir, I hope, my Lord, and you, my two sisters,

that you will *now*, from what I have said, acquit me of insincerity, tho' you cannot of *past* indiscretion.

Nevertheless, my pride at times was piqued: Sometimes I declared off; at other times was prevailed upon by arts which men are masters of, to go on again; till I found myself entangled, and at a loss to know how to go either backward or forward. The gentleman was indeed of a genteel family: But the object of my sister's regard had so much to be said for *him*; stood so well with my brother; and even with my father; was so much the man of quality, in every respect, that a rash step in me would be look'd upon as the more disgraceful, on that account: And I could not but apprehend, that if I married Captain Anderson, I must be pitied, rejected, scorned, for one while, if not for ever.

And what title, often thought I, when I permitted myself seriously to think, have I to give my father a *son*, my brother, my sister, my Lord L. (should he and my sister marry) a *brother*, whom they would not have chosen, nor will probably own?—Have they not a *right* to reject him, as *their* relation? And shall Charlotte Grandison, the daughter of the most prudent of mothers, take a step that shall make her be looked upon as the disgrace of her family? Shall *she* be obliged to follow a soldier's fortune into different quarters, and perhaps to distant regions?

Such as these were, at times, my reasonings; and perhaps they would have had the less force with me, had I, in giving myself an *husband*, had none of these relations living, on whom to obtrude a new one, to their dislike, by my marriage.

Hence I could not bear to reveal the matter to my sister, who, in *her* choice, had so much advantage over me. I thought within these few weeks past, I could reveal it to my new-found sister; and it was one of my motives to come hither, at your invitation, Lord and Lady L. when you told me she was so obliging as to accompany you down: But she was *everlastingly* writing; and I was shy of *forcing* an opportunity, as none agreeably offer'd.

Sir Ch. I would not interrupt you, Charlotte.—But may I ask, If this whole affair was carried on by letter? Did you not sometimes see each other?

Miss Gr. We did. But our meetings were not frequent, because he was at one time quarter'd in Scotland; at another, was sent to Ireland; where he staid six or seven months; at others, in distant parts of the kingdom.

Sir Ch. In what part of the king's dominions is the Captain now?

Miss Gr. Dear Sir, could not the person who acquainted you with the affair, inform you of that?

Sir Ch. (smiling) The person *could*, madam; and *did*. He is in London.

Miss Gr. I hope, my brother, after the freedom of my confession, and an ingenuousness that is not often found in such cases as *this*, will not be so unkind as to imagine, that I ought to have traps laid for me, as if I were not now at last frank and unreserved.

Sir Ch. Exceedingly just, Charlotte! exceedingly just!—I beg your pardon. I said, we had all something to be forgiven for. I am not however questioning you, with intent to *cast a stone*;¹ but to *lend you a hand*.

Miss Gr. O that we had had liberty granted to us, having *such* a brother, to correspond with him!—Happy shall I be, if I can atone—
There she stopt.

Sir Ch. Proceed with your story, my dear Charlotte.—Greatly does the atonement overbalance the fault!

Miss Gr. (bowing to her brother) Captain Anderson *is* in town. I have seen him twice. I was to have seen him at the play, had I not come down to Colnebrooke. Not a tittle of the truth will I hide from you. Now I have recover'd the right path, not one wry step will I ever again wilfully take. I have suffer'd enough by those I had taken, tho' I endeavour'd to carry it off as well as I could (even sometimes by a spirit of bravery) when it lay heavy *here*—putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles rose from his seat; and taking one of his sister's hands between both his, Worthy sister! Amiable Charlotte! After this noble frankness, I must not permit you to accuse yourself. An error gracefully acknowledged, is a victory won. If you think Captain Anderson worthy of *your* heart, he shall have a place in *mine*; and I will use my interest with Lord and Lady L. to allow of his relation to *them*. Miss Byron and Dr. Bartlett will look upon him as their friend.

He sat down again; his countenance shining with brotherly love.

Miss Gr. O Sir, what shall I say? You add to my difficulties by your goodness. I have told you how I had entangled myself. Captain Anderson's address began with hopes of a great fortune, which he imagined a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison could not fail, first or last, to have. That this was his principal motive, has been, on many occasions (on too many for his advantage) visible to me. *My* allowance of his address, as I have hinted, was owing to my apprehensions, that I should not be a fortune worthy of a more generous man. At that time, our life was a confined one; and I girlishly wished for Liberty—MATRIMONY and LIBERTY—Girlish connexion! as I have since thought.

We could none of us help smiling at this lively sally: But she went on more seriously.

I thought at first, that I could break with him when I would: But he holds me to it; and the more, since he has heard of your goodness to me; and builds great hopes of future preferment on the alliance.

Sir Ch. But do you not love Captain Anderson, my sister?

Miss Gr. I believe I love him as well as he loves me. His principal view, as I have said, has come out, avowedly, to be to my fortune. If I regulate my esteem for him by his for me, I ought not, for the very reason that he likes me, to approve of him.

Sir Ch. I do not wonder that the Captain is desirous to *hold you to it*, to use your words: But, my dear Charlotte, answer me, Have you had less liking to Captain Anderson since your fortune is ascertained, and absolutely in your own power, than you had before?

Miss Gr. Not on *that* account, if I know my heart: But he has been a much more earnest suiter since your goodness to me was generally known, than before. When public report had made me absolutely dependent on my brother; and diminished (beyond the truth, as it has proved) the circumstances of the family; and when my sister and I were unhappy between our fears and our hopes; I then heard but little from Captain Anderson; and that little was *so* prudent, and *so* cold—But I had found out the man before.

Lord and Lady L. with warmth of voice, called him unworthy man. I thought him so; and so, by his looks, did Dr. Bartlett.

Sir Ch. Poor man!—He seems to have been too prudent, to trust even to Providence. But what, my sister, *are now* your difficulties?

Miss Gr. They proceed from my folly. Captain Anderson appeared to me at first, a man of sense, as well as an agreeable man in his person and air. He had a lively and easy elocution. *He* spoke without doubt; and *I* had therefore the less doubt of his understanding. The man who knows how to say agreeable things to a woman, in an agreeable manner, has her vanity on his side; since, to doubt his veracity, would be to question her own merit. When he came to *write*, my judgment was even still more engaged in his favour than before. But when he thought himself on a *safe footing* with me, he then lost his handwriting, and his stile, and even his orthography. I blush to say it; and I then blush'd to see it.

Sir Ch. Men will be men. It is natural for us, when we find out our imperfections, to endeavour to supply them, or to gloss them over to those, whose good opinion of us we wish to engage. I have known men, who are not so *ready* as the Captain seems to have been, to find out their own defects. Captain Anderson, perhaps, lost his letter-writer, by the shifting of quarters. But it is strange that a man of family, as the Captain is, should be so very illiterate.

Miss Gr. His early wildnesses, as I afterwards heard, made him run from school, before he had acquired common school-learning. His

friends bought him a pair of colours.' That was all they would ever do for him: And his father marrying a second wife, by whom he had children, consider'd not him as one. This came out to be his story. But he displayed himself to me in very different lights. He pretended to have a pretty estate, which, tho' not large, was well-condition'd, and capable of improvement; besides very considerable expectations. A mind that would not impose on another, must least bear to be imposed upon itself: But I could not help *despising* him, when I found myself so grossly imposed upon, by the letters he had procured to be written for him; and that he was not either the man of sense, or learning, that he would have had me think him.

Sir Ch. But what was the *safe footing*, my sister, that he thought he was upon with you?

Miss Gr. O Sir! while all these good appearances held in his favour, he had teased me into a promise. And when he had gained that point, *then* it was, or *soon after*, that he wrote to me with his own hand. And yet, tho' he convinced me by doing so, that he had *before* employed another, it was a point agreed upon, that our intercourse was to be an absolute secret; and I trembled to find myself exposed to his scribe, a man I knew not; and who must certainly despise the lover whom he helped to all his agreeable flourishes, and, in despising *him*, must probably despise *me*. Yet I *will* say, that my letters were such as I can submit to the severest eye. It was indeed giving him encouragement enough, that I answer'd him by pen and ink; and he presumed enough upon it, or he had never dared to tease me, for a promise, as he did for months before I made him one.

Sir Ch. Women should never be drawn-in to fetter themselves by promises. On the contrary, they ought always to despise, and directly to break with the man, who offers to exact a promise from them. To what end is a promise of this kind endeavour'd to be obtained, if the urger suspects not the fitness of his addresses in the eyes of those who have a right to be consulted; and if he did not doubt either his own merit, or the lady's honour and discretion?—Therefore wanted to put it out of her own power to be dutiful; or (if she had begun to swerve, by listening to a clandestine address) to recover herself? Your father, my dear (but you might not know that) could have absolved you from this promise (*a*). You have not now, however, any-body to controul you: You are absolutely your own mistress: And I see not but a promise—But, pray, of what nature was this promise?

Miss Gr. O my folly!—I declared, that I never would marry any other man without his consent, while he was single. By this means (to my confusion) I own, that I made him my father, my guardian, my brother; at least, I made the influences over me, of such of them as

had been living, of no avail, in the most material article of my life; teased, as I told you, into it; and against my judgment.

Soon after, he let me know, as I said, in his own hand-writing, what an illiterate, what a mere superficial man I had enter'd into treaty with. And ever since I have been endeavouring by pen, as well as in person, to get him to absolve me from my rash promise: And this was my view and endeavour before I had a title to the independence, in which, Sir, you was so good as to establish me.

I once thought, proceeded she, that he would easily have complied, and have look'd out elsewhere for a wife; for I sought not to *fetter* him, as you justly call it: He was not of so much consequence with me; and this renders me, perhaps, the less excuseable:—But you held me not long enough in suspense, as to the great things you intended to do for me, to enable me to obtain that release from Captain Anderson, which I was meditating to procure, before he knew what those were.

All this time I kept my own secret. I had not confidence enough in the steps I had so rashly taken (indeed had not *humility* enough) to make any living creature acquainted with my situation: And this was the reason, I suppose, that I never was guessed at, or found out. The proverb says, *Two can keep a secret, when one is away!*¹ But my Harriet knows [I bowed] that I very early, in my knowlege of her, dropt hints of an *entanglement*, as I ludicrously called it; for I could not, with justice, say *Love*.

Sir Ch. Charming frankness! How do your virtues shine thro' your very mistakes!—But there are many women who have suffer'd themselves to be worse entangled, even beyond recovery, when they have not had to plead the apprehensions which you had at entering into this affair.

Miss Gr. You are Sir *Charles Grandison*, Sir: I need not say more. We often dread, in rash encounters, to make those communications, which only can be a means to extricate us from the difficulties into which we have plunged ourselves. Had I, for the last six or seven years of my life, known my brother as I now know him; had I been indulged in a correspondence with him in his absence; not a step would I have taken, but with his approbation.

Sir Ch. Perhaps I was too implicit on this occasion: But I always thought it more safe, in a disputable case, to check, than to give way, to an inclination. My father knew the world. He was not an ill-natured man. He loved his daughters. I had not the vanity to imagine, that my sisters, the *youngest* near as old as myself, would want my advice, in material articles: And to break thro' a father's commands, for the sake merely of gratifying *myself*—I don't know how—But I could *not* do it: And as a considerate person, when he has lost a dear friend, and more particularly a parent, is apt to recollect with pleasure those

instances in which he has given joy to the departed, and with pain the contrary; methinks I am the more satisfied with myself, for having obeyed a command, that however, at the time, I knew not how to account for.

Miss Gr. You are happy, brother, in this recollection. I should be more unhappy than I am (on your principles) had I vexed my father in this affair. Thank God, he knew nothing of it. But now, Sir, I have told you the whole truth. I have not aggravated the failings of Captain Anderson; nor wish to do so; for the man that once I had but the shadow of a thought to make one day my nearest relation, is intitled, I think, to my good *wishes*, tho' he prove not quite so worthy, as I once believed him.

Permit me, however, to add, that Captain Anderson is passionate, overbearing: I have never of late met him, but with great reluctance: Had I not come to Colnebrooke, I should have *seen* him, as I confessed; but it was with the resolution that I had for a considerable time past avowed to him, Never to be his; and to be a single woman all my life, if he would not disengage me of my rash, my foolish promise. And now be pleased (looking round her to every one present) to advise me what to do.

Lord L. I think the man utterly unworthy of you, sister Charlotte. I think you are right to resolve never to have him.

Lady L. Without waiting for my brother's opinion, I must say, That he acts most ungenerously and unworthily, to hold you to an *unequal* promise: A promise, the like of which you offer'd not to bind *him* by. I cannot, Charlotte, think you bound by such a promise: And the poor trick of getting another person to write his letters for him, and exposing my sister to a stranger, and against stipulation—How I should hate him!—What say you, sister Harriet?

Harriet. I should be unworthy of this kind confidence, if, thus called upon, I did not say something, tho' it came out to be next to nothing—There seems not to have been any strong affection, any sympathy of soul, if I may so express myself, at *any* time, Miss Grandison, between you and Captain Anderson, I think?

Sir Ch. A very proper question.

Miss Gr. There was not, on *either* side, I believe. I have hinted at my motives, and at *his*. In every letter of his he gave me cause to confirm what I have said of his self-interestedness: And now his principal plea to hold me to my promise, is, *his* interest. I would not to him, I never did, plead *mine*; tho' his example would excuse me, if I did.

Lord L. Was the promise given in writing, sister?

Miss Gr. Indeed it was. She look'd down.

Harriet. May I be pardon'd, madam?—The substance of your promise was, That you would never marry any other man without his

consent, while he remained unmarried—Did you promise, that, if ever you did marry at all, it should be to him?

Miss Gr. No. He wanted me to promise that; but I refused. And now, my Harriet, what is your advice?

Harriet. I beg to hear Dr. Bartlett's opinion, and yours, Sir (to Sir Charles) before I presume to give mine.

Sir Charles looked at the Doctor. The Doctor referred himself to him.

Sir Ch. Then, Doctor, you must set me right, if I am wrong. You are a Casuist.

As to what Lord L. has said, I think with his Lordship, that Captain Anderson appears not, in any of his conduct, to be worthy of Miss Grandison: And in truth, I don't know many who are. If I am partial, excuse the *brother*.

She bowed. Every one was pleased, that Miss Grandison was enabled to hold up her head, as she did, on this compliment from her brother.

Sir Ch. I think also, if my sister esteems him not, she is in the right to resolve never to be his. But what shall we say, as to her promise, *Never* to be the wife of any other man without his consent, while he remains unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, while her father was living; who might, I believe, Doctor, you will allow, have absolved her from it: But then, her very treating with him since to dispense with it, shews, that in her own conscience she thinks herself bound by it.

Every one being silent, he proceeded.

Lady L. is of opinion, that he acts ungenerously and unworthily, to endeavour to hold her to an unequal promise. But what man, except a *very* generous one indeed, having obtained an advantage over such a woman as Charlotte [She reddened] would not try to hold it? Must he not, by giving up this advantage, vote against himself? Women should be sure of the men in whom they place a confidence that concerns them highly. Can you think, that the man who engages a woman to make a promise, does not *intend* to hold her to it? When he *teazes* her to make it, he as good as tells her he *does*, let what will happen to make her wish she had not.

Miss Gr. O my brother! The repetition of that word *teazes*!—Are you not raillying me?—Indeed I deserve it.

Sir Ch. Men gain all their advantages by *teazing*, by *promises*, by *importunities*—Be not concern'd, my Charlotte, that I use your word.

Miss Gr. O my brother, what shall I do, if you railly me on my folly?

Sir Ch. I mean not to railly you. But I know something of my own sex; and must have been very negligent of my opportunities, if I know

not something of the *world* [I thought, Lucy, he would here have used the word *other* instead of the word *world*]. We have heard her reason for not binding the Captain by a like promise; which was, That she did not value him enough to exact it: And was not that his misfortune?

She is apprehensive of blame on this head: But her situation will be consider'd: I *must not* repeat the circumstances. I was grieved to hear that my sisters had been in *such* circumstances! What pity, that those who believe they *best* know the Sex, think themselves intitled to treat it with least respect! [How we women looked upon one another!] I should hope in charity [In charity, Lucy!] and for the true value I bear it, as I think a good woman one of the greatest glories of the creation, that the fault is not *generally* in the Sex.

As to the Captain's artifice to obtain a footing by letters of another man's writing; that was enough indeed to make a woman, who herself writes finely, despise him when she knew it. But to what will not persons stoop to gain a point, on which their hearts are fixed?—This is no *new* method. One signal instance I will mention. Madam Maintenon, it is reported, was employed in this way, by a favourite mistress of Louis XIV.¹ And this was said to be the means of introducing her to the monarch's favour, on the ruins of her employer. Let me repeat, that women should be *sure* of their men, before they embark with them in the voyage of Love. *Hate the man*, says Lady L. for *exposing her to the letter-writer!*—*Exposing!*—Let me say, That women, who would not be *exposed*, should not put themselves out of their own power. O Miss Byron! (turning, to my confusion, to me, who was too ready to apply the first part of the caution) be so good as to tell my Emily, that she never love a man, of whose Love she is not well assured: That she never permit a man to know his consequence with her, 'till she is sure he is grateful, just, and generous: And that she despise him as a mean and interested man, the first moment he seeks to engage her in a *promise*. Forgive me, Charlotte: You so generously blame yourself, that you will not scruple to have *your* experience pleaded for an example to a young creature, who may not be able, if entangled, to behave with your magnanimity.

Seasonably did he say this last part, so immediately after his reference to me; for I made Miss Grandison's confusion a half-cover for my own; and I fear but a half-cover.

I find I must not allow myself to be long from you, my dear friends; at least, in this company. Miss Cantillon, Miss Barnevelt, and half a dozen more Misses and Masters, with whose characters and descriptions I first paraded; Where are you? Where can I find you? My heart, when I saw you at Lady Betty Williams's, was easy and unapprehensive: I could then throw my little squibs about me at pleasure; and not fear, by their return upon me, the singeing of my own cloaths!

LETTER XXX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

BUT now what remains to be done for our sister? ask'd Lady L. Charlotte looked round her, as seconding the question. Every one referr'd to Sir Charles.

In the first place, let me assure you, my dear Charlotte, resumed he, that if you have but the shadow of a preference for Captain Anderson; and if you believe, from what has passed between you, and from the suspense you have kept him in (which may have been an hindrance to his fortune or preferment) that you *ought* to be his, whether in justice, or by inclination; I will amicably meet him, in order to make and to receive proposals. If we do not *find* him grateful or generous, we will *make* him so, by our example; and I will begin to set it.

Every one was affected: Dr. Bartlett as much as any-body. Miss Grandison could hardly sit still. Her chair was uneasy to her. While her brother looked like one who was too much accustomed to acts of beneficence, to suppose he had said any-thing extraordinary.

Miss Grandison, after some hesitation, replied, Indeed, Sir, Captain Anderson is *not* worthy of being called your brother. I will not enter into the particulars of his unworthiness; because I am determined not to have him. He knows I am: Nor does my promise engage me to be his. Had he virtue, had he generosity—But indeed he has not either, in the degree that would make me respect him, as a woman should respect her husband.

Sir Ch. Well then, Charlotte, I would have you excuse yourself, if you have given him hopes of meeting him; let him know, that you have acquainted me with all that has passed between you; and that you refer yourself wholly to me; but with a resolution (if such *be* your resolution) never to be his.

Miss Gr. I shall dread his violent temper—

Sir Ch. Dread nothing! Men who are violent to a woman, when they have a point to carry by being so, are not always violent to men. But I shall treat him civilly. If the man ever hoped to call you his, he will be unhappy enough in losing such a prize. You may tell him, that I will give him a meeting where-ever he pleases. Mean time, it may not be amiss, if you have no objection, to shew me some of the letters that have passed between you; of those particularly, in which you have declared your resolution not to be his; the farther backward, the better, if from the date of such you have *always* been of the same mind.

Miss Gr. You shall see the copies of *all* my letters; and *all* his, if you please. And you will gather from both, Sir, that it was owing to

the unhappy situation I thought myself in, from the unkind treatment my sister met with, and to the being forbidden to expect a fortune that would intitle me to look up to a man of figure in the world, that I was ever approachable by Captain Anderson.

Sir Ch. Unhappy! But let us look forward. I will meet Captain Anderson. If there are any letters, in which he has treated my sister unhandsomely, you must not let me see them. My motive for looking into *any* of them, is service to you, Charlotte, and not curiosity. But let me, nevertheless, see all that is necessary to the question, that I may not, when I meet him, hear any-thing from him, that I have not heard from you; and which may make for him, and against you. I do assure you, that I will allow in his favour, all that shall appear favourable to him, tho' against my sister. I may meet him *prejudiced*, but not *determined*: And I hope you see by my behaviour to you, Charlotte, that were you and he to have been fond Lovers in your letters, you need not be afraid of my eye. I never am severe on Lovers foibles. Our passions may be made subservient to excellent purposes. Don't think you have a supercilious brother. A susceptibility of the passion called *Love*, I condemn not as a fault; but the contrary. Your *brother*, Ladies (looking upon all three) is no Stoic.

And have you been in love, Sir Charles Grandison? thought I to myself.—Shall I, Lucy, be sorry, or shall I be glad, if he *has*?—But after all, is it not strange, that in all this time one knows so little of his history while he was abroad?—And yet, he said, That he was not angry at his sister for questioning him on the subject. Had *I* been his sister, questions of that sort would not have been to be *now* asked.

But here is a new task for her brother. I shall long to know how this affair will end.

The *tryal* of Miss Grandison, as she called it, being thus happily over, and Miss Emily and Mr. Grandison desired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with some severity on our Sex, on the general liking, which he said women have for military men. He did not know, he said, whether the army were not beholden to this approbation, and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial spirit, for many a gallant man.

What say you, Emily? said he: Do not a cockade, and a scarlet coat, become a *fine gentleman*, and help to make him so, in your eyes?

Be pleased, Sir, to tell me how such an one should look in my eyes, and I will endeavour to make them conform to your lessons.

He bowed to the happy girl: For my part, said he, I cannot but say, that I dislike the life of a soldier in general; whose trade is in blood; who must be as much a slave to the will of *his* superiors in command, as he is almost *obliged* to be a tyrant to those under him.

But as to the Sex, if it were not, that Ladies, where Love and their

own happiness interfere, are the most incompetent judges of all others for themselves—Pardon me—

Your servant, Sir, said Lady L.—And we all bowed to him.

How can a woman, proceeded he, who really loves her husband, subject herself of *choice*, to the necessary absences, to the continual apprehensions, which she must be under for his safety, when he is in the height of what is emphatically called his DUTY? He stopt. No answer being made, Perhaps, resumed he, it may be thus accounted for: Women are the most delicate part of the creation. Conscious of the weakness of their Sex, and that they stand in need of protection (for apprehensiveness, the child of prudence, is as characteristic in them, as courage in a man) they naturally love brave men—And are not all military men supposed to be brave?

But how are they mistaken in their main end, supposing *this* to be it!

I honour a good, a generous, a brave, an humane soldier: But were such an one to be the bravest of men, how can his wife expect constant protection from the husband who is less *his own*, and consequently less *hers*, than almost any other man can be (a *sailor* excepted); and who must therefore, oftener than any other man, leave her exposed to those insults, from which she seems to think he can best defend her?

Lady L. (smiling) But may it not be said, Sir, that those women who make soldiers their choice, deserve, in some degree, a rank with heroes; when they can part with their husbands for the sake of their country's glory?

Sir Ch. Change your word *glory* for *safety*, Lady L. and your question will be strengthen'd. The word and thing called *Glory*, what mischief has it not occasioned!—As to the question itself, were you *serious*, let every one, I answer, who can plead the *motive*, be intitled to the *praise* that is due to it.

Miss Gr. There is so much weight in what my brother has said, that I thank Heaven, I am not in danger of being the wife of a soldier.

We, who knew what she alluded to, smiled at it; and Mr. Grandison looked about him, as if he wanted to find more in the words, than they could import to him: And then was very earnest to know how his cousin had come off.

Sir Ch. Triumphantly, cousin. Charlotte's supposed fault has brought to light additional excellencies.

Mr. Gr. I am sorry for that with all my soul—There was no bearing her before—And now what will become of me?

Miss Gr. You have nothing new to fear, Mr. Grandison, I assure you. I have been detected in real faults. I have been generously treated; and repent of my fault. Let me have an instance of like ingenuousness in you; and I will say, there are hopes of us both.

Mr. Gr. Your servant, cousin. *Either* way I must have it. But were you to follow the example by which you own yourself amended, I might have the better chance, perhaps, of coming up to you in ingenuousness.

Lord L. Upon my word, sister Charlotte, Mr. Grandison has said a good thing.

Miss Gr. I think so too, my Lord. I will put it down. And if you are wise, Sir (to him) ask me to sew up your lips 'till to-morrow dinner-time.

Mr. Grandison looked offended.

Sir Ch. Fie, Charlotte!

I am glad, thought I, my good Miss Grandison, that you have not lost much spirit by your tryal!

Miss Grandison has shewed me some of the letters that passed between Captain Anderson and her. How must she have despised him, had she been drawn in to give him her hand! And the more for the poor figure he would have made as a brother to *her* brother! How must she have blushed at every civility paid him in such a family! Yet from some passages in his letters, I dare say, he would have had the higher opinion of himself; first for his success with her, and for every civility paid him afterwards by her relations.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandison, with all his pride, like to have thrown his daughter, a woman of high character, fine understanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man, who had neither fortune, nor education, nor yet good sense, nor generosity of heart, to countenance his pretensions to such a Lady, or her for marrying beneath herself.

This is a copy of what Miss Grandison has written to send to Captain Anderson.

Sir,

Had I had a generous man to deal with, I needed not to have exposed myself to the apprehended censures of a brother, whose virtues made a sister, less perfect than himself, afraid that he would think her unworthy of that tender relation to him, from the occasion. But he is the noblest of brothers. He pities me; and undertakes to talk with you, in the most friendly manner, at your own appointment, upon a subject that has long greatly distressed me, as *well* you know. I will not recriminate, as I might: But this assurance I must, for the hundredth time, repeat, That I never can, never will be to you, any other than

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON

She is dissatisfied with what she has written: But I tell her, I think it will do very well.

LETTER XXXI

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Thursday, Mar. 16

SIR CHARLES has already left us. He went to town this morning on the affairs of his executorship. He breakfasted with us first.

Dr. Bartlett, with whom already I have made myself very intimate, and who, I find, knows his whole heart, tells me he is always fully employed. *That* we knew before—No wonder then, that he is not in love. He has not had leisure, I suppose, to attend to the calls of such an idle passion.

You will do me the justice to own, that in the round of employments I was engaged in at Selby-house, I never knew any-thing of the matter: But indeed there was no Sir Charles Grandison; first to engage my gratitude; and then, my heart. So it is: I must not, it seems, *deny* it. If I did, “a child in Love-matters would detect me.”

O my Lucy! I have been hard set by these sisters. They have found me out; or rather, let me know, that they long ago found me out. I will tell you all as it passed.

I had been so busy with my pen, that, tho’ accustomed to be first dressed, where-ever I was, I was now the last. They entered my dressing-room arm in arm; and I have since recollected, that they looked as if they had mischief in their hearts; Miss Grandison especially. She had said, She would play me a trick.

I was in some little hurry, to be so much behind-hand, when I saw them dressed.

Miss Grandison would do me the honour of assisting me, and dismissed Jenny, who had but just come in to offer her service.

She called me charming creature twice, as she was obligingly busy about me; and the second time said, Well may my brother, Lady L. say what he did of this girl!

With too great eagerness, What, what, said I—I was going to add—*did he say?*—But, catching myself up, in a tone of less surprize—designing to turn it off—WHAT *honour you do me, madam, in this your kind assistance!*

Miss Grandison leered archly at me; then turning to Lady L. This Harriet of ours, said she, is more than half a rogue.

Punish her then, Charlotte, said Lady L. You have, tho' with much ado, been brought to speak out yourself; and so have acquired a kind of right to punish those who affect disguises to their best friends.

Lord bless me, Ladies! And down I sat—What, what—I was going to say, *do you mean?* But stopt, and I felt my face glow.

What, what! repeated Miss Grandison—My sweet girl can say nothing but *What, what!*—One of my fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in her head, I suppose—Did you ever see *Wat*—Watkyns, Harriet?

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. O how the fool throbbed, and trembled!

Miss Gr. Confirmation, Lady L. ! Confirmation!

Lady L. I think so, truly—But it wanted none to me.

Har. I am surprised! Pray, Ladies, what can you mean by this sudden attack?

Miss Gr. And what, Harriet, can you mean by these *What, what's*, and this sudden emotion?—Give me your handkerchief!—What doings are here!

She snatch'd it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck—Why this *sudden* palpitation?—Ah! Harriet! Why won't you make confidents of your two sisters? Do you think we have not found you out before this?

Har. Found me out! How found me out!—Dear Miss Grandison, you are the most alarming Lady that ever lived!—

I stood up, trembling.

Miss Gr. Am I so? But, to cut the matter short—[Sit down, Harriet. You can hardly stand.] Is it such a disgraceful thing for a fine girl to be in Love?

Har. Who I, I, in Love?

Miss Gr. (laughing) So, Lady L. you see that Harriet has found herself out to be a *fine* girl!—Disqualify now; can't you, my dear? Tell fibs. Be affected. Say you are *not* a fine girl, and-so-forth.

Har. Dear Miss Grandison—It was *your* turn the day before yesterday. How can you forget—

Miss Gr. Spiteful too! My life to a farthing, you pay for *this*, Harriet!—But, child, I was not in Love—Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in Northamptonshire—Did you think we should not find you out?

This hearten'd me a little.

Har. O Madam, do you think to come at any-thing by such methods as this? I ought to have been aware of Miss Grandison's alarming ways.

Miss Gr. You pay for *this*, also, Harriet. Did you not say, that I should take the reins, Lady L.? I will have no mercy on our younger sister for this abominable affectation and reserve.

Harr. And so, Ladies, you think, I warrant, that Mr. Orme——

Lady L. Take the reins, Charlotte; making a motion, with a sweet pretty air, with her handkerchief, as if she tossed her something—I myself, Harriet, am against you now. I wanted a trial of that frankness of heart, for which I have heard you so much commended: And, surely, you might have shewed it, if to any persons living, to your two sisters.

Miss Gr. No more, no more, Lady L. Have you not left her to me? I will punish her. *You* will have too much lenity.—And now tell me, Harriet—Don't you love Mr. Orme better than any man you ever yet saw?

Har. Indeed I do not.

Miss Gr. Whom do you love better, Harriet?

Har. Pray, Miss Grandison!

Miss Gr. And *pray*, Miss Byron!

Har. Resume the reins, Lady L.—Pray do!—Miss Grandison has no mercy! Yet met with a great deal the day before yester—

Miss Gr. The day before yesterday?—Very well!—But then I was ingenuous—

Har. And am not I?—Pray, Lady L.

Lady L. I think, not—

And she seemed a little too cruelly to enjoy the flutter I was in.

Miss Gr. And you say, that there is no one gentleman in Northamptonshire—

Har. What is the meaning of this, Ladies? But I do assure you, there is not—

Miss Gr. See, Lady L. there are some questions that the girl can answer readily enough.

I believe I looked serious. I was silent. Indeed my very soul was vexed.

Miss Gr. Ay, Harriet, be sullen: Don't answer any questions at all. That's your only way, now—And then we go no further, you know. But tell me—Don't you repent, that you have given a denial to Lady D.?

Har. I won't be sullen, Ladies. Yet I am not pleased to be thus—

Miss Gr. Then own yourself a woman, Harriet; and that, in some certain instances, you have both affectation, and reserve. There are some cases, my dear, in which it is impossible but a woman must be guilty of affectation.

Har. Well then, suppose I *am*. I never pretended to be clear of the foibles which you impute to the Sex. I am a weak, a very weak creature: You see I am—

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

Miss Gr. Ay, weep, love. My sister has heard me say, that I never in my life saw a girl so lovely in tears.

Har. What have I done to deserve—

Miss Gr. Such a compliment!—Hay?—But you sha'n't weep neither.—Why, why, is this subject so affecting, Harriet?

Har. You surprise me!—Parted with you but an hour or two ago—And nothing of these reproaches, And now, all at once, *both Ladies*—

Miss Gr. Reproaches, Harriet!—

Har. I believe so. I don't know what else to call them.

Miss Gr. What! Is it a reproach to be taxed with Love—

Har. But the manner, madam—

Miss Gr. The *manner* you are taxed with it, is the thing then—Well, putting on a grave look, and assuming a softer accent—You *are* in Love, however: But with whom? is the question—Are we, your sisters, intitled to know with whom?

Surely, Ladies, thought I, you have something to say, that will make me amends for all this intolerable teasing: And yet my proud heart, whatever it were to be, swelled a little, that *they* should think *that* would be such high amends, which, however, I by myself, communing only with my own heart, would have thought so.

Lady L. (coming to me, and taking my hand) Let me tell you, our dearest Harriet, that you are the most insensible girl in the world, if you are *not* in Love—And *now* what say you?

Har. Perhaps I do know, Ladies, enough of the Passion, to wish to be less alarmingly treated.

They then sitting down, one on either side of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

I think I *will* resume the reins, Charlotte, said the Countess. We are both cruel. But tell us, my lovely sister, in one word tell your Caroline, tell your Charlotte, if you have any confidence in our love (and indeed we love you, or we would not have teased you as we have done) if there be not one man in the world, whom you love above all men in it?

I was silent. I looked down. I had, in the same moment, an ague, in its cold, and in its hot fit. They vouchsafed, each, to press with her lips the passive hand each held.

Be not afraid to speak out, my dear, said Miss Grandison. Assure yourself of my love; my true *sisterly* love. I once intended to lead the way to the opening of your heart by the discovery of my own, before my brother, as I hoped, could have found me out—But nothing can be hid—

Madam! Ladies! said I, and stood up in an hurry, and, in as great a discomposure, sat down again—Your brother has not, could not—I would die before—

Miss Gr. Amiable delicacy!—He has not—But say you, Harriet, he *could* not?—If you would not be teased, don't aim at reserves—

But think you, that we could not see, on an hundred occasions, your heart at your eyes?—That we could not affix a proper meaning to those sudden throbs just here, patting my neck; those half-suppressed, but always involuntary sighs—[I sighed]—Ay, just such as that [I was confounded]—But, to be serious, we do assure you, Harriet, that had we not thought ourselves under some little obligation to Lady Anne S. we should have talked to you before on this subject. The friends of that Lady have been very solicitous with us—And Lady Anne is not averse—

Har. Dear Ladies! withdrawing the hand that Miss Grandison held, and taking out my handkerchief; you say, you love me!—Won't you despise whom you love?—I do own—

There I stopt; and dried my eyes.

Lady L. What does my Harriet own?—

Har. O madam, had I a greater opinion of my own merit, than I have reason to have (and I never had so little an one, as since I have known you two) I could open to you, without reserve, my whole heart—But one request I have to make you—You must grant it.

They both in a breath asked what that was.

Har. It is, That you will permit your chariot to carry me to town this very afternoon—And long shall not that town hold your Harriet—Indeed, indeed, Ladies, I cannot now ever look your brother in the face—And you will also both despise me! I know you will!

Sweet, and as *seasonable* as sweet (for I was very much affected) were the assurances they gave me of their continued love.

Miss Gr. We have talked with our brother this morning—

Har. About me! I hope he has not a notion, that—There I stopt.

Lady L. You were mentioned: But we intend not to alarm you farther. We will tell you what passed. Lady Anne was our subject.

I was all attention.

Miss Gr. We asked him if he had any thoughts of marriage? The question came in properly enough, from the subject that preceded it. He was silent: But sighed, and looked grave [Why did Sir Charles Grandison sigh, Lucy?] We repeated the question. You told us, brother, said I, that you do not intend to resume the treaty begun by my father for Lady Frances N. What think you of Lady Anne S.? We need not mention to you how considerable her fortune is; what an enlargement it would give to your power of doing good; nor what her disposition and qualities are: Her person is far from being disagreeable: And she has a great esteem for you.

I think Lady Anne a very agreeable woman, replied he: But if she honours me with a preferable esteem, she gives me regret: because it is not in my power to return it.

Not in your *power*, brother—

It is not in my power to return it.

O Lucy! how my heart flutter'd! The ague-fit came on again; and I was hot and cold, as before, almost in the same moment.

They told me, they would not teaze me further. But there are subjects, that cannot be touch'd upon without raising emotion in the bosom of a person who hopes, and is uncertain. O the cruelty of suspense! How every new instance of it tears in pieces my before almost bursting heart!

Miss Gr. My brother went on—You have often hinted to me at distance this subject. I will not, as I might, answer your question, now so *directly* put, by saying, that it is my wish to see you, Charlotte, happily married, before I engage myself. But, perhaps, I shall be better enabled some time hence, than I am at present, to return such an answer as you may expect from a brother.

Now, my Harriet, we are afraid, by the words, *Not in his power*; and by the hint, that he cannot at present answer our question as he may be enabled to do some time hence; we are afraid, that some foreign Lady—

They had raised my hopes; and now, exciting my fears by so well-grounded an apprehension, they were obliged for their pains to hold Lady L.'s salts to my nose. I could not help exposing myself, my heart having been weaken'd too by their teazings before. My head dropt on the shoulder of Miss Grandison. Tears relieved me.

I desired their pity. They assured me of their love; and called upon me, as I valued their friendship, to open my whole heart to them.

I paused. I hesitated. For words did not immediately offer themselves. But at last, I said, Could I have thought myself intitled to your excuse, Ladies, your Harriet, honoured, as she was, from the first, with the appellation of *sister*, would have had no reserve to *her* sisters: But a just consciousness of my own unworthiness, overcame a temper that I will say, is naturally frank and unreserved. Now, however—

There I stopt, and held down my head.

Lady L. Speak out, my dear—What *Now*—

Miss Gr. What *Now*, *however*—

Harriet. Thus called upon; thus encouraged—And I lifted up my head as boldly as I could (but it was not, I believe, very boldly) I will own, that the man, who by so signal an instance of his bravery and goodness engaged my gratitude, has possession of my whole heart.

And then, almost unknowing what I did, I threw one of my arms, as I sat between them, round Lady L.'s neck, the other round Miss Grandison's; my glowing face seeking to hide itself in Lady L.'s bosom.

They both embraced me, and assured me of their united interest. They said, They knew I had also Dr. Bartlett's high regard: But that

they had in vain sought to procure new lights from him; he constantly, in every-thing that related to their brother, referring himself to him: And they assured me, that I had likewise the best wishes and interest of Lord L. to the fullest extent.

This, Lucy, is some—consolation—must I say?—some ease to my pride, as to what the *family* think of me: But yet, how is that pride mortified, to be thus obliged to rejoice at this strengthening of hope to obtain an interest in the heart of a man, of whose engagements none of us know any-thing! But if, at last, it shall prove, that that worthiest of hearts is disengaged; and if I *can* obtain an interest in it, be pride out of the question! The man, as my aunt wrote, is Sir Charles Grandison.

I was very earnest to know, since my eyes had been such tell-tales, if their brother had any suspicion of my regard for him.

They could not, they said, either from his words or behaviour, gather that he had. He had not been so much with me, as they had been. Nor would they wish that he *should* suspect me. The best of men, they said, loved to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man*.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of what he said at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, as recited by the short-hand writer—That he would not marry the greatest princess on earth, if he were not assured, that she loved him above all the men in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, suffer a great deal in the apprehension, at one time, of disgusting the object of our passion, by too forward a Love; and, at another, of disobliging him by too great a reserve. Don't you think so?

The Ladies said, They were extremely solicitous to see their brother married. They wished it were to me, rather than to any other woman; and kindly added, That I had their hearts, even at the time when Lady Anne, by a kind of previous engagement, had their voices.

And then they told me what their brother said of me, with the hint of which they began this alarming conversation.

When my brother had let us know, said Miss Grandison, that it was not in his power to return a preferable esteem for a like esteem, if Lady Anne honoured him with it; I said—Had Lady Anne as many advantages to boast of, as Miss Byron has, could you then, brother, like Lady Anne?

Miss Byron, replied he, is a charming woman.

Lady L. (slily enough, continued Miss Grandison) said, Miss Byron is one of the prettiest women I ever beheld. I never saw in any face, youth, and dignity, and sweetness of aspect, so happily blended.

On this occasion, Lucy, my vanity may, I hope, revive, so long as I *repeat* only, and repeat justly.

"Forgive me, Lady L. replied my brother—But as Alexander would be drawn only by Apelles;¹ so would I say to all those who leave *mind* out of the description of Miss Byron, That *they* are not to describe her. This young Lady" [You *may* look proud, Harriet!] "has *united* in her face, *feature*, *complexion*, *grace*, and *expression*, which very few women, even of those who are most celebrated for beauty, have *singly* in equal degree: But, what is infinitely more valuable, she has an heart that is equally pure and open—She has a fine mind: And it is legible in her face. Have you not observed, Charlotte, added he, what intelligence her very silence promises? And yet, when she speaks, she never disappoints the most raised expectation."

I was speechless, Lucy.

Well, brother, continued Miss Grandison—If there is not everything you say in Miss Byron's face and mind, there seems to me little less than the warmth of Love in the description—You are another Apelles, Sir, if his colours were the most glowing of those of all painters.

My eyes had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison, What answer he returned to this? She saw they had.

Ah! Harriet! smiling—That's a meaning look, with all its bashfulness. This was my brother's answer—"Every-body must love Miss Byron—You know, Charlotte, that I presented her to *you*, and you to *her*, as a third sister: And what man better loves his sisters, than your brother?"

We both looked down, Harriet; but not quite so silly, and so disappointed, as you *now* look—

Dear Miss Grandison!—

Well, then another time don't let your eyes ask questions, instead of your lips.

Third sister! my Lucy! Indeed I believe I looked silly enough. To say the truth, I *was* disappointed.

Har. And this was all that passed? You hear by my question, Ladies, that my lips *will* keep my eyes in countenance.

Miss Gr. It was; for he retired as soon as he had said this.

Har. *How* retired, madam?—Any *discompo*—You laugh at my folly; at my presumption perhaps—

They both smiled. No, I can't say that there seemed to be either in his words or manner, any *distinguishing* emotion; any great *discompo*—He was about to retire before.

Well, Ladies, I will only say, That the best thing I can do, is, to borrow a chariot-and-six, and drive away to Northamptonshire.

But why so, Harriet?

Because it is impossible but I must suffer in your brother's opinion, every time he sees me, and that whether I am silent or speaking.

They made me fine compliments: But they would *indeed* have been fine ones, could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think, that had Sir Charles Grandison meant any-thing, he would have expressed himself to his sisters in such high terms, before he had said *one* very distinguishing thing to me? Let me judge by myself—Men and women, I believe, are so much alike, that, put custom, tyrant-custom, out of the question, the meaning of the one may be generally guessed at by that of the other, in cases where the heart is concern'd. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myself to say to and of Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler! How could I praise the honesty and goodness of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Because I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not *afraid to let go*, as their merits *pulled*.¹—And now, methinks, I can better guess, than I could *till* now, at what Mr. Greville meant, when he wished me to declare, that I *hated* him. Sly wretch!—since the woman who uses a man insolently in courtship, certainly makes that man of more importance to her, than she would wish him to think himself.—

But why am I studious to torment myself? What *will* be, *must*. "Who knows what Providence has designed for Sir Charles Grandison?"—May *he* be happy! But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwise, at this time.

LETTER XXXI (a)²

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Wednesday, March 15

I WILL not let you lose the substance of a very agreeable conversation, which we had last night after supper. You may be sure I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a considerable part in it. It would be impossible to give you more than passages, because the subjects were various, and the transitions so quick, by one person asking this question, another that, that I could not, were I to try, connect them as I endeavour generally to do.

Of one subject, Lucy, I particularly *owe* you some account. Miss Grandison, in her lively way (and lively she was, notwithstanding her trial so lately over) led me into talking of the detested masquerade. She put me upon recollecting the giddy scene, which those dreadfully interesting ones that followed it, had made me wish to blot out of my memory.

I spared you at the time, Harriet, said she. I asked you no questions about the masquerade, when you flew to us first, poor frightened bird! with all your gay plumage about you.

I, Sir Charles, should be inexcusable, if I thought—

Miss Gr. (interrupting, and looking archly) Not under *our brother's* conduct, Harriet?

Indeed, my dear Miss Grandison, had the diversion not been *prohibited*, had you once seen the wild, the senseless confusion, you would think just as I do: And you would have one stronger reason against countenancing it by your presence; for who, at this rate, shall make the stand of virtue and decorum, if such Ladies as Miss Grandison and Lady L. do not?—But I speak of the common masquerades, which I believe are more disorderly. I was disgusted at the freedoms taken with me, tho' but the common freedoms of the place, by persons who singled me from the throng, hurried me round the rooms, and engaged me in fifty idle conversations; and to whom, by the privilege of the place, I was obliged to be bold, pert, saucy, and to aim at repartee and smartness; the current wit of that witless place. They once got me into a country-dance. No prude could come, or if she came, could be a prude, there.

Sir Ch. Were you not pleased, Miss Byron, with the first coup d'oeil of that gay apartment?¹

A momentary pleasure: But when I came to reflect, the bright light, striking on my tinsel dress, made me seem to myself the more conspicuous fool. Let me be kept in countenance as I might, by scores of still more ridiculous figures, what, thought I, are other peoples follies to me? Am I to make an appearance that shall want the countenance of the vainest, if not the silliest part of the *creation*? What would my good grandfather have thought, could he have seen his Harriet, the girl whose mind he took pains to form and enlarge, mingling in a habit so preposterously rich and gaudy, with a croud of Satyrs, Harlequins, Scaramouches,² Fauns, and Dryads; nay, of Witches and Devils; the graver habits striving which should most disgrace the characters they assumed, and every one endeavouring to be thought the direct contrary of what they appeared to be.

Miss Gr. Well then, the Devils, at least, must have been charming creatures!

Lady L. But, Sir Charles, might not a masquerade, if decorum were observed, and every one would support with wit and spirit the assumed character—

Mr. Gr. Devils and all, Lady L.?

Lady L. It is contrary to decorum for such shocking characters to be assumed at all: But might it not, Sir Charles, so regulated, be a rational and an almost instructive entertainment?

Sir Ch. You would scarcely be able, my dear sister, to collect eight or nine hundred people, all wits, and all observant of decorum. And if you could, does not the example reach down to those who are

capable of taking only the bad and dangerous part of a diversion; which you may see by every common newspaper is become dreadfully general?

Mr. Gr. Well, Sir Charles, and why should not the poor devils in *low life* divert themselves as well as their betters? For my part, I rejoice when I see advertised an eighteen-peny masquerade, for all the pretty 'prentice souls, who will that evening be Arcadian Shepherdesses, Goddesses, and Queens.

I blushed at the word *Arcadian*; yet Mr. Grandison did not seem to have my masquerade dress in his thoughts.

Miss Gr. What low profligate scenes couldst thou expatiate upon, good man! if thou wert in proper company! I warrant those Goddesses have not wanted an adorer in our cousin Everard.

Mr. Gr. Dear Miss Charlotte, take care! I protest, you begin to talk with the spite of an old maid.

Miss Gr. There, brother! Do you hear the wretch? Will not you, knight-errant like, defend the cause of a whole class of distressed damsels, with our good Yorkshire aunt at the head of them?

Sir Ch. Those general prejudices and aspersions, Charlotte, are indeed unjust and cruel. Yet I am for having every-body marry. Bachelors, cousin Everard, and maids, when long single, are looked upon as houses long empty, which no-body cares to take. As the house in time, by long disuse, will be thought by the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, so will the others, by the *many*, be thought possessed by no good ones.

The transition was some-how made from hence to the equitableness that ought to be in our judgments of one another. We must in these cases, said Sir Charles, throw merit in one scale, demerit in the other; and if the former weigh down the latter, we must in charity pronounce to the person's advantage. So it is humbly hoped we shall finally be judged ourselves: For who is faultless?

Yet, said he, for my own part, that I may not be wanting to prudence, I have sometimes where the merit is not very striking, allowed persons, at first acquaintance, a short lease only in my good opinion; some for three, some for six, some for nine, others for twelve months, renewable or not, as they answer expectation. And by this means I leave it to every one to make his own character with me; I preserve my charity, and my complacency; and enter directly, with frankness, into conversation with him; and generally continue that freedom to the end of the respective person's lease.

Miss Gr. I wonder how many of your leases, brother, have been granted to Ladies?

Sir Ch. Many, Charlotte, of the friendly sort: But the kind you archly mean, are out of the question at present. We were talking of esteem.

They insensibly led the conversation to Love and Courtship; and he said [What do you think he said, Lucy?] That he should not, perhaps, were he in Love, be over-forward to declare his passion by words; but rather shew it by his assiduities and veneration, unless he saw, that the suspense was painful to the object; and in this case it would be equally mean and insolent not to break silence, and put himself in the power of her, whose honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.

What say you to this, Lucy?

Some think, proceeded he, that the days of courtship are the happiest days of life. But the man, who, as a Lover, thinks so, is not to be forgiven. Yet it must be confessed, that *hope* gives an ardour which subsides in certainty.

Being called upon by Lord L. to be more explicit:

I am not endeavouring, said he, to set up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own sake, I would not, by a too early declaration, drive a Lady into reserves; since that would be to rob myself of those innocent freedoms, and of that complacency, to which an honourable Lover might think himself entitled; and which might help him [Don't be affrighted, Ladies!] to develop¹ the plaits² and folds of the female heart.

This developement stuck with us women a little. We talked of it afterwards. And Miss Grandison then said, It was well her cousin Everard said not that. And *he* answered, Sir Charles may with more safety *steal an horse*, than I *look over the hedge*.³

Miss Gr. Ay, cousin Grandison, that is because you are a Rake. A name, believe me, of at least as much reproach, as that of an Old Maid.

Mr. Gr. Aspersing a whole class at once, Miss Charlotte! 'Tis contrary to your own maxim: And a class too (this of the Rakes) that many a generous-spirited girl chooses out of, when she would dispose of herself, and her fortune.

Miss Gr. How malapert this Everard!

What Sir Charles *next* said, made him own the character more decently by his blushes.

The woman who chooses a Rake, said he, does not consider, that all the sprightly airs for which she preferred him to a better man, either vanish in matrimony, or are shewn to others, to her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad: The disagreeable will be brought home. If he reform (and yet bad habits are very difficult to shake off) he will probably, from the reflexions on his past guilty life, be an unsociable companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him: If not, what has she chosen? He married not from honest principles: A Rake despises matrimony: If still a Rake, what hold will she have of him? A Rake in *Passion* is not a Rake in *Love*. Such a one

can seldom be in Love: From a laudable passion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His Love deserves a vile name: And if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes a common woman excel not his modest wife.

What he said, was openly approved by the Gentlemen; tacitly by the Ladies.

The subject changing to marriages of persons of unequal years; I knew, said Lord L. a woman of character, and not reckoned to want sense, who married at twenty a man of more than fifty, in hopes of burying him; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young Rake of twenty-two. She is rich; and, poor woman! hopes to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, she could not see the picture you have been drawing.

Retribution, said Sir Charles, will frequently take its course. The Lady, keeping in view one steady purpose; which was, That she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one, forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for the last twenty years; and will now very probably be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take, and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes. Don't you think, my Lord, that it is suitable to the divine benignity, as well as justice, to lend its sanctions and punishments in aid of those duties which bind man to man?

Lord L. said some very good things. Your Harriet was not a mute: But you know, that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison: And whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy—I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr. Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects: Yet Mr. Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily, were almost equally, and attentively, silent, till the last scene: And then the Doctor said, I must shew you a little translation of Miss Emily's from the Italian. She blushed, and looked as if she knew not whether she should stay or go. I shall be glad to see any-thing of my Emily's, said Sir Charles. I know she is a mistress of that language, and elegant in her own. Pray, my dear (to her) let us be obliged, if it will not pain you.

She blushed, and bowed.

I must first tell you, said the Doctor, that I was the occasion of her choosing so grave a subject, as you will find that of the sonnet from which hers is taken.

A sonnet! said Miss Grandison. My dear little POETESS, you must set it, and sing it to us.

No, indeed, madam, said Miss Jervois, blushing still more, Dr. Bartlett would by no means have me a *Poetess*, I am sure: And did you not, dear madam, speak that word, as if you meant to call me a name?

I think she did, my dear, said Sir Charles: Nor would I have my Emily distinguished by any name, but that of a discreet, an ingenious, and an amiable young woman. The title of *Wit* and *Poetess*, has been disgraced too often by Sappho's and Corinna's ancient and modern.¹ Was not this in your head, sister? But do not be disturbed, my Emily [The poor girl's eyes glistened]. I mean no check to liveliness and modest ingenuity. The easy productions of a fine fancy, not made the business of life, or its boast, confer no denomination that is disgraceful, but very much the contrary.

I am very glad, for all *that*, said Miss Jervois, that my little translation is in plain prose: Had it not, I should have been very much afraid to have it seen.

Even in that case, you need not to have been afraid, my dear Miss Jervois, said the good Dr. Bartlett: Sir Charles is an admirer of good poetry: And Miss Grandison would have recollected the Philomela's, the Orinda's,² and other excellent names among her own sex, whose *fine genius* does it honour.

Your diffidence and sweet humility, my dear Emily, said Lady L. would, in you, make the most envied accomplishments amiable.

I am sure, said the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to start, I have reason to be affected with the subject.—The indulgent mother is described with so much sweet tenderness—O what pleasures do mothers lose, who want tenderness!

We all, either by eyes or voices, called for the Sonnet, and her translation. Dr. Bartlett shewed them to us; and I send copies of both.

SONNET of Vincenzo da Filicaja

*Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante;
E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,
Uno tien sù i ginocchi, un sulle piante,
E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all' aspetto
Lor voglie intende sì diverse, e tante,
A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,
E se ride, o s'adira è sempre amante:
Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita
Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provvede,
E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti aita.*

*E sè nièga talor grazia, ò mercede,
O niega sol, perchè a pregar ne invita;
O negar finge, e nel negar concede.*

“See a fond mother incircled by her children: With pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal Love. One she kisses on the forehead; and clasps another to her bosom. One she sets upon her knee; and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look; a word to those; and whether she smiles or frowns, ’tis all in tender Love.

“Such to us, tho’ infinitely high and awful, is PROVIDENCE: So it watches over us; comforting these; providing for those; listening to all; assisting every one: And if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earnest prayers; or, seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in that refusal.”

When the translation was read aloud, the tears that before were starting, trickled down the sweet girl’s cheeks. But the commendations every one joined in, and especially the praises given her by her guardian, drove away every cloud from her face.

LETTER XXXII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Miss GRANDISON

My dear Charlotte,

Friday, March 17

I HAVE already seen Captain Anderson. Richard Saunders, whom I sent with your Letter, as soon as I came to town, found him at his lodgings near Whitehall. He expressed himself, on reading it, before the servant, with *indiscreet* warmth. I would not make minute enquiries after his words, because I intended an amicable meeting with him.

We met at four yesterday afternoon, at the Cocoa-tree in Pallmall: Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and Major Dillon, two of his friends, with whom I had no acquaintance, were with him. The Captain and I withdrew to a private room. The two gentlemen enter’d it with us.

You will on this occasion, I know, expect me to be particular: Yet must allow, that I had no good cause to manage; since those points that had most weight (and which were the ground of your objections to him, when you saw him in a near light) could not be pleaded without affronting him; and if they were, would hardly meet with his allowance; and could therefore have no force in the argument.

On the two gentlemen entering the room with us, without apology or objection, I ask'd the Captain, If they were acquainted with the affair we met upon? He said, They were his dear and inseparable friends, and knew every secret of his heart. Perhaps in this case, Captain Anderson, returned I, it were as well they did not.

We are men of honour, Sir Charles Grandison, said the Major, briskly.

I don't doubt it, Sir. But where the delicacy of a Lady is concern'd, the hearts of the principals should be the whole world to each other. But what is done, is done. I am ready to enter upon the affair before these gentlemen, if you choose it, Captain.

You will find us to be gentlemen, Sir Charles, said the Colonel.

The Captain then began, with warmth, his own story. Indeed he told it very well. I was pleased, for my *sister's sake* (pardon me, Charlotte) that he did. He is not contemptible, either in person or understanding. He may be said, perhaps, to be an illiterate, but he is not an ignorant man; tho' not the person whom the friends of Charlotte Grandison would think worthy of the first place in her heart.

After he had told his story (which I need not repeat to you) he insisted upon your promise. And his two friends declared in his favour, with airs, each man, a little too peremptory. I told them so; and that they must do me the justice to consider me as a man of some spirit, as well as themselves. I came hither with a friendly intention, gentlemen, said I. I do not love to follow the lead of hasty spirits. But if you expect to carry any point with me, it must not be either by raised voices, or heightened complexions.

Their features were all at once changed. And they said, they meant not to be warm.

I told the Captain, That I would not enter into a minute defence of the Lady, tho' my sister. I owned, that there had appeared a precipitation in her conduct. Her treatment at home, as she apprehended, was not answerable to her merits. She was young, and knew nothing of the world. Young Ladies were often struck by appearances. You, Captain Anderson, said I, have advantages in person and manner, that might obtain for you a young Lady's attention. And as she believed herself circumstanced in her family, I wonder not that she lent an ear to the address of a gallant man; whose command in that neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, whose behaviour in that command, added to his consequence. But I take it for granted, Sir, that you met with difficulties from her, when she came to reflect upon the disreputation of a young woman's carrying on clandestinely a correspondence with a man, of whose address her father, then living, was not likely to approve. There was none of that violent passion on either side, that precludes reason, discretion, duty. It is no wonder then, that a woman

of Charlotte Grandison's known good sense, should reflect, should consider: And perhaps the less, that you should therefore seek to engage her by promise. But what *was* the promise? It was not the promise that, it seems, you sought to engage her to make; To be absolutely yours, and no other man's: But it was, That she would not marry any other man without your consent, while you remained single. An unreasonable promise, however, I will presume to say, either to be proposed, or submitted to.

Sir! said the Captain, and looked the Soldier.

I repeated what I last said.

Sir! again said the Captain; and looked upon his friends, who pointed each his head at the other, and at him, by turns—as if they had said, Very free language!

For, Sir, proceeded I, did it not give room to think, that you had either some doubts of your own merit with the Lady, or of her affection and steadiness? And in either case, ought it to have been proposed? ought it to have been made? For my part, I should disdain to think of any woman for a wife, who gave me reason to imagine, that she was likely to balance a moment, as to her choice of me, or any other man.

Something in that! said the Colonel.

As you explain yourself, Sir Charles, said the Major—

The Captain, however, sat swelling. He was not so easily satisfied.

Your motive, we are not to question, Captain, was Love. Miss Grandison is a young woman whom any man may love. By the way, where a man is assured of a return in Love, there is no occasion for a promise. But a promise *was* made. My sister is a woman of honour. She thinks herself bound by it; and she is content to lead a single life to the end of it, if you will not acquit her of this promise. Yet she leaves, and at the *time* did leave, *you* free. You will have the justice, Sir, to allow, that there is a generosity in her conduct to you, which remains for you to shew to her, since a promise should not be made but on equal terms. Would you hold her to it, and be not held yourself? She desires not to hold you. Let me tell you, Captain, that if I had been in your situation, and had been able to *prevail upon myself* to endeavour to bring a Lady to make me such a promise, I should have doubted her love of me, had she not sought to bind me to her by an equal tie. What! should I have said to myself, Is this Lady dearer to *me* than all the women upon earth? Do I seek to bind her to me by a solemn promise, which shall give me a power over *her*? And has she so little regard for me, as not to value, whether I marry any other woman?

The Gentlemen looked upon one another; but were silent. I proceeded.

Let us set this matter in its true light. Here is a young woman, who had suffered herself to be embarrassed in a treaty, that her whole heart, she assures me, was never in. *This was her fault*. But know we not how inextricable are the entanglements of *Love*, as it is called, when young women are brought to enter into correspondence with men? Our Sex have opportunities of knowing the world, which the other have not. Experience, gentlemen, engaging with inexperience, and perhaps to the difference of twice the number of years [Sir! said the Captain!] the combat must be too unequal. How artfully do men endeavour to draw in the women whom they think it worth their while to pursue!—But would any man here wish to marry a woman, who declares that she was insensibly drawn in beyond her purpose? Who shewed, when she refused to promise that she would be his, in preference to all other men, that she did not love him above all other men? Who, when she was prevailed on to fetter herself, made him not of consequence enough to herself to bind *him*? And, in a word, who has long ago declared to him, and steadily persists in the declaration, That she *never* will be his?—You seem, gentlemen, to be men of spirit. Would you wish to marry the first woman on earth on these terms, if you *could* obtain her?—which, however, is not the case; since Miss Grandison's promise extends not so far as to oblige her to marry Captain Anderson.

The Captain did not, he told me, like some part of what I had said; and still less some of the words I had used;—And seemed to be disposing his features to take a livelier turn than became the occasion. I interrupted him therefore: I meet you not, Captain, said I, either to hear, or to obviate, cavils upon words. When I have told you, that I came with an amicable intention, I expect to be believed. I intend not offence. But let us be *men*. I am perhaps a younger man by ten years, than any one present; but I have seen the world, as much as any man of my age; and know what is due to the character of a Gentleman, whether it be Captain Anderson's, or my own: And expect not wilful misconstructions.

All I mean is, Sir, said the Captain, that I will not be treated contemptuously, no, not even by the brother of Miss Grandison.

The brother of Miss Grandison, Sir, is not accustomed to treat any man contemptuously. Don't treat yourself so, and you are safe from unworthy treatment from me. Let me add, Sir, that I permit every man to fix his character with me, as he pleases. I will venture to say, I have a large charity; but I extend it not to tameness: But yet will always allow a third person to decide upon the justice of my intentions and actions.

The Captain said, That he ascribed a great deal of my sister's positiveness in her denial of him (those were his words) to the time of

my arrival in England; and he doubted not, that I had encouraged the proposals, either of Sir Walter Watkyns, or of Lord G. because of their quality and fortunes: And hence his difficulties were encreased.

And then up he rose, slapt one hand upon the table, put the other on his sword, and was going to say some very fierce things, prefacing them with damning his blood; when I stood up: Hold, Captain; be calm, if possible—Hear from me the naked truth: I will make you a fair representation; and, when I have done, do you resume, if you think it necessary, that angry air you got up with, and see what you'll make of it.

His friends interposed. He sat down, half out of breath with anger. His swelled features went down by degrees.

The truth of the matter is strictly and briefly this.

All my sister's difficulties (which, perhaps, were greater in apprehension than in fact) ended with my father's life. I made it my business, on my arrival, as soon as possible, to ascertain my sisters' fortunes. Lord L. married the elder. The two gentlemen you have mentioned, made their addresses to the younger. I knew nothing of you, Captain Anderson. My sister had wholly kept the affair between you and her, in her own breast. She had not revealed it, even to her sister. The reason she gives, and to which you, Sir, could be no stranger, was, That she was determined never to be yours. The subject requires explicitness, Captain Anderson: And I am not accustomed to palliate, whenever it does. She hoped to prevail upon you to leave her as generously free, as she had left you. I do assure you, upon my honour, that she favours not either of the gentlemen. I know not the man she *does* favour. It is I, her brother, not herself, that am solicitous for her marrying. And, upon the indifference she expressed to change her condition, on terms to which no objection could be made, I supposed she must have a secret preference to some other man. I was afterwards informed, that letters had passed between her and you, by a Lady, who had it from a Gentleman of your acquaintance. You have shewn me, Sir, by the presence of these Gentlemen, that you were not so careful of the secret, as my sister had been.

I charged my sister, upon this discovery, with reserve to me: But offered her my service in her own way; assuring her, that if her heart were engaged, the want of quality, title, and fortune, should not be of weight with me; and that whomsoever she accepted for her husband, him would I receive for my brother.

The Colonel and the Major extravagantly applauded a behaviour on this occasion, which deserved no more than a common approbation.

She solemnly assured me, proceeded I, that altho' she held herself

bound by the promise which youth, inexperience, and solicitation, had drawn her in to make, she resolved to perform it by a perpetual single life, if it were insisted upon. And thus, Sir, you see, that it depends upon you to keep Charlotte Grandison a single woman, till you marry some other Lady (A power, let me tell you, that no man ought to seek to obtain over any young woman) or, generously to acquit her of it, and leave her as free as she has left you.—And now, gentlemen (to the Major and Colonel) if you come hither not so much parties as judges, I leave this matter upon your consideration; and will withdraw for a few moments.

I left every mouth ready to burst into words; and walked into the public room. There I met with Colonel Martin, whom I had seen abroad; and who had just asked after Major Dillon. He, to my great surprize, took notice to me of the business that brought me thither.

You see, my sister, the consequence you were of to Captain Anderson. He had not been able to forbear boasting of the honour which a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison had done him, and of his enlarged prospects, by her interest. Dear Charlotte—How unhappy was the man, that your pride should make you think yourself concern'd to keep secret an affair that he thought a glory to him to make known to many! For we see (shall I not say, to the advantage of this gentleman's character) that he has many *dear and inseparable friends*, from whom he *concealed not any secret of his heart*.

Colonel Mackenzie came out soon after, and we withdrew to the corner of the room. He talked a great deal of the strength of the captain's passion; of the hopes he had conceived of making his fortune, thro' the interest of a family to which he imputed consideration: He made me a great many compliments: He talk'd of the great detriment this long-suspended affair had been to his friend; and told me, with a grave countenance, that the Captain was grown as many years older, as it had been in hand; and was ready to rate very highly so much time lost in the prime of life. In short, he ascribed to the Captain the views and the disappointments of a military fortune-hunter too plainly for his honour in my eye, had I been disposed to take *proper* notice of the meaning of what he said.

After having heard him out, I desired the Colonel to let me know what all this meant, and what were the Captain's expectations.

He paraded on again, a long time; and asked me, at last, If there were no hopes that the Lady—

None at all, interrupted I. She has steadily declared as much. Charlotte Grandison is a woman of fine sense. She has great qualities. She has insuperable objections to the Captain, which are founded on a more perfect knowlege of the man, and of her own heart; than she could have at first. It is not my intention to depreciate him with his

friend: I shall not, therefore, enter into particulars. Let me know, Colonel, what the gentleman pretends to. He is passionate, I see: I am not a tame man: But God forbid, that Captain Anderson, who hoped to be benefited by an alliance with the daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison, should receive hurt, or hard treatment, from her brother!

Here Colonel Martin, who had heard something of what was said, desired to speak with Colonel Mackenzie. They were not so distant, but my ear unavoidably caught part of their subject. Colonel Martin expatiated, in a very high manner, on my character, when I was abroad. He imputed bravery to me (a great article among military men, and with you Ladies) and I know not how many good qualities—And Colonel Mackenzie took him in with him to the other two gentlemen: Where, I suppose, every-thing that had passed was repeated.

After a while, I was desired by Colonel Martin, in the name of the gentlemen, to walk in; he himself sitting down in the public room.

They received me with respect. I was obliged to hear and say a great many things, that I had said and heard before: But at last two proposals were made me; either of which, they said, if complied with, would be taken as laying the Captain under very high obligation.

Poor man! I had compassion for him, and closed with one of them; declining the other for a reason which I did not give to them. To say truth, Charlotte, I did not choose to promise my *interest* in behalf of a man, of whose merit I was not assured, had I been able to challenge any, as perhaps I might by Lord W.'s means; who stands well with proper persons. A man ought to think himself, in some measure, accountable for *warm* recommendations; especially where the public is concerned: And could I give my promise, and be cool as to the performance? And I should think myself also answerable to a worthy man, and to every one connected with him, if I were a means of lifting one less worthy over his head. I chose therefore to do that service to him, for which I am responsible only to *myself*. After I have said this, my sister must ask me no questions.

I gave a rough draught, at the Captain's request, of the manner in which I would have releases drawn. Colonel Martin was desired to walk in. And all the gentlemen promised to bury in silence all that had ever come to their knowlege, of what had passed between Charlotte Grandison, and Captain Anderson.

Let not the mentioning to you these measures, hurt you, my sister. Many young Ladies of sense and family have been drawn into still greater inconveniencies than you have suffered. Persons of eminent abilities (I have a very high opinion of my Charlotte's) seldom err in *small* points. Most young women, who begin a correspondence with our designing Sex, think they can stop when they will. But it is not so.

We, and the dark spirit that sets us at work, which we sometimes mis-call Love, will not permit you to do so. Men and Women are Devils to one another. They need no other tempter.

All will be completed to-morrow; and your written promise, of consequence, given up. I congratulate my sister on the happy conclusion of this affair. You are now your own mistress, and free to choose for yourself. I should never forgive myself, were I, who have been the means of freeing you from one controul, to endeavour to lay you under another. Think not either of Sir Walter or of Lord G. if your heart declare not in favour of either. You have sometimes thought me *earnest* in behalf of Lord G. But I have never spoken in his favour, but when you have put me upon answering objections to him, which I have thought insufficient: And indeed, Charlotte, some of your objections have been so slight, that I was ready to believe, you put them for the pleasure of having them answered.

My Charlotte need not doubt of admirers, where-ever she sets her foot. And I repeat, that whoever be the man she inclines to favour, she may depend upon the approbation and good offices of

Her ever-affectionate brother,

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXXIII

Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Friday, Mar. 17

I SEND you inclosed (to be returned by the first opportunity) Sir Charles's Letter to his sister, acquainting her with the happy conclusion of the affair between Captain Anderson and her. Her brother, as you will see, acquits her not of precipitation. If he did, it would have been an impeachment of his justice. O the dear Charlotte! how her pride is piqued at the meanness of the man! But no more of this subject, as the Letter is before you.

And now, my dear and honoured friends, let me return you a thousand thanks for the great packet of my Letters, just sent me, with a most indulgent one from my aunt, and another from my uncle.

I have already put into the two Ladies hands, and my Lord's, without reserve, all the Letters that reach to the masquerade affair, from the time of my setting out for London; and when they have read those, I have promised them more. This confidence has greatly obliged them; and they are employed, with no small earnestness, in perusing them.

This gives me an opportunity of pursuing my own devices. And

what, besides scribbling, do you think one of them is—A kind of persecution of Dr. Bartlett; by which, however, I suspect, that I myself am the greatest sufferer. He is an excellent man; and I make no difficulty of going to him in his closet; encouraged by his assurances of welcome.

Let me stop to say, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement, surrounded by his books, his table generally covered with those on pious subjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the saint, and inheritor of future glory; and in that great view, am the more desirous to cultivate his friendship.

And what do you think is our subject? Sir Charles, I suppose, you guess—And so it is, either in the middle or latter end of the few conversations we have yet had time to hold: But, I do assure you, we begin with the sublimest; tho' I must say, to my shame, that it has not so much of my heart, at present, as once it had, and I hope again it will one day have—The great and glorious truths of Christianity, are this subject; which *yet*, from this good Dr. Bartlett, warms my heart, as often as he enters into it. But this very subject, sublime as it is, brings on the other, as of consequence: For Sir Charles Grandison, without making an ostentatious pretension to religion, is the very Christian in practice, that these doctrines teach a man to be. Must not then the doctrines introduce the mention of a man who endeavours humbly to imitate the Divine example? It was upon good grounds he once said, That as he must one day die, it was matter of no moment to *him*, whether it were to-morrow, or forty years hence.

The Ladies had referred me to the Doctor himself for a more satisfactory account than they had given me, how Sir Charles and he first came acquainted. I told him so, and asked his indulgence to me in this enquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he said, the history of it written down. His nephew, whom he often employs as his amanuensis, should make me out, from that little history, an account of it, which I might shew, he was pleased to say, to such of my select friends, as I entrusted with the knowlege of my own heart.

I shall impatiently expect the abstract of this little history; and the more, as the Doctor tells me, there will be included some particulars of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad in his younger life, and of Mr. Beauchamp, whom the Doctor speaks of with love, as his patron's dearest friend, and whom he calls a second Sir Charles Grandison.

See, my Lucy, the reward of frankness of heart. My communicativeness has been already encouraged with the perusal of two Letters

from the same excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to whom, from early days (as I shall be soon more particularly informed) he has given an account of all his conduct and movements.

The Doctor drew himself in, however, by reading to Lord L. and the Ladies, and me, a paragraph or two out of one of them: And he has even allowed me to give my grandmamma and aunt a sight of them. Return them, Lucy, with the other Letter, by the very next post. He says, he can deny me nothing. I wish I may not be too bold with him—As for Miss Grandison, she vows, that she will not let the good man rest till she gets him to communicate what he shall not absolutely declare to be a secret, to *us* three sisters, and my Lord L. If the first man, she says, could not resist *one* woman, how will the Doctor deal with *three*, not one of them behind-hand with the *first* in curiosity? And all loving him, and whom he professes to esteem? You see, Lucy, that Miss Grandison has pretty well got up her spirits again.

Just now Miss Grandison has related to me a conversation that passed between my Lord and Lady L. herself, and Doctor Bartlett: In which the subject was their brother and me. The Ladies and my Lord are entirely in my interests, and regardful of my punctilio. They roundly told the Doctor, That, being extremely earnest to have their brother marry, they knew not the person living, whom they wished to call his wife preferably to Miss Byron; could they be sure, that I was absolutely disengaged. Now, Doctor, said Miss Grandison, tell us frankly, What is your opinion of our choice for a more than nominal sister?

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this conversation.

Lord L. Ay, my good Doctor Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.

Dr. B. Miss Byron (I pronounce upon knowlege, for she has more than once since I have been down, done me the honour of entering into very free and serious conversations with me) is one of the most excellent of women.

And then he went on, praising me for ingenuousness, seriousness, cheerfulness, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: And added, Would to heaven that she were neither more nor less than Lady Grandison!

God bless him! thought I—Don't you join, my Lucy, to say, at this place, you, who love me so dearly, God bless you, Doctor Bartlett?

Lady L. Well, but, Doctor, you say that Miss Byron talks freely with you; cannot you gather from her, whether she is inclined to marriage? Whether she is absolutely disengaged? Lady D. made a

proposal to her for Lord D.; and insisted on an answer to this very question: That matter is gone off. As our *guest*, we would not have Miss Byron think us impertinent. She is very delicate. And as she is so amiably frank-hearted, those things she chooses not to mention of her own accord, one would not, you know, officiously put to her.

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think so, Lucy? The Doctor, it is evident by his answer, did.

Dr. B. It is not likely that such a subject can arise between Miss Byron and me: And it is strange, methinks, that Ladies calling each other sisters, should not be absolutely mistresses of this question.

Lord L. Very right, Doctor Bartlett. But Ladies will, in these points, take a compass¹ before they explain themselves. A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and uprightness, Ladies, should not be treated with distance. We are of opinion, Doctor, that Miss Byron, supposing that she is absolutely disengaged, could make no difficulty to prefer my brother to all the men in the world. What think you?

Dr. B. I have no doubt of it: She thinks herself under obligation to him. She is goodness itself. She must love goodness. Sir Charles's person, his vivacity, his address, his understanding—What woman would not prefer him to all the men she ever saw? He has met with admirers among the Sex in every nation in which he has set his foot [Ah! Lucy!]. You, Ladies, must have seen, forgive me (bowing to each) that Miss Byron has a more than grateful respect for your brother.

Miss Gr. We think so, Doctor; and wanted to know if *you* did: And so, as my Lord says, fetched a little compass about; which we should not have done to *you*. But you say, That my brother has had numbers of admirers—Pray, Doctor, is there any *one* Lady (We imagine there is) that he has preferred to another, in the different nations he has travelled through?

Lord L. Ay, Doctor, we want to know this; and if you thought there were *not*, we should make no scruple to explain ourselves, as well to Miss Byron, as to my brother.

Don't you long to know what answer the Doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with impatience, when Miss Grandison repeated it to me.

The Doctor hesitated—And at last said; I wish with all my heart, Miss Byron could be Lady Grandison.

Miss Gr. COULD be?—*Could* be, said each.

And COULD be? said the fool to Miss Grandison, when she repeated it, her heart quite sunk.

Dr. B. (smiling) You hinted, Ladies, that you are not *sure*, that Miss Byron is absolutely disengaged. But, to be open and above-board, I have reason to believe, that your brother would be concerned, if he

knew it, that you should think of putting such a question as this to any-body but himself. Why don't you? He once complained to me, that he was afraid his sisters looked upon him as a reserved man; and condescended to call upon me to put him right, if I thought his appearance such as would give you grounds for the surmise. There are two or three affairs of intricacy that he is engaged in, and particularly one, that hangs in suspense; and he would not be fond, I believe, of mentioning it, till he can do it with certainty: But else, Ladies, there is not a more frank-hearted man in the world, than *your* brother.

See, Lucy, how cautious we ought to be in passing judgment on the actions of others, especially on those of good men, when we want to fasten blame upon them; perhaps with a low view (envying their superior worth) to bring them down to our own level!—For are we not all apt to measure the merits of others by our own standard, and to give praise or dispraise to actions or sentiments, as they square with our own?

Lord L. Perhaps, Doctor Bartlett, you don't think yourself at liberty to answer, whether these particular affairs are of such a nature, as will interfere with the *hopes* we have of bringing to effect a marriage between my brother and Miss Byron?

Dr. B. I had rather refer to Sir Charles himself on this subject. If any man in the world deserves from prudence and integrity of heart to be happy in this life, that man is Sir Charles Grandison. But he is not *quite* happy.

Ah, Lucy!—The Doctor proceeded. Your brother, Ladies, has often said to me, That there was hardly a man living who had a more sincere value for the Sex than he had; who had been more distinguished by the favour of worthy women; yet who had paid dearer for that distinction than he had done.

Lady L. Paid dearer! Good Heaven!

Miss Gr. How could that be?

Lord L. I always abroad heard the Ladies reckon upon Sir Charles, as their own man. His vivacity, his personal accomplishments, his politeness, his generosity, his bravery!—Every woman who spoke of him, put him down for a man of gallantry. And is he not a *truly* gallant man?—I never mentioned it before—But a Lady Olivia, of Florence was much talked of, when I was in that city, as being in love with the handsome Englishman, as our brother was commonly called there—

Lady Olivia! Lady Olivia! repeated each sister; and why did not your Lordship?—

Why? Because, tho' she was in love with him, he had no thoughts of her. And, as the Doctor says, she is but *one* of those who admired him where-ever he set his foot.

Bless me, thought I, what a black swan is a good man!—Why (as I have often thought, to the credit of our Sex) will not all the men be good?

Lady L. My Lord, you must tell us more of this Lady Olivia.

Lord L. I know very little more of her. She was reputed to be a woman of high quality and fortune, and great spirit. I once saw her. She is a fine figure of a woman. Dr. Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an account of her.

Miss Gr. Ah, Doctor! What an history could you give us of our brother, if you pleased!—But as there is no likelihood that this Lady will be any-thing to my brother, let us return to our first subject.

Lady L. By all means. Pray, Dr. Bartlett, do you know what my brother's opinion is of Miss Byron?

Dr. B. The highest that man can have of woman.

Lady L. As we are so very desirous to see my brother happily married, and think he never could have a woman so likely to make him happy, would you advise us to propose the alliance to him? We would not to *her*, unless we thought there were room to hope for his approbation, and that in a very high degree.

Dr. B. I am under some concern, my dear Ladies, to be thought to know more of your brother's heart, than sisters do whom he loves so dearly, and who equally love him. I beseech you, give me not so much more consequence with him than you imagine you have yourselves. I shall be afraid, if you do, that the favour I wish to stand in with you, is owing more to your brother's distinction of me, than to your own hearts.

Lord L. I see not why we may not talk to my brother directly on this head. Whence is it, that we are all three insensibly drawn in, by each other's example, to this distance between him and us?—It is not *his* fault. Did we ever ask him a question, that he did not directly answer, and that without shewing the least affectation or reserve?

Miss Gr. He came over to us all at once so perfect, after an eight or nine years absence, with so much power, and such a will, to do us good, that we were awed into a kind of reverence for him.

Lady L. Too great obligations from one side, will indeed create distance on the other. Grateful hearts will always retain a sense of favours heaped upon them.

Dr. B. You would give pain to his noble heart, did he think, that you put such a value upon what he has done. I do assure you, that he thinks he has hardly performed his duty, by his sisters. And, as occasions may still offer, you will *find* he thinks so. But let me beg of you to treat him without reserve or diffidence; and that you would put to him all those questions which you would wish to be answered. You will find him, I dare say, very candid, and very explicit.

Miss Gr. That shall be my task, when I next see him. But, dear Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, communicate to us all that is proper for us to see, of the correspondence that passes between him and you.

The Doctor, it seems, bowed; but answered not.

So you see, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great *reason* to build so much, as my uncle, in his last Letter, imagines I do, on the interest of these Ladies and my Lord L. with their brother. *Two or three intricate affairs on his hands: One of them still in suspense; of which, for that reason, he makes a secret: He is not quite happy: Greatly distinguished by the favour of worthy women:* Who would wonder at that?—But *has paid dear for the distinction!*—What can one say? What can one think? He once said himself, That his life was a various life; and that some unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of such a man could not shield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it?—And from *worthy women* too!—That's the wonder!—But is this Olivia one of the *worthy women*?—I fancy he must despise us all. I fancy he will never think of incumbering himself with one of a Sex, that has made him pay so dear for the general distinction he has met with from it. As to his politeness to us; a man may afford to shew politeness to those he has resolved to keep at distance.

But, ah, Lucy!—There must be one happy woman, whom he wishes *not* to keep at distance. This is the affair, that *hangs in suspense*; and of which, therefore, he chooses to say nothing.

.

I have had the pleasure of a visit from my godfather Deane. He dined with us this day in his way to town. The Ladies, Dr. Bartlett, and my Lord L. are charmed with him. Yet I had pain mingled with my pleasure. He took me aside, and charged me *so* home—He was *too* inquisitive. I never knew him to be so *very* urgent to know my heart. But I was frank: Very frank: I should hardly have been excusable, if I had not, to so good a man, and so dear a friend. Yet he scarce knew how to be satisfied with my frankness.

He will have it, that I look thinner and paler than I used to do. That may very well be. My very *soul*, at times—I know not how I am—Sir Charles is in suspense too, from somebody abroad. From my heart I pity him. Had he but some faults; some great blemishes; I fancy I should be easier about him. But to hear nothing of him, but what is so greatly praiseworthy, and my heart so delighted with acts of beneficence—And now, my godfather Deane, at this visit, running on in his praises, and commending, instead of blaming me, for my presumptuous thoughts; nay, exalting me, and telling me, That I deserve

him—that I deserve Sir Charles Grandison!—Why did he not chide me? Why did he not dissuade me?—Neither fortune nor merit answerable!—A man who knows so well what to do with fortune!—The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make! Power could not corrupt such a mind as his. Cæsar, said Dr. Bartlett, speaking of him before Mr. Deane and all of us, was not quicker to destroy, than Sir Charles Grandison is to relieve. Emily's eyes, at the time, ran over with joy at the expression; and, drying them, she looked proudly round on us all, as if she had said, This is my guardian!

But what do you think, Lucy? My godfather will have it, that he sees a young passion in Miss Jervois for her guardian!—God forbid!—A young Love may be conquered, I believe; but *who* shall caution the innocent girl? She must have a sweet pleasure in it, creeping, stealing, upon her. How can so unexperienced an heart, the object so meritorious, resist or reject the indulgence? But, O my Emily! sweet girl! do not let your Love get the better of your gratitude, lest it make you unhappy! and, what would be still more affecting to a worthy heart, make the generous object of a passion that cannot be gratified, unhappy; and for *that* very reason; because he cannot reward it! See you not already, that, with all his goodness, he is not quite happy? He is a sufferer from *worthy* women!—O my Emily, do not *you* add to the infelicity of a man, who can make but *one* woman happy; yet wishes to befriend all the world—But, hush! selfish adviser! Should not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time?—Yet she knew not, that he had any previous engagements: And may death lay his cold hand upon her heart, before she become an additional disturbance to his! He knows not, I hope he guesses not, tho' Dr. Bartlett has found me out as well as the sisters, that I am captivated, heart and soul, by his merits. May he never know it, if the knowlege of it would give him the shadow of uneasiness!

I owned to Mr. Deane, that my Lord L. and the Ladies were warmly interested in my favour. Thank God for that! he said. All must happen to his wish. Nay, he would have it, that Sir Charles's goodness would be *rewarded* in having such a wife: But what wife can do more than her duty to any husband who is not absolutely a savage? How then can all I could do, *reward* such a man as this?

But, Lucy, don't you blush for me, on reading this last page of my writing? You *may*, since I blush myself on re-perusing it. For shame, Harriet Byron, put a period to this Letter!—I will; nor subscribe to it so much as the initials of my name.

LETTER XXXIV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT,*
[Inclosed in the preceding.]

Friday, Mar. 17

LAST night I saw interred the remains of my worthy friend Mr. Danby. I had caused his two nephews and his niece to be invited: But they did not attend.

As the will was not to be opened till the funeral was over, about which the good man had given me verbal directions; apprehending, I believe, expostulations from me, had I known the contents; I sent to them this morning to be present at the opening.

Their attorney, Mr. Sylvester, a man of character, and good behaviour, brought me a Letter, signed by all three, excusing themselves on very slight pretences, and desiring that *he* might be present for them. I took notice to him, that the behaviour of his principals over-night and now, was neither respectful to the memory of their uncle, nor civil, with regard to me. He honestly owned, that Mr. Danby having acquainted his two nephews, a little before he died, that he had made his will, and that they had very little to expect from him, they, who had been educated by his direction, and made merchants, at his expence, with hopes given them, that he would, at his death, do very handsomely for them, and had never disoblighed him, could not be present at the opening of a will, the contents of which they expected to be so mortifying to them.

I opened it in presence of this gentleman. The preamble was an angry one; giving reasons for his resentment against the father of these young persons, who (tho' his brother) had once, as I hinted to you at Colnebrooke, made a very shocking attempt upon his life. I was hurt, however, to find a resentment carried so far as against the innocent children of the offender, and into the last will of so good a man; that will so lately made, as within three weeks of his death; and he given over for three months before.

Will the tenderness due to the memory of a friend permit me to ask, Where would that resentment have stopt, had the private man been a monarch, which he could carry into his last will?

But see we not, on the other hand, that these children, had they power, would have punished their uncle, for disposing, as he thought fit, of his own fortune; no part of which came to him by inheritance?

They had been educated, as I have said, at his expence; and, in the phrase of business, well put out.¹ Expences their careless father would not have been at: He is, in every light, a bad man. How much better

had these children's title been to a more considerable part of their uncle's estate than he has bequeathed to them, had they been thankful for the benefits they had actually received! Benefits, which are of such a nature, that they cannot be taken from them.

Mr. Danby has bequeathed to each of the three, one thousand pounds; but on express condition, that they signify to his executor, within two months after his demise, their acceptance of it, in full of all demands upon his estate. If they do not (tender being duly made) the three thousand pounds are to be carried to the uses of the will.

He then appoints his executor; and makes him residuary legatee; giving for reason, that he had been the principal instrument in the hand of Providence, of saving his life.

He bequeaths some generous remembrances to three of his friends in France; and requests his executor to dispose of three thousand pounds to charitable uses, either in France or England, as he thinks fit, and to what particular objects he pleases.

And, by an inventory annexed to the will, his effects in money, bills, actions,¹ and jewels, are made to amount to upwards of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Mr. Sylvester complimented me on this great *windfall*, as he called it; and assured me, that it should be his advice to his clients, that each take his and her legacy, and sit down contented with it: And he believed, that they the rather would, as, from what their uncle had hinted, they apprehended, that the sum of an hundred pounds each, was all they had to hope for.

I enquired into the inclinations and views of the three; and received a very good general account of them; with an hint, that the girl was engaged in a Love-affair.

Their father, after his vile attempt upon his brother's life, was detested by all his friends and relations, and went abroad; and the last news they heard of him, was, that he was in a very ill state of health, and in unhappy circumstances, in Barbados: And very probably by this time is no more.

I desired Mr. Sylvester to advise the young people to recollect themselves; and said, That I had a disposition to be kind to them: And as he could give me only general accounts of their views, prospects, and engagements, I wish'd they would, with marks of confidence in me, give me particular ones: But that, whether they complimented me as I wished, or not, I was determined, for the sake of their uncle's memory, to do all reasonable services to them. Tell them, in a word, Mr. Sylvester, and do you forgive the seeming vanity, That I am not accustomed to suffer the narrowness of other people's hearts to contract mine.

The man went away, very much pleased with what I had said; and

in about two hours, sent me a note, in the names of all his clients, expressing gratitude and obligation; and requesting me to allow him to introduce them all three to me this afternoon.

I have some necessary things to do, and persons to see, in relation to my deceased friend, which will be dispatched over a dish of tea. And therefore I have invited the honest attorney, and his three clients, to sup with me.

I will not send this to Colnebrooke, where I hope you are all happy [All must; for are they not all good? And are not *you* with them?] till I accompany it with the result of this evening's conversation. Yet I am too fond of every occasion that offers to tell you, what, however, you cannot doubt, how much I am *yours*, not to sign to that truth the name of

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXXV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation

Friday night, March 17

MR. Sylvester, an honest pleasure shining in his countenance, presented to me, first, Miss Danby; then, each of her brothers; who all received my welcome with a little consciousness, as if they had something to reproach themselves with, and were generously ashamed to be overcome. The sister had the least of it: And I saw by that, that she was the least blameable, not the least modest; since I dare say she had but followed her brothers lead; while they looked down and bashful, as having all that was done amiss to answer for.

Miss Danby is a very pretty, and very genteel young woman. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Edward Danby, are agreeable in their persons and manners, and want not sense.

In the first moment I dissipated all their uneasiness; and we sat down together with confidence in each other. The honest attorney had prepared them to be easy after the first introduction.

I offer not to read to you, said I, the will of your uncle. It is sufficient to repeat what Mr. Sylvester has, no doubt, told you; That you are each of you entitled by it to a thousand pounds.

They all bowed; and the elder brother signified their united consent to accept it upon the terms of the will.

Three thousand pounds more are to be disposed of to charitable uses, at the discretion of the executor: Three other legacies are left to three different gentlemen in France: And the large remainder, which will not be less than four-and-twenty thousand pounds, falls

to the executor, as residuary legatee, equally unexpected and undesired.

The elder brother said, God bless you with it, Sir. The second said, It could not have fallen to a worthier man. The young Lady's lips moved: But words proceeded not from them. Yet her eyes shewed that her lips made me a compliment.

It is ungenerous, Dr. Bartlett, to keep expecting minds in suspense, tho' with a view of obliging in the end. The surprize intended to be raised on such an occasion, carries in its appearance an air of insult. I have, said I, a great desire to do you service. Now let me know, gentlemen (I will talk to the young Lady singly, perhaps) what your expectations were upon your uncle; what will do for each of you, to enable you to enter the world with advantage, in the way you have been brought up; and, as I told your worthy friend, Mr. Sylvester, I will be ready to do you all reasonable service.—But, hold, Sir; for Mr. Thomas Danby was going to speak; you shall consider before you answer me. The matter is of importance. Be explicit. I love openness and sincerity. I will withdraw, till you have consulted together. Command me in when you have determined.

I withdrew to my Study: And, in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know, that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. Come, gentlemen, don't fear to speak: Consider me, for your uncle's sake, as your brother.

The elder brother was going to speak; but, hesitating, Come, said I, let me *lead* you into the matter—Pray, Sir, what is your present situation? What are your present circumstances?

My father, Sir, was unhappy—My father—

Well, Sir, no more of your father—He *could* do nothing for you. Your whole dependence, I presume, was upon your uncle.

My uncle, Sir, gave us all our education—My uncle gave each brother a thousand guineas for putting out each to a merchant; five hundred only of which sums were so employed; and the other five hundred guineas, are in safe hands.

Your uncle, Sir, all reverence to his memory, was an excellent man.

Indeed, Sir, he was.

And what, Sir, is the business you were brought up to?

My master is a West-India merchant.

And what, Mr. Danby, are your prospects in that way?

Exceeding hopeful, Sir, they would have been—My master intended to propose to my uncle, had he lived to come to town, to take me in a quarter-partner with him directly; and, in a twelvemonth's time, an half-partner.

A very good sign in your favour, Sir. You must have behaved yourself well. And will he now do it?

Ah! Sir—And was silent.

Upon what terms, Mr. Danby, would he have proposed to your uncle to take you in a quarter-partner?

Sir—he talked of—

Of what?

Four thousand pounds, Sir. But my uncle never gave us hopes of more than three thousand guineas each, besides the thousand he had given: And when he had so much reason to resent the unhappy steps of my father, he let us know, that he would not do *any-thing* for us: And, to say truth, the thousand pounds left us in the will, is more than we expected.

Very ingenuous. I love you for your sincerity. But, pray, tell me, Will four thousand pounds be well laid out in a quarter-partnership?

To say truth, Sir, my master had a view, at the year's end, if nothing unexpected happened to prevent it, to give me his niece in marriage; and then to admit me into a half of the business, which would be equivalent to a fortune of as much more.

And do you love the young woman?

Indeed I do.

And does she countenance your address?

If her uncle—I don't doubt if *her* uncle could have prevailed upon *my* uncle—

Well, Sir, I am your uncle's executor. Now, Sir, (to Mr. Edward Danby) let me know your situation; your prospects.

Sir, I was put to a French wine-merchant. My master is in years. I am the sole manager of his business; and he would leave off to me, I believe, and to his nephew, who knows not so much of it as I do, nor has the acquaintance, either in France or England, that I have; could I raise money to purchase half the stock.

And what, Sir, is necessary for that purpose?

O Sir! at least six thousand pounds.—But had my uncle left me the three thousand we once hoped for, I could have got the other half at an easy interest; for I am well beloved, and have always borne a good character.

What did you suppose your uncle would do with the bulk of his fortune (you judged it, I suppose, to be large) if you expected no more than three thousand guineas each at the most, besides what he had given you?

We all thought, Sir, said Mr. Edward Danby, it would be *yours*, from the time that he owed his life to your courage and conduct. We never entertained hopes of being his heirs general: And he several times told me, when I was in France, that *you* should be his heir.

He never hinted that to me. What I did was as necessary to be done for my own safety, as for his. He much over-rated my services. But

what are your prospects, Mr. Edward Danby, in the French wine-trade?

O Sir, very great!—

And will your master leave off to you and his nephew, think you?

I dare say he would, and be glad of retiring to Enfield, where he has a house he is so fond of, that he would be continually there, by his good-will.

And have you, Sir, any prospect of adding to your circumstances by marriage?

Women are a drug, Sir. I have no doubt of offers, if once I were my own master.

I started. His sister looked angry. His brother was not pleased: Mr. Sylvester, who, it seems, is an old bachelor, laughed—

A *true* merchant this already! thought I.

Well, now, shall I have your consents, gentlemen, to take your sister aside?—Will you trust yourself with me, Miss Danby? Or had you rather answer my questions in company?

Sir, your character, your goodness, is so well known, I scruple not to attend you.

I took her hand, and led her to my study, leaving the door open, to the drawing-room in which they were. I seated her. Then sat down, but still held her hand.

Now, my dear Miss Danby, you are to suppose me, as the executor of your uncle, his representative. If you had that good uncle before you, and he was urging you to tell him what would make you happy, with an assurance, that he would do all in his power towards it; and if you would open your mind freely to him; with equal freedom open it to me. There was only this difference between us: He had resentments against your father, which he carried too far, when he extended them to his innocent children [But it was an atrocious attempt, that embitter'd his otherwise benevolent spirit]: I have no resentment; and am armed with his power, and have all the will he ever could have, to serve you. And now, let me know, what will effectually do it?

The worthy girl wept. She looked down. She seemed as if she were pulling threads out of her handkerchief. But was unable to return any other answer, than what her eyes, once cast up, as if to Heaven, made for her.

Give me, my good Miss Danby (I would not distress you) give me, as your brothers did of *their* situation, some account of *yours*. Do you live with either of your brothers?

No, Sir. I live with an aunt: My mother's sister.

Is she good to you?

Yes, Sir, very good. But she has children; and cannot be so good as she would be to me. Yet she has always been kind; and has made

the best of my uncle's allowance for my education: And my fortune, which is unbroken, is the same sum that he gave my brothers: And it is in good hands: And the interest of it, with my aunt's additional goodness and management, enables me to make a genteel figure: And, with my own housewifry, I never have wanted some little matters for my pocket.

Good girl, thought I!—Mercantile carle!¹ thy brother Edward, pretty one! How dared he to say, that women are drugs?—Who, in their œconomy, short as their power is, are generally superior to men!

Your uncle was very good to put you upon a foot with your brothers, in his bounty to them; as now he has also done in his will: And assure yourself, that his representative, will be equally kind to you as to your brothers. But shall I ask you, as your uncle would have done—Is there any one man in the world, whom you prefer to another?

She was silent; looked down; and again picked her handkerchief.

I called in her elder brother (not the drug-merchant) and asked him, What he knew of his sister's affections?

Why, my good Dr. Bartlett, are these women ashamed of owning a laudable passion? Surely there is nothing shameful in *discreet* Love.

Her brother acquainted me with the story of her Love; the good girl blushing, and looking down all the while, with the consciousness of a sweet thief, who had stolen a heart, and, being required to restore it, had been guilty of a new cheat, and given her own instead of it.

The son of Mr. Galliard, an eminent Turkey merchant, is the man with whom she has made this exchange. His father, who lives in the neighbourhood of her aunt, had sent him abroad, in the way of his traffick; partly with a view to prevent his marrying Miss Danby, till it should be seen whether her uncle would do any-thing considerable for her: And he was but just returned; and, in order to be allowed to stay at home, had promised his father never to marry without his consent: But nevertheless loved his sister, Mr. Danby said, above all women; and declared that he never would be the husband of any other.

I asked, whether the father had any objections, but those of fortune, to his son's choice; and was answer'd, No. He *could* have no other, the young man, like a brother, said: There was not a more virtuous and discreet young woman in the kingdom than his sister, tho' he said it, that should not say it.

Tho' you say it, that *should* say it. Is not our relation intitled to the same justice that we would do to another?

We must not blame indiscriminately, continued I, all fathers who expect a fortune to be brought into their family, in some measure equivalent to the benefit the new-comer hopes to receive from it;

especially in mercantile families, if the young man is to be admitted into a share with his father; who, by the way, *may* have other children—

He has—

Something by way of equivalent for the part he gives up, should be done. Love is a selfish Deity. He puts two persons upon preferring their own interests, nay, a gratification of their passion often *against* their interests, to those of every-body else; and reason, discretion, duty, are frequently given up in a competition with it. But Love, nevertheless, will not do every-thing for the ardent pair. Parents know this: And ought not to pay for the rashness they wish to prevent, but cannot.

They were attentive. I proceeded, addressing myself to both in the mercantile style.

Is a father, who by his prudence, has weather'd many a storm, and got safe into port, obliged to re-embark in the voyage of Life, with the young folks, who perhaps in a little while, will consider him as an incumbrance, and grudge him his cabin? Parents (tho' a young man, I have always thought in this manner) should be indulgent; but children, when they put themselves into one scale, should allow the parent his due weight in the other. You are angry at this father, are you not, my dear Miss Danby?

I said this, to hear what answer she would return.

Indeed I am not. Mr. Galliard knows best his own affairs, and what they require. I have said so twenty and twenty times: And young Mr. Galliard is convinced, that his father is not to be blamed, having other children. And, to own the truth (looking on the floor), we both sit down, and wish together, now-and-then: But what signifies wishing?

My sister will now have two thousand pounds: Perhaps when old Mr. Galliard sees, that his son's affections—

Old Mr. Galliard, interrupted I, shall be asked to do nothing inconvenient to himself, or that is not strictly right by his other children: Nor shall the niece of my late worthy friend enter into his family, with discredit to herself.

Notice being given, that supper was ready, I took the brother and sister each by the hand; and, entering the drawing-room with them, Enjoy, said I, the little repast that will be set before you. If it be in my power to make you all three happy, happy you shall be.

It must give great pleasure, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will believe, to a man of my lively sensations, to see three very different faces in the same persons, from those they had entered with. I imagined more than once, as the grateful eyes of the sister, and tongues of the brothers, expressed their joy, that I saw my late worthy friend looking down upon us, delighted, and not with disapprobation, upon his choice of

an executor, who was determined to supply the defects, which the frailty of human nature, by an ever-strong resentment on one hand, and an overflowing gratitude on the other, had occasioned.

I told Mr. Thomas Danby, that besides his legacy, he might reckon upon five thousand pounds, and enter accordingly into treaty for and with his master's niece.

Mr. Edward Danby I commissioned, on the strength of the like additional sum, to treat with the gentleman he had served.

And you, my good Miss Danby, said I, shall acquaint your favoured Mr. Galliard, That, besides the two thousand pounds already yours, you will have five thousand pounds more at his service. And if these sums answer not your full purposes, I expect you will let me know; since, whether they do or not, my respect to the memory of your worthy uncle shall be shewn to the value of more than those three sums to his relations. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be: And you must inform me, what other relations you have, and of their different situations in life, that I may be enabled to amend a will, made in a long and painful sickness, which might sour a disposition that was naturally all benevolence.

They wept; looked at one another; dried their eyes; and wept again. Mr. Sylvester also wept for joy. I thought my presence painful to them; and withdrew to my Study; and shut the door, that I might not add to their pain.

At my return—Do you—Do you, referred each brother to the other: And Mr. Thomas Danby getting up to speak, I see, my friends, said I, your grateful hearts in your countenances. Do you think my pleasure is not, at least, equal to yours? I am *more* than rewarded in the consciousness of having endeavoured to make a right use of the power entrusted to me. You will each of you, I hope (thus set forward) be eminent in his particular business. The merchants of Great Britain are the most useful members of the community. If I have obliged you, let me recommend to you, each in his several way, according to his ability, and as opportunity may offer, to raise those worthy hearts, that inevitable calamities shall make spiritless. Look upon what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourselves, but as your debt to that Providence, which makes it a principal part of your religion. To do good to your fellow-creatures. In a word, let me injoin you, in all your transactions, to *remember mercy*, as well as *justice*.

The brothers with folded hands, declared, that their hearts were opened by the example set them; and, they hoped, would never be shut. The sister *looked* the same declaration.

Mr. Sylvester, raised with this scene of gratitude, tears in his honest eyes, said, That he should be impatient till he had looked into

his affairs, and thro' his acquaintance, in order to qualify himself to do some little good, after such a *self-rewarding* example.

If a private man, my dear Dr. Bartlett, could be a means of expanding thus the hearts of four persons, none of them unworthy, what good might not princes, and those who have princely fortunes, do?—Yet, you see, I have done nothing but mere justice. I have not given up anything that was my own, before this Will gave me a power, that perhaps was put into my hands, as a new trial of the integrity of my heart.

But what poor creatures are we, my dear friend, that the very avoiding the occasion of a wrong action, should gladden our hearts, as with the consciousness of something meritorious?

At parting, I told the nephews, That I expected to hear from them the moment any-thing should be brought to effect; and let their masters and them agree, or not, I would take the speediest methods that could be fallen upon, to transfer to them, and to their sister, such actions and stocks, as would put them in full possession of what they were intitled to, as well by my promise, as by their uncle's will.

I was obliged to injoin them silence.

Their sister wept; and when I pressed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the pressure; but in a manner so modest (recollecting herself into some little confusion) that shewed gratitude had possession of her whole heart, and set her above the forms of her Sex.

The good attorney, as much raised, as if he were one of the persons benefited, joined with the two brothers in invoking blessings upon me.

So much, my dear Dr. Bartlett, for this night. The past day is a day that I am not displeased with.

LETTER XXXVI

Dr. BARTLETT, To Miss BYRON

March 18

I Present to you, madam, the account you desired to see, as extracted by my kinsman from my papers. You seemed to wish it to be hastened for you: It is not what it might have been; but mere facts, I presume, will answer your intention. Be pleased therefore, to accept it with your usual goodness.

“Dr. Bartlett went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; Mr. Lorimer, I am to call him, to conceal his real name. He was the

very reverse of young Mr. Grandison. He was not only rude and ungovernable; but proud, ill-natured, malicious, even base.

"The Doctor was exceedingly averse to take upon him the charge of the wicked youth abroad; having had too many instances of the badness of his nature while in England: But he was prevailed upon by the solicitations of his father (who represented it as an act of the greatest charity to him and his family) as well as by the solemn promises of good behaviour from the young man; for he was known to regard the advice of Dr. Bartlett more than that of any other person.

"The Doctor and Mr. Lorimer were at Turin, when young Mr. Grandison (who had been some months in France) for the first time arrived in that city; then in the eighteenth year of his age.

"Dr. Bartlett had not a more profligate pupil, than Mr. Grandison had a governor; tho' recommended by General W. his uncle by the mother's side. It used to be observed in places where they made but a few days residence, that the young gentleman ought to have been the governor, Monsieur Creutzer the governed. Mr. Grandison had, in short, the happiness, by his prudence, to escape several snares laid for his virtue, by a wretch, who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to silence the remonstrances of the young man, upon his evil conduct; and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

"Mr. Grandison became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett at Turin: Monsieur Creutzer, at the same time, commenced an intimacy with Mr. Lorimer; and the two former were not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from bad.

"Several riotous things were done by Creutzer and Lorimer, who, whatever the Doctor could do to separate them, were hardly ever asunder. One of their enormities fell under the cognizance of the civil magistrate; and was not made easy to Lorimer without great interest and expence: While Creutzer fled to Rome, to avoid condign punishment; and wrote to Mr. Grandison to join him there.

"Then it was, that Mr. Grandison wrote (as he had often ineffectually threatened to do) to represent to his father the profligacy of the man; and to request him to appoint him another governor; or to permit him to return to England till he had made choice of one for him; begging of Dr. Bartlett, that he would allow him till he had an answer from his father, to apply to him for advice and instruction.

"The answer of his father was, That he heard of his prudence from every mouth: That he was at liberty to chuse what *companion* he pleased: But that he gave him no *governor* but his own discretion.

"Mr. Grandison then, more earnestly than before, and with an humility and diffidence, suited to his natural generosity of temper, that never grew upon indulgence, besought the Doctor's direction:

And when they were obliged to separate, they established a correspondence, which never will end but with the life of one of them.

"Mr. Grandison laid before the Doctor all his plans; submitting his conduct to him, as well with regard to the prosecution of his studies, as to his travels: But they had not long corresponded in this manner, when the Doctor let him know, that it was needless to consult him *aforehand* and the more so, as it often occasioned a suspension of excellent resolutions: But he besought him to continue to him an account of all he undertook, of all he performed, and of every material incident of his life; not only as his narrations would be matter of the highest entertainment to him; but as they would furnish him with lessons from example, that might be of greater force upon the unhappy Lorimer, than his own precepts.

"While the Doctor was passing thro' but a few of the cities in Lombardy, Mr. Grandison made almost the tour of Europe; and yet gave himself time to make such remarks upon persons, places, and things, as could hardly be believed to be the observations of so young a man. Lorimer, mean time, was engaged in shews, spectacles, and in the diversions of the places in *which he lived*, as it might be said, rather, than *thro' which he passed*.

"The Doctor, at one time, was the more patient with these delays, as he was willing that the carnival at Venice¹ should be over, before he suffered his pupil to go to that city. But Lorimer, suspecting his intention, slipt thither unknown to his governor, at the very beginning of it; and the Doctor was forced to follow him. And when there, had the mortification of *hearing* of him (for the young man avoided his governor as much as possible) as one of the most riotous persons there.

"In vain did the Doctor, when he saw his pupil, set before him the example of Mr. Grandison; a much younger man. All the effect the Letters he used to read to him had upon him, was, to make him hate the more both his Governor and Mr. Grandison. By one Letter only did he do himself temporary credit. It was written some months before it was shewn him, in which Mr. Grandison described some places of note, thro' which he had passed, and thro' which the Doctor and his charge had also more lately passed. The mean creature contrived to steal it; and his father having often urged for a specimen of his son's observations on his travels, he copied it almost verbatim, and transmitted it as his own to his father; only letting the Doctor know, after he had sent it away, that he *had* written.

"The Doctor doubted not, but Lorimer had exposed himself; but was very much surprised, when he received a congratulatory Letter from the father on his son's improvements, mingled with some little asperity on the Doctor, for having set out his son to his disadvantage:

'I could not doubt,' said the fond father, 'that a son of mine had genius: He wanted nothing but to apply.'—And then he gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance.

"The Doctor took the young gentleman to task about it. He owned what he had done, and gloried in his contrivance. But his governor thought it incumbent upon him to undeceive the father, and to save him the extraordinary part of his remittance.

"The young man was enraged at the Doctor, for *exposing* him, as he called it, to his father, and for the check he was continually giving to his lawless appetites; and falling into acquaintance with a courtesan, who was infamous for ruining many young travellers by her subtle and dangerous contrivances, they joined in a resolution to revenge themselves on the Doctor, whom they considered as their greatest enemy.

"Several projects they fell upon: One, in particular, was, to suborn a spy, who went to the Inquisitors of State, and accused the Doctor of having held a free discourse upon the nature of the Venetian Government; a crime, which in that watchful Republic is never overlooked. It is well known, that the city of Venice swarms with these spies: Who are employed by the government, in order to give it the earliest information of liberties taken either by natives or strangers, on subjects that are thought too high for the discussion of private men; and this, as is supposed, no less for the sake of the safety of individuals, than for its own.

"One of the three Inquisitors of State, who make a dreadful Tribunal in that Republic, it was supposed, got better information of the Doctor's innocence, and had him warned of his danger.¹

"The Doctor had been very solicitous to be acquitted of his ungracious charge. In every Letter he wrote to England, this was one of his prayers: But still the father, who knew not what to do with his son at home, besought his patience; and wrote to his son in the strongest terms (after reproaching him for his ungraciousness) to pay an implicit obedience to the Doctor.

"The father was a learned man. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer, to make him know something of the antient Greek and Roman histories. The father was *very* desirous, that his son should see the famous places of old Greece, of which he himself had read so much: And, with great difficulty, the Doctor got the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diversions of the place, had taken scandalous hold of him.

"Athens was the city, at which the father had desired they would make some stay; and from thence visit other parts of the Morea.² And there the young man found his woman got before him, according to private agreement between them.

"It was some time before the Doctor found out, that the very woman who had acted so abandoned a part with Lorimer at Venice, was his mistress at Athens: And when he did, he applied, on some fresh enormities committed by Lorimer, to the tribunal which the Christians have there, consisting of eight venerable men chosen out of the eight quarters of the city, to determine causes among Christians; and they taking cognizance of the facts, the wicked woman suborned wretches to accuse the Doctor to the Cadi,¹ who is the Turkish judge of the place, as a dangerous and disaffected person; and the Cadi, being, as it was supposed, corrupted by presents, got the Vayvode, or Governor, to interfere; and the Doctor was seized, and thrown into prison: His Christian friends in the place were forbidden to interpose in his favour; and pen and ink, and all access to him, were prohibited.

"The vile woman, having concerted measures with the persons she had suborned, for continuing the Doctor in his severe confinement, set out with her paramour for Venice; and there they rioted as before.

"Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts,² happened to make an acquaintance with Mr. Grandison in the island of Candia,³ where they met as countrymen, which, from a sympathy of minds, grew immediately into an intimacy that will hardly ever end. This young gentleman, in the course of his travels, visiting Athens, about this time, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, by one of the eight Christians who constituted the tribunal above-mentioned, and who was an affectionate friend of the Doctor, though forbidden to busy himself in his cause: And Mr. Beauchamp (who had heard Mr. Grandison speak of the Doctor with an uncommon affection) knowing that Mr. Grandison was then at Constantinople, dispatched a man on purpose, to acquaint him with the affair, and with all the particulars he could get of the case, authenticated as much as the nature of the thing would admit.

"Mr. Grandison was equally grieved and astonished at the information. He instantly applied to the English ambassador at the Porte,⁴ as also to the French minister there, with whom he had made an acquaintance: They to the Grand Vizir: And an order was issued for setting the Doctor at liberty. Mr. Grandison, in order to urge the dispatch of the Chiaux, who carried it, accompanied him, and arrived at Athens, just as the Vayvode had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner (the Doctor's finances being exhausted) by the bow-string.⁵ The danger endeared the Doctor to Mr. Grandison; a relief so seasonable endeared Mr. Grandison to the Doctor; to them *both* Mr. Beauchamp, who would not stir from Athens, till he had seen him delivered; having busied himself in the interim, in the best manner he could (tho' he was obliged to use caution and secrecy) to do him service, and to suspend the fatal blow.

"Here was a cement to a friendship (that had been begun between the young gentlemen from likeness of manners) between them and the Doctor, whom they have had the goodness ever since to regard, as their father: And to this day it is one of the Doctor's delights to write to his worthy son Beauchamp all that he can come at, relating to the life and actions of a man, whom the one regards as an example; the other as an honour to the human race.

"It was some time before the Doctor knew for certain, that the ungracious Lorimer had been consenting to the shocking treatment he had met with; for the wretches whom the vile woman had suborned, had made their escape from Athens before the arrival of Mr. Grandison and the Chiaux;¹ the flagitious youth had written to his father, in terms of the deepest sorrow, an account of what had befallen his governor; and his father had taken the best measures that could be fallen upon at so great distance, for the Doctor's succour and liberty: But in all probability, he would have been lost before those measures could have taken effect.

"Lorimer's father, little thinking that his son had connived at the plot formed against his governor, besought him, when he had obtained his liberty, not to leave his son to his own devices. The Doctor, as little thinking then, that Lorimer had been capable of a baseness so very villainous, in compassion both to father and son, went to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman; and then to Rome: But there, the unhappy wretch continuing his profligate courses, became at last a sacrifice to his dissoluteness; and his death was a deliverance to his Family, to the Doctor, and to the Earth.

"On his death-bed he confessed the plot, which the infamous courtesan had meditated against the Doctor at Venice, as well as his connivance at that which she had carried into execution at Athens. He died in horror not to be described; begging for longer life, and promising reformation on that condition. The manner of his death, and the crimes he confessed himself guilty of, by the instigation of the most abandoned of women, beside those committed against his governor, so shocked and grieved the Doctor, that he fell ill, and his recovery was long doubted of.

"Mean time Mr. Grandison visited some parts of Asia and Afric, Egypt particularly; corresponding all the time with Dr. Bartlett, and allowing the correspondence to pass into the hands of Mr. Beauchamp; as he did that which he held with Mr. Beauchamp, to be communicated to the Doctor.

"When Mr. Grandison returned to Italy, finding there his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr. Beauchamp in that part of his tour into some of the Eastern regions, which he himself had been particularly pleased with, and, as he said, wanted to be

more particularly informed of: And *therefore* insisted, that it should be taken at his own expence. He knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a stepmother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two-thirds of the allowance he made him on his travels.

"Mr. Beauchamp very reluctantly complied with the condition so generously imposed on him by his beloved friend; another of whose arguments was, That such a tour would be the most likely means to establish the health of a man equally dear to both.

"Mr. Grandison never was at a loss for arguments to keep in countenance the persons whom he benefited; and to make their acceptance of his favours appear not only to be their duty, but an obligation laid on himself.

"Mr. Grandison himself, when the two gentlemen set out on their tour, was engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, which gave him great embarrassment.

"Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Beauchamp, visited the principal islands of the Archipelago: After which, the Doctor left the young gentleman pursuing his course to Constantinople, with intention to visit some parts of Asia, and took the opportunity of a vessel that was bound for Leghorn to return thither.

"His health was happily established: and, knowing that Mr. Grandison expected the long-desired call from his father to return to England, and that it was *likely* that he could be of use to his ward Miss Jervois, and her affairs, in her guardian's absence, he was the more desirous to return to Italy.

"Mr. Grandison rejoiced at his arrival: And soon after set out for Paris, in order to attend there the expected call; leaving Emily, in the interim, to his care.

"Lorimer's father did not long survive his son. He expressed himself in his last hours highly sensible of the Doctor's care of his unhappy boy; and earnestly desired his Lady to see him handsomely rewarded for his trouble. But not making a will; and the Lady having, by her early over-indulgence, ruined the morals of her child (never suffering him to be either corrected or chidden, were his enormities ever so flagrant) she bore a secret grudge to the Doctor for his honest representations to her Lord of the young man's immoralities: And not even the interposition of a Sir Charles Grandison has hitherto been able to procure the least acknowledgement to the Doctor; though the loss as well of his reputation as life, might have been the consequence of the faithful services he had endeavoured to render to the profligate youth, and in him to the whole family."

LETTER XXXVII

*Dr. BARTLETT. In Continuation**[Inclosing the preceding]*

THUS far, dear Miss Byron (delight of every one who is so happy as to know you!) reach my kinsman's extracts from my papers. I will add some particulars in answer to your enquiries about Mr. Beauchamp, if writing of a man I so greatly love, I can write but a few.

Mr. Beauchamp is a fine young man in his person: When I call him a second Sir Charles Grandison, you and the Ladies, and my Lord L. will conceive a very high idea of his understanding, politeness, and other amiable qualities. He is of an ancient family. His father, Sir Harry Beauchamp, tenderly loves him, and keeps him abroad equally against both their wills; especially against Mr. Beauchamp's, now his beloved friend is in England. This is done to humour an imperious, vindictive woman, who, when a widow, had cast her eyes upon the young gentleman for a husband; imagining, that her great wealth (her person not disagreeable) would have been a temptation to him. This, however, was unknown to the father; who made his addresses to her much about the time that Mr. Beauchamp had given an absolute denial (perhaps with too little ceremony) to an overture made to him by a friend of hers. This enraged her. She was resolved to be revenged on him; and knowing him to be absolutely in his father's power, as to fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's addresses; and on her obtaining such terms as in a great measure put both father and son in her power, she married Sir Harry.

She soon gained an absolute ascendant over her husband. The son, when his father first made his addresses to her, was allowed to set out on his travels with an appointment of 600*l.* a year. She never rested till she had got 400*l.* a year to be struck off; and the remaining 200 were so ill remitted, that the young gentleman would have been put to the greatest difficulties, had it not been for the truly friendly assistance of Mr. Grandison.

Yet it is said, that this Lady is not destitute of some good qualities, and in cases where the *son* is not the subject, behaves very commendably to Sir Harry: But being a managing woman, and Sir Harry loving his ease, she has made herself his receiver and treasurer; and by that means has put it out of his power, to act as paternally by his son as he is inclined to do, without her knowing it.

The Lady and Sir Harry both, however, profess to admire the character of Sir Charles Grandison, from the Letters Mr. Beauchamp has written from time to time to his father; and from the general

report in his favour: And on this, as well I, as Mr. Beauchamp, found our hope, that if Sir Charles, by some unsuspected way, can make himself personally acquainted with the Lady, he will be able to induce her to consent to her son-in-law's recall; and to be reconciled to him; the rather, as there is no issue by this marriage; whose interests might strengthen the Lady's animosity.

Mr. Beauchamp, in this hope, writes to Sir Charles, that he can, and will, pay all due respect to his father's wife, and, as such, treat her as his mother, if she will consent to his return to his native country: But declares, that he would stay abroad all his life, rather than his father should be made unhappy, by allowing of his coming over against the consent of so high-spirited a woman. In the mean time he proposes to set out from Vienna, where he now is, for Paris, to be near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks can manage any point he undertakes (and who in this, will be seconded by his father's love) can prevail with his mother-in-law.

I long, Ladies, to have you all acquainted with this other excellent young man. You, Miss Byron, I am sure, in particular, will admire Sir Charles Grandison's, and my Beauchamp: Of spirit so manly, yet of manners so delicate, I end as I began; He is a second Sir Charles Grandison.

I shall think myself, Ladies, very happy, if I can find it in my power to oblige you, by any communications you would wish to be made you. But let me once more recommend it to you, Lady L. Lord L. and Miss Grandison, to throw off all reserves to the most affectionate of brothers. He will have none to you, in cases which he knows will give you pleasure. And if he forbears of his own accord to acquaint you with some certain affairs, it is, because the issue of them is yet hidden from himself.

As to Lady Olivia, mentioned to you by good Lord L. she never can be more to my patron than she now is.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, with a true paternal affection,

Your admirer and humble servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT

*Subjoined in a separate paper, by Miss BYRON
to her LUCY*

How is this Lucy? Let me collect some of the contents of these Letters. "If Sir Charles forbear, of his own accord, to acquaint his sisters with some certain affairs—"Issue hidden from himself." "Engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, that embarrass him"—[*Is, or was* so engaged, means the Doctor?] "Sir Charles not reserved; yet reserved."—How is all this, Lucy?

But does the Doctor say, "That I shall particularly admire Mr. Beauchamp?"—What *means* the Doctor by that?—But he cannot affront me so much as to mean any-thing but to shew his own love to the worthy young man. The Doctor longs for us to see him: If I do see him, he must come quickly: For shall I not soon return to my last, my best refuge, the arms of my indulgent grandmamma and aunt?—I shall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any spite in you? Are you capable of malice—*deadly* malice?—If you are, sit down, and wish the person you hate, to be in Love with a man (I must, it seems, speak out) whom she thinks, and every-body knows, to be superior to herself, in every quality, in every endowment, both of mind and fortune; and be doubtful (far, far worse is *doubtful* than *sure*!) among some faint glimmerings of hope, whether his affections are engaged; and if they are not, whether he can return—Ah, Lucy! you know what I mean—Don't let me speak out.

But one word more—Don't you think the Doctor's compliment at the beginning of his Letter, a little particular?—"Delight of EVERY-ONE who is so happy as to know you." Charming words!—But are they, or are they not, officiously inserted?—Am I the delight of Sir Charles Grandison's heart? Does *he* not know *me*?—Weak, silly, vain, humble, low, yet proud Harriet Byron!—Begone, paper—mean confession of my conjecturing folly—Ah, Lucy, I tore the paper half thro', as you'll see, in anger at myself; but I will stitch it to the Doctor's Letter, to be taken off by you, and to be seen by no body else.

END OF VOLUME II





THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

VOLUME III

LETTER I

Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss LUCY SELBY

Saturday, March 18

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a sanctifier, if one would give way to its partialities, of actions, which, in others, we should have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a misleader; an idol, at whose shrine we sometimes offer up our Sincerity; but, in that case, it should be called *Indelicacy*.

Nothing, surely, can be delicate, that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: Yet how was I pleased with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, for endeavouring to pass me off to good Dr. Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in!—As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known; and would so remain, till the gentleman had discovered his.

And are there some situations, in which a woman must conceal her true sentiments? In which it would be thought immodesty to speak out?—Why was I born with an heart so open and sincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has said in his Letter relating to the Danby's, should women be blamed, for owning modestly a passion for a worthy and suitable object? Is it, that they will not speak out, lest, if their wishes should not be crowned with success by *one* man, they should deprive themselves of a chance to succeed with *another*? Do they not

propose to make the man they love, happy?—And is it a crime to acknowledge, that they are so well disposed to a *worthy* object? A *worthy* object, I repeat; for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleness is there in the custom that compels us to be insincere? And suppose we do not succeed with a first object, shall we cheat a future Lover with the notion that *he* was the first?

Hitherto I had acted with some self-approbation: I told Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme, Mr. Fowler, that I had not seen the man to whom I could wish to give my hand at the altar: But when I found my heart engaged, I was desirous Lady D. should know that it was. But yet, misled by this same notion of delicacy, I could think myself obliged to the two sisters, and my Lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr. Bartlett: When the right measure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he was not commissioned to give; or, if we had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not have put on disguises to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit, and the unfit.

And this is LOVE, is it? that puts an honest girl upon approving of such tricks?—Begone, Love! I banish thee if thou wouldst corrupt the simplicity of that heart, which was taught to glory in truth.

And yet, I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault: For, What do you think?—Miss Grandison had (by some means or other; she would not tell me how) in Dr. Bartlett's absence on a visit to one of the Canons of Windsor, got at a letter brought early this morning from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his desk.

Here, Harriet, said she, is the letter so lately brought, not perhaps quite honestly come at, from my brother to Dr. Bartlett (holding it out to me). You are warmly mentioned in it. Shall I put it where I had it? Or will you so far partake of my fault as to read it first?

O Miss Grandison! said I: And *am* I warmly mentioned in it? Pray oblige me with the perusal of it. And I held out my more than half guilty hand, and took it: But (immediately recollecting myself) did you not hint that you came at it by means not honest?—Take it again; I will not partake of your fault.—But, cruel Charlotte! how could you tempt me so? And I laid it on a chair.

Read the first paragraph, Harriet. She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the first paragraph.

Tempter! said I, how can you wish me to imitate our first pattern! And down I sat, and put both my hands before my eyes. Take it away, take it away, while yet I am innocent!—Dear Miss Grandison, don't give me cause for self-reproach. I will not partake of your *acknowledged* fault.

She read a line or two; and then said, Shall I read farther, Harriet? The very next word is your name. I will—

No, no, no, said I, putting my fingers in my ears.—Yet, had you come honestly by it, I should have longed to read it—By what means—

Why, if people will leave their closet-doors open, let them take the consequence.

If people will do so—But was it so?—And yet, if it was, would *you* be willing to have your letters looked into?

Well then, I will carry it back—Shall I? (holding it out to me) Shall I, Harriet?—I will put it where I had it—Shall I? And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me, with a provoking archness in her looks.

Only tell me, Miss Grandison, is there any-thing in it that you think your brother would not have us see?—But I am sure, there is, or the obliging Dr. Bartlett, who has shewn us others, would have favoured us with communicating the contents of this.

I would not but have seen this letter for half I am worth! O Harriet! there are *such* things in it—Bologna! Paris! Grandison-hall!

Be gone, Siren: Letters are sacred things. Replace it—Don't you own, that you came not honestly by it?—And yet—

Ah! Lucy, I was ready to yield to the curiosity she had raised: But, recollecting myself, Be gone, said I: Carry back the letter: I am afraid of myself.

Why, Harriet, here is one passage, the contents of which you must be acquainted with in a very little while—

I will not be tempted, Miss Grandison. I will stay till it is communicated to me, be it what it will.

But you may be surprised, Harriet, at the time, and know not what answer to give to it.—You had as good read it—Here, take it—Was there ever such a scrupulous creature?—It is about you and Emily—

About me and Emily! O Miss Grandison, What can there be about me and Emily?

And where's the difference, Harriet, between asking me about the contents, and reading them?—But I'll tell you—

No, you shall not: I will not hear the contents. I never will ask you. Can nobody act greatly but your brother? Let you and me, Charlotte, be the better for his example. You shall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be so used myself.

Such praises did I never hear of woman!—Oh, Harriet!—Such praises—

Praises, Charlotte!—From your brother?—O this curiosity! the first fault of our first parent! But I will not be tempted. If you

provoke me to ask questions, laugh at me, and welcome: But I beseech you, answer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the letter; and do not seek to make me mean in my own eyes.

How you reflect upon me, Harriet!—But let me ask you, Are you willing, as a third sister, to take Emily into your guardianship, and carry her down with you into Northamptonshire?—Answer me that.

Ah! Miss Grandison! And is there such a proposal mentioned as that?—But answer me not, I beseech you. Whatever proposal is intended to be made me, let it be made: It will be too soon, whenever that is, if it be a disagreeable one.

But let me say, madam (and tears were in my eyes) that I will not be treated with indignity by the best man on earth. And while I can refuse to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myself (you are a sister, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear) I have a title to act with spirit, when occasions call for it.

My dear, you are serious—Twice *madam*, in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to hear that passage read, which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourself.

And she was looking for it; I suppose, intending to read it to me.

No, Miss Grandison, said I, laying my spread hand upon the letter; I will neither read it, nor hear it read. I begin to apprehend, that there will be occasion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or a wrong thing, I will not deprive myself of the consciousness of having *merited* well, whatever may be my lot—Excuse me, madam.

I went to the door, and was opening it—when she ran to me—Dear creature! you are angry with me: But how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the best man in it! Only say, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.

Forgive you, my Charlotte!—I do. But can you say, that you came not honestly by that letter, and yet forgive yourself? But, my dear Miss Grandison, instantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if in a future hour of weakness you should find me desirous to know any of the contents of a paper so naughtily come at. I own that I had like to have been overcome: And if I had, all the information it would have given me, could never have recompensed me for what I should have suffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

Superior creature! how you shame me! I will replace the letter. And I promise you, that if I cannot forget the contents of it myself (and yet they are glorious to my brother) I will never mention any of them to you; unless the letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the sisterly embrace. We separated; she retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the letter; I at the other, to re-consider all that had passed on the occasion. And I hope I shall love her the better for taking so kindly a behaviour so contrary to what her own had been.

Well, but, don't you congratulate me, my dear, on my escape from my curiosity? I am sure my grandmamma, and my aunt, will be pleased with their girl. Yet it was an hard struggle, I own; in the suspense I am; in a very hard struggle. But tho' wishes will play about my heart, that I knew such of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleased that I yielded not to the temptation, than I should have been, if I had. And then, methinks, my pride is gratified in the superiority this lady ascribes to me over herself, whom so lately I thought greatly my superior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since if I had considered only rules of policy, I should have been utterly wrong, had I yielded to the temptation: For what use could I have made of any knowlege I might have obtained by this means? If any proposal is to be made me, of what nature soever, it must, in that case, have appeared to be quite new to me: And what an affectation must that have occasioned, what dissimulation, in your Harriet?—And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under such trials as might have arisen from a knowlege so faultily obtained?

And had I been discovered; had I given cause of suspicion, either to Dr. Bartlett, or Sir Charles; I should have appeared as the principal in the fact: It would have been mean to accuse Miss Grandison, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And should I not have cast a slur upon that curiosity which Dr. Bartlett before had not refused to gratify, as well as shut myself out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very possible, besides, that, unused as I have been to artifice and disguise, I should have betrayed myself; especially had I found any of the contents of the letter very affecting.

Thus you see, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, justify me: And in this particular I am an happy girl.

Miss Grandison has just now told her sister what passed between us. Lady L. says, she would not have been Miss Grandison, in taking the letter, by what means soever come at; for how, said she, did I know what secrets there might be in it, before I read it? But I think verily, when it *had* been got at, and offered me, I could not have been Miss Byron.

And she threw her arms about me, and hugged me to her. Dear creature, said she, you *must* be Lady Grandison—*Must!* said Miss Grandison: She *shall*.

Who, Lucy, whether that may ever come to pass, or not, would not, on reflexion (thus approved by both sisters) rejoice that she conquered her curiosity, and acted as I did?

Miss Grandison talked to Lady L. of its being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: Of a visit he is soon to make to Grandison-hall; and she to go with him: Of his going to Paris, in order to settle some matters relating to the Will of his late friend Mr. Danby—

Well, Lucy, my time in town is hastening to its period. Why am I not reminded, that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who perhaps will not be able to carry down with her the heart she brought up? And yet, to go down to such dear friends without it, what an ungrateful sound has that!

Miss Grandison began to talk of other subjects relating to her brother, and that greatly to his praise. I could have heard all she had to say with infinite pleasure. I *do* love to hear him praised. But, as I doubted not but these subjects arose from the letter so surreptitiously obtained, I restrained myself, and withdrew.

Of what an happy temper is Miss Grandison! She was much affected with the scene that passed between us, but all is over with her already. One lesson upon her harpsichord sets every-thing right with her. She has been raillyng Lord L. with as much life and spirit, as if she had done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the letter which she got at dishonestly, as she owned, what a poor figure should I have made in my own eyes, for a month to come!

But did she not as soon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of captain Anderson's affair? How unmercifully did she railly me, within a few hours after!—Yet, she has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I *do* love her. But is it not a weakness to look without abatement of affection on those faults in one person, which we should hold utterly inexcusable in another? In Miss Grandison's case, however, don't say it is, Lucy. O what a partiality! Yet she has within these few minutes owned, that she thought the step she had taken a faulty one, before she came to me with the letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what she had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occasion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curiosity was more for my sake than her own? No motive of friendship, you will say, can justify a wrong action—Why no, Lucy; that is very true; but if you knew Miss Grandison, you would love her dearly.

LETTER II

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT*

[*The Letter which Miss Byron refused to read, or hear read*]

Friday Night, Mar. 17

I HOPE my Lord L. and my sisters will be able to make Colnebrooke so agreeable to Miss Byron, that I may have the pleasure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My Lord W. is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; and must not be denied, was a part of his message, brought me by Halden his steward, who says, That his lordship has something of consequence to consult me upon.

When, my dear friend, shall I find time for myself? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L. and to my *three* sisters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happiness of being in *their* company, then it is that I think I give time to myself.

I have a letter from Bologna: From the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more visit there. She tells me, that the Bishop said in her hearing, it would be *kind*, if I would. Where such a visit to be requested *generally*; and it were likely to be of service; you may believe that I would chearfully make it.

I should go, for a fortnight at least, to Grandison-hall. Burgess has let me know, that the workmen have gone almost as far as they can go without my farther orders. And the churchwardens have signified to me, that the church is completely beautified, according to my directions; so that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after next, at farthest; and intreat my presence, both as patron, and benefactor. I will now hasten my designed alterations at the Hall.

I had rather not be present at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the intreaties of the church-wardens; who in their letter signify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr. Barnham, of seeing me, and my sister Charlotte. You will be pleased to mention this to her.

I wish, without putting a slight upon good Mr. Dobson, that *you*, my dear friend, could oblige us with the first sermon. All then would be decent, and worthy of the occasion; and the praise would be given *properly*, and not to the *agent*. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr. Dobson (of whose praise only I am apprehensive) so much as to hint such a wish, I will write to him, that he will oblige me if he say not one word, that shall carry the eyes of the audience to my seat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews should be equally distinguished and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation; does it, my good Dr. Bartlett? especially as so many considerable families have seats there? I would not seem guilty of a false modesty, which, breaking out into singularity, would give the suspicion of a wrong direction, in cases where it may be of use to suppose a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? She is of the stature of woman. She ought, according to the present taste, to be introduced into public life. I am not fond of that life. And what knowledge she will gain by the introduction, she had better be without. Yet I think we should conform something to the taste of the times in which we live. Women's minds have generally a lighter turn than those of men. They should be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was, that last winter I attended her, and my sisters, very often to the places of public entertainment; that she, having seen every-thing that was the general subject of polite conversation, might judge of such entertainments as they deserve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is seldom answered) to the ideal scenes. This indulgence answered as I wish. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other public diversions, with tranquillity; and be satisfied, as she reads, with representing over again to herself the parts in which the particular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is set to her imagination; and that by her own choice; for she thinks lightly of them, when she can be obliged by the company of my two sisters and Lord L.

But new scenes will arise, in an age so studious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From these a young woman of fortune must not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is so well grown for her years, I think I cannot so properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: But as I cannot intend anything with regard to my Emily, I must, for her sake, be more observant of the world's opinion, that I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to despise the world's opinion, tho' we should regard it only in the second place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have an high opinion of her discretion. But she is but a girl. Women's eyes are wanderers: And too often bring home guests that are very troublesome to them, and whom, once introduced, they cannot get out of the house.

I wish she had only ten thousand pounds. She would then stand a better chance for happiness, than she can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five persons, to one that she has now, to

choose out of: For how few are there who can make proposals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50,000*l.*?

Indeed there are not wanting in our sex forward spirits, who will think that sum not too much for their merits, tho' they may not deserve 5000*l.* nor even one. And hence arises the danger of a woman of great fortune from those who will not dare to make proposals to a guardian. After an introduction (and how easy is that now made, at public places!) a woman of the greatest fortune is *but* a woman, and is to be attacked, and prevailed upon, by the same methods which succeed with a person of the slenderest; and perhaps is won with equal, if not with greater ease; since, if the lady has a little romance in her head, and her Lover a great deal of art and flattery, she will call that romantic turn generosity, and, thinking she can lay the man who has obtained her attention, under obligation, she will meet him her full halfway.

Emily is desirous to be constantly with us. My sister is very obliging. I know she will comply with whatever I shall request of her, in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a lady is concerned, a man should not depend too much upon his own character, especially a young man, be it ever so unexceptionable. Her mother has already given out foolish hints. She demands her daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own character lost, and so deservedly, will she have any tenderness for that of Emily? Who will scruple to believe, what a mother, tho' ever so wicked, will report of her daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live constantly together? Her guardian, at the same time, carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl; though with as much innocence as if she were his sister. Once I had thoughts of craving the assistance of the Court of Chancery for the protection of her person and fortune: But an hint of this nature distressed her for many days, unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that she took it so heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked out among the quality for a future husband for her: But, where can I find one with whom I think she will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I said, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's address to her suspected; and to make a guardian apprehensive, that her person, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to advantage every hour of her life, would be *but* the second, *if* the second, view of a man professing to love her. And were she to marry, what a damp! would the slights of an husband give to the genius of a young lady, whose native modesty would always make her want encouragement!

I have also cast an eye over the gentry within my knowlege: But

have not met with one whom I could wish to be the husband of my Emily. So tender, so gentle, so ductile,¹ as she is, a fierce, a rash, an indelicate, even a careless or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or shorten her life: And as the latter would be much more easy to be effected than the former, what must she suffer before she could return indifference for disrespect; and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Watkyns is! My sister only could deal with such an one. A superiority in her so visible, he must fear her: Yet a generosity so great, and a dignity so conspicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance, he must love her: Every-body's respect to her, would oblige love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would she do with such a man?

What would she do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with such a man, as Mr. Greville, as Sir Hargrave describes him? I mention these men; for are not there many such?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations against the times: And yet, by what I have seen abroad, and now lately since my arrival, at home, and have heard from men of greater observation, and who have lived longer in the world, than I have, I cannot but think, that Englishmen are not what they were. A wretched effeminacy seems to prevail among them. Marriage itself is every day more and more out of fashion; and even virtuous women give not the institution so much of their countenance, as to discourage by their contempt the free-livers. A good woman, as *such*, has therefore but few chances for happiness in marriage. Yet shall I not endeavour, the *more* endeavour, to save and serve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, since my happy acquaintance with Miss Byron, to think that the age is not entirely lost to a sense of virtue and goodness. See we not how every-body reveres her? Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick, men of free lives, adore her. And at the same time she meets with the love of all good men, and the respect of women, whether gay or serious. But I am afraid, that the first attraction with men, is her beauty. I am afraid, that few see in that admirable young lady what I see in her: A mind great and noble: A sincerity beyond that of women: A goodness unaffected, and which shews itself in action, and not merely in words, and outward appearance: A wit lively and inoffensive: And an understanding solid and useful: All which render her a fit companion, either in the social or contemplative hour: And yet she thinks herself not above the knowledge of those duties, the performance of which makes an essential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miss Byron to you, my good Dr. Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impossible for me to procure for my Emily such

a guardian and companion as Miss Byron, on her return to Northamptonshire, would make her?—Such worthy relations as she would introduce her to, would be a further happiness to my ward.

I am far from undervaluing my sister's good qualities: But if Emily lives with her, she must live also with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people (if I may call those who have a claim upon me for every instance of my friendship, *other* people) will occasion me to be often absent. But still, while Grandison-hall, and St. James's Square, are the visible places of residence equally of the guardian and ward, Emily's mother will tell the world, that we live together.

Miss Jervois does not choose to return to Mrs. Lane; and indeed I don't think, she would be safe there in a family of women, tho' very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the sex, who, having brought her into the world, calls herself her mother; and especially now that the unhappy woman has begun to be troublesome there. I beg of you, therefore, my dear Dr. Bartlett, who know more of my heart and situation than any one living (my dear Beauchamp excepted) to consider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it, which relates to Miss Byron and Emily.

I was insensibly drawing myself in to enumerate the engagements, which at present press most upon me. Let me add to the subject—I must soon go to Paris, in order finally to settle such of the affairs of my late worthy friend, as cannot be so well done by any other hand. The three thousand pounds, which he has directed to be disposed of to charitable uses, in France as well as in England, at the discretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited sum from what will remain in my hands after the establishment of the nephews and niece. As they are young, and brought up with the hope that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole estate, divided among them, would not be sufficient to answer that purpose happily, tho' it might be enough to abate the edge of their industry.

The charity that I am most intent upon promoting in France, and in England too, is, that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honest men of their own degree, who might, from such an outsetting, begin the world, as it is called, with some hope of success.

By this time, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will guess that I have a design upon you. It is, that you will assist me in executing the Will of my late friend. Make enquiries after, and recommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You was very desirous, some time ago, to retire to the Hall: But I knew not how to spare you; and I hoped to

attend you thither. You shall now set out for that place as soon as you please. And that neither may be (or as little as possible) losers by the separation, every-thing that we would say to each other, were we together, *that*, as we used to do, we will say by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the first place, for this sum of 3000*l*.

Make enquiries then, as soon as you get down, for worthy objects—The industrious poor, of *all* persuasions, reduced either by age, infirmity, or accident; Those who labour under incurable maladies; Youth, of either sex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but destitute of the means; These, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of assistance. You shall take 500*l*. down with you, for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can say, Dr. Bartlett and Charles Grandison, on all benevolent occasions, are actuated by one soul. My dear friend, adieu.

LETTER III.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Sat. Night, March 18

I HAVE furnished the Ladies, and my Lord, with more letters. And so they have all my heart before them!—I don't care. The man is Sir Charles Grandison; and they railly me not so much as before, while they thought I affected reserves to them. Indeed it would be cruel, if they did; and I should have run away from them.

I am glad you all think, that the two sisters used me severely. They really did. But I have this gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me—I would not have done so by them, had situations been exchanged. And I think myself nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myself before.—But they are good ladies, and my sincere friends and well-wishers; and I forgive them: And so must my dear grandmamma.

I am sorry, methinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occasion. And *did* she weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte?—O the dear, the indulgent, parent! How tender was it of my aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, so hard put to it as she was! It did indeed (as she distinguishes¹ in her usual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendship to me, with regard to my interest in their brother's heart: As if the favour done to the humbled girl, if they could jointly procure for her their brother's countenance, might well allow of their *raillery*.—Don't, pray don't, my dear grandmamma, call it by a severer name.

They did not, I am *sure* they did not, mean to hurt me so much, as I really was hurt. So let it pass. Humour and raillery are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horse; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his skill in managing them, than he has reason to do.

My uncle was charmed with the scene; and thinks the two ladies did just as *he* would have done. He means it a compliment to their *delicacy*, I presume. But I am of my aunt Selby's opinion, that their *generous* brother would not have given them thanks for their raillery to the poor frightened Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankness on the occasion are not disapproved at Selby-house, and Shirley-manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter rest.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I blush ten times a day, when alone, to find myself waiting and waiting as if for the gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never *will*, never *can*, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an absence, that your goodness makes painful to you, in the same hope. It looks—Don't it, Lucy?—so like a design upon—I don't know how it looks!—But at times, I can't endure myself. And yet while the love of virtue (a little too lively indeed, and perhaps a little too personal) is the foundation of these designs, these waitings, these emotions, I think, I am not wholly inexcusable.

I am sure I should not esteem him, were he not the good man he is.—Pray, let me ask you—Do you think he could not be put upon saying something affronting to me; upon doing something unworthy of his character?—O then I am sure I should hate him: All the other instances of his goodness would then be as nothing. I will be captious, I think, and study to be affronted, whether he intends to affront me, or not.—But what a multitude of foolish notions come into the head of a silly girl, who, little as she knows, knows more of any-thing, or of any-body, than she knows of herself!

I wish my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cherishing (perhaps unknown to herself) a flame that will devour her peace. For to be sure this young creature can have no hope that—Yet 50,000*l.* is a vast fortune. But it can never buy her guardian. Do you think such a man as Sir Charles Grandison has a price?—I am sure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is spoken of. And with pity I see, that he cannot be named, but her eyes sparkle. Her eye is taken off her work¹ or book, as she happens to be engaged in either, and she seems as if she would look the person through who is praising her guardian. For the life of her, she cannot

work and hear. And then she sighs—Upon my word, Lucy, there is no such thing as proceeding with his praises before her—the girl so sighs—So young a creature!—Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more observant of her, than I should otherwise perhaps have been (additional to my godfather's observation) is an hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps she has from Miss Grandison, and *she* not unlikely from the stollen letter: For Miss Grandison hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curiosity [When one is not in good humour, how one's very stile is encumbered!]: The hint is this, That it is more than probable, it will be actually proposed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonshire this young lady—I, who want a governess myself, to be—But *let it be proposed.*

In a conversation that passed just now, between us women, on the subject of Love (a favourite topic with all girls), *this* poor thing gave her opinion unasked; and, for a young girl, was quite alert, I thought. She used to be more attentive than talkative.

I whispered Miss Grandison once, Don't you think Miss Jervois talks more than she used to do, madam?

I think she does, *madam*, re-whispered the arch lady.

I beg your pardon—*Charlotte*, then.

You have it, *Harriet*, then.—But let her prate. She is not often in the humour.

Nay, with all my heart; I love Miss Jervois: But I can't but watch when habits begin to change. And I am always afraid of young creatures exposing themselves when they are between girls and women.

I don't love whispering, said Miss Jervois, more pertly than ever: But my guardian loves me; and you, ladies, love me; and so my heart is easy.

Her heart easy!—Who thought of her heart? Her guardian *loves* her!—Emily sha'n't go down with me, Lucy.

Sunday Morning, March 19

O but, Lucy, we are alarmed here on Miss Jervois's account, by a letter which Dr. Bartlett received a little late last night from Sir Charles; so shewed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfast. The unhappy woman, her mother, has made him a visit. Poor Emily! Dear child! what a mother she has!

I have so much obliged the doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have just perused (and, let me say, with high approbation) that he made no scruple of allowing me to send this letter to you. I asked the favour, as I know you will all now be

very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return every-thing the doctor shall intrust me with by the first opportunity.

By the latter part of this letter you will find, that the doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his sister's wishes of a correspondence with him by letter. He consents to it, you will all see; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his *three* sisters; for he puts me in. *Three sisters!* His *third* sister!—The repetition has such an officiousness in it. He is a good man; but he can be severe upon our sex—*It is not in woman to be unreserved.*—You'll find that one of the reflections upon us: He adds; And to be *impartial*, *perhaps they should not*. Why so?—But is not this a piece of advice given to myself, to make me more reserved than I am? But he gives not himself opportunity to see whether I am or am not reserved. I won't be mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't *deserve* to be despised by him—No! tho' he were the sovereign of the greatest empire on earth. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER IV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

[*Inclosed in the preceding*]

March 18

I HAVE had a visit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one also at Colnebrooke, before I can be so happy as to get thither. I dispatch this therefore, to apprise you and Lord L. of such a probability; which is the greater, as she knows Emily to be there, thro' the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds *me* to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what passed between us, for your better information, if she goes to Colnebrooke.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when she sent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the assurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would salute her; but I took, or rather *received*, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fire-side. You have never seen her. She thinks herself still handsome; and, did not her vices make her odious, and her *whole aspect* shew her heart, she would not be much mistaken.

How does Emily, Sir? galanting her fan! Is the girl here? Bid her come to me. I *will* see her.

She is not here, madam.

Where is she then? She has not been at Mrs. Lane's for some time.

She is in the best protection: She is with my two sisters.

And pray, Sir Charles Grandison, What do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly.

She laughed; and her heart spoke out at her eyes.

Tell me what you propose to do with her? You know, added she, affecting a serious air, that she is my child.

If, madam, you deserve to be thought her mother, you will be satisfied with the hands she is in.

Pish!—I never loved you good men: Where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know—

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

I am not to talk seriously with you, Mrs. Jervois: But what have you to *say* to my ward?

Say!—Why, you know, Sir, I am her mother: And I have a mind to have the care of her person myself. You must (so her father directed) have the care of her fortune: But I have a mind, for her reputation-sake, to take the girl out of the hands of so young a guardian. I hope you will not oppose me.

If this be all your business, madam, I must be excused. I am preparing, as you see, to dress.

Where is Emily? I *will* see the girl.

If your motive be motherly love, little, madam, as you have acted the mother by her, you shall see her when she is in town. But her *person*, and *reputation*, as well as *fortune*, must be my care.

I am married, Sir: And my husband is a man of honour.

Your marriage, madam, gives a new reason why Emily must not be in your care.

Let me tell you, Sir, that my husband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourself; and he will see me righted.

Be he who he will, he can have no business with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, madam?

I did, Sir. Don't you wish me joy?—

Joy, madam! I wish you to deserve joy, and you will then perhaps have it. You'll excuse me—I shall make my friends wait.

I could not restrain my indignation. This woman marries, as she calls it, twice or thrice a year.

Well, Sir, then you will find time, perhaps, to talk with Major O-Hara. He is of one of the best families in Ireland. And he will not let me be robbed of my daughter.

Major O-Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the daughter of my late unhappy friend. Nor have I any-thing to say to *him*. Emily is in my protection; and I am sorry to say, that she never had been so, were not the woman who calls herself her mother, the person

least fit to be intrusted with her daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair.

She then broke out into the language in which she always concludes these visits. She threatened me with the resentments of Major O-Hara; and told me, He had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refused it not. I led her to her chair.

I will call again to-morrow afternoon, said she (threatening with her head), perhaps with the major, Sir. And I expect you will produce the little harlotry—

I withdrew in silent contempt. Vile woman!

But let nothing of this escape you to my Emily. I think she should not see her but in my presence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as she was the last time she saw her, if she comes, and I am not there. But possibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own discretion, the man she has married, who could have no inducement, but the annuity, if he *has* married her, will not suffer her to incur such a reduction of it; for, you know, I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a year. Her threatening to see me to-morrow may be to amuse me while she goes. The woman is a foolish woman; but, being accustomed to intrigue, she aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now hastening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as she generally is, let who will be present; yet, it seems, knows not how to be silent, whatever be the subject. I have never chosen either to dine or sup with my Lord, that I might not be under a necessity of objecting to her company: And were I *not* to object to it, as I am a near kinsman to my Lord, and know the situation she is in with him, my complaisance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of spirit.

Yours of this morning was brought me, just as I was concluding. There is one paragraph in it, that greatly interests me.

You hint to me, that my sisters, tho' my absences are short, would be glad to receive now-and-then a letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of habit; which makes me write to you with ease and pleasure.—To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write any-thing. Use, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my sisters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world, that better loves his sisters than I do mine: And now, you know, I have *three*. But why have they not signified as much to me? Could I give pleasure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myself, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could easily carry on a correspondence with my sisters, were they to be very earnest about it: But then it must be a *correspondence*: The writing must not be all of one side. Do they think I should not be equally pleased to hear what *they* are about, from time to time; and what, occasionally, their sentiments are, upon persons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wish (for young Ladies often wish, and think no more of the matter); then propose the condition.—But caution them, that the moment I discover, that they are less frank, and more reserved, than I am, there will be an end of the correspondence. My *three* sisters are most amiably frank, for women—But, thus challenged, dare they enter the lists, upon honour, with a man, a *brother*, upon equal terms?—O no! They dare not. It is not in woman to be unreserved in some points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they should not: Yet, surely, there is now-and-then a man, a brother, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence reposed in him.

Were this proposal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few secrets. I only wish to keep from relations so dear to me, things that could not possibly yield them pleasure. I am sure I could trust to your judgment, the passages that might be read to them from my letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myself with Charlotte's humorous curiosity; for she seems, as I told her lately, to love to suppose secrets, where there are none, for a compliment to her own sagacity, when she thinks she has found them out; and I love at such times to see her puzzled, and at a fault, as a punishment for her declining to speak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuse for the distance, which my *two elder sisters* observe to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why should there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is spontaneous, and invincible, in them, there must be some fault in my behaviour, some seeming want of freedom in my manner, with which you will not acquaint me: It is otherwise impossible, that between brothers and sisters, where the love is not doubted on either side, such a distance should subsist. You must consult them upon it, and get them to explain themselves on this subject to you; and when they have done so, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myself more agreeable (more familiar, shall I say?) to them. But I will not by any means excuse them, if they give me cause to think, that the distance is owing to the will and the power I have been blessed with to do my *duty* by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not justice from their brother? But no more of this subject at present. I am impatient to

be with you all at Colnebrooke; you cannot think how impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr. Bartlett. So, in some cases, is it found to be, by

Your CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER V

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Colnebrooke, Sunday Evening

POOR Emily! her heart is almost broken. This ignoble passion, what a mean-spirited creature had it like to have made me!—Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy!—I *will* call it *ignoble*. Did you ever know me before so little?—And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherless girl, just starting into woman, and therefore into more danger than she ever was in before; wanting to be protected—from whom? From a *mother*.—Dreadful circumstance!—Yet I am ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle!—But let me be despised by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-discovered envy, jealousy, littleness, at least with regard to this unhappy girl, whose calamity endears her to me.

Dear child! sweet Emily! You *shall* go down with me, if it be proposed. My grandmamma, and uncle, and aunt, will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous: They have no little passion to mislead their beneficence: They are what I hope to be, now I have found myself out—And what if her gratitude shall make her heart overflow into Love, has she not excuse for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occasion of the poor Emily's distress.—About twelve this day, soon after Lord L. and the two sisters and I, came from church (for Emily happened not to go), a coach and four stopped at the gate, and a servant in a sorry livery, alighting from behind it, enquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dress and appearance were military men, and one Lady, were in it.

My Lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his usual politeness. †

Don't let me call this unhappy woman Emily's mother; O-Hara is the name she owns.

She addressed herself to my Lord: I am the mother of Emily Jervois, my Lord: This gentleman, Major O-Hara, is my husband.

The Major bowed, strutted, and acknowledged her for his wife: And this gentleman, my Lord, said he, is Captain Salmonet; a very brave man: He is in foreign service. His Lady is my own sister.

My Lord took notice of each.

I understand, my Lord, that my daughter is here. I desire to see her.

One of my Lord's servants, at that time, passing by the door, which was open, Pray, Sir, said she to him, let Miss Jervois know, that her mamma is come to see her. Desire her to come to me.

Major. I long to see my new daughter: I hear she is a charming young Lady. She may depend upon the kindness of a father from me.

Capt. De man of honour and good nature be my broder's general cha-ract-er, I do assure your Lordship.

He spoke English as a Frenchman, my Lord says; but pronounced the word character as an Irishman.

Major (bowing). No need of this, my dear friend. My Lord has the cha-ract-er of a fine gentleman himself, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due respect.

Lord L. I hope I do. But, madam, you know whose protection the Lady is in.

Mrs. O-Hara. I do, my Lord. Sir Charles Grandison is a very fine gentleman.

Capt. De vinest cha-ract-er in de vorld. By my salvation, everybody say so.

Mrs. O-Hara. But Sir Charles, my Lord, is a very young gentleman to be a guardian to so young a creature; especially now that she is growing into woman. I have had some few faults, I own. Who lives; that has not? But I have been basely scandalized. My first husband had *his* and much greater than I had. He was set against me by some of his own relations: Vile creatures!—He left me, and went abroad; but he has answered for all by this time; and for the scanty allowance he made me, his great fortune considered: But as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive.—Emily, my dear!—

She stepped to the door on hearing the rustling of silks, supposing her at hand; but it was Miss Grandison, followed by a servant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to see the visitors; and at the same time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to expect to be asked to stay to dinner.

It is to Miss Grandison that I owe the description of each, the account of what passed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs. O-Hara has been an handsome woman; but well might Sir Charles be disgusted with her aspect. She has a leering, sly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel; yet her very dress denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion, sallowish, streaked with red, makes her face (which is not so plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple! that never ripened kindly.

Miss Grandison has a way of saying ill-natured things in such a good-natured manner, that one cannot forbear smiling, tho' one should not altogether approve of them; and yet sometimes one would be ready to wonder how she came by her images.

The Major is pert, bold, vain, and seemed particularly fond of his new scarlet coat and laced waistcoat. He is certainly, Miss Grandison says, a low man, tho' a soldier. Anderson, added she, is worth fifty of him. His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is set off to advantage by an enormous solitaire. His bad and straggling teeth are shewn continually by an affected laugh, and his empty discourse is interlarded with oaths; which, with my uncle's leave, I shall omit.

Captain Salmonet, she says, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a person and shape uncommonly clumsy.

They both assumed military airs, which not fitting naturally, gave them what Miss Grandison called, The swagger of soldierly importance.

Emily was in her own apartment, almost fainting with terror: For the servant, to whom Mrs. O-Hara had spoken, to bid her daughter come to her, had officiously carried up the message.

To what Mrs. O-Hara had said in defence of her own character, my Lord answered, Mr. Jervois had a right, madam, to do what he pleased with a fortune acquired by his own industry. A disagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this case, as in a duel, the survivor is hardly ever in fault. I have nothing to do in this matter. Miss Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandison's protection. She thinks so; and so does every-body that knows her. It is your misfortune if *you* do not.

Mrs. O-Hara. My Lord, I make no dispute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune; but no father can give away the authority a mother has, as well as himself, over her child.

Major. That child a daughter too, my Lord.

Lord L. To all this I have nothing to say. You will not be able, I believe, to persuade my brother Grandison to give up his ward's person to you, madam.

Mrs. O-Hara. Chancery may, my Lord—

Lord L. I have nothing to say to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done, in this case, than Sir Charles Grandison; and no man will be readier to do what is just and fitting, without law: But I enter not into the case; you must not talk to me on this subject.

Miss Gr. Do you think, madam, that your marriage intitles you the *rather* to have the care of Miss Jervois?

Major (with great quickness). I hope, madam, that my honour and my cha-ract-er—

Miss Gr. Be they ever so unquestionable, will not intitle you, Sir, to the guardianship of Miss Jervois's person.

Major. I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no father's will, no guardian's power, is to set aside the natural authority which a mother has over her child.

Lord L. This is not my affair. I am not *inclined* to enter into a dispute with you, madam, on this subject.

Mrs. O-Hara. Let Emily be called down to her mother. I hope I may see my child. She is in this house, my Lord. I hope I may see my child.

Major. Your Lordship, and you, madam, will allow, that it would be the greatest hardship in the world, to deny to a mother the sight of her child.

Capt. De very greatest hardship of all hardships. Your Lordship will not refuse to let de daughter come to her moder.

Lord L. Her guardian perhaps will not deny it. You must apply to him. He is in town. Miss Jervois is here but as a guest. She will be soon in town. I must not have her alarmed. She has very weak spirits.

Mrs. O-Hara. Weak spirits, my Lord!—A child to have spirits too weak to see her mother!—And she felt for her handkerchief.

Miss Gr. It sounds a little harshly, I own, to deny to a mother the sight of her daughter: But unless my brother were present, I think, my Lord, it cannot be allowed.

Major. Not allowed, madam!

Capt. A moder to be denied to see her daughter! Jesu! And he crossed himself.

Mrs. O-Hara (putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it seems she wept not). I am a very unhappy mother indeed—

Major (embracing her). My dearest life! My best love! I must not bear these tears—Would to God Sir Charles was here, and thought fit—But I came not here to threaten—You, my Lord, are a man of the greatest honour; so is Sir Charles.—But whatever were the misunderstandings between husband and wife, they should not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife at present desires only to see her child: That's all, my Lord. Were your brother present, madam, he would not deny her this. Then again embracing his wife, my dear soul, be comforted. You will be allowed to see your daughter; no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear soul, be comforted.

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says; and the good-natured Lord L. was moved—Let Miss Jervois be asked, If she chooses to come down.

I will go to her myself, said Miss Grandison.

She came down presently again—

Miss Byron and Miss Jervois, said she, are gone out together in the chariot.

Major. Nay, madam—

Capt. Upon my salvation this must not pass—And he swaggered about the room.

Mrs. O-Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however: For the poor girl being ready to faint, I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a visit in the chariot; and it had just brought her back. O save me, save me, dear madam, said Miss Emily, to me, wringing her hands. I cannot, I cannot see my mother out of my guardian's presence: And she will make me own her new husband. I beseech you, save me; hide me!

I saw the chariot from the window, and, without asking any questions, I hurried Miss Emily down stairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and whipping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive any-where, except towards London: And then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, smothering me with her kisses, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could suggest to her.

Miss Grandison told the circumstances pretty near as above; adding, I think, my Lord, that Miss Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occasion. That Lady, in her own heart, knows that the poor girl has reason for it.

Madam, said the Major, my wife is cruelly used. Your brother—But I shall talk to *him* upon the subject. He is said to be a man of conscience and honour: I hope I shall find him so. I know how to protect and right my wife.

And *I* will stand by my broder and his lady, said the Captain, to de very last drop of my blood.—He looked fierce, and put his hand on his sword.

Lord L. You don't by these airs mean to insult me, gentlemen—If you do—

Major. No, no, my Lord. But we must seek our remedy elsewhere. Surprising! that a mother is denied the sight of her daughter! *Very surprising!*

Capt. Very surprising, indeed!—Ver dis to be done in my country—In France—English liberty! Begar ver pretty liberty!—A daughter to be supported against her moder—Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my salvation!

Mrs. O-Hara. And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid seeing her mother?—Strange! Does she always intend to do thus?—She *must* see me—And dearly shall she repent it!

And she looked fierce, and particularly spiteful; and then declared, that she would stay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

Lord L. You will have my leave for that, madam?

Major. Had we not best go into our coach, and let that drive in quest of her?—She cannot be far off. It will be easy to trace a chariot.

Lord L. Since this matter is carried so far, let me tell you, that, in the absence of her guardian, I will protect her. Since Miss Jervois is thus averse, she shall be indulged in it. If you see her, madam, it must be by the consent, and in the presence, of her guardian.

Major. Well, my dear, since the matter stands thus; since your child is taught to shun you thus; let us see what Sir Charles Grandison will say to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not *privileged*. If *he* thinks fit—And there he stopped, and blustered; and offered his hand to his bride.—I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I *will*. But you have a letter for the girl, written on a supposition that she was not here.—Little did you think, or I think, that she was in the house when we came; and that she should be spirited away to avoid paying her duty to her mother.

Very true. Very true. And, Very true, said each; and Mrs. O'Hara pulled out the letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and desired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away, very much dissatisfied; the two men muttering and threatening, and resolving, as they said, to make a visit to Sir Charles.

I hope we shall see him here very soon. I hope these wretches will not insult him, or endanger a life so precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occasion, as I was, in dread of the resentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you some account of what passed between Emily and me: You will be charmed with her beautiful simplicity.

When we were in the chariot, she told me, that the last time she saw her mother, it was at Mrs. Lane's: The bad woman made a pretence of private business with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then insisted that she should go off with her, unknown to any-body. And because I desired to be excused, said she, my mother laid her hands upon me, and said she would trample me under her foot. It is true, (unhappy woman!) she was—[Then the dear girl whispered me, tho' no-body was near us—sweet modest creature, loth to reveal this part of her mother's shame even to me aloud, and blushed as she spoke—] she was in her cups.—My mamma is as naughty as some *men* in that respect: And I believe she would have been as good as her word; but on my screaming (for I was very much frightened) Mrs. Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two servants, and one of her daughters, and rescued me. She *had* torn my cap—Yet it was a sad thing, you know, madam, to see one's mother put out of the house against her will. And then she

raised the neighbourhood. Lord bless me, I thought I should have died. I *did* fall into fits. Then was Mrs. Lane forced to tell every one what a sad woman my mother was!—It was such a disgrace to me!—It was a month before I could go to church, or look any-body in the face. But Mrs. Lane's character was of her side; and my guardian's goodness was a help—Shall I say a help against my mother?—Poor woman! we heard afterwards, she was dead; but my guardian would not believe it. If it would please God to take me, I should rejoice. Many a tear does my poor mother, and the trouble I give to the best of men, cost me, when nobody sees me; and many a time do I cry myself to sleep, when I think it impossible I should get such a kind relief.

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I clasped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle bosom. Her calamity, which was the greatest that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my sister.

And so I will: Dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myself for some passages in my last letter. O how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it possible that mine could have been so narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my assurances, and promised grateful love to the latest hour of her life.

Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart, said she, for all I am so unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of those sort of faults that give me a resemblance in any way to my poor mother. But how shall I make out what I say? You will mistrust me, I fear: You will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promise to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you please?—Indeed it is an honest one. I wish you saw it thro' and thro'.—If ever I do a wrong thing, mistrust my head, if you please, but not my heart. But in every-thing I will be directed by you; and then my head will be as right as my heart.

I told her, that good often resulted from evil. It was an happy thing perhaps for both, that her mother's visit had been made. Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend: We will have but one heart between us.

Let me add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this sweet girl into confessions of her infant love, and of making ungenerous advantage of them, tho' the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not; I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to despise and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She besought me to let her write to me; to let her come to me for advice, as often as she wanted it, whether here, in my dressing-room or chamber, or at Mr. Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrooke.

I consented very chearfully, and at her request (for indeed, said she, I would not be an intruder for the world) promised by a nod at her entrance, to let her know, if she came when I was busy, that she must retire, and come another time.

You are too young a Lady, added she, to be called my mamma—Alas! I have never a mamma, you know: But I will love you, and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were she as good as you.

Does not the beautiful simplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes swimming in tears, her earnest looks, her throbbing bosom, her hands now clasped about me, now in one another, added such graces to what she said, that it is impossible to do justice to it: And yet I am affected as I write; but not so much, you may believe, as at the time she told her tender tale.

Indeed her calamity has given her an absolute possession of my heart. I, who had such good parents, and have had my loss of them so happily alleviated, and even supplied, by a grandmamma and an aunt so truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happiness to be related; how unworthy of such blessings should I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who must reckon a living mother as her heaviest misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the disturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs. Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw; but gave orders that she should never again be allowed to see his ward but in his presence: And she has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now she seems, on this her marriage with Major O-Hara, to have meditated new schemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the persons to whom, in her cups, she once boasted of it: Which was, that as soon as Miss Emily was marriageable, she would endeavour, either by fair means, or foul, to get her into her hands: And if she did, but for *one* week, she should the *next* come out the wife of a man she had in view, who would think half the fortune more than sufficient for himself, and make over the other half to her; and then she should come into her right, which she deems to be half of the fortune of which her husband died possessed.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother; which, tho' not well spelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardships to complain of which might have intitled her to pity:

My dear Emily,

If you have any love, any duty, left, for an unhappy mother whose faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the ill usage of a husband who was not faultless; I conjure you to insist upon making me a visit, either at my new lodgings in Dean-street, Soho; or that you will send me word where I can see you, supposing I am not permitted to see you as this day, or that you should not be at Colnebrooke, where, it seems, you have been some days. I cannot believe that your guardian, for his own reputation-sake, as well as for justice-sake, as he is supposed to be a good man, will deny you, if you insist upon it; as you ought to do, if you have half the love for me, that I have for you.

Can I doubt that you *will* insist upon it? I cannot. I long to see you: I long to lay you in my bosom. And I have given hopes to Major O-Hara, a man of one of the best families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife, if he is put to it, but who wishes to proceed amicably, that you will not scruple, as my husband, to call him father.

I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily; and I am told, that you are grown very tall, and pretty. O my Emily!—What a grievous thing is it to say, that I am *told* these things; and not to have been allowed to see you; and to behold your growth, and those improvements, which must rejoice my heart, and do, tho' I am so basely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, despise her that bore you. It is a dreadful thing, with such fortunes as your father left, that I must be made poor and dependent; and then be despised for being so.

But if you, my child, are taught to be, and will be, one of those; what, tho' I have such happy prospects in my present marriage, will be my fate, but a bitter death, which your want of duty will hasten? For what mother can bear the contempts of her child? And in that case your great fortune will not set you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of my Emily, by her

*Indulgent, tho' heretofore
unhappy Mother,*

Saturday, March 18.

HELEN O-HARA

My Lord thought fit to open this letter: He is sorry that he did; because the poor girl is so low-spirited, that he does not choose to let her see it; but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleases.

Miss Grandison lifted up her hands and eyes as she read it. Such a wretch as this, said she, to remind Emily of God's judgments; and

that line written as even as the rest! How was it possible, if her wicked heart could suggest such words, that her fingers could steadily write them? But indeed she verifies the words of the wise man; *There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman.*¹

We all long to see Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favoured person, tho' rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be complete were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneasy, not content with itself, and always looking out for the person wanted.

Emily was told, that her mother left a letter for her; but is advised not to be solicitous to see it till her guardian comes. My Lord owned to her, that he had opened it; and pleaded tenderness, as he justly might, in excuse of having taken that liberty. She thanked his Lordship, and said, It was for such girls as she to be directed by such good and kind friends.

She has just now left me. I was writing, and wanted to close. I gave her a nod, with a smile, as agreed upon a little before. Thank you, thank you, dear madam, said she, for this freedom. She stopped at the door, and, with it in her hand, in a whispering accent, bending forwards, Only tell me, that you love me as well as you did in the chariot.

Indeed, my dear, I do; and better, I think, if possible: Because I have been putting part of our conversation upon paper, and so have fastened your merits on my memory.

God bless you, madam, I am gone. And away she tript.

But I will make her amends, before I go to rest; and confirm all that I said to her in the chariot; for most cordially I can.

I am, my dear Lucy, and will be,

Ever yours,

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER VI

Mr. DEANE, To Mrs. SELBY

London, Friday Night, Mar. 17

YOU wished me, my dear Mrs. Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrooke, and to give you my observations on the state of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all so desirous should be brought about; and particularly, if an opportunity offered, that I

would at distance sound Sir Charles himself on the subject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that she herself should not have reason to mistrust me on this nice subject.

It seems his great engagements in town, and some he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L. and his sisters much of his company, tho' our Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebrooke. Lord L. is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L. and Miss Grandison are charming women. Miss Jervois is a pretty young Lady.—But more of her by-and-by.—The cousin Grandison you spoke of, is gone down to Grandison-hall; whither Sir Charles himself thinks shortly of going—But this and other distant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My visit to Sir Charles is most in my head, and I will mention that, and give a place to other observations afterwards.

After dinner I pursued my journey to London. As my own business was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to stay in town, I alighted at his house in St. James's Square; and was immediately, on sending in my name, introduced to him.

Let me stop to say, He is indeed a very fine gentleman. Majesty and sweetness are mingled in every feature of his face; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped, on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuse the intrusion of a man who was personally a stranger to him; but who had long wished for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young lady in whom I claimed an interest that was truly paternal. At the same time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himself, to the confusion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be ashamed, that they were savages.

He received my compliments as a man might be supposed to do, to whom praise is not a new thing; and made me very handsome ones, declaring himself acquainted with my character, with my connexions with your family, and with one of the most excellent of young Ladies. This naturally introduced the praises of our Harriet; in which he joined in so high and so just a strain, that I saw his heart was touched. I am sure it is: So set yours at rest. I must do. Everything is moving, and that not slowly, to the event so desirable. I led to the graces of her person; he to those of her mind: He allowed her to be, for both, one of the most perfect beauties he had ever seen. In short, Mrs. Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itself. His sisters, Lord L. Dr. Bartlett, all avowedly in our

lovely girl's favour, and her merit so extraordinary; it must do. Don't you remember what the old song says?

*When Phœbus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely, that 'tis day,
Is, to suppose them blind.*

All I want, methinks, is, to have them oftener together. Idleness, I believe, is a great friend to Love. I wish his affairs would let him be a little idle. They must be dispatched soon, be they what they will; for Lord L. said, that when he is master of a subject, his execution is as swift as thought. Sir Charles hinted, that he should soon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr. Bartlett said, that he considers all nations as joined on the same continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Constantinople or Peking, with as little difficulty as some others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's-end. Indeed he appears to be just that kind of man. Yet he seems not to have any of that sort of fire in his constitution, that goes off with a bounce,¹ and leaves nothing but vapour and smoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a despicable one. He may, no question, have a woman with a much greater; and so may she a man.—What say you to Lady D's proposal, rejected for his sake; at *hap-hazard* too, as the saying is? But let it once come to that question, and leave it to *me* to answer it.

You bid me remark how Harriet looks. She is as lovely as ever; but I think, not quite so lively, and somewhat paler; but it is a clear and healthy, not a sickly paleness: And there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never saw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but she has more meekness and humility in her countenance, than, methinks, I would *wish* her to have; because it gives to Miss Grandison, who has fine spirits, some advantages, in conversation, over Harriet, that, if she *had*, methinks she should not take. But they perfectly understand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miss Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miss Byron, of the greediness, with which she eats and drinks the praises given her guardian; of the glow that overspreads her cheeks, and of a sigh that now-and-then seems to escape even her own observation, when he is spoken of; so like a niece of mine, that drew herself in, and was afterwards unhappy; and by these symptoms conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to Love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and womanly. I thought her sixteen or seventeen; but, it seems, she is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls, as in fruits, as to their *maturing*, as I may say.

My mother, I remember, once said of an early bloom in a niece of her's, that such were born to woe. I hope it won't be so with this; for she certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world, or herself. Brought up in a confined manner in her father's house at Leghorn, till twelve or thirteen; what opportunities could she have? No mother's wings to be sheltered under; Her mother's wickedness giving occasion the more to streighten her education, and at a time of life so young, and in so restraining a country as Italy, for girls and young maidens; and, since brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman—What can she know, poor thing? She has been but a little while with Miss Grandison, and that but as a guest: So that the world before her is all new to her: And, indeed, there seems to be in her pretty wonder, and honest declarations of her whole heart, a simplicity that sometimes borders upon childishness, tho' at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our Harriet's account; and yet Harriet (Lover-like, perhaps!) was alarmed at my hinting it to her: But I am on *her own*. I wish, as I said before, Sir Charles was more among them: He would soon discover whose Love is fit to be discountenanced, and whose to be encouraged; and, by that means, give ease to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that such a man as this would be *guilty* (I will call it) of reserve to such a young Lady as ours, were he but to have the shadow of a thought that he has an interest in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: But on my return to Peterborough I will call at Shirley-house and Selby-manor—and then (as I hope to see Sir Charles again, either in London, or at Colnebrooke) I will talk to you of all these matters. Mean time, believe me to be

Your affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THOMAS DEANE

LETTER VII

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Monday, March 20

AFTER we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapt at Emily's chamber-door; which being immediately opened by her maid, Is it you, my dear Miss Byron? said she, running to me. How good this is!

I am come, my dear, late as it is, to pass an agreeable half-hour with you, if it will not be unseasonable.

That it can never be.

You must then let your Anne go to bed, said I: Else, as her time is not her own, I shall shorten my visit. I will assist you in any little services myself. I have dismissed Jenny.

God bless you, madam, said she. You consider every-body. Anne tells me, that the servants, throughout the house, adore you: And I am sure their principals do.—Anne, you may go to your rest.

Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miss Jervois loves to sit up late, either reading, or being read to, by Anne; who, tho' she reads well, is not fond of the task.

Servants, said I, are as sensible as their masters and mistresses. They speak to their feelings. I question not but they love Miss Jervois as well as they do me. I should as soon choose to take my measures of the goodness of principals by their servants love of them, as by any other rule. Don't you see, by the silent veneration and assiduities of the servants of Sir Charles Grandison, how much they adore their master?

I am very fond of being esteemed by servants, said she, from that very observation of my guardian's goodness, and his servants worthiness, as well as from what my maid tells me, all of them say of you. But you and my guardian are so much alike in every thing, that you seem to be born for one another.

And then she sighed, involuntarily; yet seemed not to endeavour to restrain or recal her sigh.

Why sighs my dear young friend? Why sighs my Emily?

That's good of you, to call me *your* Emily. My guardian calls me *his* Emily. I am always proud when he calls me so—I don't know why I sigh: But I have lately got a trick of sighing, I think. Will it do me harm? Anne tells me, it will; and says, I must break myself of it. She says, it is not pretty in a young Lady to sigh: But where is the un-pretty of it?

Sighing is said to be a sign of being in Love; and young Ladies—

Ah! madam! And yet *you* sigh, very often—

I felt myself blush.

I often catch myself sighing, my dear, said I. It is a *trick*, as you call it, which I would not have you learn.

But I have *reason* for sighing, madam; which you have not—Such a mother! A mother that I wanted to be good, not so much to me, as to herself: A mother so unhappy, that one must be glad to run away from her. My poor pappa! so good as he was to every-body, and even to her, yet had his heart broken—O madam!—(flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my bosom) Have I not cause to sigh?

I wept on her neck; I could not help it: So *dutifully* sensible of her calamity! and for *such* a calamity, who could forbear?

Such a disgrace too! said she, raising her head. Poor woman!—Yet she has the worst of it. Do you think that *that* is not enough to make one sigh?

Amiable goodness! (kissing her cheek) I shall love you too well.

You are too good to me: You must not be so good to me: That, even *that*, will make me sigh. My *guardian's* goodness to me gives me pain; and I think verily, I sigh more since last I left Mrs. Lane, and have seen more of his goodness, and how every-body admires, and owns obligation to, him, than I did before.—To have a stranger, as one may say, and so *very* fine a gentleman, to be so good to one, and to have such an unhappy mother—who gives *him* so much trouble—how can one help sighing for both reasons?

Dear girl! said I, my heart overflowing with compassion for her, you and I are bound equally, by the tie of gratitude, to esteem him.

Ah, madam! you will one day be the happiest of all women—And so you deserve to be.

What means my Emily?

Don't I see, don't I hear, what is designed to be brought about by Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison? And don't I hear from my Anne, what every-body expects and wishes for?

And *does* every-body expect and wish, my Emily—

I stopped. She went on.—And don't I see that my guardian himself loves you? *prerai*

Do you think so, Emily?

O how he dwells upon your words, when you speak!

You fancy so, my dear.

You have not observed his eyes so much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched *your* eyes, too; but have not seen that you mind him quite so much as he does you.—Indeed he loves you dearly.—And then she sighed again.

But why *that* sigh, my Emily?—Were I so happy as you think, in the esteem of this good man, would you envy me, my dear?

Envy you!—I, such a simple girl as I, envy you! No, indeed. Why should I envy you?—But tell me now; dear madam, tell me; Don't you love my guardian?

Every-body does. You, my Emily, love him.

And so I do: But you love him, madam, with a hope that no one else will have reason to entertain—Dear now, place a little confidence in your Emily: My guardian shall never know it from me, by the *least* hint. I beg you will own it. You can't think how you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will give me importance with myself.

Will you, Emily, be as frank-hearted with me, as you would have me be with you? *prerai*

Indeed I will.

I do, my dear, greatly esteem your guardian.

Esteem! Is that the word? Is that the Ladies word for Love? And is not the word *Love*, a pretty word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am sure.

And I am sure you *cannot* mean harm: I will be sincere with my Emily. But you must not let any one living know what I say to you of this nature. I would prefer your guardian, my dear, to a king, in all his glory.

And so, madam, would I, if I were you. I should be glad to be thought like you in every-thing.

Amiable innocence! But tell me, Miss Jervois, Would you not *have* me esteem your guardian? You know he was *my* guardian too, and that at an exigence when I most wanted one.

Indeed I would. Would you have me wish such a good young Lady, as Miss Byron, to be ungrateful? No, indeed.—And again she sighed.

Why *then* sighed my Emily? You said you would be frank-hearted.

So I will, madam. But I really can't tell why I sighed then. I wish my guardian to be the happiest man in the world: I wish you, madam, to be the happiest woman: And how can either be so, but in one another?—But I am grieved, I believe, that there seems to be something in the way of your mutual happiness—I don't know whether that is all, neither—I don't know what it is—If I did, I would tell you—But I have such throbs sometimes at my heart, as make me fetch my breath hard—I don't know what it is—Such a weight here, as *makes* me sigh; and I have a pleasure, I think, because I have an ease in sighing—What can it be?—

Go on, my dear: You are a pretty describer.

Why now, if any-body, as Anne did last time my guardian came hither, was to run up stairs, in an hurry; and to say, Miss, Miss, Miss, your guardian is come! I should be in *such* a flutter! my heart would seem to be too big for my bosom! I should sit down as much out of breath, as if I had ran down an high hill.—And, for half an hour, may be, so tremble, that I should not be able to see the dear guardian that perhaps I had wanted to see. And to hear him with a voice of gentleness, as if he pitied me for having so unhappy a mother, call me *his* Emily.—Don't you think he has a sweet voice?—And *your* voice, too, madam, is also *so* sweet—Every-body says, that even in your common speech your voice is melody.—Now Anne

says—

O my agreeable little flatterer!

I don't flatter, madam. Don't call me a flatterer. I am a very sincere girl: Indeed I am.

I dare say you are: But you raise my vanity, my dear. It is not *your* fault to tell me what people say of me; but it is *mine* to be proud

of their commendations—But you were going to tell me what Anne says, on your being so much affected, when she tells you in an hurry that your guardian is come?

Why Anne says, That all those are signs of Love. Foolish creature!—And yet so they may: But not of such Love as she means.—Such a Love as she as good as owns she had in her days of *flutteration*, as she whimsically calls them; which, as she explains it, were when she was two or three years older than I am. In the first place, I am very young, you know, madam; a mere girl: And such a simple thing!—I never had a mother, nor sister neither; nor a companion of my own sex.—Mrs. Lane's daughters, what were they?—They looked upon me as a child as I was. In the next place, I do love my guardian, that's true; but with as much reverence, as if he were my father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my father.

But you had not, my dear, any of those flutters, those throbs, that you spoke of, on any returns of your father, after little absences?

Why, no; I can't say I had. Nor, tho' I always rejoiced when my guardian came to see me at Mrs. Lane's, had I, as I remember, any such violent emotions, as I have had now of late. I don't know how it is—Can you tell me?

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this sweet girl?

My dear Emily!—These *are* symptoms, I doubt—

Symptoms of what, madam?—Pray tell me sincerely. I will not hide a thought of my heart from you.

If encouraged, my dear—

What then, madam?—

It *would be* Love, I doubt.—That sort of Love that would make you uneasy—

No; that cannot be, surely. Why, madam, at that rate, I should never dare to stand in your presence. Upon my word, I wish no one in the world, but you, to be Lady Grandison. I have but one fear—

And what is that?

That my guardian won't love me so well, when he marries, as he does now.

Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow so large an heart as his?

No; not if that woman were you.—But, forgive my folly! (and she looked down) he would not take my hand so kindly as now he does: He would not look in my face with pleasure, and with pity on my mother's account, as he does now: He would not call me *his* Emily: He would not bespeak every one's regard for his ward.

My dear, you are now almost a woman. He will, if he remain a single man, soon draw back into his heart that kindness and love for

you, which, while you are a girl, he suffers to dwell upon his lips. You must expect this change of behaviour soon, from his prudence. You yourself, my love, will set him the example: You will grow more reserved in your outward behaviour, than hitherto there was reason to be—

O, madam! never tell me that! I should break my heart, were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderness that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an incroacher; if he find me forward, and indiscreet, and troublesome; then let him call me *any-body's* Emily, rather than *his*.

You will have different notions, my dear, before that time—

Then, I think, I sha'n't desire to live to see the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to set against my unhappiness from my mother, is, that so good, so virtuous, and so prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandison, calls me *his* Emily, and loves me as his child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandison (now, tell me, would you) grudge me these instances of his favour and affection?

Indeed, my dear, I would not: If I know my own heart, I would not.

And would you permit me to live with you?—Now it is out—Will you permit me to live with my guardian and you?—This is a question I wanted to put to you; but was both ashamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.

Indeed I would, if your guardian had no objection.

That don't satisfy me, madam. Would you be my earnest, my sincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you anything. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it—Would you) say, 'Look you here, Sir Charles Grandison; This girl, this Emily, is a good sort of girl: She has a great fortune. Snares may be laid for her: She has no papa but you: She has, poor thing! (I hope you would call me by names of pity to move him) no mamma; or is more unhappy than if she had none. Where can you dispose of her so properly as to let her be with us? I will be her protectress, her friend, her mamma' [Yes, do, madam, let me choose a mamma! Don't let the poor girl be without a mamma, if *you* can give her one. I am sure I will study to give you pleasure, and not pain]—'I *insist* upon it, Sir Charles. It will make the poor girl's heart easy. She is told of the arts and tricks of men where girls have great fortunes; and she is always in dread about them, and about her unhappy mother. Who will form plots against her, if she is with us?'—Dear, dear madam! you are *moved* in my favour—Who could have forborn being affected by her tender prattle? and she threw her arms about me; I see you are moved in my favour!—And I will be your attendant: I will be your waiting-maid: I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my guardian.

I could not bear this.

No more, no more, my lovely girl, my innocent, my generous, my irresistible girl!—Were it come to that [It became me to be unreserved, for more reasons than one, to this sweet child]—Not one request should my Emily make, that heart and mind I would not comply with: Not one wish that I would not endeavour to promote and accomplish for her.

I folded her to my heart, as she hung about my neck.

I grieve you—I would not, for the world, grieve my young mamma, said she—Henceforth let me call you my mamma.—*Mamma*, as I have heard the word explained, is a more tender name even than *mother*—The unhappy Mrs. Jervois shall be Mrs. O-Hara, if she pleases; and only *mother*: A child must not renounce her *mother*, tho' the mother should renounce, or worse than renounce, her child.

I must leave you, Emily.

Say then *my* Emily.

I must leave you *my*, and *more* than *my* Emily.—You have cured me of sleepiness for this night!

O then I am sorry—

No; don't be sorry. You have given me pain, 'tis true; but I think it is the sweetest pain that ever entered into an human heart. Such goodness! such innocence! such generosity!—I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowlege so worthy a young heart as yours.

Now, how good this is! (and again she wrapped her arms about me) And will you go?

I must, I must, my dear!—I can stay no longer.—But take this assurance, that my Emily shall have a first place in my heart for ever. I will study to promote your happiness; and your wishes shall be the leaders of mine.

Then I am sure I shall live with my guardian and you for ever, as I may say: And God grant, and down on her knees she dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine, that you may be the happiest of women, and that soon, for my sake, as well as your own, in marriage with the best of men—my guardian! (exultingly, said she): And say, Amen—Do, God bless you, madam, say Amen to my prayer.

I struggled from her.—O my sweet girl! I cannot bear you!—I hastened out at the door, to go to my chamber.

You are not angry, madam? following me, and taking my hand, and kissing it with eagerness. Say you are not displeased with me. I will not leave you till you do.

Angry! my love! Who can be angry? How you have distressed me, by your sweet goodness of heart?

Thank God, I have not offended you. And now say, once more, *my*

Emily—Say, Good rest to you, *my* Emily—my love—and all those tender names—and say, God bless you, my child, as if you were my mamma; and I will leave you, and I shall in fancy go to sleep with Angels.

Angels, only, are fit company for *my* Emily—God bless *my* Emily! Good night! Be your slumbers happy!

And I kissed her once, twice, thrice, with fervor; and away she tript; but stopt at the door, courtesying low, as I, delighted, yet *painfully* delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had said, and on what might be my fate; so many different thoughts came into my head, that I could not close my eyes: I therefore arose before day; and, while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting subject, had recourse to my pen.

Do, my Lucy, and do you, my grandmamma, my aunt, my uncle, *more* than give me leave, *bid* me, *command* me, if it shall be proposed, to bring down with me my Emily: And yet she shall not come, if you don't all promise to love her as well as you do

Your for ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER VIII

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Monday, Mar. 20

THE active, the restless goodness, of this Sir Charles Grandison, absolutely dazzles me, Lucy!

The good Dr. Bartlett has obliged us all with the sight of two letters, which give an account of what he has done for Lord W. his uncle. He has been more than a father to his *uncle*: Does not that sound strange? But he is to be the obliger of every-body.

The Doctor said, that since Miss Grandison had claimed the benefit of her brother's permission for him to use his own discretion in communicating to us such of the letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L. and the sisters, than by reading to them those two letters, as they were a kind of family subject.

After the Doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his closet. I stole up after him, and obtained his leave to transmit them to you.

Lucy, be chary of them, and return them when perused.

There is no such thing as pointing out particular passages of generosity, justice, prudence, disinterestedness, beneficence, that

strike one in those letters, without transcribing every paragraph in them. And, ah Lucy! there are other observations to be made; mortifying ones, I fear.

Only let me say, That I think, if Sir Charles Grandison could and would tender himself to *my* acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think, if I were his, I should not live in continual dread of a separation from him, even by that inevitable stroke which, alone, could be the means of *completing* his existence?

This is the man, ye modest, ye tender-hearted fair ones, whom ye should seek to intitle to your vows: Not the lewd, the obscene libertine, foul Harpy, son of Riot, and of Erebus,¹ glorying in his wickedness, triumphing in your weakness, and seeking by storm to win an heart that ought to shrink at his approach. Shall not *Like cleave to Like*?—Henceforth may it be so, wishes

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER IX

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Sat. Night, Mar. 18

As soon as I had seen Mrs. Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W.

He received me with great expressions of esteem and affection.

He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character rose upon him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he said. I was my *mother's* son.

He commended me for my oeconomy, and complimented into *generosity* the *justice* I had done to some of my *friends*.

I frankly own, said he, that at your first arrival, and even till *now* (that I am determined to be the man you, cousin, would wish me to be) I had thought it but prudent to *hold back*. For I imagined, that your father had lived at such a rate, that you would have applied to me, to extricate you from difficulties; and particularly, for money to marry your elder sister, at least. I took notice, young man, proceeded he, and I heard others observe, that you had not eyes to see any of your father's faults; either when he was living, or departed; and this gave me reason to apprehend, that you had your father's extravagant turn: And I was resolved, if I were applied to, to *wrap myself close about in a general denial*. Else, all I had been gathering together for so many years past, might soon have been dissipated; and I should only have taken a thorn out of the foot of another, and put it into my own.

And then he threw out some disagreeable reflexions on my father's spirit.

To those I answered, That every man had a right to judge for himself, in those articles for which he himself only is accountable. My father, and your Lordship, continued I, had very different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taste: Prudence (so your Lordship must account it) is yours. There are people in the world, who would give different names to both tastes: But would not your Lordship think it very presumptuous in any man to arraign you at the bar of his judgment, as mistaken in the measures of your prudence?

Look you, nephew, I don't well know what to make of your speech; but I judge, that you *mean not* to affront me.

I do not, my Lord. While you was apprehensive that you might be a sufferer by me, you acted with your usual prudence to discourage an application. My father had, in your Lordship's judgment, but one fault; and he was the principal sufferer by it himself: Had he looked into his affairs, he would have avoided the necessity of doing several things that were disagreeable to him, and must ever be, to a man of spirit. His very timber, that *required*, as I may say, the ax, would have furnished him with all he wanted: And he paid interest for a less sum of money than actually was in the hands of his stewards, unaccounted for.

But what a glory to *you*, cousin—

No compliment to me, my Lord, I pray you, to the discredit of my father's memory. He had a right to do what he did. Your Lordship does what you think fit. I too, now I am my own master, do as I please. My taste is different from both. I pursue mine, as he did his. If I should happen to be more right than my father in some things, he might have the advantage of me in others; and in those I happen to do, that are generally thought laudable, what merit have I? Since all this time (directed by a natural bias) I am pursuing my own predominant passion; and that, perhaps, with as much ardor, and as little power to resist it, as my father had to restrain his.

Bravo! bravo! said my Lord—Let me ask you, nephew—May *all* young men, if they will, improve by travelling, as you have done?—If they may, by my troth nine parts in ten of those who go abroad, ought to be hanged up at their fathers doors on their return.

Very severe, my Lord. But thinking minds will be thoughtful, whether abroad or at home: Unthinking ones call for our pity.¹

Well, Sir, I do assure you, that I am proud of my nephew, whatever you are of your uncle. And there are two or three things that I want to talk to you about; and one or two that I would consult you upon.

He rang, and asked, What time dinner would be ready?

In half an hour, was the answer,

Mrs. Giffard came in. Her face glowed with passion. My Lord seemed affected at her entrance. It was easy to see, that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my Lord was more afraid of her, than she was of him.

She endeavoured to assume a complaisant air to me; but it was so visibly struggled for, that it sat very awkwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when she broke silence, to ask officiously, as she did, after the health of my sister Charlotte.

I would be alone with my nephew, said my Lord, in a passionate tone.

You *shall* be alone, my Lord, impertinently replied she, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled more than once before, and that she had made it up on her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeness that he only could take, and deserve, who was conscious of having degraded himself.

Foolish woman! Why came she in when I was there, except to shew her supposed consequence, at the expence of his honour? She knew what my opinion was of her. She would, by a third hand, once, have made overtures to me of her interest with my Lord; but I should have thought meanly of myself, had I not, with disdain, rejected the tender of her services.

A damned woman! said my lord; but looked, first, as if he would be sure she was out of hearing.

This woman, nephew, and her behaviour, is one of the subjects I wanted to consult you upon.

Defer this subject, my Lord, till you have recovered your temper. You did not design to begin with it. You are discomposed.

And so I am: And he puffed, and panted, as if out of breath.

I asked him some indifferent questions. To have followed him upon the subject at that time, whatever resolutions he had taken; they would probably have gone off, when the passion, to which they would have owed their vigour, had subsided.

When he had answered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praises again, and, particularly, for my behaviour to Mrs. Oldham; who, he said, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily; and never opened her lips, when she was led to mention me, but with blessings heaped upon me.

That woman, my Lord, said I, was *once* good. A recovery, where a person is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for, than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wished for, in the latter, is, that she may be made un hurtful: Her highest good was never more than harmlessness. She that was once good,

cannot be easy, when she is in a true state of penitence, till she is restored to that from which she was induced to depart.

You understand these matters, cousin: I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I shall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I must talk about this woman, nephew. I am calm now. I must talk of this woman now—I am resolved to part with her: I can bear her no longer. Did you not mind how she pulled the door after her, tho' you were present?

I did, my Lord. But it was plain, that something disagreeable had passed before; or she could not so intirely have forgot herself. But, my Lord, we will postpone this subject, if you please. If you yourself lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it, with all my heart.

Well, then, be it so. But now tell me, Have you, nephew, any thoughts of marriage?

I have great honour for the state; and hope to be one day happy in it.

Well said—And are you at liberty, kinsman, to receive a proposal of that nature?

And then, without waiting for my answer, he proposed Lady Frances N. and said, he had been spoken to on that subject.

I answered, that the Lady was very deserving; but that I should think myself under too great obligations to a wife, for my own ease, if there were a woman in the world whom I could prefer to her.

Well, what think you of Lady Anne S.? I am told, that she is likely to be the Lady. She has a noble fortune. Your sisters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.

My sisters wish me happily married. I have such an opinion of both those Ladies, that it would give me some little pain, to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuse me, were I offered to her, as I cannot, myself, make the offer. I cannot bear, my Lord, to think of returning slight for respect, to my *own* sex: But as to Ladies; how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity?

Charming notions! If you had them not abroad, you had them from your mother: She was all that was excellent in woman.

Indeed she was. Excellent woman! She is always before my eyes.

And excellent kinsman too! Now I know your reverence for your mother, I will allow of all you say of your father; because I see it is all from principle. I have known some men who have spoken with reverence of their mothers, to give themselves dignity: That is to say, for bringing creatures so important as themselves into the world; and who have exacted respect to the good old women who were *merely* good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incense, offered the parent, into their own nostrils. This was duty in parade.

The observation, my good Dr. Bartlett, I thought above my Lord W. I think I have heard one like it, made by my father, who saw very far into men; but was sometimes led, by his wit, into saying a severe thing: And yet, whenever I hear a man praised highly for the performance of common duties, as for being a good husband, a good son, or a kind father; tho' each is *comparatively* praise-worthy, I conclude, that there is nothing extraordinary to be said of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed comprizing all the duties in one word. For friendship is the balm, as well as seasoning, of life: And a man cannot be defective in *any* of the social duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly understood.

Well, cousin, since you cannot think of either of those Ladies, how should you like the rich and beautiful Countess of R.? You know what an excellent character she bears.

I do. But, my Lord, I should not choose to marry a widow: And yet, generally, I do not disrespect widows, nor imagine those men to blame who marry them. But as my circumstances are not unhappy, and as riches will never be my principal inducement in the choice of a wife, I may be allowed to indulge my peculiarities; especially as I shall hope (and I should not deserve a good wife if I did not) that, when once married, I shall be married for my whole life.

The Countess once declared, said my Lord, before half a score in company, two of them her particular admirers, That she never would marry any man in the world, except he were just such another, in mind and manners, as Sir Charles Grandison.

Ladies, my Lord, who in absence speak favourably of a man that forms not pretensions upon them, nor is likely to be troublesome to them, would soon convince that man of his mistake, were his presumption to rise upon their declared good opinions.

I wonder, proceeded my Lord, that every young man is not good. I have heard you, cousin, praised in all the circles where you have been mentioned. It was certainly an advantage to you to come back to us a stranger, as I may say. Many youthful follies may perhaps be over-passed, that we shall never know any-thing of: But, be that as it will, I can tell you, Sir, that I have heard such praises of you, as have made my eyes glisten, because of my relation to you. I was told, within this month past, that no fewer than Five Ladies, out of one circle, declared, that they would stand out by consent, and let you pick and choose a wife from among them.

What your Lordship has heard of this nature, let me say, without affecting to disclaim a compliment apparently too high for my merits, is much more to the honour of the one sex, than of the other. I should be glad, that policy, if not principle (principle might take root, and grow from it), would mend us men.

So should I, nephew: But I [Poor man! he hung down his head!] have not been a better man than I ought to be. Do you not despise me, in your heart, cousin?—You must have heard—That cursed woman—But I begin to repent! And the truly good, I believe, cannot be either censorious, or uncharitable. Tell me, however, Do you not despise me?

Despise my mother's brother! No, my Lord. Yet were a sovereign to warrant my freedom, and there was a likelihood that he would be the better for it; I would, with decency, tell him my whole mind. I am sorry to say it; but your Lordship, if you have not had virtue to make you worthy of being imitated, has too many examples among the great, as well as among the middling, to cause you to be censured for *singularity*. But your Lordship adds, to a confession that is not an ungenerous one, that you begin to repent.

Indeed I do. And your character, cousin, has made me half-ashamed of myself.

I am not accustomed, my Lord, to harangue on these subjects to men who know their duty: But let me say, That your Lordship's good resolutions, to be efficacious, must be built upon a better foundation than occasional disgust or disobligation. But here, again, we are verging to a subject that we are both agreed to defer till after dinner.

I am charmed with your treatment of me, cousin. I shall, for my own sake, adore my sister's son. Had I consulted my chaplain, who is a good man too, he would have too roughly treated me.

Divines, my Lord, must do their duty.

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed, than I could have imagined: And after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refusal of a Duel, he, by a transition that was very natural, mentioned the *rescued Lady*, as he called her. I have heard, cousin, said he, that she is the most beautiful woman in England.

I think her so, my Lord, replied I: And she has one excellence, that I never before met with in a Beauty: She is not proud of it.

I then gave my opinion of Miss Byron in such terms, as made my Lord challenge me, as my sisters once did, on the warmth of my description and praises of her.

And does your Lordship think, that I cannot do justice to the merits of such a Lady as Miss Byron, but with an interested view? I do assure you, that what I have said, is short of what I think of her. But I can praise a Lady, without meaning a compliment to myself. I look upon it, however, as one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, that I have been able to serve her, and save her from a forced marriage with a man whom she disliked, and who

could not deserve her. There is hardly any-thing gives me more pain, than when I see a worthy woman very unequally yoked, if her own choice has not been at first consulted; and who yet, tho' deeply sensible of her misfortune, irreproachably supports her part of the yoke.

You are a great friend to the sex, kinsman.

I am. I think the man who is not, must have fallen into bad company; and deserves not to have been favoured with better. Yet to unwomanly faults, to want of morals, and even to want of delicacy, no man is more quicksighted.

I don't know how it is; but *I* have not, at this rate, fallen into the best company: But perhaps it is for want of that delicacy, in my own mind, which you are speaking of.

Were we men, my Lord, to value women (and to let it be known that we do) for those qualities which are principally valuable in the sex; the less estimable, if they would not be reformed, would shrink out of our company, into company more suitable to their taste; and we should never want objects worthy of our knowlege, and even of our admiration, to associate with. There is a kind of magnetism in goodness. Bad people will indeed find out bad people, and confederate with them, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of sand; while trust, confidence, love, sympathy, and a reciprocation of beneficent actions, twist a cord which ties good men to good men, and cannot be easily broken.

I have never had these notions, cousin; and yet they are good ones. I took people as I found them; and to own the truth, meaning to serve myself, rather than any-body else, I never took pains to look out for worthy attachments. The people I had to do with, had the same views upon *me*, as I had upon *them*; and thus I went on in a state of hostility with all men; mistrusting and guarding, as well as I could, and not doubting that every man I had to do with would impose upon me, if I placed a confidence in him: But as to this Miss Byron, nephew, I shall never rest till I see her—Pray what is her fortune? They tell me, it is not above 15000*l*.—What is that, to the offers you have had made you?

Just then we were told, dinner was on the table.

I am wishing for an inclination to rest; but it flies me. The last Letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as those from the Bishop, afflict me. Why have I such a feeling heart? Were the unhappy situation of affairs there owing to my own enterprizing spirit, I should deserve the pain it gives me. But I should be too happy, had I not these *without-door* perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me. Thank God that they arise not from *within*, tho' they make themselves too easy a passage to my heart!

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowsy moment, I shall welcome its approach: If not, I will rise, and continue my subject.

LETTER X

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT*

Sunday, Mar. 19

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulness. I could not, tho' I tried for it, prevail for more: And I will continue my subject.

After dinner, every attendant being dismissed, my Lord, making me first see that nobody was listening in the passages, began as follows:

I am determined, nephew, to part with this Giffard. She is the plague of my life. I would have done it half a year ago, on an occasion that I will not mention to you, because you would despise me, if I did, for my weakness: And now she wants to bring in upon me, a sister of hers, and her husband, and to part with two other worthy folks, that I know love me; but of whom, for that reason, she is jealous; and then they would divide me among them: For this man and his wife have six children; all of whom, of late, make an appearance that cannot be honestly supported.

And have you any difficulty, my Lord, in parting with her, but what arises from your own want of resolution?

The most insolent devil that ever was about a man at one time, and the most whining at another. Don't despise me, nephew; you know I have taken her as—You know what I mean—

I understand you, my Lord.

But say, you don't despise me, Sir Charles Grandison. As I hope to live, I am half afraid of you.

My pity, my Lord, where I see compunction, is stronger than my censure.

That is well said.—Now I agreed with this woman, in a weak moment, and she has held me to it, to give her an annuity of 150*l.* for life; which was to be made up 250*l.* if I parted with her, without her consent; and here we have been, for several months, plaguing one another, whether I shall turn her out of the house, or she will leave me: For she has told me, that she will not stay, unless I take in her sister and brother; yet will not go, because she will then have no more than the 150*l.* a year. And that is too much for her deserts for these two years past.

Your Lordship sees the inconveniencies of this way of life; and I need not mention to you, how much happier that state is, which

binds a man and woman together by interest, as well as by affection, if discretion be not forgotten in the choice. But let me express my surprize, that your Lordship, who has so ample an estate, and no child, should seem to value your peace of mind at so low a rate as 100*l.* a year.

I will not let her go away with such a triumph. She has not deserved from me—

Pray, my Lord, was she of reputation when you took her?

She was a widow—

But was her character tolerable in the eye of the world? She might be a greater object of pity for being a widow.

My gouty disorders made me want a woman about me. I hated men-fellows—

Well, my Lord, this regards your *motive*. But have you any previous or later incontinence to charge her with?

I can't say I have. Her cursed temper would frighten, rather than invite, Lovers. I *heard*, it was no good one; but it broke not out to me till within these two years.

Your Lordship, surely, must not dispute the matter with her. If you are determined to part with her, give her the 250*l.* a year, and let her go.

To reward a cursed woman for misbehaviour!—I cannot do it.

Give me leave to say, that your Lordship has deserved some punishment: Give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a punishment to yourself.

You hurt my sore place, nephew.

Consider, my Lord, that 250*l.* a year for life, or even for ever, is a poor price, for the reputation of a woman with whom a man of your quality and fortune condescended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment must strike her to the heart, if she live to have compunction seize her, when she thinks that she is receiving, for subsistence, the wages of her shame. Be that her punishment. You intimate, that she has so behaved herself, that she has but few friends: Part with her, without giving her cause of complaint, that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expence. A woman who has lost her reputation, will not be regardful of yours. Suppose she sue you for non-performance of covenants: Would your Lordship appear to such a prosecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on such a prosecution as would otherwise go against you. You cannot be in earnest to part with this woman, she cannot have offended you beyond forgiveness, if you scruple 100*l.* a year to get rid of her.

He fervently swore, that he was in earnest; and added, I am resolved, nephew, to marry, and live honest.

He looked at me, as if he expected that I should be surprised.

I believe I could not change countenance, on such an hint as this. You have come to a good resolution, my Lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your Lordship will find the difference in your own reflexions, as well as in your reputation and interest. And shall the difference of 100*l.* a year—Don't let me say, that I am ashamed for my Lord W.

I knew that you would despise me, Sir Charles.

I know, my Lord, that I should despise myself, were I not to deal freely with you in this respect. Indeed, my Lord, you have not had so good reason (forgive me!) to think hardly of my father's spirit, as you had to correct your own.

I cannot bear this, nephew. He looked displeased.

You must not be angry, my Lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, consulting me, shall be displeased with me for speaking my mind with freedom and sincerity.

What a man am I talking to!—Well, rid me of this torment [You have spirit, nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles] and I will for ever love you. But talk to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and sobs, and threatens, by turns, and I cannot bear it.—Once she was going to tie herself up—Would to God I had not prevented her—And then (O my folly!) we went on again.

My good Dr. Bartlett, I was ashamed of my uncle. But you see what an artful, as well as insolent woman, this is. What folly is there in wickedness! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it succeed so often as it does?—Yet my mother's brother to wish he had suffered a creature, with whom he had been familiar, to destroy herself!—I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be serving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance; or I should not have kept my seat—But we see in my mother, and in her brother, how habitual wickedness debases, and how habitual goodness exalts, the human mind. In their youth they were supposed nearer an equality in their understandings and attainments, than in their maturity, when occasion called out into action their respective talents. But perhaps the brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted prosperity that attended him, and for having never met with check or controul; whereas the most happily married woman in the world must have a will to which she must sometimes resign her own. What a glory to a good woman must it be, who can not only resign her will, but make so happy an use of her resignation, as my mother did!

My Lord repeated his request, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and sent for her, accordingly.

She came to me, out of breath with passion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehension for what her own behaviour might be before me.

I see, Mrs. Giffard, said I, that you are in great emotion. I am desired to talk with you; a task I am not very fond of: But you will find nothing but civility, such as is due to you, for your sex's sake, from me. Calm, therefore, your mind: I will see you again, in a few moments.

I took a turn, and soon came back. Her face looked not quite so bloated; and she burst into tears. She began to make a merit of her services; her care; her honesty; and then inveighed against my Lord for the narrowness of his spirit. She paid some compliments to me, and talked of being ashamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what she was prepared to say of her sacrifices, the loss of her good name, and the like; on which, with respect to my Lord, and his ingratitude to her, as she called it, she laid great stress.

I am never displeased, my dear friend, with the testimony which the most profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to set a value upon their departure from it.

You have it not to say, Mrs. Giffard, that my Lord betrayed, seduced, or deceived you. I say not this so much for reproach, as for justice-sake; and not to suffer you to deceive yourself, and to load him with greater faults than he has been guilty of. You were your own mistress: You had no father, mother, husband, to question you, or to be offended with you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a sole and independent person. One hundred and fifty pounds a year, Mrs. Giffard, tho' a small price for the virtue of a good woman, which is indeed above all price, is, nevertheless, greatly above the price of common service. I never seek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature; tho' it is not my meaning to affront, a woman especially, and one who supposes herself in distress. You *must know*, madam, the frail tenure by which you were likely to hold: You stipulated, therefore, for a provision, accordingly. The woman who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardships to take the stipulation, and once more give herself the opportunity to recover her lost fame. This independence my Lord is desirous to give you—

What independence, Sir? *Two hundred and fifty*

One hundred and fifty—

Two hundred and fifty, Sir, if you please—If my Lord thinks fit to dismiss me.

My Lord has told me, that *that* was indeed the stipulation; but he pleads misbehaviour. *And I should*

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100*l.* a year, tho' I thought my *Lord* ought not—And as to misbehaviour, Dr. Bartlett, I hardly know how to punish a woman for that, to her keeper. Does she not first misbehave to herself, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her first duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere discretionary obligation? I would have all these *moralists*, as they affect to call themselves, suffer by such libertine principles as cannot be purified, but in violation of the very first laws of morality.

Misbehaviour! Sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baseness of heart. I never misbehaved, as he calls it, till I saw—

Well, madam, this may lead to a debate that can answer no end. I presume, you are as willing to leave my *Lord*, as he is to part with you. It must be a wretchedness beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt (I must not palliate in this case) and yet of hatred and animosity, with the person who is a partaker in that guilt.

I am put upon a very unequal task, Sir, to talk with you on this subject. My *Lord* will not refuse to see me, I hope. I know what to say to him.

He has requested me to talk with you, madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the task. We have all, our faults. God knows what he will pardon, and what he will punish. His pardon, however, in a great measure depends upon yourself. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you: Your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: But you have now a prospect opened of future happiness, thro' your mutual misunderstandings, that you never otherwise *might* have had. And let me make an observation to you; That where hate or dislike have once taken place of liking, the first separation, in such a case as this, is always the best. Affection or esteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth—Don't you as heartily dislike my *Lord*, as he does you?

I do, Sir—He is—

I will not hear *what* he is, from the mouth of declared prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is, that which you have been joint partakers in—But if you might, would you choose to live together to be torments to each other?

I can torment him more than he can me—

Diabolical temper!—Woman! (and I stood up, and looked sternly) Can you forget *to* whom you say this—and *of* whom?—Is not *Lord W.* my uncle?

This (as I intended it should) startled her. She asked my pardon.

What a fine hand, proceeded I, has a Peer of the realm made of it! to have this said *of* him, and perhaps, had you been in his presence,

to him, by a woman whose courage is founded in his weakness?—Let me tell you, madam—

She held up her clasped hands—For God's sake, forgive me, Sir! and stand my friend.

An hundred and fifty pounds a year, madam, is rich payment for *any* consideration that a woman could give, who has more spirit than virtue. Had you kept that, madam, you would, tho' the daughter of cottagers, have been superior to the greatest man on earth, who wanted to corrupt you.— But thus far, and as a punishment to my Lord for his wilful weakness, I *will* be your friend—Retire from my Lord: You shall have 250*l.* a year: And as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, bestow the hundred a year, that was in debate, upon young creatures of your sex, as an encouragement to them to preserve that chastity, which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and, with the rest, live a life suitable to that disposition; and then, as my fellow-creature, I will wish you happy.

She begged leave to withdraw: She could not, she said, stand in my presence. I had, indeed, spoken with warmth. She withdrew, trembling, courtesying, mortified; and I returned to my Lord.

He was very earnest to hear my report. I again put it to him, Whether he adhered to his resolution of parting with his woman? He declared in the affirmative, with greater earnestness than before; and begged to know, if I could manage it that she should go, and that without seeing him? I cannot bear to see her, said he.

Bravoes of the Law, cowards and cullies¹ to their paramours, are these keepers, generally. I have ever suspected the courage (to magnanimity they must be strangers) of men who can defy the laws of society. I pitied him: And believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak Lord afraid of her; I said, Have you a mind, my Lord, that she shall quit the house this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake, that she shall.

And can you do this for me? If you can, you shall be my great Apollo.² That will, indeed, make me happy: For the moment you are gone, she will force herself into my presence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my stomach. She reproaches me, as if she had been an innocent woman, and I the most ungrateful of men. For God's sake, nephew, release me from her, and I shall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country, proceeded he, but she would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: She stands in awe of nobody else. You will be my guardian Angel, if you will rid me of this plague.

Well, then, my Lord, you will leave it to me to do the best I can

with her: But it cannot be the best on your side, for your honour's sake, if we do her not that justice that the law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my Lord, you must forgive me for saying, that you shall not resume that dignity to distress this woman, which you laid aside when you entered into treaty with her.

Well, well, I refer myself to your management: Only this 100*l.* a year—Once again, I say, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing me: And 150*l.* a year is two-thirds more than ever she, or any of her family, were intitled to.

The worst and meanest are intitled to justice, my Lord; and I hope your Lordship will not refuse to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: You must not, if I take any concern in this affair.

Just then the woman sent in, to beg the favour of an audience, as she called it, of me.

She addressed me in terms above her education. There is something, said she, in your countenance, Sir, so terrible, and yet so sweet, that one must fear your anger, and yet hope for your forgiveness, when one has offended. I was too free in speaking of my Lord to his nephew—And then she made a compliment to my character, and told me, She would be determined by my pleasure, be it what it would.

How seldom are violent spirits true spirits! When over-awed, how tame are they, generally, in their submission! Yet this woman was not without art in hers. She saw, that, displeased as she apprehended I was with her, I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a year penalty; and this made her so acquiescent.

I was indeed displeased with you, Mrs. Giffard; and could not, from what you said, but conclude in your disfavour, in justification of my Lord's complaints against you.

Will you give me leave, Sir, to lay before you the true state of every-thing between my Lord and me? Indeed, Sir, you don't know—

When two persons, who have lived in familiarity, differ, the fault is seldom wholly on one side: But thus far I judge between you, and desire not to hear particulars: The man who dispenses with a known duty, in such a case as this before us, must render himself despicable in the eyes of the very person whom he raises into consequence by sinking his own. Chastity is the crown and glory of a woman. The most profligate of men love modesty in the sex, at the very time they are forming plots to destroy it in a particular object. When a woman has submitted to put a price upon her honour, she must appear, at times, despicable in the eyes even of her seducer; and when these two break out into animosity, ought either to wish to live with the other?

Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am struck with remorse: I see my error. And she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to weep.

I proceeded; You, Mrs. Giffard, doubted the continuance of my Lord's passion: You made your terms, therefore, and proposed a penalty besides. My Lord submitted to the terms, and by that means secured his right of dismissing you, at his pleasure; the only conveniency that a man dishonouring himself by despising marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be said (tho' you are both answerable at a tribunal higher than your own) but that you should have separated long ago? Yet you would not consent to it: You would not leave him at liberty to assert the right he had reserved to himself. Strange weakness in him, that he would suffer that to depend upon you! But one weakness is the parent of another.

She then visibly wept.

You found it out, that you could *torment your Lord in an higher degree, than he could torment you*; and how, acting upon such principles, you have lived together for some time past, you have let every one see.

She, on her knees, besought my pardon for the freedom of that expression; not from motives of contrition, as I apprehend; but from those of policy.

She was strong enough to raise herself, without my assistance. She did, unbidden, on seeing me step backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do so; and looked very silly; and the more, for having missed my assisting hand: By which I supposed, that she had usually better success with my Lord, whenever she had prevailed on herself to kneel to him.

It is easy, my good Dr. Bartlett, from small crevices, to discover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an observer, who himself disdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her study. In such a departure from honest nature, there will be such curvings, that the eyes, the countenance, must ever betray the heart; while the lips, either breaking out into apologies, or aiming at reserve, confirm the suspicion, that all is not right in the mind.

I excuse you, Mrs. Giffard, said I; my Lord has deservedly brought much of what has distressed him, upon himself: But now it is best for you to part. My Lord chooses not to see you. I would advise you to remove this very afternoon.

What, Sir, and not have my 250*l.* a year!

Will you leave the house this night, if I give you my word—

For the whole sum, Sir?—Two hundred and fifty pounds a year, Sir?

Yes, for the whole sum.

I will, Sir, with all my heart and soul. Most of my things are in the country. My Lord came up in a passion, to talk with you, Sir. Two or three bandboxes are all I have here. Mr. Halden (he is my Lord's favourite) shall go down, and see I take nothing but my own—I will trust to your word of honour, Sir—and leave, for ever, the most ungrateful—

Hush, Mrs. Giffard, these tears are tears of passion. There is not a female feature, at this instant, in your face—[What a command of countenance! It cleared up in a moment. I *expected* it from her] A penitent spirit is an humble, a broken spirit: You shew, at present, no sign of it.

She dropt me a courtesy, with such an air (tho' not designed, I believe,) as shewed that the benefit she was to reap from the advice, would not be sudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her question, If she had my honour for the payment of the entire sum—And you don't insist, Sir (I have poor relations) that I shall pay out the hundred a year, as you mentioned?

You are to do with the whole annuity as you please. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their necessities. But remember, Mrs. Giffard, that every quarter brings you the wages of iniquity, and endeavour at some atonement.

The woman could too well bear this severity. Had a finger been sufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She assured me, that she would leave the house in two hours time; and I returned to my Lord, and told him so.

He got up, and embraced me, and called me his good Angel. I advised him to give his orders to Halden, or to whom he thought fit, to do her and himself justice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

But the terms! the terms! cried my Lord. If you have brought me off for 150*l.* I will adore you.

These are the terms (You promised to leave them to me): You pay no more than 150*l.* a year for her life, till you assure me, upon your honour, that you chearfully, and on mature consideration, make it up 250*l.*

How is that! How is that, nephew?—Then I never shall pay more, depend upon it.

Nor will I ever ask you.

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembered by the pain, and cried, Oh!—

But how did you manage it, kinsman?—I never should have brought her to any-thing. How did you manage it?

Your Lordship does not repent her going?

He swore, that it was the happiest event that could have befallen him. I hope, said he, she will go without wishing to see me. Whether she would whine, or curse, it would be impossible for me to see her, and be myself.

I believe she will go without desiring to see you; perhaps while I am here.

Thank God! a fair riddance! Thank God!

But is it possible, kinsman, that you could bring me off for 150*l.* a year? Tell me, truly.

It is: And I tell your Lordship, that it shall cost you no more, till you shall know how to value the comfort and happiness of your future life at more than 100*l.* a year: Till then, the respect I pay to my mother's brother, and the regard I have for his honour, will make me chearfully pay the 100*l.* a year in dispute, out of my own pocket.

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and, at last, bursting out into tears and speech together—And is it thus, Is it thus, you subdue me? Is it thus you convince me of my shameful littleness? I cannot bear it: All that this woman has done to me, is nothing to this. I can neither leave you, nor stay in your presence. Leave me, leave me, for six minutes only—Jesus! how shall I bear my own littleness?

I arose. One word, only, my Lord. When I re-enter, say not a syllable more on this subject: Let it pass as I put it. I would part with a greater sum than an hundred a year, for the satisfaction of giving to my uncle the tranquillity he has so long wanted in his own house, rather than that a person, who has had a dependence upon him, should think herself intitled to complain of injustice from him.

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it hastily, and retired; leaving him to recollect himself.

When I returned, he thrust into my hand a paper, and held it there, and swore that I should take it. If the wretch live ten years, nephew, said he, *that* will reimburse you; if she die sooner, the difference is yours: And, for God's sake, for the sake of your mother's memory, don't despise me; that is all the favour I ask of you: No man on earth was ever so nobly overcome. By all that's good, you shall chalk me out of my path. Blessed be my sister's memory, for giving me such a kinsman! The name of Grandison, that I ever disliked till now, is the first of names: And may it be perpetuated to the end of time!

He held the paper in my hand till he had done speaking. I then opened it, and found it to be a bank note of 1000*l.* I was earnest to return it; but he swore so vehemently, that he would have it so, that I, at last, acquiesced; but declared, that I would pay the whole annuity, as far as the sum went; and this, as well in justice to him,

as to save him the pain of attending to an affair that must be grievous to him: And I insisted upon giving him an acknowledgement under my hand, for that sum; and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would, in the like case.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My Lord started up, at her voice: His complexion varied: He whipt as nimbly behind the door, as if he had no gout in his foot. I will not see her, said he.

I stepped out. She complimented, thanked me, and wept; but, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things against my Lord: But I stopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaster, quarterly, of the 250*l.* a year. She turned her execrations, against her Lord, into blessings on me: But, after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderness, was visibly the occasion. Could she have secured her whole annuity, she would have gratified that pride, by leaving her Lord in triumph while she thought her departure would have given him regret: But to be *dismissed*, was a disgrace that affected her, and gave bitterness to her insolent spirit.

LETTER XI

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

In Continuation

MY Lord, tho' he had acquitted himself on the occasion, in such a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved mother's spirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleness, when he was assured Giffard was out of the house. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, arising, as it came out, from the same occasion, and ordered him to make all his domestics happy for (what he meanly called) his *deliverance*: Asking, If there were any-body in the house who loved her? Not a single soul, said Halden; and I am sure, that I may venture to congratulate your Lordship, in the names of all your servants: For she was proud, imperious, and indeed a tyranness to all beneath her.

I then, for the first time, pitied the woman; and should have pitied her still more (true as this might, in some measure, be) had she not gone away so amply rewarded: For in this little family I looked forward to the family of the State; the Sovereign and his ministers. How often has a minister, who has made a tyrannical use of his power (and even some who have not) experienced, on his

dismissal, the like treatment, from those who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad an use of it; who, in its plenitude, were fawning, creeping slaves, as these servants might be to this mistress of their Lord! We read but of one grateful Cromwell, in all the superb train of Wolsey, when he had fallen into disgrace;¹ and yet he had in it hundreds, some not ignobly born, and all of them less meanly descended than their magnificent master.

Halden addressed himself to me, as having been the means of making his Lord, and his whole household, happy. Let the joy be moderate, Halden, said I: The poor woman might, possibly, have numbered among her well-wishers (she could not have disobliterated *every-body*) some of those, who now will be most forward to load her with obloquy. You must not make her too considerable: It is best for my Lord, as well as for those who loved her not, to forget there ever was such a woman; except to avoid her faults, and to imitate her in what was commendable. She boasts of her honesty and management: My Lord charges her not with infidelity, of any kind.

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My Lord swore, by his soul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Blessed, said he, be the name of the Grandisons! This last plaudit gratified my pride (I need not tell my Dr. Bartlett, that I have pride); the more gratified it, as Lord W.'s animosity to my father made him out of love with his name.

I did not think, when my Lord began his story to me, that I should so soon have brought about a separation of guilt from guilt: But their mutual disgusts had prepared the way; resentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one side, and self-interestedness, founded (reasonably) on a stipulation made, and not complied with, on the other; were all that hindered it from taking place as from themselves. A mediator had nothing then to do, but to advise an act of justice, and so to gild it by a precedent of disinterestedness in himself, as should inspire an emulation in a proud spirit, that, if not then, must, when passion had subsided, have arisen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my Lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. Well, my Lord, and now as to your hints of marriage—

Blessed God!—Why, nephew, you *overturn* me with your generosity. Are you not my next of kin? And can you give your consent, were I to ask it, that I should marry?

I give you not only my *consent*, as you condescendingly phrase it, but my *advice*, to marry.

Good God! *I* could not, in the like case, do thus. But, nephew, I am not a young man.

The more need of a prudent, a discreet, a tender assistant. Your Lordship hinted, that you liked not men-servants about your person, in your illness. You are often indisposed with the gout: Servants will not always *be* servants when they find themselves of use. Infirmary requires indulgence: In the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exist with servility; between man and wife it may: The same interest unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at least, that results from mutual confidence? A man gives his own consequence to the woman he marries; and he sees himself respected in the respect paid her: She extends his dignity, and confirms it. There is such a tenderness, such an helpfulness, such a sympathy in suffering, in a good woman, that I am always for excusing men in years, who marry prudently; while I censure, for the same reason, women in years. Male nurses are unnatural creatures! [There is not such a character that can be respectable] Womens sphere is the house, and their shining-place the sick chamber, in which they can exert all their amiable, and, shall I say, lenient qualities? Marry, my Lord, by all means. You are hardly Fifty; but were you Seventy, and so often indisposed; so wealthy; no children to repine at a mother-in-law, and to render your life or hers uncomfortable by their little jealousies; I would advise you to marry. The man or woman deserves not to be benefited in the disposition of your affairs, that would wish you to continue in the hands of mean people, and to rob you of the joys of confidence, and the comfort of tender help, from an equal, or from one who deserves to be made your equal, in degree. Only, my Lord, marry so, as not to defeat your own end: Marry not a gay creature, who will be fluttering about in public, while you are groaning in your chamber, and wishing for her presence.

Blessings on your heart, my nephew! Best of men! I can hold no longer. There was no bearing, *before*, your generosity: What can I say now?— But you must be in earnest.

Have you, my Lord, asked I, any Lady in your eye?

No, said he; indeed I have not.

I was the better pleased with him, that he had not; because I was afraid, that, like our VIIIth Henry, he had some other woman in view, which might have made him more uneasy than he would otherwise have been with Giffard: For tho' it was better that he should marry, than live in scandal; and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world see that she could take a price for her honour; yet I thought him better justified in his complaints of that woman's misbehaviour, than in the other case he would have been: And that it was an happiness to both (if a right use were made of the event) that they had been unable to live on, as they had set out.

He told me, that he should think himself the happiest of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him, a woman, that I thought worthy of his addresses; and even would court her for him.

Your Lordship ought not to expect fortune.

I do not.

She should be a gentlewoman by birth and education; a woman of a serious turn: Such an one is not likely in affluence to run into those scenes of life, from which, perhaps, only want of fortune has restrained the gayer creature. I would not have your Lordship fix an age, tho' I think you should not marry a girl. Some women, at Thirty, are more discreet than others at Forty: And if your Lordship should be blessed with a child or two to inherit your great estate, that happy event would domesticate the Lady, and make your latter years more happy than your former.

My Lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears seemed to make themselves furrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he said on this occasion, and with anger, till he explained himself.

By my soul, said he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, I hate your father: I never heartily loved him; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.

My Lord!—

Don't be surprised. I hate him for keeping so long abroad a son, who would have converted us both. Lessons of morality, given in so noble a manner by regular *practice*, rather than by preaching *theory* (those were his words) not only where there is no interest proposed to be served, but *against* interest, must have subdued us both; and that by our own consents. O my sister! and he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object of his brotherly address before him; how have you blessed me, in your son!—

This apostrophe to my mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W.! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own master!—His father died before he was of age.

He declared, that I had described the very wife he wished to have. Find out such an one for me, my dear kinsman, said he; and I give you *carte blanche*: But let her not be younger than Fifty. Make the settlements for me: I am very rich: I will sign them blindfold. If the Lady be such an one as *you* say I *ought* to love, I *will* love her: Only let her say, she can be grateful for my Love, and for the provision you shall direct me to make for her; and my first interview with her shall be at the altar.

I think, my friend, I have in my eye such a woman as my Lord ought to do very handsome things for, if she condescend to have him.

I will not tell you, not even *you*, whom I mean, till I know she will encourage such a proposal; and, for her own fortune's sake, I think she should: But I had her not in my thoughts when I proposed to my Lord the character of the woman he should wish for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

LETTER XII

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Tuesday, Mar. 21

DR. BARTLETT went to town yesterday. He returned early enough to breakfast with us. He found at dinner with his patron, the whole Danby family and Mr. Sylvester; as also, the two masters of the young gentlemen, with Mr. Galliard, whose son is in love with Miss Danby, and she with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodness of Sir Charles, of which he had assured Mr. Sylvester and the two brothers and sister before.

I am sorry, methinks, the doctor went to town: We should otherwise, perhaps, have had the particulars of all, from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, such admiration, such gratitude, the doctor says, were expressed from every mouth, that his own eyes, as well as Mr. Sylvester's, and most of those present, more than once, were ready to overflow.

Every-thing was there settled, and even a match proposed by Sir Charles, and the proposal received with approbation on both sides, between the elder Miss Galliard, and that audacious young man the drug-merchant; who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and every-body.

The doctor says, that Mr. Hervey and Mr. Poussin, the two masters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; so is Mr. Galliard: And they behaved so handsomely on the occasion, that Sir Charles expressed himself highly pleased with them all. For Mr. Hervey and Mr. Galliard offered to accept of less money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with Miss Danby; the other for admitting the elder Danby into a partnership with him, on his marriage with his niece: But Sir Charles had no notion, he said, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: The greatest expences, he observed, were then incurred. In slight or scanty beginnings, scanty plans must be laid, and pursued. Mr. Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby should have the handsomer fortune with his daughter, if she approved of him, for the very handsome one Miss Danby would carry to his son.

Sir Charles's example, in short, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happiest prospects, are likely very soon to follow these noble instances of generosity. Mr. Sylvester proposed the celebration on one day: In that case, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would honour them with his presence. He assentingly bowed. How many families are here, at once, made happy!

Dr. Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, said, on our joining in one general blessing of his patron, You know not, Ladies, you know not, my Lord, what a general *Philanthropist* your brother is: His whole delight is in doing good. It has always been so: And to mend the hearts, as well as fortunes, of men, is his glory.

We could not but congratulate the doctor on his having so considerable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L. said, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at so critical a time of life, as that was, in which they became acquainted.

The doctor very modestly received the compliment, and, to wave our praises, gave us another instance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits, as follows:

He once, said the doctor, when his fortune was not what it now is, lent a very honest man, a merchant of Leghorn, when he resided there (as he did sometimes for a month or two together, for the conveniency of the English chapel) a considerable sum; and took his bond for it: After a while, things not answering to the poor man's expectation, Mr. Grandison took notice to me, said the doctor, that he appeared greatly depressed and dejected, and occasionally came into his company with such a sense of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it: And why, said he, should I keep it in my power to distress a man, whose modesty and diffidence shew, that he deserves to be made easy?—I may die suddenly: My executors may think it but justice to exact payment: And that exaction may involve him in as great difficulties as those were, from which the loan delivered him.—I will make his heart light. Instead of suffering him to sigh over his uncertain prospects at his board, or in his bed, I will make both his board and his bed easy to him. His wife and his five children shall rejoice with him; they shall see the good man's countenance, as it used to do, shine upon them; and occasionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

He then cancelled the bond: And, at the same time, fearing the man's distress might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a further sum. But, by his behaviour upon it, I found, said Mr. Grandison, that the sum he owed, and the doubt he had of being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honest man's grievance. He declined, with gratitude, the additional offer, and walked, ever after, erect.

He is now living, and happy, proceeded the doctor; and, just before Mr. Grandison left Italy, would have made him some part of payment, from the happier turn in his affairs; which, probably, was owing to his revived spirits: But Mr. Grandison asked, What he thought he meant, when he cancelled the obligation?—Yet he told him, that it was not wrong in him to make the tender: For free minds, he said, loved not to be ungenerously dealt with.

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriously employed, with my Lord W. and the Danby's, said Lord L. and perhaps in other acts of goodness that we know nothing of, besides the duties of his executorship, that we are deprived of his company! But *some* of these, as he has so good a friend as Dr. Bartlett, he might transfer to him—and oblige us more with his presence; and the rather, as he declares it would be obliging himself.

Ah, my Lord! said the doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longest on me—You don't know—He stopped. We all were silent. He proceeded—Sir Charles Grandison does nothing without reason: A good man must have difficulties to encounter with, that a mere man of the world would not be embarrassed by.—But how I engage your attention, Ladies!—

The doctor arose; for breakfast was over—Dear doctor, said Miss Grandison, don't leave us—As to that Bologna, that Camilla, that Bishop—Tell us more of them, dear doctor.

Excuse me, Ladies; excuse me, my Lord. He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, blushed! How her heart throbbed!—At what?—

But, Lucy, give me your opinion—Dr. Bartlett guesses, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandison: He must be assured, that my own heart must be absolutely void of *benevolence*, if I did not more and more esteem Sir Charles, for *his*: And would Dr. Bartlett be so cruel, as to contribute to a flame that, perhaps, is with difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new instances of his generous goodness, if he *knew* that Sir Charles Grandison was so engaged, as to render it impossible—What shall I say?—O this cruel, cruel suspense!—What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures!—But all will too soon perhaps—Here he is come—Sir Charles Grandison is come—

O no!—A false alarm!—He is *not* come: It is only my Lord L. returned from an airing.

I could beat this girl! this Emily!—It was owing to her!—A chit!—How we have fluttered each other!—But send for me down to Northamptonshire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

Pray—Do you know, Lucy, What is the business that calls Mr. Deane to town, at this season of the year? He has made a visit to Sir Charles Grandison: For Dr. Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleased with him; yet Mr. Deane did not tell *me*, that he designed it. I beseech you, my dear friends—Do not—But you would not; you *could* not!—I would be torn in pieces: I would not accept of—I don't know what I would say. Only add not disgrace to distress.—But I am safe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my grandmamma and aunt Selby. They would not permit Mr. Deane, or any-body, to make *improper* visits.—But don't you think, that it must look particular to Sir Charles, to have a visit paid him by a man expressing for me so much undeserved tenderness and affection, so long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it?—I dread, as much for Mr. Deane's sake as my own, every-thing that may be construed into officiousness or particularity, by so nice a discernor. Does he not say, that no man is more quick sighted than himself, to those faults in women which are owing to want of delicacy?

I have been very earnest with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, that they do not suffer their friendship for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promised to consult my punctilio, as well as my inclination. Miss Grandison was more kindly in earnest, in her assurances of this nature, than I was afraid she would be: And my Lord said, It was fit that I should find even niceness gratified, in this particular.

[I absolutely confide in you, Lucy, to place hooks where I forget to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I *ought* to put them; that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my uncle) to omit those passages which very few men have delicacy or seriousness enough to be trusted with. Yet, a mighty piece of sagacity, to find out a girl of little more than Twenty, in Love, as it is called! and to make a jest of her for it!—[But I am peevish, as well as saucy.—This also goes between hooks.]

Adieu, my Dear

LETTER XIII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Monday Night, Mar. 20

I AM very much dissatisfied with myself, my dear Dr. Bartlett. What pains have I taken, to conquer those sudden gusts of passion, to which, from my early youth, I have been subject, as you have often heard me confess! yet to find, at times, that I am unequal—to

myself, shall I say?—To *myself*, I *will* say; since I have been so much amended by your precepts, and example. But I will give you the occasion.

My guests, and you, had but just left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O-Hara, and another bullying man, desired to speak with me.

I bid the servant shew the woman into the drawing-room next my study, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her, and, after a little stiff civility (I could not help it) asked, If these gentlemen had business with me?

That gentleman is Major O-Hara, Sir: He is my husband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet: He is the Major's brother-in-law. He is an officer, of equal worth and bravery.

They gave themselves airs of importance and familiarity; and the Major motioned, as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?

I led the way to my study. The woman arose, and would have come with them.

If you please to stay where you are, madam, I will attend you presently.

They entered; and, as if they would have me think them connoisseurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery,¹ the pictures, and busts.

I took off that sort of attention—Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?

I am called Major O-Hara, Sir: I am the husband of the Lady in the next room, as she told you.

And what, pray, Sir, have I to do, either with you, or your marriage? I pay that Lady, as the widow of Mr. Jervois, 200*l.* a year: I am not obliged to pay her more than one. She has no demands upon me; much less has her husband.

The men had so much the air of bullies, and the woman is so very wicked, that my departed friend, and the name by which she so lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

Look ye, Sir Charles Grandison, I would have you to know—

And he put his left hand upon his sword-handle, pressing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely insolent.

What am I to understand by that motion, Sir?

Nothing at all, Sir Charles—D-n me, if I mean any-thing by it—

You are called *Major*, you say, Sir—Do you bear the king's commission, Sir?

I *have* borne it, Sir, if I do not now.

That, and the house you are in, give you a title to civility. But, Sir, I cannot allow, that your marriage with the Lady in the next room gives you pretence to business with me. If you have, on any other account, pray let me know what it is?

The man seemed at a loss what to say; but not from bashfulness. He looked about him, as if for his woman; set his teeth; bit his lip; and took snuff, with an air so like defiance, that, for fear I should not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: Pray, Captain Salmonet, said I, what are *your* commands with me?

He spoke in broken English; and said, He had the honour to be Major O-Hara's brother: He had married the Major's sister.

And why, Sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations?—Have you any business with me, Sir, on your own account?

I come, I come, said he, to see my brother righted, Sir—

Who has wronged him?—Take care, gentlemen, how—But Mr. O-Hara, what are your pretensions?

Why look-ye, Sir Charles Grandison (throwing open his coat, and sticking one hand in his side, the other thrown out with a flourish) Look-ye, Sir, repeated he—

I found my choler rising. I was afraid of myself.

When I treat *you* familiarly, Sir, then treat *me* so: Till when, please to withdraw—

I rang: Frederick came in.

Shew these gentlemen into the little parlour—You will excuse me, Sirs; I attend the Lady.

They muttered, and gave themselves brisk and angry airs; nodding their heads at each other; but followed the servant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs. O-Hara, as she calls herself.

Well, madam, what is your business with me, *now*?

Where are the gentlemen, Sir? Where is my husband?

They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that shall pass between you and me.

And do you hold them unworthy of your presence, Sir?

Not, madam, while *you* are before me, and if they had any business with me, or I with them.

Has not an husband business where his wife is?

Neither wife nor husband has business with me.

Yes, Sir, I am come to demand my daughter. I come to demand a mother's right.

I answer not to such a demand: You know you have no right to make it.

I have been at Colnebrooke: She was kept from me: My child was carried out of the house, that I might not see her.

And have you then terrified the poor girl?

I have left a Letter for her; and I expect to see her upon it.—Her new father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourself, Sir, longs to see her—

Her *new father!* madam.—You *expect to see her!* madam.—What was your behaviour to her, unnatural woman! the last time you saw her? But if you do see her, it must be in my presence, and without your man, if he form pretensions, on your account, that may give either her or me disturbance.

You are only, Sir, to take care of her fortune; so I am advised: I, as her mother, have the natural right over her person. The Chancery will give it to me.

Then seek your remedy in Chancery: Let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that court.

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They are not officers, I dare say: Common men of the town, I doubt not, new-dressed for the occasion. O-Hara, as she calls him, is, probably, one of her temporary husbands, only.

Pray walk in, gentlemen, said I. This Lady intimates to me, that she will apply to Chancery against me. The Chancery, if she have any grievance, will be a proper *recourse*. She can have no business with me, after such a declaration—Much less can either of you.

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, Frederick, said I, attend the lady and the gentlemen to their coach.

And I turned from them, to go into my study.

The Major, as he was called, asked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his sword, If this were treatment due to gentlemen?

This house, in which, however, you are an intruder, Sir, is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean any-thing by either, would cost you dear.

I am, Sir, the protector of my wife: You have insulted her, Sir—

Have I insulted your wife, Sir?—And I stepped up to him; but just in time recovered myself, remembering where I was—Take care, Sir—But you are safe, here.—Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door—

Frederick was not in hearing: The well-meaning man, apprehending consequences, went, it seems, into the offices, to get together some of his fellow-servants.

Salmonet, putting himself into violent motion, swore, that he would stand by his friend, his brother, to the last drop of his blood; and, in a posture of offence, drew his sword half way.

I wish, friend, said I, (but could hardly contain myself) that I were in *your* house, instead of your being in *mine*.—But if you would have your sword broken over your head, draw it quite.

He did, with a vapour.¹ D—n him, he said, if he bore that! My *own* house, on such an insult as this, should not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himself into a posture of defence.

Now, Major! Now, Major! said the wicked woman.

Her Major also drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dressed.² I knew not but the men were assassins. I drew, put by Salmonet's sword, closed with him, disarmed him, and, by the same effort, laid him on the floor.

O-Hara, skipping about, as if he watched for an opportunity to make a push with safety to himself, lost his sword, by the usual trick whereby a man, anything skilled in his weapons, knows how sometimes to disarm a *less* skilful adversary.

The woman screamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, first one, then the other, out of the room, with a contempt that they deserved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who, by that time, were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the Square.

They limped into the coach they came in: The woman, in terror, was already in it. When they were also in it, they cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended Captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid my servants tell me, That I was—That I was—And avoiding a worse name, as it seemed—*No Gentleman*; and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a Lady.

The Major, in eagerness to say something, by way of resentment and menace likewise—(beginning with damning his blood)—had his intended threatening cut short, by meeting the Captain's head with his, as the other, in a rage, withdrew it, after his speech to the servant: And each cursing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to ask for their swords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how much this idle affair has disturbed me: I cannot forgive myself—To suffer myself to be provoked by two such men, to violate the sanction of my own house! Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation for a demand, that they knew, if personally made, must do it.

My only excuse to myself is, That there were two of them; and that, tho' I drew, yet I had the command of myself so far as only to defend myself, when I might have done any-thing with them. I have generally found, that those who are the readiest to give offence, are the unfittest, when brought to the test, to support their own insolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How must she be terrified!—I will be with you very soon. Let not her know any-thing of this idle affair; nor any-body but Lord L.

Tuesday Morning

I have just parted with one Blgrave, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed against me: But, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in person, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himself, from me, of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility intitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, That if I pleased to restore the swords and the hat, by him, and would promise not to stop the future quarterly payments of the 200*l.* a year, about which they were very apprehensive; he dared to say, that, after such an exertion of spirit, as he called a choleric excess, I should not hear any more of them for one while; since, he believed, they had only been trying an experiment; which had been carried farther, he dared to say, than they had designed it should.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commissions in any service.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, since it is very probable, that she has not a real title to that of O-Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hysterics, as O-Hara told him; who, in consulting Mr. Blgrave, may be supposed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accused the men of cowardice, before Mr. Blgrave; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excused themselves, as being loth to hurt me; which, they said, they easily could have done; especially before I drew.

They both pretended, to Mr. Blgrave, personal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) *most* hurt; for I am not at all pleased with myself. They, possibly, tho' they have no cause to be satisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accustomed to such scuffles, than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr. Blgrave took the swords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromise, and encouraged their insolence, I could freely have sent them *more* than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to such men.

As to the annuity; I bid Mr. Blgrave tell the woman, that the payment of that, depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not sure, and she was intitled to it, but as the *widow* of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, That no provocation should hinder me from doing strict justice, tho' I were sure that they would go to law with the money I should cause to be paid to them quarterly. You will therefore know, Sir, added I, that the fund which they have to depend upon, to support a law-suit, should they commence one, and think fit to employ in it so honest a man as you seem to be, is 100*l.* a year. It would be madness, if not injustice, to pay the other 100*l.* for such a purpose, when it was left to my discretion to pay it, or not, with a view to discourage that litigious spirit which is one, of an hundred, of this poor woman's bad qualities.

And thus, for the present, stands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over, till some new scheme arises, either among these people, or from others whom she may consult or employ. You and I, when I have the happiness to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the subject.

I am, &c.

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XIV

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Colnebrooke, Wedn. Mar. 22

SIR CHARLES arrived this morning, just as we had assembled to breakfast; for Lady L. is not an early riser. The moment he entered, sunshine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologized to all, but me, for his long absence, especially when they had *such* a guest, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he sighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not ask Miss Grandison whether she saw any thing particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeness, I presume, that he did not include me in his apologies; because that would have been to suppose, that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not displeased, in the main, that he did not compliment me as a *third* sister. See, Lucy, what little circumstances a doubtful mind will sometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleased that he had been so long absent, and had my thoughts to myself upon it; inclining once to have gone back to London; and perhaps should, could I have fancied myself of impor-

tance enough to make him uneasy by it [The sex! the sex! Lucy, will my uncle say; but I pretend not to be above its little foibles]: But the moment I saw him, all my disgusts were over. After the Anderson, the Danby, the Lord W. affairs, he appeared to me in a much more shining light than an hero would have done, returning in a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at its wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of *The Friend of Mankind*, than that of *The Conqueror of Nations*!

He told me, that he paid his compliments yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He mentioned Mr. Deane's visit to him; and said very kind, but just things in his praise. I read not any thing in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneasiness on the visit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily sat generously uneasy, I saw, for the trouble she had been the cause of giving to her best friend, tho' she knew not of a visit, that her mother, and O-Hara, and Salmonet, made her guardian on Monday, as the doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodness, as he called it, in getting the good girl so happily out of her mother's way, as *his* Emily would have been too much terrified to see her: And he thanked Lord L. for his tenderness to his ward on that occasion.

My Lord gave him the Letter which Mrs. Jervois had left for her daughter. Sir Charles presented it to the young Lady, without looking into it: She instantly returned it to him, in a very graceful manner. We will read it together by-and-by, my Emily, said he. Dr. Bartlett tells me, there is tenderness in it.

The doctor made apologies to him, for having communicated to us some of his Letters—Whatever Dr. Bartlett does, said Sir Charles, must be right. But what say my sisters to my proposal of correspondence with them?

We should be glad, replied Lady L. to see all you write to Dr. Bartlett; but could not undertake to write you Letter for Letter.

Why so?

Miss Byron, said Miss Grandison, has put us quite out of heart as to the talent of narrative Letter-writing.

I should be greatly honoured with a sight of such Letters of Miss Byron as you, my Lord, have seen. Will Miss Byron, applying to me, favour *one* brother, and exclude *another*?

Brother! Lucy; I thought he was not, at that time, quite so handsome a man as when he first entered the room.

I was silent, and blushed. I knew not what answer to make; yet thought I should say something.

May we, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, hope for a perusal of

your Letters to Dr. Bartlett for the same number of weeks past, Letter for Letter, if we could prevail on Miss Byron to consent to the proposal?

Would Miss Byron consent, upon that condition?

What say you, Miss Byron, said my Lord?

I answered, that I could not presume to think, that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to please my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandison.

They all answered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the most respectful manner, insisting upon not being denied to see what Lord L. had perused; and Miss Grandison having said that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my Letters from the country; I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity, if I refused to oblige him, in the light (tho' not a very agreeable one, I own to you, Lucy) of *another* brother: I told him, that I would shew him very willingly, and without condition, all the Letters I had written, of the narrative kind, from my first coming to London, down to the dreadful masquerade affair, and even Sir Hargrave's barbarous treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had so generously given me.

How did he extol me, for what he called my noble frankness of heart! In that grace, he said, I excelled all the women he had ever conversed with. He assured me, that he would not wish to see a line that I was not willing he should see; and that if he came to a word or passage that he could suppose would be of that nature, it should have no place in his memory.

Miss Grandison called out—But the *condition*, Sir Charles—

Is only this, replied I (I am sure of your *candor*, Sir); that you will correct me, where I am wrong, in any of my notions or sentiments. I have been very pert and forward in some of my Letters; particularly, in a dispute that was carried on in relation to Learning and Languages. If I could not, for *improvement*-sake, more heartily bespeak your correction than your approbation, I should be afraid of your eye there.

Excellent Miss Byron! Beauty shall not bribe me on your side, if I think you wrong in any point that you submit to my judgment: And if I am Beauty-proof, I am sure nothing on earth can biass me.

Miss Grandison said, she would number the Letters according to their dates, and then would give them to me, that I might make such conditions with her brother on the loan, as every one might be the better for.

Breakfast being over, Miss Grandison renewed the talk of the visit made here by Mrs. O-Hara on Sunday last. Miss Jervois very

prettily expressed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy mother. He drew her to him, as he sat, with looks of tenderness; and called her his dear Emily; and told her, she was the *Child of his compassion*. You are called upon, my dear, said he, young as you are, to a glorious trial; and hitherto you have shone in it: I wish the poor woman would be but half as much the mother, as you would be the child! But let us read her Letter.

His goodness overwhelmed her. He took her mother's Letter out of his pocket: She stood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to suppress her emotion: And when he had unfolded the Letter, he put his arm round her waist. Surely, Lucy, he is the tenderest, as well as bravest of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which shone out in his looks, as he cast his eyes, now on the Letter, and now up to his Emily!—Poor woman! said he, two or three times, as he read: And, when he had done, You must read it, my dear, said he; there is the mother in it: We will acknowledge the mother, where-ever we can find her.

Why did not the dear girl throw her arms about his neck, just then?—She was ready to do so. O my best of guardians! said she; and, it was plain, was but just restrained, by virgin modesty, from doing so; her hands caught back, as it were, and resting for a moment on his shoulder: And she looked as much abashed, as if she had *not* checked herself.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion, than any-body else. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

And *must* I, Sir, would you *have me*, read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He arose, took her hand, and, coming with her to me, put it into mine: Be so good, madam, to fortify this worthy child's heart, by your prudence and judgment, while she reads the *mother*, in the only instance that I have ever known it visible in this unhappy woman.

He bowed, and gave me the Letter. I was proud of his compliment, and Emily and I withdrew into the next room; and there the good girl read the Letter, but it was long in reading; her tears often interrupting her: And more than once, as wanting a refuge, she threw her arms about my neck, in silent grief.

I called her twenty tender names; but I could not say much: What could I? The Letter in some places affected *me*. It was the Letter of a mother who seemed extremely sensible of hardships. Her guardian had promised observations upon it: I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedness: I knew not but the husband might be in some fault.—What could I say? I could not think of giving comfort to a daughter at the expence of even a *bad* mother.

Miss Grandison came to us: She kissed the sobbing girl, and with tenderness, calling us her two Loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it seems, had owned, in our absence, that Mr. and Mrs. O-Hara, and Captain Salmonet, had made him a visit in town, on their return from Colnebrooke, and expressed himself to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miss Jervois gave the Letter to her guardian, and went behind his chair, on the back of which she leaned, while he looked into the Letter, and made observations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can remember.

An unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated— My Emily's father was an indulgent husband! He forgave this unhappy woman crimes, which very few men would have forgiven: She was the wife of his choice: He doted on her: His first forgiveness of an atrocious crime hardened her.

When he could not live with her, he removed from place to place, to avoid her: At last, afraid of her private machinations, which were of the blackest nature, he went abroad, in order to pursue that traffick in person, which he managed to great advantage by his agents and factors; having first, however, made an handsome provision for his wife.

Thither, after some time passed in riot and extravagance, she followed him.

I became acquainted with him at Florence. I found him to be a sensible¹ and honest man; and every one whom he could serve, or assist, experienced his benevolence. Not a single soul who knew him, but loved him, this wife excepted.

She at *that* time insisted upon his giving up to her management, his beloved Emily; and solemnly promised reformation, on his compliance. She knew that the child would be a great fortune.

I was with Mr. Jervois, on her first visit to him at Leghorn; and, tho' I had heard her character to be very bad, was inclined to befriend her. She was specious. I hoped that a mother, whatever *wife* she made, could not but be a *mother*; and poor Mr. Jervois had not been forward to say the worst of her: But she did not long save appearances. The whole English factory² at Leghorn were witnesses to her flagrant enormities. She was addicted to an excess that left her no guard, and made her a stranger to that grace which is the glory of a woman.

I am told, that she is less frequently intoxicated than heretofore. I should be glad of the least shadow of reformation in her. That odious vice led her into every other, and hardened her to a sense of shame. Other vices, perhaps, at first, wanted *that* to introduce them; but the most flagitious have been long habitual to her.

Nothing but the justice due to the character of my departed friend, could have induced me to say what I have said of this unhappy woman: Forgive me, my Emily. But shall I not defend your father? —I have not said the worst I could say of his wife.

Yet she writes, *That her faults have been barbarously aggravated, in order to justify the ill usage of an husband, who, she says, was not faultless.* Ill usage of an husband! Wretched woman! She knew I must see this Letter: How could she write thus? She knows that I have authentic proofs in my custody, of his unexceptionable goodness to her; and confessions, under her own hand, of her guilt, and ingratitude to him.

But, my Emily—and he arose, and took her hand, her face overwhelmed with tears, You may rejoice in your father's character: He was a good man, in *every* sense of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault; and that was, his indulgence.—Shall I say, That after repeated elopements, after other men had cast her off, he took her back? When she had forfeited his love, his *pity* operated in her favour; and she was hardened enough to despise the man who could much more easily forgive than punish her. I am grieved to be obliged to say this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend must not be unjustly loaded. Would to heaven that I could suggest the shadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileness, either respecting him or herself; let whose-soever character suffer by it, I *would* suggest it. How often has this worthy husband wept to me, for those faults of his wife, for which *she* could not be sorry!

I discourage not these tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me say; but let me now dry them up.

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: It is unnecessary, proceeded he, to say any-thing farther, at this time, in defence of your father's character; we come now to other parts of the Letter, that will not, I hope, be so affecting to the heart of a good child.

She insists upon your making her a visit, or receiving one from her: She longs, she says, to see you; to lay you in her bosom. She congratulates you, on your improvements: She very *pathetically* calls upon you, not to despise her—

My dear girl! You *shall* receive her visit: She shall name her place for it, provided I am present. I shall think it a sign of her amendment, if she is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you must distinguish between the *crime* and the *mother*: The one is intitled to your pity; the other calls for your abhorrence—Do you *choose*, my dear, to see your mother?—I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cause to complain of unkindness from us. There are faults that must be left to heaven to punish; and against the consequences of which, it behoves us only to *guard*, for our own sakes. I hope you are in a safe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: You are *guarded*, therefore. Can my Emily forget the terrors of the last interview, and calmly, in my presence, kneel to her mother?

Whatever you command me to do, I will do.

I would have you answer this Letter. Invite her to the house of your guardian—I think you should not go to her lodgings: Yet, if you incline to see her there, and she insists upon it, I will attend you.

But, Sir, must I own her husband for my father?

Leave that to me, my dear: Little things, punctilios,¹ are not to be stood upon: Pride shall have no concern with us. But I must first be satisfied, that the man and she are actually married. Who knows, if they *are*, but his dependence on her annuity, and the protection she may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both, to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto she has aimed to do? If she save but *appearances*, for the future, it will be a point gained.

I will in every-thing, Sir, do as you would have me.

One thing, my dear, I think I will advise: If they are really married; if there be any prospect of their living tolerably together; you shall, if you please (your fortune is very large), make them an handsome present; and give hope, that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your mother. She complains, that she is made poor, and dependent. Poor if she be, it is her own fault: She brought not 200*l.* to your father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I hinted, for Love. With 200*l.* a year, well paid, she ought not to be poor; but *dependent*, she must be. Your father would have given her a larger annuity, had he not known, by experience, that it was but strengthening her hands to do mischief; and to enable her to be more riotous. I found a declaration of this kind among his papers, after his death. This his *intention*, if there could have been any hope of a good use to be made of it, justifies my advice to you, to *enlarge* her stipend: I will put it in such a way, that you, my dear, shall have the credit of it; and I will take upon myself the advice of restraining it to good behaviour, for their own sakes, and for yours.

O Sir! how good you are! You now give me courage to wish to see my poor mother, in hopes that it will be in my power to do her good: Continue to your Emily the blessing of your direction, and I shall be an happy girl indeed. O that my mother *may* be married! that so she may be intitled to the best you shall advise me to do for her.

I doubt, her man is a man of the town, added he; but he *may* have lived long enough to see his follies. She *may* be tired of the life she has led. I have made several efforts to do her service; but had no hope to reclaim her; I wish she may now be a wife in earnest. But this, I think, shall be my last effort—Write, my dear; but nothing of your intention. If she is not married, things must remain as they are.

She hastened up-stairs, and very soon returned, with the following lines:

Madam,

I beseech you to believe, that I am not wanting in duty to my mother. You rejoice my heart, when you tell me, that you love me. My guardian was so good, before I could have time to ask him, as to bid me write to you, and to let you know, that he will himself present me to you, whenever you please to favour me with an opportunity to pay my duty to you, at his house in St. James's Square.

Let me hope, my dear mamma, that you will not be so angry with your poor girl, as you was last time I saw you at Mrs. Lane's; and then I will see you with all the duty that a child owes to her mother. For I am, and will ever be,

Your dutiful Daughter,

EMILIA JERVOIS

Sir Charles generously scrupled the last paragraph. We will not, I think, Emily, said he, remind a mother, who has written such a Letter as that before us, of a behaviour that she should be glad to forget.

Miss Grandison desired it might stand. Who knows, says she, but it may make her ashamed of her outrageous behaviour at that time?

She deserves not generous usage, said Lady L.; she cannot feel it.

Perhaps *not*, replied Sir Charles; but we should do proper things, *for our own sakes*, whether the persons are capable of feeling them as they ought, or not. What say *you*, Miss Byron, to this last paragraph?

I was entirely in his way of thinking, and for the reason he gave; but the two Ladies having given their opinion in a pretty earnest manner, and my Lord saying he thought it might pass, I was afraid it would look like bespeaking his favour at their expence, if I adopted his sentiments: I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who sat suspended in her judgment, as one who feared she had done a wrong thing; I said, It was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miss Jervois's pen, as it was written, I dared to say, rather in apprehension of hard treatment, from what she remembered of the last, than in a spirit of recrimination or resentment.

The good girl declared, it was. Both Ladies, and my Lord, said, I had distinguished well: But Sir Charles, tho' he said no more upon the subject, looked upon each sister with meaning; which I wondered they did not observe. Dr. Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honesty to speak out, which I had not: But the point was a point of delicacy and generosity; and I thought I should not seem to imagine that I understood it better than they: Nor did I think that Sir Charles would have acquiesced with their opinion.

Miss Jervois retired, to transcribe her Letter. We all separated, to dress; and I, having soon made an alteration in mine, dropt in upon Dr. Bartlett in his closet.

I am stealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography: I am delighted with my tutor, and he professes to be pleased with his scholar; but sometimes more interesting articles slide in: But now he had just begun to talk of Miss Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the proposal hinted at by Miss Grandison, from the Letter she had so clandestinely seen, of my taking her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn, when he saw me; but the doctor, rising from his chair, besought him to oblige us with his company.

I was silly: I did not expect to be caught there. But why was I silly on being found with Dr. Bartlett?—But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himself, at first, addressing me, seemed a little unprepared. You invited me in, doctor: Here I am. But if you were upon a subject that you do not pursue, I shall look upon myself as an intruder, and will withdraw.

We had just concluded one subject, and were beginning another—I had just mentioned Miss Jervois.

Is not Emily a good child, Miss Byron? said Sir Charles.

Indeed, Sir, she is.

We then had some general talk of the unhappy situation she is in from such a mother; and I thought some hints would have been given of his desire that she should accompany me down to Northamptonshire; and my heart throbbed, to think how it would be brought in, and how I should behave upon it: And the more, as I was not to be supposed to have so much as heard of such a designed proposal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to read the Letter? But not one word passed, leading to that subject.

I now begin to *fear*, that he has changed his mind, if that *was* his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was possible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it?

But I see not, that there is the least likelihood that any-thing, on which you had all set your hearts, can happen—I can't help it.

Emily, flattering girl! told me, she saw great signs of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I see no grounds for such a surmise: His affections are certainly engaged. God bless him, whatever his engagements are!—When he was absent, encouraged by his sisters and Lord L. I thought pretty well of myself; but, now he is present, I see so many excellencies shining out in his mind, in his air and address, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I say? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the passion we are so foolishly apt to call *noble*, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debase, one's self?—You see how Lord W. depreciates me on the score of fortune. I was loth to take notice of that before, because I knew, that were slenderness of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet would put them upon making efforts that I would sooner die than suffer to be made.

I forget the manner in which Lord W.'s objection was permitted to go off—But I remember, Sir Charles made no attempt to answer it: And yet he tells my Lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him; and that he has an ample estate of his own. No question but a man's duties will rise with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good as with a less estate, as with a larger: And is not goodness the essential part of happiness? Be our station what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquiesce in it, and fulfil our duties?

But who, for selfish considerations, can wish to *circumscribe* the power of this good man? The greater opportunities he has of doing good, the higher must be his enjoyment.—No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourselves.

Sir Charles rejoices, on Sir Hargrave's having just now, by Letter, suspended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his house on the forest.

LETTER XV

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

I LEFT Sir Charles with Dr. Bartlett. They would both have engaged me to stay longer; but I thought the Ladies would miss me, and think it particular to find me with him in the doctor's closet.

My Lord, and the two sisters, were together in the drawing-room adjoining to the library: On my entrance, Well, Harriet, said Miss Grandison, we will now endeavour to find out my brother: You must be present to yourself, and put in a word now-and-then. We shall see if Dr. Bartlett is right, when he says, that my brother is the most unreserved of men.

Just then came in Dr. Bartlett—I think, doctor, said Lady L. we will take your advice, and ask my brother all the questions in relation to his engagements abroad, that come into our heads.

She had not done speaking, when Sir Charles entered, and drew his chair next me; and just *then* I thought myself he looked upon me with equal benignity and respect.

Miss Grandison began with taking notice of the Letter from which Dr. Bartlett, she said, had read some passages, of the happiness he had procured to Lord W. in ridding him of his woman. She wished, she told him, that she knew who was the Lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my Lord for a wife.

I will have a little talk with her before I name her, even to you, my Lord, and my sisters. I am sure my sisters will approve of their aunt, if she accept of my Lord for a husband: I shall pay my compliments to her, in my return from Grandison-hall.—Do you, Charlotte, choose to accompany me thither? I must, I think, be present at the opening of the church. I don't ask you, my Lord, nor you, Lady L. so short as my stay will be there. I purpose to go down on Friday next, and return the Tuesday following.

Miss Gr. I think, brother, I should wish to be excused. If, indeed, you would stay there a week or fortnight, I could like to attend you; and so, I dare say, would Lord and Lady L.

Sir Ch. I must be in town on Wednesday, next week; but you may stay the time you mention: You cannot pass it disagreeably in the neighbourhood of the Hall; and there you will find your cousin Grandison: He will gallant you from one neighbour to another: And, if I judge by your freedoms with him, you have a greater regard for him, than perhaps you know you have.

Miss Gr. Your servant, Sir, bowing—But I will take my revenge—Pray, Sir Charles, may I ask (we are all brothers and sisters)—

Sir Ch. Stop, Charlotte (*pleasantly*). If you are going to ask any questions by way of *revenge*, I answer them not.

Miss Gr. Revenge!—Not revenge, neither—But when my Lord W. as by the *passages* Dr. Bartlett was so good as to read to us, proposed to you this Lady for a wife, and that Lady; your answers gave us apprehension that you are not inclined to marry—

Lady L. You are very unceremonious, Charlotte—

Indeed, Lucy, she made me tremble. Sure he can have no notion that I have seen the *whole* Letter—seen myself named in it.

Miss Gr. What signifies ceremony, among relations?

Sir Ch. Let Charlotte have her way.

Miss Gr. Why then, Sir, I would ask—Don't you intend one day to marry?

Sir Ch. I do, Charlotte. I shall not think myself happy till I can obtain the hand of a worthy woman.

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, visibly affected: I knew not how to stay; yet it would have looked worse to go.

Miss Gr. Very well, Sir—And pray, Have you not, either abroad or at home, seen the woman you could wish to call yours?—Don't think me impertinent, brother.

Sir Ch. You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know any-thing of me, it pleases me best, when you come directly to the point.

Miss Gr. Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are best pleased when you are most freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray why did you decline the proposals mentioned by Lord W. in behalf of Lady Frances N. of Lady Anne S. and I cannot tell how many more?

Sir Ch. The friends of the first-named Lady proceeded not generously with my father, in that affair. The whole family builds too much on the interest and title of her father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I chose, as much as possible, to fix my happiness within my own little circle. I have strong passions: I am not without ambition. Had I loosened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquillity would have been pinned to the feather in another man's cap. Does this satisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?

Miss Gr. Why yes: And the easier, because there is a Lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.

I should not, thought I, have been present at this conversation. Lord L. looked at me. Lord L. should *not* have looked at me: The Ladies did not.

Sir Ch. Who is she?

Miss Gr. Lady Anne S. you know, Sir—Pray, may I ask, Why that *could not be*?

Sir Ch. Lady Anne is, I believe, a deserving woman; but her fortune must have been my principal inducement, had I made my addresses to her. I never yet went so low as to that alone, for an inducement to see a Lady three times.

Miss Gr. Then, Sir, you *have* made your addresses to Ladies—Abroad, I suppose?

Sir Ch. I thought, Charlotte, your curiosity extended only to the Ladies in England.

Miss Gr. Yes, Sir, it extends to Ladies in England and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a single man, when such offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable. But you hint, then, Sir, that there *are* Ladies abroad—

Sir Ch. Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a respondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a questioner.

Miss Gr. By your answers to my questions, Sir, teach me how I am to answer yours, if you have any to make.

Sir Ch. Very well, Charlotte. Have I not answered satisfactorily your questions about the Ladies you named?

Miss Gr. Pretty well. But, Sir, have you not seen Ladies abroad whom you like better than either of those I have named?—Answer me to that.

Sir Ch. I *have*, Charlotte, and at home too.

Miss Gr. I don't know what to say to you—But, pray, Sir, Have you not seen Ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever saw at home?

Sir Ch. No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?

Miss Gr. Only, brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this proposal and that, is owing to some previous attachment—And now *all* is out.

Lord L. And now, my dear brother, all *is* out—

Lady L. If our brother will gratify our curiosity—

Had I ever before, Lucy, so great a call upon me as now, for presence of mind?

Sir Charles sighed: He paused: And at last said—You are very generous, very kind, in your wishes to see me married. I *have* seen the Lady with whom, of all the women in the world, I think I could be happy.

A fine blush overspread his face, and he looked down. Why, Sir Charles, did you blush? Why did you look down? The happy, thrice happy woman, was not present, was she?—Ah, No! no! no!—

Sir Ch. And now, Charlotte, what other questions have you to ask, before it comes to your turn to answer some that I have to put to *you*?

Miss Gr. Only one.—Is the Lady a foreign Lady?

How every-body but I looked at him, expecting his answer!—He really hesitated. At last, I think, Charlotte, you will excuse me, if I say, that this question gives me some pain—Because it leads to *another*, that, *if* made, I *cannot at present myself answer* [But why so, Sir, thought I?] And if *not* made, it cannot be of any signification to speak to this.

Lord L. We would not give you pain, Sir Charles: And yet—

Sir Ch. What *yet*, my dear Lord L.?

Lord L. When I was at Florence, there was much talk—

Sir Ch. Of a Lady of that city.—Olivia, my Lord!—There was.—She has fine qualities, but unhappily blended with others less approveable.—But I have nothing to wish for from Olivia: She has done me too much honour. I should not so readily have named her now, had she been more solicitous to conceal the distinction she honoured me with. But your Lordship, I dare hope, never heard even ill-will open its mouth to her disreputation, only that she descended too much in her regard for one object.

Lord L. Your character, Sir Charles, was as much to her reputation,

Sir Ch. (interrupting) O my Lord, how *brotherly* partial! But, this Lady out of the question, my peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in my constitution—And yet I would not be without it.

The sweet Emily arose, and, in tears, went to the window. A sob, endeavoured to be suppressed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went, and took her hand; Why weeps my Emily?

Because you, who so well deserve to be happy, seem not to be so.

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to restrain my tears.

He kindly consoled her. My unhappiness, my dear, said he, arises chiefly from that of other people. I should but for *that* be happy in myself, because I endeavour to accommodate my mind to bear inevitable evils, and to make, if possible, a virtue of necessity: But, Charlotte, see how grave you have made us all! and yet I must enter with *you* upon a subject that possibly may be thought as serious by you, as that which, at present, I wish to quit.

“Wish to quit!” “The question gave him some pain, because it led to another, which he cannot himself, at present, answer!”

What, Lucy, let me ask you, before I follow him to his next subject, can you gather from what passed in *that* already recited? If he is himself at an uncertainty, he may deserve to be pitied, and not blamed: But don’t you think he might have answered, whether the Lady is a foreigner, or not?—How could he *know* what the next question would have been?

I had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison afterwards, aside, Whether any-thing could be made out, or guessed at, by his eyes, when he spoke of having *seen* the woman he could prefer to all others? For he sat next me; she over-against him.

I know not what to make of him, said she: But be the Lady native or foreigner, it is my humble opinion, that my brother is in love. He has all the symptoms of it, that I can guess by.

I am of Charlotte’s opinion, Lucy. Such tender sentiments; such sweetness of manners; such gentleness of voice!—Love has certainly done all this for him: And the Lady, to be sure, is a foreigner. It would be strange if such a man should not have engaged his heart in the seven or eight years past; and those from Eighteen to Twenty-six or seven, the most susceptible of a man’s life.

But what means he by saying, “His peace has been broken to pieces by a tender fault in his constitution?”—Compassion, I suppose, for some unhappy object.—I will soon return to town, and there prepare to throw myself into the arms of my dearest relations in Northamptonshire: I shall otherwise, perhaps, add to the number of those who have broken his peace.

But it is strange, methinks, that he could not have answered, Whether the Lady is a foreigner, or not.

Dr. Bartlett, you are mistaken: Sir Charles Grandison is not so very *un-reserved* a man as you said he was.

But Oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and saw them always kindly bent on me?—Yes, perhaps, when you thought so, he was drawing comparisons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my less agreeable features!—

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know something more of *her*. “Nothing,” he says, “to wish for from Olivia.” Poor Lady! Methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well, but I will proceed now to his next subject. I wish I could find some faults in him. It is a *cruel* thing to be under a kind of necessity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: And yet, in the next conversation, you will see *him* angry. Don’t you long, Lucy, to see how Sir Charles Grandison will behave when he is angry?

LETTER XVI

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Now, Charlotte, said he (as if he had fully answered the questions put to him—O these men!) let me ask *you* a question or two—I had a visit made me yesterday, by Lord G. What, my dear, do you intend to do, with regard to him?—But, perhaps, you would choose to withdraw with me, on this question.

Miss Gr. I wish I had made to you the same overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the questions I put to you; I should have had more satisfaction given me, I fancy, than I can now boast of, if I had.

Sir Ch. I will withdraw with you, if you please, and hear any other questions you have to put to me.

Miss Gr. You can put no questions to me, Sir, that I shall have any objection to answer before this company.

Sir Ch. You know my question, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. What would *you* advise me to do in that affair, brother?

Sir Ch. I have only one piece of advice to give you:—It is, That you will either encourage or discourage his address, if you know your own mind.

Miss Gr. I believe, brother, you want to get rid of me.

Sir Ch. Then you intend to encourage Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Does that follow, Sir?

Sir Ch. Or you could not have supposed, that I wanted to part with you. But, come, Charlotte, let us retire. It is very difficult to

get a direct answer to such questions as these, from Ladies, before company, tho' the company be ever so nearly related to them.

Miss Gr. I can answer, before this company, any questions that relate to Lord G.

Sir Ch. Then you *don't* intend to encourage him?

Miss Gr. I don't see how that follows, neither, from what I said.

Sir Ch. It does, very clearly. I am not an absolute stranger to the language of women, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. I thought my brother too polite to reflect upon the sex.

Sir Ch. Is it to reflect upon the sex, to say, that I am not an absolute stranger to their language?

Miss Gr. I protest, I think so, in the way you spoke it.

Sir Ch. Well, then, try if you cannot find a language to speak in, that may *not* be capable of such an interpretation.

Miss Gr. I am afraid you are displeased with me, brother. I will answer more directly.

Sir Ch. Do, my Charlotte: I have promised Lord G. to procure him an answer—

Miss Gr. Is the question he puts, Sir, a brief one—*On*, or *off*?

Sir Ch. Trust me, Charlotte: You *may*, even with your punctilio.

Miss Gr. Will you not advise me, Sir?

Sir Ch. I will—To pursue your inclination.

Miss Gr. Suppose, if I knew *yours*, that *that* would turn the scale?

Sir Ch. Is the balance even?

Miss Gr. I can't say that, neither.

Sir Ch. Then *dismiss* my Lord G.

Miss Gr. Indeed, brother, you are angry with me.

Sir Ch. (*addressing himself to me*) I am sure, Miss Byron, that I shall find, in such points as this, a very different *sister* in you, when I come to be favoured with the perusal of your Letters. Your cousin Reeves once said, That when you knew your own mind, you never kept any one in suspense.

Miss Gr. But I can't say that I *know* my mind, absolutely.

Sir Ch. That is another thing. I am silent. Only when you do, I shall take it for a favour, if you will communicate it to me for your service.

Miss Gr. I am among my best friends—Lord L. what is your advice? Sir Charles does not incline to give me his.

Sir Ch. It is owing to my regard to your own inclinations, and not to displeasure or petulance, that I do not.

Lord L. I have a very good opinion of Lord G. What is yours, my dear? to Lady L.

Lady L. I really think very well of my Lord G. What is yours, Miss Byron?

Harriet. I believe Miss Grandison must be the sole determiner, on this occasion. If *she* has no objection, I presume to think, that no one else can have any.

Miss Gr. Explain, explain, Harriet—

Sir Ch. Miss Byron answers as she always does: Penetration and prudence, with her, never quit company. If I have the honour to explain her sentiments in giving mine, take both as follow: My Lord G. is a good-natured, mild man: He will make a woman happy, who has some share of prudence, tho' she has a still greater share of will. Charlotte is very lively: She loves her jest *almost* as well as she loves her friend—

Miss Gr. How, brother!

Sir Ch. And Lord G. will not stand in competition with her, in that respect: There should not be a rivalry in particular qualities, in marriage. I have known a poet commence an hatred to his wife, on her being complimented with making better verses than he. Let Charlotte agree upon those qualities in which she will allow her husband to excel; and he allow, in her, those she has a desire to monopolize; and all may do well.

Miss Gr. Then Lord G. must not be disputed with, I presume, were I to be his wife, on the subject of moths and butterflies.

Sir Ch. Yet Lord G. may give them up, when he has a more considerable trifle to amuse himself with. Pardon me, Charlotte—Are you not, as far as we have gone in this conversation, a pretty trifler?

Miss Gr. (*bowing*) Thank you, brother. The epithets *pretty*, and *young*, and *little*, are great qualifiers of harsh words.

Sir Ch. But do you like Sir Walter Watkyns better than Lord G.?

Miss Gr. I think not. He is not, I believe, so *good-natured* a man as the other.

Sir Ch. I am glad you make that distinction, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. You think it a necessary one in my case, I suppose, Sir?

Sir Ch. I have a Letter of his to answer. He is very urgent with me for my interest with you. I am to answer it. Will you tell me, my sister (giving her the Letter), what I shall say?

Miss Gr. (*after perusing it*) Why, ay, poor man! he is very much in love: But I should have some trouble to teach him to spell. And yet, they say, he has both French and Italian at his fingers ends.

She then began to pull in pieces the Letter.

Sir Ch. I will not permit that, Charlotte. Pray return me the Letter. No woman is intitled to ridicule a Lover whom she does not intend to encourage. If she has a good opinion of herself, she will pity him. Whether she has or not, if she wounds, she should heal. Sir Walter may address himself to an hundred women, who, for the

sake of his gay appearance and good estate, will forgive him his indifferent spelling.

Miss Gr. The fluttering season is approaching. One wants now-and-then a *dangling* fellow or two after one in public: Perhaps I have not seen enough of *either* of these to determine which to *choose*. Will you not allow one, since neither of them have *very* striking merits, to behold them in different lights, in order to enable one's self to judge which is the most *tolerable* of the two? Or, whether a still *more* tolerable wretch may not offer?

She spoke this in her very archest manner, serious as the subject was; and seriously as her brother wished to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L. and gravely said, I wonder how our cousin Everard is amusing himself, at this instant, at the Hall.

She was sensible of the intended rebuke, and asked him to forgive her.

Wit, my Lord, continued he, inattentive to the pardon she asked, is a dangerous weapon: But that species of it which cannot shine without a foil, is not a wit to be proud of. The Lady before me (what is her name?) and I, have been both under a mistake: I took her for my sister Charlotte: She took me for our cousin Everard.

Every one felt the severity. It seemed to pierce me, as if directed to me. So unusually severe from Sir Charles Grandison; and delivered with such serious unconcern in the manner; I would not, at that moment, have been Miss Grandison for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L. (amiable woman!) felt it for her sister: Tears were in the eyes of both.

At last, Miss Grandison arose. I will take away the imposter, Sir; and when I can rectify my mistake, and bring you back your *sister*, I hope you will receive her with your usual goodness.

My Charlotte! my Sister! (taking her hand) you must not be *very* angry with me. I love to feel the *finer* edge of your wit: But when I was bespeaking your attention upon a very serious subject; a subject that concerned the happiness of your future life, and, if *yours*, mine; and you could be able to say something that became only the mouth of an unprincipled woman to say; how could I forbear to wish that some *other* woman, and not my sister, had said it?—*Times and occasions*,¹ my dear Charlotte!

No more, I beseech you, Sir: I am sensible of my folly. Let me retire.

I, Charlotte, will retire; don't *you*; but take the comfort your friends are disposed to give you. Emily, one word with you, my dear. She flew to him, and they went out together.

There, said Miss Grandison, has he taken the girl with him, to warn her against falling into my folly.

Dr. Bartlett retired in silence.

Lady L. expressed her concern for her sister; but said, Indeed, Charlotte, I was afraid you would carry the matter too far.

Lord L. blamed her. Indeed, sister, he bore with you a great while; and the affair was a serious one. He had engaged very seriously, and even from principle, in it. O Miss Byron! he will be delighted with you, when he comes to read your papers, and sees your treatment of the humble servants you resolved not to encourage.

Yes, yes, Harriet will shine, at my expence; but *may* she!—Since I have lost my brother's favour, I pray to heaven, that she may gain it: But he shall never again have reason to say, I take him for my cousin Everard. But was I *very* wicked, Harriet!—Deal fairly with me: Was I *very* wicked?

I thought you wrong all the way: I was afraid for you. But for what you last said, about encouraging men to dangle after you, and seeming to aim at making new conquests, I could have chidden you, had you *not* had your brother to hear it. Will you forgive me? (whispering her) They were the words of a very coquet, and the air was so arch!—Indeed, my Charlotte, you were very much out of the way.

So! Every-body against me!—I must have been wrong, indeed—

The *time*, the *occasion*, was wrong, sister Charlotte, said Lord L. Had the subject been of less weight, your brother would have passed it off as pleasantly as he has always before done your vivacities.

Very happy, replied she, to have such a character, that every-body must be in fault who differs from him, or offends him.

In the midst of his displeasure, Charlotte, said Lady L. he forgot not the brother. The subject, he told you, concerned the happiness of your future life; and, if *yours*, his.

One remark, resumed Lord L. I must make, to Sir Charles's honour (take it not amiss, sister Charlotte): Not the least hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he must think of it, so lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim, evidently, is, to amend, not to wound.

I think, my Lord, retorted Miss Grandison, with a glow in her cheeks, you might have spared your remark. If the one brother did not *recriminate*, the other needed not to *remind*. My Lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.

This affected good Lady L. Pray, sister, blame not my Lord: You will lose my pity, if you do. Are not we *four* united in one cause? Surely, Charlotte, we are to speak our whole hearts to each other!

So! I have brought man and wife upon me now. Please the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have *somebody* on my side. But, Harriet, say, Am I wrong *again*?

I hope, my dear Miss Grandison, replied I, that what you said to my Lord, was in pleasantry: And, if so, the fault was, that you spoke it with too grave an air.

Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this *new* difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day. I am sorry I spoke not my pleasantry with a pleasant air—Yet were not you likewise guilty of the same fault, Lady L.? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?

I am very willing, returned Lady L. it should pass so: But, my dear, you must not, by your petulance, rob yourself of the sincerity of one of the best hearts in the world; looking with complacency at her Lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air.—Happy couple!

As I hope to live, said Miss Grandison, I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid so heavy an hand upon me: And so *he* seemed to think, by what he said at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!

I do assure you, said my Lord, I did pity you: But had I not thought my sister in fault, I should *not*.

Your servant, my Lord. You are a *nice* distinguisher.

And a *just* one, Charlotte, rejoined Lady L.

No doubt of it, Lady L. and that was *your* motive too. I beseech you, let me not be *deprived of your pity*. I have *yours* also, Harriet, upon the same kind consideration.

Why now *this* archness becomes you, Charlotte, said I [I was willing it should pass so, Lucy]: This is pretty pleasantry.

It is a *pretty* specimen of Charlotte's penitence, said Lady L.

I was glad Lady L. spoke this with an air of good humour; but Miss Grandison withdrew upon it, not well pleased.

We heard her at her harpsichord, and we all joined her. Emily also was drawn to us, by the music. Tell me, my dear, said Miss Grandison to her (stopping), Have you not had all my faults laid before you, for your caution?

Indeed, madam, my guardian said but one word about you; and this was it: I love my sister: She has amiable qualities: We are none of us right at all times. You see, Emily, that I, in chiding her, spoke with a little too much petulance.

God for ever bless my brother! said Miss Grandison, in a kind of rapture: But now his goodness makes my flippancy odious to myself—Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of serenity, as if nothing had passed to disturb him.

When Emily had done playing, and singing, Miss Grandison began to make apologies: But he said, Let us forget each other's failings, Charlotte.

Notice being given of dinner, Lord L. took my hand, and Sir Charles complaisantly led his sister Charlotte to her seat at the table; Lady L. being gone into the dining parlour before.

A most *intolerable* superiority!—I wish he would do something wrong; something cruel: If he would but bear malice, would but stiffen his air by resentment, it would be something. As a MAN, cannot he be lordly, and assuming, and where he is so much regarded, I may say *feared*, nod his imperial significance to his vassals about him?—Cannot he be imperious to servants, to shew his displeasure with principals?—No! it is *natural* to him to be good and just. His whole aim, as my Lord observed, is, “to convince and amend; and not to wound or hurt.”

After dinner, Miss Grandison put into my hands the parcel of my Letters which I had consented Sir Charles should see. Miss Byron, Sir, said she, will oblige you with the perusal of some of her Letters. You will in them see another sort of woman than your Charlotte. May I amend, and be but half as good!—When you have read them, you will say, Amen; and, if your prayer take place, will be satisfied with your sister.

He received them from me, standing up, bowing, and kissed the papers, with an air of gallantry that I thought greatly became him. [O the vanity of the girl! methinks my uncle says, at this place.] He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? said Miss Grandison. Except those of candor, yet correction, answered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to say to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleased to hear me praised; and the Ladies and my Lord miss no opportunity to say kind things of me. But could he not have answered Miss Grandison's question, Whether his favourite was a *foreigner*, or not?—Had any other question arisen afterwards, that he had not cared to answer, he could but have declined answering it, as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's conversation make, when there are three or four speakers in company; and one attempts to write what each says in the *first* person! I am amazed at the quantity, on looking back. But it *will* be so in narrative Letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long Letters, when you went with your brother to Paris?—I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was sorry when I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwise with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D. is angry with me: Yet, methinks, she shews, by her anger, that she had a value for me. As to what you tell me, of Lord D.'s setting his heart on the proposed alliance; I am not so much concerned at that, because he never saw

me: And had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very solicitous about his success. Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardor, when repulsed, which they would never have known, had they succeeded.

Lady Betty, and Miss Clements, were so good as to make me a visit, this afternoon, in their way to Windsor, where they are to pass two or three days. They lamented my long absence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me, the many fine entertainments I had lost, both public and private, by my country excursion at this unpropitious season of the year, as she called it, shrugging her shoulders, as if in compassion for my rustic taste.

Good Lady! she knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themselves. They have no time to kill, or to delude: On the contrary, our constant complaint is, that time flies too fast: And I am sure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; since, between conversation and writing, I have not a moment to spare: And I never in my life devoted so few hours to rest.

I have often wished for Miss Clements to be with us; and so I told her: Sir Charles spoke very handsomely of her, on occasion of Miss Grandison's saying, She was a plain, but good young woman. She is not a beauty, said he; but she has qualities that are more to be admired than mere beauty.

Would she not, asked Lady L. make a good wife for Lord W.? There is, said Sir Charles, too great a disparity in years. She has, and must have, too many hopes. My Lord W.'s wife will, probably, be confined six months, out of twelve, to a gouty man's chamber. She must therefore be one who has outlived half her hopes: She must have been acquainted with affliction, and known disappointment. She must consider her marriage with him, tho' as an act of condescension, yet partly as a preferment. Her tenderness will, by this means, be engaged; yet her dignity supported: And if she is not too much in years to bring my Lord an heir, he will then be the most grateful of men to her.

My dear Brother, said Miss Grandison, forgive me all my faults: Your actions, your sentiments, shall be the rule of mine!—But who can come up to you? The Danby's—Lord W.—

Any-body may, Charlotte, interrupted Sir Charles, who will be guided by the well-known rule of *Doing to others, as you would they should do unto you.*¹ Were you in the situation of the Danby's, of Lord W. would you not wish to be done by, as I have done, and intend to do, by them? What must be those who, with hungry eyes, wait and wish for the death of a relation? May they not be compared to savages on the sea-shore, who look out impatiently for a wreck, in order to plunder and prey upon the spoils of the miserable? Lord

W. has been long an unhappy man from want of principles: I shall rejoice, if I can be a means of convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong course, and of making his latter days happy. Would I not, in *my* decline, wish for a nephew that had the same notions? And can I expect such an one, if I set not the example?

Pretty soon after supper, Sir Charles left us; and Miss Grandison, seeing me in a resverie, said, I will lay my life, Harriet, you fancy my brother is gone up to read your Letters—Nay, you are in the right; for he whispered as much to me, before he withdrew. But do not be apprehensive, Harriet (for she saw me concerned); you have nothing to fear, I am sure.

Lady L. said, That her brother's notions and mine were exactly alike, on every subject: But yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cause to be under actual examination, one cannot but have some heart-akes.—Yet why?—If his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what signifies his opinion of my Letters?—And yet it does: One would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

LETTER XVII

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Thursday, Mar. 23

WE sat down early to breakfast this morning: Miss Grandison dismissed the attendants, as soon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addressed himself to me, the moment he saw me: Admirable Miss Byron, said he, what an entertainment have your Letters given me, down to a certain period!—How; at, and after that, have they distressed me, for your sufferings from a savage—It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I saw not sooner this latter part of your affecting story: I have read thro' the whole parcel.

He took it from his bosom, and, with a respectful air, presented it to me—Ten thousand thanks for the favour—I dare not hope for farther indulgence—Yet not to say, how desirous I am—But, forgive me—Think me not too great an incroacher—

I took them.^{106 104}

Surely, brother, said Miss Grandison, you cannot already have read the whole!

I have—I could not leave them—I sat up late—

And so, thought I, did your *sister* Harriet, Sir.

Well, brother, said Miss Grandison, and what are the *faults*?

Faults! Charlotte.—Such a noble heart! such an amiable frankness! No prudery! No coquetry! Yet so much, and so justly admired by as many as have had the happiness to approach her!—Then, turning

to me, I adore, madam, the goodness, the *greatness* of your heart. Woman is the glory of all created existence:—But you, madam, are *more than woman*!

How I blushed! how I trembled! How, tho' so greatly flattered, was I delighted!

Is Miss Byron, in those Letters, all perfect, all faultless, all excellence, Sir Charles? asked Miss Grandison: Is there no—But I am sensible, tho' you have raised my envy, I assure you, that Miss Byron's is another sort of heart than your poor Charlotte's.

But I hope, Sir, said I, that you will correct—

You called upon me yesterday, interrupted he, to attend to the debate between you and Mr. Walden: I think I have something to observe upon that subject. I told you, that beauty should not bribe me. I have very few observations to make upon it.

Lady L. Will you give us, brother, your opinion, in writing, of what you have read? (a)

Sir Ch. That would fill a volume: And it would be almost all panegyric.

How flattering—But *this* foreign Lady, Lucy!—

Lady L. began another subject.—

Pray, brother, said she, let me revive one of the topics of yesterday—Concerning Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns—And I hope you, Charlotte, will excuse me.

Miss Gr. If it *can* be revived, without reviving the memory of my flippant folly—not else will I excuse you, Lady L. And, casting her eye bashfully round her, Dr. Bartlett withdrew; but as if he had business to do.

Lady L. Then let me manage this article for my sister. You said, brother, that you have engaged to give Lord G. either hope, or otherwise—

Sir Ch. Lord G. was very earnest with me for my interest with my sister. I, supposing that she is now absolutely disengaged, did undertake to let him know what room he had for hope, or if any; but told him, That I would not, by any means, endeavour to influence her.

Lady L. Charlotte is afraid, that you would not, of yourself, from displeasure, have revived the subject—Not that she values—

There she stopt.

Sir Ch. I might, at the time, be a little petulant: But I *should* have revived the subject, because I had engaged myself to procure an answer for an absent person, to a question that was of the highest importance to him: But, perhaps, I should have entered into the subject with Charlotte when we were alone.

(a) This subject is spoken to hereafter by Sir Charles.

Lady L. She can have no objection, I believe, to let all of us, who are present, know her mind, on this occasion.

Miss Gr. To be sure I have not.

Lady L. What signifies mincing the matter? I undertook, at *her* desire, to recal the subject, because you had seemed to interest yourself in it.

Sir Ch. I think I know as much of Charlotte's mind already, from what you have hinted, Lady L. as I ought to be inquisitive about.

Lady L. How so, brother? What have I said?

Sir Ch. What meant the words you stopt at—*Not that she values?*—Now, tho' I will not endeavour to lead her choice in behalf of a prince; yet would I be *earnest* to oppose her marriage with a man for whom she declaredly has no value.

Lady L. You are a little sudden upon me, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. You must not think the words you stopt at, Lady L. slight words: *Principle*, and Charlotte's future happiness, and that of a worthy man, are concerned here. But perhaps you mean no more, than to give a little specimen of Lady-like pride in those words. It is a very hard matter for women, on such occasions as these, to be absolutely right.—Dear Miss Byron, bowing to me, excuse me.—There is one Lady in the world that ought not, from what I have had the honour to see, on her *own* account, to take amiss my freedom with her sex, tho' she perhaps will on *that* of those she loves. But have I not some reason for what I say, when even Lady L. speaking for her sister on this concerning' subject, cannot help throwing in a salvo for the pride of her sex?

Harriet. I doubt not, Sir, but Lady L. and Miss Grandison will explain themselves to your satisfaction.

Lady L. then called upon her sister:

Miss Gr. Why, as to value—and all that—To be sure—Lord G.—is not a man, that—(and she looked round her on each person)—that a woman—Hem!—that a woman—But, brother, I think you are a little too ready—to—to—A word and a blow, as the saying is, are two things.²—Not that—And there she stopt.

Sir Ch. (smiling) O my dear Lord L.! What shall we say to these *Not that's?* Were I my cousin Everard, I am not sure but I should suppose, when Ladies were suspending unnecessarily, or with affectation, the happiness of the man they resolve to marry, that they were reflecting on themselves by an indirect acknowledgement of *self-denial*—

Miss Gr. Good God! brother.

I was angry at him, in my mind. How came this *good* man, thought I, by such thoughts as these, of our sex? What, Lucy, could a woman do with such a man, were he to apply to her in courtship, whether she denied or accepted of him?

Sir Ch. You will consider, Lady L. that you and Charlotte have brought this upon yourselves. *That* I call female pride, which distinguishes not either time, company, or occasion. You will remember, that Lord G. is not *here*; we are *all* brothers and sisters: And why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering upon the subject in this company; yet come with your exceptions, as if Lord G. had his father present, or pleading for him? These *Not that she values*, and so-forth, are so like the dealings between petty chapmen and common buyers and sellers, that I love *properly* (observe that I say *properly*) to discourage them among persons of sense and honour. But come, Charlotte, enter into your own cause: You are an excellent pleader, on occasion. You know, or at least you *ought* to know, your own mind. I never am for encouraging *agency* (Lady L. excuse me—Will you give up yours?) where principals can be present.

Lady L. With all my heart. I stumbled at the very threshold.¹ E'en, Charlotte, be your own advocate. The cause is on.

Miss Gr. Why, I don't know what to say.—My brother will be so peremptory, perhaps—

Sir Ch. A good sign for somebody—Don't you think so, madam? to me.—But the snail will draw in its horns, if the finger hastily touch it—Come, *no* good sign, perhaps, Charlotte.—I will *not* be peremptory. You shall be indulged, if you have not already been indulged enough, in all the pretty *circumambages*² customary on these occasions.

Miss Gr. This is charming!—But pray, Sir, What is your advice, on this subject?

Sir Ch. In our former conversation upon it, I told you what I thought of my Lord's good-humour; what of your vivacity—Can you, Charlotte, were you the wife of Lord G. content yourself now-and-then to make him start, by the lancet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the skin? Without exposing him (and yourself for doing so) to the ridicule of others? Can you bear with *his* foibles, if he can bear with *yours*? And if the forbearance is greater on *his* side, than on *yours*, can you value him for it, and for his good-humour?

Miss Gr. Finely run off, upon my word!

Sir Ch. I am afraid only, that you will be able, Charlotte, to do what you will with him. I am sorry to have cause to say, that I have seen very good women who have not known how to bear indulgence!—Waller was not absolutely wrong, as to *such*, when he said, "that women were born to be controuled."³ If controul is *likely* to be necessary, it will be with women of such charming spirits as you know whose, Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their *otherwise* agreeable vivacities.

Miss Gr. Well, but, Sir, if it should chance to be so, and I were Lord G.'s upper servant; for *controul* implies *dominion*; what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, who could direct him so well (tho' he might still, perhaps, be a bachelor) how to manage a wife so flippant!

Sir Ch. Bachelors, Charlotte, are close observers. It is not every married couple, if they were solicitous to have a bachelor marry, that should admit him into a very close intimacy with themselves.

Miss Gr. (archly) Pray, Lord L. Did we not once hear our *cousin Everard* make an observation of this nature?

Sir Ch. Fairly retorted, Charlotte!—But how *came* your cousin Everard to make this observation? I once heard you say, that he was but a *common* observer. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L.

Miss Gr. Well, well, I believe married people must do as well as they can. But may I ask you, brother, Is it owing to such observations as those you have been making, that you are now a single man?

Sir Ch. A fair question from you, Charlotte. I answer, It is not.

Miss Gr. I should be glad, with all my heart, to know what is.

Sir Ch. When the subject comes fairly on the carpet, your curiosity may perhaps be gratified. But tell me, Do you intend that the subject you had engaged Lady L. to introduce, in relation to Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, should be dismissed, at present? I mean not to be *peremptory*, Charlotte: Be not *afraid* to answer.

Miss Gr. Why that's kind. No, I can't say, that I do: And yet I frankly confess, that I had much rather *ask*, than *answer* questions. You *know*, Sir, that I have a wicked curiosity.

Sir Ch. Well, Charlotte, you will find me, wicked as you call it, very ready, at a proper time, to gratify it. To some things that you may want to know, in relation to my situation, you needed not now to have been a stranger, had I had the pleasure of being more with you, and had you yourself been as explicit as I would have wished you to be. But the crisis is at hand. When I am certain myself, you shall not be in doubt. I would not suppose, that my happiness is a matter of indifference to my sisters; and if it be not, I should be ungrateful, not to let them know everything I know, that is likely to affect it.

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this speech has a noble sound with it: Don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandison. But by what clouds does this sun seem to be obscured? He says, however, that the *crisis is at hand*—Solemn words, as they strike *me*. Ah Lucy!—But this is my prayer—May the crisis produce happiness to him, let who will be unhappy!

Miss Gr. You are always good, noble, uniform—*Curiosity*, get thee behind me, and lie still!—And yet, brother, like a favoured

squirrel repulsed, I am afraid it will be soon upon my shoulder, if the crisis be suspended.

"Crisis is at hand," Lucy!—I cannot get over these words; and yet they make my heart ache.

Sir Ch. But now, Charlotte, as to your two admirers—

Miss Gr. Why, Sir, methinks I would not be a *petty-chapwoman*, if I could help it: And yet, What can I say?—I don't think highly of either of the men—But, pray now, what—Lady L. (affecting an audible whisper) Will you ask a question for me?—

Lady L. What is it, Charlotte?

Miss Gr. *whispering* (but still loud enough for every one to hear). What sort of a man is Beauchamp?

Lady L. Mad girl!—You heard the question, brother.

Miss Gr. No!—You did not hear it, Sir, if it will displease you. The whispers in conversation are no more to be heard, than the *asides* in a play.

Sir Ch. Both the one and the other are wrong, Charlotte. Whisperings in conversation are censurable, to a proverb:¹ The *asides*, as you call them, and the soliloquies, in a play, however frequent, are very poor (because unnatural) shifts of bungling authors, to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But *am* I to have heard your whisper, Charlotte, or not?

Miss Gr. I think the man my brother so much esteems, must be worth an hundred of such as those we have just now heard named.

Sir Ch. Well, then, I am supposed to be answered, I presume, as to the two gentlemen. I will shew you the Letter, when written, that I shall send to Sir Walter Watkyns. I shall see Lord G. I suppose, the moment he knows I am in town—

Miss Gr. The Lord bless me, brother!—Did you not say, you would not be *peremptory*?

Lord L. Very right. Pray, Sir Charles, don't let my sister part with the *two*, without being sure of a *third*.

Miss Gr. Pray, Lord L. do you be quiet: Your sister is in no hurry, I do assure you.

Sir Ch. The female drawback again, Lady L.—*Not that she values.*

Harriet. Well, but, Sir Charles, may I, without offence, repeat Miss Grandison's question in relation to Mr. Beauchamp?

Miss Gr. That's my dear creature!

Sir Ch. It is impossible that Miss Byron can give offence.—Mr. Beauchamp is an excellent young man; about Five-and-twenty, not more: He is brave, learned, sincere, chearful; gentle in his manners, agreeable in his person. Has my good Miss Byron any farther questions to ask? Your frankness of heart, madam, intitles you to

equal frankness. Not a question *you* can ask, but the answer shall be ready upon my lips.

Is the Lady, Sir, whom you could prefer to all others, a foreign or an English Lady?—Ah, Lucy! And do you think I asked him this question?—O no! but I had a mind to startle you. I *could* have asked it, I can tell you: And if it had been proper, it would have been the first of questions with me. Yet had not the answer been such as I had liked, perhaps I should not have been able to stay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe blushed with complacency, at the kind manner in which he spoke to me: Every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleasure.

Lady L. Well, brother, and what think you of the purport of Charlotte's question? Charlotte says, That she does not think highly of either of the other men.

Sir Ch. That, at present, is all that concerns me to know. I will write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord G. know, that there is a man in the clouds that Charlotte waits for: That Ladies must not be easily won. Milton justifies you, in his account of the behaviour of your common grandmother, on the first interview between her and the man *for whom she was created*. Charming copiers! You, Miss Byron, are an exception. You know nothing of affectation. You—

Miss Gr. (*unseasonably interrupting him*) Pray, Sir, be pleased, since we are such fine copiers of the old lady you mentioned, to repeat the lines: I have no remembrance of them.

Sir Ch. She heard me thus; and, tho' divinely brought,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That wou'd be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd.
I follow'd her. She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason——¹

I have looked for the passage, since, Lucy. He missed several lines.

Now, Charlotte, said Sir Charles, tho' these lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of daughters of the *old lady*, as you call her, and perhaps intended for an instruction to *them*, since it could not be a natural behaviour in Eve, who was *divinely brought* to be the wife of Adam, and it being in the state of innocence, could not be conscious of *dishonour* in receiving his address; yet, if you know what is meant by *obsequious majesty*, you had as good try for it: And as you are *followed*; and should not *follow*, approve of the *pleaded reason* of one or other of your admirers.

Miss Gr. After hearing the *pleaded reason* of *both*, should you not

say? *I* have the choice of two; that had not *Eve*. But, hold! I had like to have been drawn in to be flippant, again; and then you would have enquired after my cousin *Everard*, *and-so-forth*, and been angry.

Sir Ch. Not *now*, *Charlotte*: We are now at play together. I see there is constitution in your fault. The subjects we are upon, *courtship* and *marriage*, cannot, I find, be talked seriously of by a Lady, before company. Shall I retire with you to solitude? Make a *Lover's Camera Obscura* for you? Or, could I place you upon the mossy bank of a purling stream, gliding thro' an enamelled mead; in such a scene, a now despised *Lord G.* or a *Sir Walter*, might find his account, sighing at your feet. No witnesses but the grazing herd, lowing love around you; the feathered songsters from an adjacent grove, contributing to harmonize and fan the lambent flame—

Miss Gr. (interrupting) Upon my word, brother, I knew you had travelled thro' *Greece*, but dreamt not that you had dwelt long in the fields of *Ar-ca-dy*!—But, one question let me ask you, concerning your friend *Beauchamp*—We women don't love to be slighted—Whether do you think him too good, or not good enough, for your sister?

Sir Ch. The friendship, *Charlotte*, that has for some years subsisted, and I hope will for ever subsist, between *Mr. Beauchamp* and me, wants not the tie of relation to strengthen it.

Lord L. Happy *Beauchamp*!

Sir Ch. *Lord L.* himself is not dearer to me, brother, as I have the honour to call him, than my *Beauchamp*. It is one of my pleasures, my *Lord*, that I am assured you will love him, and he you.

Lord L. bowed, delighted; and if *he* did, his good Lady, you may be sure, partook of her *Lord's* delight. They are an happy pair! They want not sense; they have both fine understandings! But O! my *Lucy*, they are not the striking, dazzling qualities in men and women, that make happy. Good sense, and solid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a desire of obliging, and an easiness to be obliged, procure the silent, the serene happiness, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous, fervors of passion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be lasting.

Miss Gr. Not that *I* value—There, brother—You see, I am a borrower of *Lady L.*—

Lady L. Upon my honour, *Charlotte*, I believe you led me into those words; so don't say you borrowed them.

Sir Ch. Far be it from me to endeavour to cure women of affectation on such subjects as that which *lately* was before us—I don't know what is become of it (looking humorously round, as if he had lost something which he wanted to recover); but that, permit me, Ladies, to say, may be an affectation in one company, that is but a

necessary reserve in another.—Charlotte has genius enough, I am sure, to vary her humour to the occasion; and, if she would give herself time for reflexion, to know when to be grave, when to be airy.

Miss Gr. I don't know *that*, brother: But let me say for Charlotte, that I believe you sometimes think better of her (as in the present case), sometimes worse, than she deserves. Charlotte has not much reflexion; she is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without considering much about the fit or the unfit. It is *constitution*, you know, brother; and she cannot easily cure it: But she will try.—Only, Sir, be so good as to let me have an answer to my last question, Whether you think your friend too good, or not good enough? Because the answer will let me know what my brother thinks of me; and that, let me tell you, is of very high importance with me.

Sir Ch. You have no reason, Charlotte, to endeavour to come at this your end, by indirect or comparative means. Your brother loves you—

Miss Gr. With all my faults, Sir?—

Sir Ch. *With all your faults, my dear*; and I had almost said, *for* some of them. I love you for the pretty playfulness, on serious subjects, with which you puzzle yourself, and bewilder me: You see I follow your lead. As to the other part of your question (for I would always answer directly, when I can), my friend Beauchamp deserves the best of women. *You* are excellent in my eyes; but I have known two very worthy persons, who, taken separately, have been admired by every one who knew them, and who admired each other before marriage, yet not happy in it.

Miss Gr. Is it possible? To what could their unhappiness be owing?—Both, I suppose, *continuing* good?

Sir Ch. To an hundred almost nameless reasons—Too little consideration on one side; too much on the other: Diversions different: Too much abroad the man—Too much at home will sometimes have the same effect: Acquaintance approved by the one—Disapproved by the other: One liking the town; the other the country: Or either preferring town or country in different humours, or at different times of the year. Human nature, Charlotte—

Miss Gr. No more, no more, I beseech you, brother—Why this human nature, I believe, is a very vile thing! I think, Lady L. I won't marry at all.

Sir Ch. Some such trifles, as these I have enumerated, will be likely to make you, Charlotte, with all your excellencies, not so happy as I wish you to be. If you cannot have a man of whose understanding you have an higher opinion than of your own, you should think of one who is likely to allow to yours a superiority. If—

Miss Grandison interrupted him again: I wished she would not so often interrupt him: I wanted to find out his notions of our sex. I am afraid, with all his politeness, he thinks us poor creatures. But why should not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

Miss Gr. Well, but, Sir; I suppose the gentleman abroad has more understanding than I have.

Sir Ch. A good deal will depend upon what *you'll* think of that: Not what I, or the world, will judge.

Miss Gr. But the judgment of us women generally goes with the world.

Sir Ch. Not *generally*, in *matrimonial* instances. A wife, in general, may allow of a husband's superior judgment; but in particular cases, and as they fall out one by one, the man may find it difficult, to have it allowed in any one instance.

Miss Gr. I think you said, Sir, that bachelors were *close* observers.

Sir Ch. We may in the *sister*, sometimes, see the *wife*. I admire you, myself, for your vivacity; but I am not sure that a husband would not think himself hurt by it, especially if it be true, as you say, "that Charlotte has not much reflexion, and is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without troubling herself about the fit or the unfit."

Miss Gr. O, Sir, what a memory you have! I hope that the man who is to call me *his* (that's the dialect, i'n't it?) will not have half your memory.

Sir Ch. For his sake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

Miss Gr. Let me see—Why for *both* our sakes, I believe.

Sir Ch. You'll tell the man, in courtship, I hope, that all this liveliness is "constitution;" and "that you know not how to cure it."

Miss Gr. No, by no means, Sir: Let him in the *mistress*, as somebody else in the *sister*, guess at the *wife*, and take warning.

Sir Ch. Very well answered, Charlotte, in the play we are at; but I am willing to think highly of my sister's prudence, and that she will be happy, and make the man so, to whom she may think fit to give her hand at the altar. And now the question recurs, What shall I say to Lord G.? What to Sir Walter?

Miss Gr. Why I think you must make my compliments to Sir Walter, if you will be so good; and, after the example of my sister Harriet to the men she sends a grazing, very civilly tell him, he may break his heart as soon as he pleases; for that I cannot be his.

Sir Ch. Strange girl! But I wish not to lower this lively spirit—You will put your determination into English.

Miss Gr. In plain English, then, I can by no means think of encouraging the address of Sir Walter Watkyns.

Sir Ch. Well, And what shall I say to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Why that's the thing!—I was afraid it would come to this—Why, Sir, you must tell him, I think—I profess I can't tell what—But, Sir, will you let me know what you would have me tell him?

Sir Ch. I will follow your lead as far as I can—Can you, do you think, love Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Love him! love Lord G? What a question is that!—Why no! I verily believe, that I can't say that.

Sir Ch. Can you esteem him?

Miss Gr. Esteem!—Why that's a quaint word, tho' a *female* one.¹ I believe, if I were to marry the honest man, I could be civil to him, if he would be very complaisant, very observant, and all that—Pray, brother, don't, however, be angry with me.

Sir Ch. I will not, Charlotte, smiling. It is *constitution*, you say.—But if *you* cannot be *more* than civil; and if *he* is to be very observant; you'll make it your agreement with him, before you meet him at the altar, that he shall subscribe to the woman's part of the vow; and that you shall answer to the man's

Miss Gr. A good thought, I believe! I'll consider of it. If I find, in courtship, the man will bear it, I may make the proposal.—Yet I don't know, but it will be as well to *suppose* the vow changed, without *conditioning* for it, as other good women do; and act accordingly. One would not begin with a singularity, for fear of putting the parson out. I heard an excellent Lady once advise a good wife, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do any thing that he would wish to be done, except she chose to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.

Harriet. Nay now, Miss Grandison, you are much more severe upon your sex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. Have I been severe upon either, my dear Miss Byron?

Harriet. Indeed I think so.

Sir Ch. I am sorry for it: I only intended to be *just*. See, Charlotte, what a censure, from goodness itself, you draw upon me!—But I am to give encouragement (*am I?*) to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Do as you please, Sir.

Sir Ch. That is saying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. In the world, Sir!—A very wide place, I profess.

Sir Ch. You know what I mean by it.

Miss Gr. Why no—Yes—No—What can I say to such a question?

Sir Ch. Help me, Lady L. You know, better than I, Charlotte's language: Help me to understand it.

Lady L. I believe, brother, you may let Lord G. know, that he will not be denied an audience, if he come—

Sir Ch. "Will not be denied an audience, if he come!" And this to Charlotte's brother! Women! Women! Women!—*You*, Miss Byron, I repeat with pleasure, are an exception—In *your* Letters and behaviour we see what a woman is, and what she ought to be—But I know, as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith, that you have too much greatness of mind, to accept of a compliment made you at the expence of your sex.—But my *heart* does you justice.

Lord L. See, however, brother Grandison, this excellence in the two sisters! You say, indeed, but just things in praise of Miss Byron; but *they* are more than women: For they *enjoy* that praise, and the acknowledged superiority of the only woman in Britain to whom they can be inferior.

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments so high? I did.

You *DID*, Harriet?

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to surprise you again. I *did* thank them; but it was in downcast silence, and by a glow in my cheeks, that was even painful to me to feel.

The sisters have since observed to me (flattering Ladies!) that their brother's eyes—But is it not strange, Lucy, that they did not ask him, in this long conversation, Whether his favourite of our sex is a *foreigner*, or not? If she be, what signifies the eye of pleasure cast upon your Harriet?

But be this as it may, you see, Lucy, that the communicating of my Letters to Lord L. and the two Ladies, and of some of them to their brother, has rivetted the three first in my favour, and done me honour with Sir Charles Grandison.

But what do you think was Miss Grandison's address to me, on this agreeable occasion? You, my grandmamma, will love her again, I am sure, tho' she so lately incurred your displeasure.

Sweet and ever-amiable Harriet! said she; Sister! Friend! enjoy the just praises of two of the best of men!—You *can* enjoy them with equal modesty and dignity; and we can (What say *you*, Lady L.?) find our praise in the honour you do our sex, and in being allowed to be seconds to you.

And what do you think was the answer of Lady L. (generous woman!) to this call of her sister?

I can chearfully, said she, subscribe to the visible superiority of my Harriet, as shewn in all her Letters, as well as in her whole conduct: But then you, my Lord, and you, my brother, who in my eye are the first of men, must not let me have cause to dread, that your Caroline is sunk in yours.

I had hardly power to sit, yet had less to retire; as I had, for a moment, a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: My return

to company must have been awkward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my Letters, to deserve all these fine speeches?—But my Lord and his sisters are my true friends, and zealous well-wishers: No fear that I shall be too proud, on this occasion. It is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than necessary to establish me with somebody; and yet, after all, if there be a *foreign* Lady—What signify all these fine things?

But how (you will ask) did the brother acknowledge these generous speeches of his sisters and Lord L.?—How? Why as he ought to do. He gave them for their generous goodness to their Harriet, in preference to themselves, such due praises, as more than restored them, in my eye, to the superiority they had so nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addressed himself to me jointly with his sisters: I see, with great pleasure, said he, the happy understanding that there is between you three Ladies: It is a demonstration, to me, of surpassing goodness in you all. To express myself in the words of an ingenious man, to whose works your sex, and if *yours*, *ours*, are more obliged, than to those of any single man in the British world,

*Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.*¹

The two sisters and your Harriet bowed as they sat.

Encouraged by this happy understanding among you, let me hope. proceeded he, that *you*, Miss Byron, will be so good as to inform *your-self*, and let *me* know, what I may certainly depend upon to be *our* Charlotte's inclinations with respect to the two gentlemen who court her favour; and whether there is any man that she *can* or *does* prefer to the most favoured of either of them. From *you* I shall not meet with the "Not that she values"—The depreciating indifferences, the affected slights, the *female circumambages*, if I may be allowed the words; the coldly-expressed consent to visits not deserving to be discouraged, and perhaps not *intended* to be so, that I have had to encounter with in the past conversation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my sister's vivacity: But as the affair is of a very serious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interposition, having really no choice but hers; and wanting only to know on whom that choice will fall, or whether on *any* man, at present; on *your* noble frankness I can rely; and Charlotte will open her mind to you: If not, she has very little profited by the example you have set her in the Letters you have permitted her to read.

He arose, bowed, and withdrew; Miss Grandison called after him, Brother, brother, brother—One word—Don't leave us—But he only kissed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a smiling air, left us looking at each other in a silence that held a few moments.

LETTER XVIII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

LORD L. broke the silence. You are a delightful girl, Charlotte; but your brother has had a great deal of patience with you.

O my Lord, said she, if we women play our cards right, we shall be able to manage the best and wisest of you all, as we please. It is but *persevering*; and you men, if not out-argued, may be out-teazed. —But, Harriet—upon my word—The game seems to be all in your own hands.

We want but my brother to be among us, said Lady L. Beauty would soon find its power: And *such* a mind—And then they complimented me, that their brother and I were born for each other.

Miss Grandison told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G. She said, she was glad that her brother had proposed to know her mind from *me*. Something, Harriet, said she, may arise in the tête-à-tête conversation, that may let us into a little of his own.

But shall I trust myself with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of my-*self*, rather. My own concerns so much in my head, I wish I don't confound them with Miss Grandison's. A fine piece of work shall I make of it, if I do. If I get it so happily over, as not to be dissatisfied with myself, for my part in it, I shall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all these distinctions paid me in this conversation, and all this confidence placed in me, produce nothing—If—Why, what if?—In one word, Should this *if* be more than *if*—Why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if she had not been so much distinguished.

At afternoon-tea, the Danby's being mentioned, Lord L. asked Sir Charles, What was the danger from which he relieved their uncle? And we all joining in requesting particulars, he gave the following, which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as possible, in his own words. My heart interested itself in the relation.

'Mr. Danby, said he, was a merchant of equal eminence and integrity: He was settled at Cambray: He had great dealings in the manufactures of cambricks and lace. His brother John, a very profligate man, had demanded of him, and took it ill that he denied him, a thousand guineas; for no better reason, but because he had generously given that sum to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he pleaded, he was as nearly related to his brother as were those his children. No plea is too weak for folly and self-interest to insist upon. Yet my Mr. Danby had often given this brother large sums, which he squandered away almost as soon as he received them.

My father used to make remittances to Mr. Danby, for my use; for his dealings in other branches of commerce extended to the south of France and Italy: This brought me acquainted with him.

He took a great liking to me. I saw him first at Lyons; and he engaged me to visit him at Cambray, whenever I should go to Paris or Flanders.

Accompanying a friend, soon after, to Paris, I performed my promise.

He had a villa in the Cambresis, at a small distance from the city, which he sometimes called his *cottage*, at others his *dormitory*. It was a little lone house: He valued it for its elegance. Thither, after I had passed two days with him at his house in the city, he carried me.

His brother, enraged at being refused the sum he had so unreasonably demanded, formed a plot to get possession of his whole fortune. My Mr. Danby was a bachelor, and, it was known, had, to that time, an aversion to the thought of making his will.

The wretch, in short, hired three ruffians to murder him. The attempt was to be made in this little house, that the fact might have the appearance of being perpetrated by robbers; and the cabinets in the bed-chamber, if there were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broken open, and rifled, in order to give credit to that appearance. The villains were each to be rewarded with a thousand crowns, payable on the wicked man's getting possession of his brother's fortune; and they had fifty crowns apiece paid them in hand. Their unnatural employer waited the event at Calais, tho' he told them he should be at Dunkirk.

I had one servant with me, who lay with a manservant of Mr. Danby in a little room over the stable, about an hundred yards from the house. There were only conveniences in the house for Mr. Danby and a friend, besides two women servants in the upper part of it.

About midnight I was alarmed by a noise, as of violence used at the window of Mr. Danby's room. Mine communicated with his. The fastening of the door was a spring-lock, the key of which was on my side.

I slipt on my clothes in an instant, and, drawing my sword, rushed into the next room, just as one villain, with a large knife in his hand, had seized the throat of Mr. Danby, who, till then, was in a sound sleep. The skin of his neck, and one hand lifted up to defend himself, were slightly wounded before I ran the ruffian into the shoulder, as I did with my sword, and in the same moment disarmed him, and threw him, with violence from the bed, against the door. He roared out, that he was a dead man.

A second fellow had got up to the window, and was half in: He called out, to a third below, to hasten up after him on a ladder, which was generally left in an outhouse near the little garden.

I hastened to this second fellow, who then fired a pistol, but happily missed me; and who, seeing my sword's point in his arm, threw himself, with a little of my help, out of the window, upon the third fellow, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off: And then both made their escape by the way they came.

The fellow within had fainted, and lay weltring in his blood.

By this time, the two women-servants had let in our men, who had been alarmed by the report of the pistol, and by the screams of the women from their window; for they ventured not out of their chamber till they were called upon for entrance, by their fellow-servant from below.

The two footmen, by my direction, bound up the ruffian's shoulder: They dragged him down into the hall: He soon came to himself, and offered to make an ample confession.

Poor Mr. Danby had crept into my room, and in a corner of it had fainted away. We recovered him with difficulty.

The fellow confessed, before a magistrate, the whole villainy, and who set him at work: The other two, being disabled by their bruises from flying far, were apprehended next day. The vile brother was sent after to Dunkirk, according to the intelligence given of him by the fellows; but he having informed himself of what had happened, got over from Calais to Dover.

The wounded man, having lost much blood, recovered not. They were all three ordered to be executed; but, being interceded for, the surviving villains were sent to the gallies.

It seems they knew nothing of Mr. Danby's having a guest with him: If they had, they owned they would have made their attempt another night.

We were about to deliver our sentiments on this extraordinary event, when Sir Charles, turning to Lady L. Let me ask you, said he, the servant being withdrawn, Has Charlotte found out her own mind?

Yes, yes, Sir; I believe she has opened all her heart to Miss Byron.

Then I shall know more of it in ten minutes, than Charlotte would let me know in as many hours.

Stand by, every-body, said the humorous Lady—Let me get up, and make my brother one of my best courtesies.

Sir Charles was just then called out to a messenger, who brought him Letters from town. He returned to us, his complexion heightened, and a little discomposed.

I intended, madam, said he, to me, to have craved the honour of your company for half an hour in my Lord's library, on the subject we were talking of: But these Letters require my immediate attention. The messenger must return with my answer to two of them, early in the morning. You will have the goodness, looking round him, to dispense with my attendance on you at supper. But perhaps, madam, to me, you will be so good, as, in one word, to say, No, or Yes, for Charlotte.

Miss Gr. What, Sir, to be *given up* without a preface!—I beg your pardon. *Less than ten words* shall not do, I assure you, tho' from my sister Harriet.

Sir Ch. Who given up, Charlotte? *yourself*? If so, I have my answer.

Miss Gr. Or Lord G.—I have not said which. Would you have my poor Lord rejected by a slighting monosyllable only?

Lady L. Mad girl!

Miss Gr. Why, Lady L. don't you see that Sir Charles wants to take me by *implication*? But my Lord G. is neither so soon lost, nor Charlotte so easily won. Harriet, if *you* would give up yourself at a first question, then I will excuse you if you give up *me* as easily, but not else.

Harriet. If Sir Charles thinks a conference upon the subject unnecessary—Pray don't let us give him the trouble of holding one. His time, you see, is very precious.

Can you guess, Lucy, at the humour I was in when I said this?—If you think it was a very good one, you are mistaken; yet I was sorry for it afterwards. Foolish self-betrayer! Why should I seem to wish for a conference with him? But that was not all—To be petulant with such a one, when his heart was distressed; for so it proved: But he was too polite, too great, shall I say? to take notice of my petulance. How little does it make me in my own eyes!

Had I, said he, ever so easily obtained a knowledge of my sister's mind, I should not have known how to depend upon it, were it not strengthened, madam, from your lips. The conference, therefore, which you gave me hopes you would favour me with, would have been absolutely necessary. I hope Miss Byron will allow me to invite her to it to-morrow morning. The intended subject of it is a very serious one with me. My sister's happiness, and that of a man not unworthy, are concerned in it, lightly as Charlotte has hitherto treated it. He bowed, and was going.

Miss Gr. Nay, pray, brother—You must not leave me in anger.

Sir Ch. I do not, Charlotte. I had rather bear with you, than you should with me. I see you cannot help it. A lively heart is a great blessing. Indulge it. Now is your time.

Dear doctor, said Miss Grandison, when Sir Charles was gone out, What can be the meaning of my brother's gravity? It alarms me.

Dr. B. If goodness, madam, would make an heart lively, Sir Charles's would be as lively as your own; but you might have perceived by his air, when he entered, that the Letters brought him affected him too much to permit him to laugh off a light answer to a serious question.

Miss Gr. Dear doctor!—But I do now recollect, that he entered with some little discomposure on his countenance. How could I be so inattentive?

Harriet. And I, too, I doubt, was a little captious.

Dr. B. A *very* little. Pardon me, madam.

Just then came in the excellent man.

Dr. Bartlett, I would wish to ask you one question, said he.

Miss Gr. You are angry with me, brother.

Sir Ch. No, my dear!—But I am afraid I withdrew with too grave an air. I have been a thousand times pleased with you, Charlotte, to one time displeased; and when I have been the latter, you have always known it: I had something in my hand that ruffled me a little. But how could patience be patience, if it were not tried? I wanted to say a few words to my good *Dr. Bartlett*: And, to say truth, being conscious that I had departed a little abruptly, I could not be easy till I apologized in person for it; therefore came to *ask* the favour of the doctor's advice, rather than *request* it by message.

The doctor and he withdrew together.

In these small instances, said my Lord, are the characters of the heart displayed, far more than in greater. What excellence shines out in full lustre, on this unaffected and seemingly little occasion! Fear of offending; of giving uneasiness; solicitude to remove doubts; patience recommended in one short sentence, more forcibly than some would have done it in a long discourse, as well as by example; censuring himself, not from a consciousness of being wrong, but of being *taken* wrong. Ah! my dear sister Charlotte, we should all edify by such an example—But I say no more.

Miss Gr. And have *you* nothing to say, Harriet?

Harriet. Very little, since I have been much to blame myself: Yet let me remind my Charlotte, that her brother was displeased with her yesterday, for treating too lightly a subject he had engaged in seriously; and that he has been forced to refer to her friend, rather than to herself, to help him to the knowlege of her mind. O Charlotte! regret you not the occasion given for the expedient? And do you not [Yes, I see you do] blush for giving it? Yet to see him come voluntarily back, when he had left us in a grave humour, for fear the babies should think him angry with them; O how great is he! and how little are we!

Miss Gr. Your servant, sister Harriet!—You have made a *dainty* speech, I think: But, great and good as my brother is, we know how it comes to pass, that your pretty imagination is always at work to aggrandize the man, and to lower the babies!

Harriet. I will not say another word on the subject. You are not generous, Charlotte.

She took my hand: Forgive me, my dear—I touch'd too tender a string. Then turning to Miss Jervois, and with the other hand taking hers, Why twinkles thus my girl?—I charge you, Emily, tell me all you think.

I am thinking, said she, that my guardian is not happy. To see him bear with every-body; to have him keep all his troubles to himself, because he would not afflict any-body, and yet study to lighten and remove the troubles of every-body else—Did he not say, that he should be happy, but for the unhappiness of other people?

Excellent young creature! said Miss Grandison: I love you every day better and better. For the future, my dear, do not retire, whatever subjects we talk of. I see, that we may confide in your discretion. But well as you love your guardian, say nothing to him of what women talk to women. My Lord L. is an exception, in *this* case: He is one of us.

Harriet. O Miss Grandison! what a mix'd character is yours! How good you can be, when you please! and how naughty!

Miss Gr. Well, and you like me, just now?—That's the beauty of it; to offend and make up, at pleasure. Old Terence was a shrewd man: The falling out of Lovers, says he (as Lord L. once quoted him), is the renewal of Love.¹ Are we not now better friends, than if we had never differed? And do you think that I will not, if I marry, exercise my husband's patience now-and-then for this very purpose?—Let *me* alone, Harriet: Now a quarrel; now a reconciliation; I warrant I shall be happier than any of the yawning see-saws² in the kingdom. Everlasting *summers* would be a grievance.³

Harriet. You may be right, if you are exceeding *discreet* in your perversenesses, Charlotte; and yet if you *are*, you will not lay out for a quarrel, I fancy. The world, or you will have better luck than your brother seems to have had, will find you opportunities enow, for exercising the tempers of both, without your needing to study for occasions.

Miss Gr. Study for them, Harriet! I sha'n't study for them, neither: They will come of course.

Harriet. I was about to ask a question—But 'tis better let alone.

Miss Gr. I *will* have it. What was your question? Don't you see what a good-natured fool I am? You may say any-thing to me: I won't be angry.

Harriet. I was going to ask you, If you were ever concerned two hours together, for any fault you ever committed in your life?

Miss Gr. Yes, yes, yes; and for two-and-twenty hours: For sometimes the inconveniencies that followed my errors, were not presently over, as in a certain case, which I'll be hang'd if you have not in your head, with that sly leer that shews the rogue in your heart: But when I got rid of consequences, no bird in spring was ever more blyth. I carolled away every care at my harpsichord.—But Emily will think me mad—Remember, child, that Miss Byron is the woman by whose mind you are to form yours: Never regard *me*, when *she* is in company.—But now (and she whimsically arose, and opened the door, and saying *Begone*, shut it, and coming to her place) I have turned my folly out of door.

Friday morn, seven o'clock

I have written for these two days passed at every opportunity, and, for the two nights, hardly knowing what sleepiness was, two hours, each night, have contented me. I wonder whether I shall be summoned by-and-by to the proposed conference; but I am equally sorry and apprehensive, on occasion of the Letters which have given Sir Charles Grandison so much anxiety: Foreign Letters, I doubt not!—I wish this ugly word *foreign* were blotted out of my vocabulary; out of my memory, rather. I never, till of late, was so narrow-hearted—But that I have said before, twenty times.

I have written—How many sheets of paper—A monstrous Letter—Pacquet, rather. I will begin a new one, with what shall offer this day. Adieu, till by and by, my Lucy.

LETTER XIX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Friday, March 24

THE conference, the impatiently-expected conference, my Lucy, is over: And what is the result?—Take the account of it, as it was brought on, proceeded with, and concluded. Miss Grandison and her Lovers were not our only subjects. I will soon be with you, my dear.—But I'll try to be as minute as I used to be, notwithstanding.

Notwithstanding what?—

You shall hear, Lucy.

Sir Charles gave us his company at breakfast. He entered with a kind of benign solemnity in his countenance, but the benignity increased, and the solemnity went off, after a little while.

My Lord said, he was very sorry that he had met with any-thing

to disturb him, in the Letters that were brought him yesterday. Emily joined by her eyes, tho' not in speech, her concern with his Lordship's: Miss Grandison was sedately serious: Lady L. had expectation in her fine face; and Dr. Bartlett sat like a man that was determined to be silent. I had apprehension, and hope, I suppose, struggling in mine, as I knew not whether to wish for the expected conference, or not; my cheeks, as I felt, in a glow.

Let us think of nothing, my Lord, in this company, said he, but what is agreeable.

He enquired kindly of my health and last night's rest, because of a slight cold that had affected my voice: Of Emily, Why she was so sad? Of Lady L. and my Lord, When they went to town? Of Miss Grandison, Why she looked so *meditatingly*? that was his word—Don't you see, Miss Byron, said he, that Charlotte looks as if she had not quite settled the humour she intends to be in for the next half-hour?

Charlotte looks, I believe, Sir, replied she, as if she were determined to take her humour for the next half-hour from yours, whether grave, or airy.

Then, returned he, I will not be grave, because I will not have you so.—May I hope, madam, by-and-by, addressing himself to me, for the honour of your hand, to my Lord's library?

Sir, I will—I will—attend you—hesitated the simpleton, but she can't tell how she looked.

Thus, Lucy, was the matter brought on:

He conducted me to my Lord's library.—How did I struggle with myself for presence of mind! What a mixture was there of tenderness and respect, in his countenance and air!

He seated me; then took his place over-against me. I believe I looked down, and conscious, and silly; but there was such a respectful modesty in his looks, that one could not be uneasy at being now-and-then, with an air of languor, as I thought, contemplated by him: Especially as, whenever I reared my eye-lids to cast a momentary look at him as he spoke, I was always sure to see his eye withdrawn: This gave more freedom to mine, than it possibly otherwise could have had. What a bold creature, Lucy, ought *she* to be, who prefers a bold man! If she be *not* bold, how silly must she look under his staring confident eye! How must *her* want of courage add to *his*! and, of course, to his self-consequence!

Thus he began the subject we were to talk of.

I will make no apology for requesting the favour of this conference with one of the most frank and open-hearted young Ladies in the world: I shall have the honour, perhaps, of detaining your ear on *more* than one subject [How my heart throbbed!] But that which I

shall begin with, relates to my Lord G. and *our* sister Charlotte. I observe, from hints thrown out by herself, as well as from what Lady L. said, that she intends to encourage his addresses; but it is easy to see, that she thinks but slightly of him. I am indeed apprehensive, that she is rather induced to favour my Lord, from an opinion that he has my interest and good wishes, than from her own inclination. I have told her, more than once, that hers are, and shall be, mine: But such is her vivacity, that it is very difficult for me to know her real mind. I take it for granted, that she prefers my Lord to Sir Walter.

I believe, Sir—But why should I say *believe*, when Miss Grandison has *commissioned* me to own, that Lord G. is a man whom she greatly prefers to Sir Walter Watkyns.

Does she, *can* she, do you think, madam, prefer Lord G. not only to Sir Walter, but to all the men whom she at present knows? In other words, Is there *any* man that you think she would prefer to Lord G.? I am extremely solicitous for my sister's happiness; and the more, because of her vivacity, which, I am afraid, will be thought less to become the wife, than the single woman.

I dare say, Sir, that if Miss Grandison thought of any other man in preference to Lord G. she would not encourage his addresses, upon any account.

I don't expect, madam, that a woman of Charlotte's spirit and vivacity, who has been disappointed by a failure of supposed merit in her first Love (if we may so call it), should be deeply in love with a man that has not *very* striking qualities. She can play with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G. is a worthy, tho' not a very brilliant man. Ladies have eyes; and the eye expects to be gratified. Hence men of appearance succeed often, where men of intrinsic merit fail. Were Charlotte to consult her happiness, possibly she would have no objection to Lord G. She cannot, in the same man, have every-thing. But if Lord G. consulted *his*, I don't know whether he would wish for Charlotte. Excuse me, madam; you have heard, as well as she, my opinion of both men. Sir Walter, you say, has no part in the question; Lord G. wants not understanding: He is a man of probity; he is a virtuous man; a quality not to be despised in a young nobleman: He is also a mild man: He will bear a great deal. But contempt, or such a behaviour as should look like contempt, in a wife, what husband can bear? I should much more dread, for her sake, the exasperated spirit of a meek man, than the sudden gusts of anger of a passionate one.

Miss Grandison, Sir, has authorized me to say, That if you approve of Lord G.'s addresses, and will be so good as to take upon yourself the direction of every-thing relating to settlements, she will be

entirely governed by you. Miss Grandison, Sir, has known Lord G. some time: His good character is well known: And I dare answer, that she will acquit herself with honour and prudence, in *every* engagement, but more especially in that which is the highest of all worldly ones.

Pray, madam, may I ask, If you know what she could mean by the questions she put in relation to Mr. Beauchamp? I think she has never seen him. Does she suppose, from his character, that she could prefer him to Lord G.?

I believe, Sir, what she said in relation to that gentleman, was purely the effect of her vivacity, and which she never thought of before, and, probably, never will again. Had she meant any-thing by it, I dare say, she would not have put the questions about him in the manner she did.

I believe so. I love my sister, and I love my friend. Mr. Beauchamp has delicacy. I could not bear, for *her* sake, that, were she to behold him in the light hinted at, he should imagine he had reason to think slightly of my sister, for the correspondence she carried on, in so private a manner, with a man absolutely unworthy of her. But I hope she meant nothing, but to give way to that vein of raillery, which, when opened, she knows not always how to stop.

My spirits were not high: I was forced to take out my handkerchief—O my dear Miss Grandison! said I, I was *afraid* she had forfeited, partly, at least, what she holds most dear, the good opinion of her brother!

Forgive me, madam; 'tis a generous pain that I have made you suffer: I adore you for it. But I think I can reveal all the secrets of my heart to you. Your noble frankness calls for equal frankness: You would inspire it, where it is not. My sister, as I told her more than once in your hearing, has not lost any of my love. I love her, with all her faults; but must not be blind to them. Shall not praise and dispraise be justly given? I have faults, great faults, myself: What should I think of the man who called them virtues? How dangerous would it be to me, in that case, were my opinion of his judgment, joined to self-partiality, to lead me to believe him, and acquit myself?

This, Sir, is a manner of thinking worthy of Sir Charles Grandison.

It is worthy of every man, my good Miss Byron.

But, Sir, it would be very hard, that an indiscretion (I *must* own it to be such) should fasten reproach upon a woman who recovered herself so soon, and whose virtue was never sullied, or in danger.

Indeed it would: And therefore it was in tenderness to her that I intimated, that I never could think of promoting an alliance with a man of his nice notions, were *both* to incline to it.

I hope, Sir, that my dear Miss Grandison will run no risque of being slighted, by any *other* man, from a step which has cost her so dear in her peace of mind—I hesitated, and looked down.

I know, madam, what you mean. Altho' I love my friend Beauchamp above all men, yet would I do Lord G. or any other man, as much justice, as I would do him. I was so apprehensive of my sister's indifference to Lord G. and of the difference in their tempers, tho' both good, that I did my utmost to dissuade him from thinking of her: And when I found that his love was fixed beyond the power of dissuasion, I told him of the affair between her and Captain Anderson; and how lately I had put an end to it. He flattered himself, that the indifference, with which she had hitherto received his addresses, was principally owing to the difficulty of her situation; which being now so happily removed, he had hopes of meeting with encouragement; and doubted not, if he did, of making a merit with her, by his affection and gratitude. And now, madam, give me your opinion—Do you think Charlotte can be won (I hope she can) by indulgence, by Love? Let me caution her by you, madam, that it is fit she should still *more* restrain herself, if she marry a man to whom she thinks she has superior talents, than she need to do if the difference were in his favour.

Permit me to add, That if she should shew herself capable of returning slight for tenderness; of taking *such* liberties with a man who loves her, after she had given him her vows, as should depreciate him, and, of consequence, *herself*, in the eye of the world; I should be apt to forget that I had more than *one* sister: For, in cases of right and wrong, we ought not to know either relation or friend.

Does not this man, Lucy, shew us, that goodness and greatness are synonymous words?

I think, Sir, replied I, that if Lord G. prove the good-natured man he seems to be; if he dislike not that brilliancy of temper in his *Lady*, which he seems not to value *himself* upon, tho' he may have qualities, at least, *equally* valuable; I have no doubt but Miss Grandison will make him very happy: For has she not great and good qualities? Is she not generous, and perfectly good-natured? You know, Sir, that she is. And can it be supposed, that her charming vivacity will ever carry her so far beyond the bounds of prudence and discretion, as to make her forget what the nature of the obligation she will have entered into, requires of her?

Well, madam, then I may rejoice the heart of Lord G. by telling him, that he is at liberty to visit my sister, at her coming to town; or, if she come not soon (for he will be impatient to wait on her) at Colnebrooke?

I dare say you may, Sir.

As to articles and settlements, I will undertake for all those things: But be pleased to tell her, that she is absolutely at her own liberty, for me. If she shall think, when she sees farther of Lord G.'s temper and behaviour, that she cannot esteem him as a wife ought to esteem her husband; I shall not be concerned, if she dismiss him; provided that she keeps him not on in suspense, after she knows her own mind; but behaves to him according to the example set her by the best of women.

I could not but know to whom he designed this compliment; and had like to have bowed, but was glad I did not.

Well, madam, and now I think this subject is concluded. I have already written a Letter to Sir Walter, as at the request of my sister, to put an end, in the civillest terms, to his hopes. My Lord G. will be impatient for my return to town. I shall go with the more pleasure, because of the joy I shall be able to give *him*.

You must be very happy, Sir, since, besides the pleasure you take in doing good for its own sake, you are intitled to partake, in a very high manner, of the pleasures of every-one you know.

He was so nobly modest, Lucy, that I could talk to him with more confidence than I believed, at my entrance into my Lord's study, would fall to my share: And I had, besides, been led into a presence of mind, by being made a person of some consequence in the Love-case of another: But I was soon to have my whole attention engaged in a subject still nearer to my heart; as you shall hear.

Indeed, madam; said he, I am not *very* happy in myself. Is it not right, then, to endeavour, by promoting the happiness of others, to intitle myself to a share of theirs?

If *you* are not happy, Sir—and I stopt. I believe I sighed; I looked down: I took out my handkerchief, for fear I should want it.

There seems, said he, to be a mixture of generous concern, and kind curiosity, in one of the loveliest and most intelligent faces in the world. My sisters have, in your presence, expressed a great deal of the latter. Had I not been myself in a manner uncertain, as to the event that must, in some measure, govern my future destiny, I would have gratified it; especially as my Lord L. has, of late, joined in it. The crisis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand.

I do remember you said so, Sir. And indeed, Lucy, it was *more* than *perhaps*. I had not thought of any words half so often, since he spoke them.

The crisis, madam, *is* at hand: And I had not intended to open my lips upon the subject till it was over, except to Dr. Bartlett, who knows the whole affair, and indeed every affair of my life: But, as I hinted before, my heart is opened by the frankness of yours. If you

will be so good as to indulge me, I will briefly lay before you a few of the difficulties of my situation; and leave it to you to communicate or not, at your pleasure, what I shall relate to my two sisters and Lord L. You four seem to be animated by one soul.

I am extremely concerned, Sir—I am very much concerned—repeated the trembling simpleton [one cheek feeling to myself very cold, the other glowingly warm, by turns; and now pale, now crimson, perhaps to the eye] that any-thing should make you unhappy. But, Sir, I shall think myself favoured by your confidence.

I am interrupted in my recital of his affecting narration. Don't be impatient, Lucy: I almost wish I had not myself heard it.

LETTER XX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

I DO not intend, madam, to trouble you with an history of all that part of my life which I was obliged to pass abroad from about the Seventeenth to near the Twenty-fifth year of my age; tho' perhaps it has been as busy a period as could well be, in the life of a man so young, and who never sought to tread in oblique or crooked paths. After this entrance into it, Dr. Bartlett shall be at liberty to satisfy your curiosity in a more *particular* manner; for he and I have corresponded for years with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man in advanced life. And here let me own the advantages I have received from his condescension; for I found the following questions often occur to me, and to be of the highest service in the conduct of my life—"What account shall I give of this to Dr. Bartlett?" "How, were I to give way to *this* temptation, shall I report it to Dr. Bartlett?"—Or, "Shall I be an hypocrite, and only inform him of the best, and meanly conceal from him the worst?"

Thus, madam, was Dr. Bartlett in the place of a second conscience to me: And many a good thing did I do, many a bad one avoid, for having set up such a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more necessary that I should, as I am naturally passionate, proud, ambitious; and as I had the honour of being early distinguished (Pardon, madam, the seeming vanity) by a sex, of which no man was ever a greater admirer; and, possibly, the *more* distinguished, as, for my safety-sake, I was as studious to decline intimacy with the gay ones of it, however dignified by rank, or celebrated for beauty, as most young men are to cultivate their favour.

Nor is it so much to be wondered at, that I had advantages which every-one who travels, has not. Residing for some time at the principal courts, and often visiting the same places, in the length of time

I was abroad, I was considered, in a manner, as a native, at the same time, that I was treated with the respect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France, as Italy. I was very genteelly supported: I stood in high credit with my countrymen, to whom I had many ways of being serviceable. They made known to everybody my father's affection for me; his magnificent spirit; the antient families, on both sides, from which I was descended. I kept the best company; avoided intrigues; made not myself obnoxious to serious or pious people, tho' I scrupled not to avow, when called upon, my own principles. From all these advantages, I was respected beyond my degree.

I should not, madam, have been thus lavish in my own praise, but to account to you for the favour I stood in with several families of the first rank; and to suggest an excuse for more than one of them, which thought it no disgrace to wish me to be allied with them.

Lord L. mentioned to you, madam, and my sisters, a Florentine Lady, by the name of OLIVIA. She is, indeed, a woman of high qualities, nobly born, generous, amiable in her features, genteel in her person, and mistress of a great fortune in possession, which is entirely at her own disposal; having not father, mother, brother, or other near relations. The first time I saw her was at the opera. An opportunity offered in her sight, where a Lady, insulted by a Lover made desperate by her just refusal of him, claimed and received my protection. What I did, on the occasion, was generally applauded: Olivia, in particular, spoke highly of it. Twice, afterwards, I saw her in company where I was a visiter: I had not the presumption to look up to her with hope; but my countryman Mr. Jervois gave me to understand, that I might be master of my own fortune with Lady Olivia. I pleaded difference of religion: He believed, he said, that matter might be made easy—But could I be pleased with the change, would she have made it, when passion, not conviction, was likely to be the motive?—There could be no objection to her person: Nobody questioned her virtue; but she was violent and imperious in her temper. I had never left MIND out of my notions of Love: I could not have been happy with her, had she been queen of the globe. I had the mortification of being obliged to declare myself to the Lady's face: It *was* a mortification to me, as much for her sake as my own. I was obliged to leave Florence upon it, for some time; having been apprized, that the spirit of revenge had taken place of a gentler passion, and that I was in danger from it.

How often did I lament the want of that refuge in a father's arms, and in my native country, which subjected me to evils that were more than a match for my tender years, and to all the inconveniencies that can attend a banished man! Indeed I often considered myself in this

light; and, as the inconveniencies happened, was ready to repine; and the more ready, as I could not afflict myself with the thought of having forfeited my father's love; on the contrary, as the constant instances which I received of his paternal goodness, made me still more earnest to acknowlege it at his feet.

Ought I to have forborn, Lucy, shewing a sensibility at my eyes on this affecting instance of filial gratitude? If I ought, I wish I had had more command of myself: But consider, my dear, the affecting subject we were upon. I was going to apologize for the trickling tear, and to have said, as I *truly* might, Your filial goodness, Sir, affects me: But, with the consciousness that must have accompanied the words, would not that, to so nice a discerner, have been to own, that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology? These little tricks of ours, Lucy, may satisfy our own punctilio, and serve to keep us in countenance with ourselves (and that, indeed, is doing something); but, to a penetrating eye, they tend only to shew, that we imagined a cover, a veil, wanting; and what is that veil, but a veil of gauze?

What makes me so much afraid of this man's discernment? Am I not an honest girl, Lucy?

He proceeded.

From this violent Lady I had great trouble; and to this day—But this part of my story I leave to Dr. Bartlett to acquaint you with. I mention it as a matter that yet gives me concern, for her sake, and as what I find has given some amusement to my sister Charlotte's curiosity.

But I hasten to the affair which, of all others, has most embarrassed me; and which, engaging my compassion, tho' my honour is free, gives torture to my very soul.

I found myself not well—I thought I should have fainted—The apprehension of his taking it as I wished him not to take it (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was *that*) made me worse. Had I been by *myself*, this faintishness might have come over my heart. I am sure it was not *that*: But it seized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll say.

With a countenance full of tender concern, he caught my hand, and rang. In ran his Emily. My dear Miss Jervois, said I, leaning upon her—Excuse me, Sir—And I withdrew to the door: And, when there, finding my faintishness going off, I turned to him, who attended me thither: I am better, Sir, already; I will return, instantly. I must beg of you to proceed with your interesting story.

I was well the moment I was out of the Study. It was kept too warm, I believe; and I sat too near the fire: That was it, to be sure; and I said so, on my return; which was the moment I had drank a glass of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me! He did not abash me by *causlessly* laying my disorder on his story, and by offering to discontinue or postpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to *that*; I should easily have distinguished it, if it had: On the contrary, as I am not generally so much affected at the moment when any-thing unhappy befalls me, as I am upon reflexion, when I extend, compare, and weigh consequences, I was quite brave in my heart. Any-thing, thought I, is better than suspense. Now will my fortitude have a call to exert itself; and I warrant I bear, as well as he, an evil that is inevitable. At this instant, this trying instant, however, I found myself thus brave: So, my dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to assume all my courage; and desired him to proceed; but held by the arm of my chair, to steady me, lest my little tremblings should increase. The faintness had left some little tremblings upon me, Lucy; and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by any-thing in his story. He proceeded.

AT Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquises and counts of Porretta, which boasts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

The Marchese della Porretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit: His Lady is illustrious by descent, and still more so for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, and prudence. They have three sons, and a daughter—

[Ah, that daughter! thought I.]

The eldest of the sons is a general officer, in the service of the king of the two Sicilies; a man of equal honour and bravery, but passionate and haughty, valuing himself on his descent. The second is devoted to the church, and is already a Bishop. The interest of his family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the sacred college. The third, Signor Jeronymo¹ (or, as he is sometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the service of the king of Sardinia. The sister is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and has high, but just, notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her interests to their own. Her father used to call her, *The pride of his life*; her mother, *Her other self*; her own *Clementina*.

[CLEMENTINA!—Ah! Lucy, what a pretty name is Clementina!]

I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome, near two years

before I had the honour to be known to the rest of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was master of many fine qualities; but had contracted friendship with a set of dissolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earnest to make me acquainted. I allowed myself to be often in their company; but, as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them: But a love of pleasure had got fast hold of him; and his other companions prevailed over his good-nature. He had courage, but not enough to resist their libertine attacks upon his morals.

Such a friendship could not hold, while each stood his ground; and neither would advance to meet the other. In short, we parted, nor held a correspondence in absence: But afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniencies, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendship was renewed.

It however held not many months: A Lady, less celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him, against warning, against promise.

On being expostulated with, and his promise claimed, he resented the friendly freedom. He was passionate; and, on this occasion, less polite than it was natural for him to be: He even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo! how generously has he acknowledged since, the part his friend, at that time, acted! But the result was, they parted, resolving never more to see each other.

Jeronymo pursued the adventure which had occasioned the difference; and one of the Lady's admirers, envying him his supposed success, hired Brescian braves to assassinate him.

The attempt was made in the Cremonese. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at some distance from the road. I, attended by two servants, happened to be passing, when a frightened horse ran cross the way, his bridle broken, and his saddle bloody: This making me apprehend some mischief to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians; one of whom was just stopping his mouth, the other stabbing him. I leapt out of the post-chaise, and drew my sword, running towards them as fast as I could; and, calling to my servants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this, they fled; and I heard them say, Let us make off; we have done his business. Incensed at the villainy, I pursued and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his *trombone*, a kind of blunderbuss, just as he presented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but seeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and, on a

sudden, two others appearing with their horses, I thought it best to retreat, tho' I would fain have secured one of them. My servants then seeing my danger, hastened, shouting, towards me. The bravoës (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) seemed as glad to get off with their rescued companion, as I was to retire. I hastened then to the unhappy man: But how much was I surprised, when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in disguise, had been actually¹ pursuing his amour!

He gave signs of life. I instantly dispatched one of my servants to Cremona, for a surgeon: I bound up, mean time, as well as I could, two of his wounds, one in his shoulder, the other in his breast. He had one in his hip-joint, that disabled him from helping himself, and which I found beyond my skill to do any-thing with; only endeavouring, with my handkerchief, to stop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaise, stept in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me, they had, in another part of the thicket, found his servant bound and wounded, his horse lying dead by his side. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaise, he being stiff with his hurts, and unable to stand.

I walked by the side of it, and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon.

My servant soon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The surgeon dressed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that, opening his eyes, he beheld, and knew me; and being told, by the surgeon, that he owed his preservation to me, O Grandison! said he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promise with you!—How did I insult you!—Can my deliverer forgive me? You shall be the director of my future life, if it please God to restore me.

His wounds proved not mortal; but he never will be the man he was: Partly from his having been unskilfully treated by this his first surgeon; and partly from his own impatience, and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip-joint. Excuse this particularity, madam. The subject requires it; and Signor Jeronymo now deserves it, and all your pity.

I attended him at Cremona; till he was fit to remove. He was visited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate to one another: The suffering of one, is the suffering of every one. The Barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, sister, for the sweetness of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit so delightfully gay and lively, that his company was sought by every-body.

You will easily believe, madam, from what I have said, how acceptable to the whole family the service was which I had been so

happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bless me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the person whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his Letters to his sister, and to both brothers; and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occasion of the coldness that had passed between us, with circumstances as honourable for me, as the contrary for himself: Such were his penitential confessions, in the desperate condition to which he found himself reduced.

He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch-side, frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had, till *now*, derided. He besought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity, and me with disrespect, next, as he said, to insult: And he begged his family to consider me not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his *morals*. This gave the whole family the highest opinion of *mine*; and still more to strengthen it, the generous youth produced to them, tho', as I may say, at his own expence (for his reformation was sincere), a Letter which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes to enforce his temporary convictions; for he had a noble nature, and a lively sense of what was due to his character, and to the love and piety of his parents, the Bishop, and his sister; tho' he was loth to think he could be wrong in those pursuits in which he was willing to indulge himself.

Never was there a more grateful family. The noble *father* was uneasy, because he knew not how to acknowledge, according to the largeness of his heart to a man in genteel circumstances, the obligation laid upon them all. The *mother*, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian Ladies are accustomed to express, bid her Clementina regard as her fourth brother, the preserver of the third. The *Barone* declared, that he should never rest, nor *recover*, till he had got me rewarded in such manner as all the world should think I had honour done me in it.

When the *Barone* was removed to Bologna, the whole family were studious to make occasions to get me among them. The General made me promise, when *my relations*, as he was pleased to express himself, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The Bishop, who passed all the time he had to spare from his diocese, at Bologna, and who is a learned man, in compliment to his *fourth* brother, would have me initiate him into the knowlege of the English tongue.

Our Milton has deservedly a name among them. The friendship that there was between him and a learned nobleman of their country, endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were usually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him: *He* also became my scholar.

The father and mother were often present; and at such times their Clementina was seldom absent. *She* also called me her tutor; and, tho' she was not half so often present at the lectures as they were, made a greater proficiency than either of her brothers.

[Do you doubt it, Lucy?]

The father, as well as the Bishop, is learned; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of a French education,¹ being brought up by her uncle, who resided many years at Paris in a public character: And her daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or sought after by the Italian Ladies. In such company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad against my wishes, passed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioness, who opened her heart to me, and consulted me on every material occurrence. Her Lord, who is one of the politest of men, was never better pleased than when he found us together; and not seldom, tho' we were not engaged in lectures, the fair Clementina claimed a right to be where her mother was.

About this time, the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to settle in his native country. His father was a favourite in the court of the princess of Parma, and attended that Lady to Madrid, on her marriage with the late king of Spain,² where he held a very considerable post, and lately died there immensely rich. On a visit to this noble family, the young Lord saw, and loved Clementina.

The Count of Belvedere is a handsome, a gallant, a sensible man; his fortune is very great: Such an alliance was not to be slighted. The Marquis gave his countenance to it: The Marchioness favoured me with several conversations upon the subject. She was of opinion, perhaps, that it was necessary to know my thoughts, on this occasion; for the younger brother, unknown to me, declared, that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family, but by giving me a relation to it. Dr. Bartlett, madam, can shew you, from my Letters to him, some conversations, which will convince you, that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are persons of honour, of goodness, of generosity; and who are above reserve, vindictiveness, jealousy, and those other bad passions by which some persons mark indiscriminately a whole nation.

For my own part, it was impossible (distinguished as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it, mistress of a thousand good qualities, and myself absolutely disengaged in my affections) that my vanity should not sometimes be awakened, and a wish arise, that there might be a possibility of obtaining such a prize: But I checked the vanity, the moment I

could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recommend myself to the young Lady's favour, tho' but by looks, by assiduities, I should have thought an infamous breach of the trust and confidence they all reposed in me.

The pride of a family so illustrious in its descent; their fortunes unusually high for the country which, by the goodness of their hearts, they adorned, the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and interest; the Lady's exalted merits, which made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his passion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart; but, above all, the difference in religion; the young Lady so remarkably steadfast in hers, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could restrain her from assuming the veil; and who once declared, in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that she grudged to an heretic the glory of having saved the Barone della Porretta; all these considerations outweighed any hopes that might otherwise have arisen in a bosom so sensible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

About the same time, the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland: Hardly any thing else was talked of, in Italy, but the progress, and supposed certainty of success, of the young invader. I was often obliged to stand the triumphs and exultations of persons of rank and figure; being known to be warm in the interest of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of spirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding: But it was impossible. Every new advice from England revived the disagreeable subject; for the success of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the restoration of what they called the Catholic religion: And Clementina particularly pleased herself, that then her *heretic tutor* would take refuge in the bosom of his holy mother, the church: And she delighted to say things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, she spoke very intelligibly.

I took a resolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to some one of the German courts that was less interested than they were in Italy, in the success of the Chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more desirous to do so, as the displeasure of Olivia against me began to grow serious, and to be talked of, even by herself, with less discretion than was consistent with her high spirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

I communicated my intention to the Marchioness first: The noble Lady expressed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy,

and engaged me to put off my departure for some weeks; but, at the same time, hinted to me, with an explicitness that is peculiar to her, her apprehensions, and her Lord's, that I was in Love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour, in this particular; and she so well satisfied the Marquis, in this respect, that, on their daughter's absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that gentleman. The young Lady and I had a conference upon the subject; Dr. Bartlett can give you the particulars. The father and mother, unknown to us both, had placed themselves in a closet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that: They had no reason to be dissatisfied with what they heard me say to their daughter.

The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young Lady repeatedly refusing the Count of Belvedere, the younger brother (still unknown to me, for he doubted not but I should rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in my favour. They objected the more obvious difficulties in relation to religion, and my country: He desired to be commissioned to talk to me on those subjects, and to this sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere; but they would not hear of his speaking to me on this subject; the Marchioness giving generous reasons, on my behalf, for her joining in the refusal; and undertaking herself to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her, her reasons for rejecting every proposal that had been made her.

She accordingly closeted¹ her Clementina. She could get nothing from her, but tears: A silence, without the least appearance of sullenness, had for some days before shewn, that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart: She was, however, offended when Love was attributed to her; yet her mother told me, that she could not but suspect, that she was under the dominion of that passion without knowing it; and the rather, as she was never chearful but when she was taking lessons for learning a tongue, that never, as the Marchioness said, was likely to be of use to her.

['As the *Marchioness* said'—Ah my Lucy!]

The melancholy increased. Her tutor, as he was called, was desired to talk to her. He did. It was a task put upon him, that had its difficulties. It was observed, that she generally assumed a chearful air while she was with *him*, but said little; yet seemed pleased with every thing he said to her; and the little she did answer, tho' he spoke in Italian or French, was in her newly-acquired language: But the moment he was gone, her countenance fell, and she was studious to find opportunities to get from company.

[What think you of my fortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl? But my curiosity kept up my spirits. When I come to reflect, thought I, I shall have it all upon my pillow.]

Her parents were in the deepest affliction. They consulted physicians, who all pronounced her malady to be Love. She was taxed with it; and all the indulgence promised her that her heart could wish, as to the object; but still she could not, with patience, bear the imputation. Once she asked her woman, who told her that she was certainly in Love, Would you have me hate myself?—Her mother talked to her of the passion in favourable terms, and as laudable: She heard her with attention, but made no answer.

The evening before the day I was to set out for Germany, the family made a sumptuous entertainment, in honour of a guest on whom they had conferred so many favours. They had brought themselves to approve of his departure the more readily, as they were willing to see, whether his absence would affect their Clementina; and, if it did, in what manner.

They left it to her choice, Whether she would appear at table, or not. She chose to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered spirits. She was exceeding chearful: She supported her part of the conversation, during the whole evening, with her usual vivacity and good sense, insomuch that I wished to myself, I had departed sooner. Yet it is surprising, thought I, that this young Lady, who seemed always to be pleased, and even since there resveries have had power over her, to be most chearful in my company, should rejoice in my departure; should seem to owe her recovery to it; a departure which every one else kindly regrets: And yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the least affected. When acknowledgements were made to me of the pleasure I had given to the whole family, she joined in them: When my health and happiness were wished, she added *her* wishes by chearful bows, as she sat: When they wished to see me again, before I went to England, she did the same. So that my heart was dilated: I was overjoyed to see such an happy alteration. When I took leave of them, she stood forward to receive my compliments, with a polite French freedom. I offered to press her hand with my lips: My brother's deliverer, said she, must not affect this distance, and, in a manner, offered her cheek; adding, God preserve my tutor where-ever he sets his foot (and in English, God convert you too, Chevalier!) May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us!

Signor Jeronymo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him: O my Grandison! said he, and flung his arms about my neck, and will you go?—Blessings attend you!—But what will become of a brother and sister, when they have lost you?

You will rejoice me, replied I, if you will favour me with a few lines, by a servant whom I shall leave behind me for a few days, and who will find me at Inspruck, to let me know how you all do; and whether your sister's health continues.

She must, she shall be yours, said he, if I can manage it. Why, why, will you leave us?

I was surprised to hear him say this: He had never before been so particular.¹

That cannot, cannot be, said I. There are a thousand obstacles—

All of which, rejoined he, that depend upon us, I doubt not to overcome. Your heart is not with Olivia?

They all knew, from that Lady's indiscretion, of the proposals that had been made me, relating to her; and of my declining them. I assured him, that my heart was free.

We agreed upon a correspondence, and I took leave of one of the most grateful of men.

But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inspruck the expected Letter, which acquainted me, that this sunshine lasted no longer than the next day! The young Lady's malady returned, with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her brother wrote, it operated upon her?

She shut herself up in her chamber, not seeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; nor did she answer to two or three questions that her woman asked her; but, setting her chair with its back towards her, over-against a closet² in the room, after a profound silence, she bent forwards, and, in a low voice, seemed to be communing with a person in the closet.—'And you say he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever!'

Who gone, madam? said her woman. To whom do you direct your discourse?

'We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So bravely to rescue my brother, and to pursue the braves; and, as my brother says, to put him in his own chaise, and walk on foot by the side of it—Why, as you say, assassins might have murdered him: The horses might have trampled him under their feet.' Still looking as if she was speaking to somebody in the closet.

Her woman stept to the closet, and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the course of her ideas; but still she bent forwards towards it, and talked calmly, as if to somebody in it: Then breaking into a faint laugh, 'In Love!—that is such a silly notion: And yet I love every-body better than I love myself.'

Her mother came into the room just then. The young Lady arose in haste, and shut the closet-door, as if she had somebody hid there, and, throwing herself at her mother's feet, My dear, my ever-honoured mamma, said she, forgive me for all the troubles I have caused you—But I will, I must, you can't deny me; I will be God's child, as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.

It came out afterwards, that her confessor, taking advantage of confessions extorted from her of regard for her tutor, tho' only such as a sister might bear to a brother, but which he had suspected might come to be of consequence, had filled her tender mind with terrors, that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young Lady of exemplary piety.

I will not dwell on a scene so melancholy. How I afflict your tender heart, my good Miss Byron!

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep?—Indeed I did—Poor young Lady!—But my mind was fitted for the indulging of scenes so melancholy. Pray, Sir, proceed, said I: What a heart must that be, which bleeds not for such a distress! Pray, Sir, proceed.]

Be it Dr. Bartlett's task to give you further particulars. I will be briefer—I will not indulge my own grief.

All that medicine could do, was tried: But her confessor, who, however, is an honest, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He saw the favour her tutor was in with the whole family: He knew that the younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner: He had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his principles; and, betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raised such a conflict as her tender nature could not bear.

At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the Ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart, and her genius; and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life, by an uncle to whose care she was committed by her dying father, was received both as a companion and a blessing, by the Ladies of the family she has now for many years lived with. She is an English woman, and a Protestant; but so very discreet, that her being so, tho' at first they hoped to proselyte her, gives them not a less value for her; and yet they are all zealous Roman Catholics. These two Ladies, and this their companion, were visiting one day at the Marchese della Porretta's; and there the distressed mother told them the mournful tale: The Ladies, who think nothing that is within the compass of human prudence impossible to their dear Mrs. BEAUMONT, wished that the young Lady might be entrusted for a week to her care, at their own house at Florence.

It was consented to, as soon as proposed; and Lady Clementina was as willing to go; there having always been an intimacy between the families; and she (as every-body else) having an high opinion of Mrs. Beaumont. They took her with them on the day they set out for Florence.

Here, again, for shortening my story, I will refer to Dr. Bartlett. Mrs. Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady: She gave her advice to the family upon it. They were resolved (Signor Jeronymo

supporting her advice) to be governed by it. The young Lady was told, that she should be indulged in all her wishes. She then acknowledged what those were; and was the easier for the acknowledgement, and for the advice of such a prudent friend; and returned to Bologna (Mrs. Beaumont accompanying her) much more composed than when she left it. The tutor was sent for, by common consent; for there had been a convention of the whole family; the Urbino branch, as well as the General, being present. There the terms to be proposed to the supposed happy man were settled; but they were not to be mentioned to him, till after he had seen the Lady: A wrong policy, surely.

He was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronymo, in his Letter, congratulated him in high terms; as a man, whom he had it now, at last, in his power to reward: And he hinted, in general, that the conditions would be such, as it was impossible but he must find his very great advantage in them: As to fortune, to be sure, he meant.

The friend so highly valued could not but be affected with the news: Yet, knowing the Lady, and the family, he was afraid that the articles of Residence and Religion would not be easily compromised between them. He therefore summoned up all his prudence to keep his fears alive, and his hope in suspense.

He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina in her mother's presence. How agreeable, how nobly frank, was the reception from both mother and daughter! How high ran the congratulations of Jeronymo! He called the supposed happy man *brother*. The Marquis was ready to recognize the *fourth* son in him. A great fortune, additional to an estate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers, was proposed. My father was to be invited over, to grace the nuptials by his presence.

But let me cut short the rest. The terms could not be complied with: For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to settle in Italy; only once, in two or three years, was allowed, if I pleased, for two or three months, to go to England; and, as a visit of curiosity, once in her life, if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

What must be my grief, to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress: So little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition! But when the friendly brother implored my compliance; when the excellent mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on *her* heart, and on her *child's* head; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting *herself* out of the question, urged me, for my

soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother, the church—What, madam—But how I grieve you!

[He stopt—His handkerchief was of use to him, as mine was to me—What a distress was here!]

And what, and what, Sir, sobbing, was the result? Could you, *could* you resist?

Satisfied in my own faith; Entirely satisfied! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace!—A lover of my native country too—Were not my God and my Country to be the sacrifice, if I complied! But I *laboured*, I *studied*, for a compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina's merit, and to my own Character, had she not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her *then*, that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against; her Rank next to princely; her Fortune high as her rank; Religion; Country; all so many obstacles that had appeared to me insuperable, removed by themselves; and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had, till now, made me struggle to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference. —I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there; if not, I would content myself with passing only three months, in every year, in my native country. I proposed to leave her entirely at her liberty, in the article of religion; and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by *her*, the sons by *me*; a condition to which his Holiness himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great sacrifice to Compassion, to Love.—What *could* I more!

And would not, Sir, would not Clementina consent to this compromise?

Ah the unhappy Lady! It is this reflexion that strengthens my grief. She *would* have consented: She was earnest to procure the consent of her friends upon these terms. This her earnestness in my favour, devoted as she was to her religion, *excites* my compassion, and *calls for* my gratitude.

What scenes, what distressful scenes, followed!—¹ The noble father forgot his promised indulgence; the mother indeed seemed, in a manner, neutral; the youngest brother was still, however, firm in my cause; but the Marquis, the General, the Bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family, were not to be moved; and the less, as they considered the alliance as highly honourable to me (a private, an obscure man, as now they began to call me) *as* derogatory to their own honour. In short, I was allowed, I was *desired*, to depart from Bologna; and not suffered to take my leave of the unhappy Clementina, tho' on her knees she begged to be allowed a parting

interview—And what was the consequence?—Dr. Bartlett must tell the rest.—Unhappy Clementina!—Now they wish me to make them *one* more visit at Bologna!—Unhappy Clementina!—To what purpose?

I saw his noble heart was too much affected, to answer questions, had I had voice to ask any.

But, O my friends! you see how it is! Can I be so unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr. Bartlett say, that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himself say, that he has suffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of sleepless nights. Unhappy Clementina! let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandison!—And who, my dear, *is* happy? Not, I am sure,

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXI

Miss BYRON, In Continuation

I WAS forced to lay down my pen. I will begin a new Letter. I did not think of concluding my former where I did.

Sir Charles saw me in grief, and forgot his own, to applaud my *humanity*, as he called it, and sooth me. I have often, said he, referred you, in my narrative, to Dr. Bartlett. I will beg of him to let you see anything you shall wish to see, in the free and unreserved correspondence we have held. You, that love to entertain your friends with your narrations, will find something, perhaps, in a story like this, to engage their curiosity. On their honour and candor, I am sure, I may depend. Are they not *your* friends? Would to heaven it were in my *power* to contribute to *their* pleasure and *yours*!

I only bowed. I *could* only bow.

I told you, madam, that my Compassion was engaged; but that my Honour was free: I *think* it is so. But when you have seen all that Dr. Bartlett will shew you, you will be the better able to judge of me, and *for* me. I had rather be thought favourably of by Miss Byron, than by any woman in the world.

Who, Sir, said I, knowing only so far as I know of the unhappy Clementina, but must wish her to be—

Ah Lucy! there I stopt—I had like to have been a false girl!—And yet ought I not, from my heart, to have been able to say what I was going to say?—I do aver, Lucy, upon repeated experience, that Love is a narrower of the heart. Did I not use to be thought generous and benevolent, and to be above all selfishness? But am I so now?

And now, madam, said he [and he was going to take my hand, but with an air, as if he thought the freedom would be too great—A tenderness *so* speaking in his eyes; a respectfulness *so* solemn in his countenance; he just touched it, and withdrew his hand] What shall I say?—I cannot tell what I should say—But you, I see, can pity me—You can pity the noble Clementina—Honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous—selfish!—

He arose from his seat—Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favour of your ear—Pardon me for the trouble I see I have given to an heart that is capable of a sympathy so tender—

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me see his emotion. He left me looking here, looking there, as if for my heart; and then, as giving it up for irrecoverable, I became for a few moments motionless, and a statue.

A violent burst of tears recovered me to sense and motion; and just then Miss Grandison (who, having heard her brother withdraw, forbore for a few minutes to enter, supposing he would return) hearing me sob, rushed in.—O my Harriet! said she, clasping her arms about me, What is done!—Do I, or do I not, embrace my sister, my *real* sister, my sister Grandison?

Ah my Charlotte! No flattering hope is now left me—No sister! It must not, it cannot be! The Lady is—But lead me, lead me out of this room!—I don't love it! spreading one hand before my eyes, my tears trickling between my fingers—Tears that flowed not only for myself, but for Sir Charles Grandison and the unhappy Clementina: For, gather you not, from what he said, that something disastrous has befallen the poor Lady? And then, supporting myself with her arm, I hurried out of Lord L.'s Study, and up stairs into my own chamber; she following me—Leave me, leave me here, dear creature, said I, for six minutes: I will attend you then, in your own dressing-room.

She kindly retired; I threw myself into a chair, indulged my tears for a few moments, and was the fitter to receive the two sisters, who, hand-in-hand, came into my room to comfort me.

But I could not relate what had passed immediately with any connexion: I told them only, that all was over; that their brother was to be pitied, not blamed: And that if they would allow me to recollect some things that were most affecting, I would attend them; and they should have my narrative the more exact, for the indulgence.

They stayed no longer with me than to see me a little composed.

Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett went out together in his chariot: He enquired more than once of my health; saying to his sister Charlotte, That he was afraid he had affected me too much, by the melancholy tale he had been telling me.

He excused himself from dining with us. Poor man! What must be his distress!—Not able to see, to sit with us!

I would have excused myself also, being not very fit to appear; but was not permitted.

I sat, however, but a very little while at table after dinner; and how tedious did the dinner-time appear! The servants eyes were irksome to me; so were Emily's (dear girl!) glistening as they did, tho' she knew not for what, but sympathetically, as I may say; she supposing, that all was not as she would have it.

She came up soon after to me—One word, my dearest madam (the door in her hand, and her head only within it): Tell me only that there is no misunderstanding between my guardian and you!—Tell me only that—

None, my dear!—None, none at all, my Emily!

Thank God! clasping her hands together; thank God!—If there were, I should not have known whose part to take!—But I won't disturb you—And was going.

Stay, stay, my precious young friend! Stay, my Emily.—I arose; took her hand: My sweet girl! say, Will you live with me?

God for ever bless you, dearest madam!—*Will I?* It is the wish next my heart.

Will you go down with me to Northamptonshire, my love?

To the world's end I will attend you, madam: I will be your handmaid; and I will love you better than I love my guardian, if possible.

Ah my dear! but how will you live without seeing your guardian now-and-then?

Why, he will live with us, won't he?

No, no, my dear!—And you would choose, then, to live with him, not with me, would you not?—

Indeed but I won't—Indeed I will live and die with you, if you will let me; and I warrant his kind heart will often lead him to us. But tell me, Why these tears, madam? Why this grief?—Why do you speak so quick and short? And why do you seem to be in such a hurry?

Do I speak quick and short? Do I seem to be in a hurry?—Thank you, my love, for your observation. And now leave me: I will profit by it.

The amiable girl withdrew on tiptoe; and I sat about composing myself.

I was obliged to her for her observation: It was really of use to me. But you must think, Lucy, that I must be fluttered.—His manner of *leaving* me—Was it not particular?—To break from me so *abruptly*, as I may say—And what he said with looks so earnest!

Looks that seemed to carry more meaning than his words: And withdrawing without conducting me out, as he had led me in—and as if—I don't know how as if—But you will give me your opinion of all these things. I can't say but I think my suspense is over; and in a way not very desirable—Yet—But why should I puzzle myself? What must be, must.

At afternoon-tea, the gentlemen not being returned, and Emily undertaking the waiter's office, I gave my Lord and the two Ladies, tho' she was present, some account of what had passed, but briefly; and I had just finished, and was quitting the room, as the two gentlemen entered the door.

Sir Charles instantly addressed me with apologies for the concern he had given me. His emotion was visible as he spoke to me. He hesitated: He trembled. Why did he hesitate? Why did he tremble?

I told him, I was not ashamed to own, that I was very much affected by the melancholy story. The poor Lady, said I, is greatly to be pitied—But remember, Sir, what you promised Dr. Bartlett should do for me.

I have been requesting the doctor to fulfil my engagements.

And I am ready to obey, said the good man. My agreeable task shall soon be performed.

As I was at the door, going up stairs to my closet, I courtesied, and pursued my intention.

He bowed, said nothing, and looked, I thought, as if he were disappointed, that I did not return to company.—No, indeed!

Yet I pity him, at my heart! How odd is it, then, to be angry with him!—So much goodness, so much sensibility, so much compassion (whence all his woes, I believe), never met together, in a heart so manly.

Tell me, tell me, my dear Lucy—Yet tell me nothing till I am favoured with, and you have read, the account that will be given me by Dr. Bartlett: Then, I hope, we shall have every-thing before us.

Saturday, March 25

HE [Yet why that disrespectful word?—Fie upon me, for my narrowness of heart!] *Sir Charles* is setting out for town. He cannot be happy, himself: He is therefore giving himself the pleasure of endeavouring to make his friend happy. He can *enjoy* the happiness of his *friends*! O the blessing of a benevolent heart! Let the world frown as it will upon such a one, it cannot possibly bereave it of all happiness.—Fortune, do thy worst! If *Sir Charles Grandison* cannot be happy with his *Clementina*, he will make himself a partaker of Lord G.'s happiness; and as that will secure, if not her own fault, the happiness of his sister, he will not be destitute of felicity. And

let me, after his example—Ah, Lucy! that I could!—But in time, I hope, I shall *deserve*, as well as be esteemed, to be the girl of my grandmamma and aunt; and then, of course, be worthy to be called, my dear Lucy,

Your HARRIET BYRON

Saturday Noon

Sir Charles is gone; and I have talked over the matter again with the Ladies and Lord L.

What do you think?—They all will have it—and it is a faithful account, to the very *best* of my recollection—*They all will have it*, That Sir Charles's great struggle, his great grief, is owing—His great struggle (I don't know what I write, I think—But let it go) is between his *Compassion* for the unhappy Clementina, and his *Love*—for—Somebody else.

But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half an heart? *Compassion*, Lucy!—The compassion of such an heart—It must be *Love*—And ought it not to be so to *such* a woman?—Tell me—Don't you, Lucy, with all *yours*, pity the unhappy Clementina? who loves, against the principles of her religion; and, in that respect, against her *inclination*, a man who cannot be hers, but by a violation of his honour and conscience? What a fatality in a Love so circumstanced!—To *love* against *inclination*! What a sound has that! But what an absurdity is this passion called Love? Or, rather, of what absurd things does it make its votaries guilty? Let mine be evermore circumscribed by the laws of reason, of duty; and then my recollections, my reflexions, will never give me lasting disturbance!

Dr. Bartlett has desired me to let him know what the particular passages are, of which I more immediately wish to be informed, for our better understanding the unhappy Clementina's story, and has promised to transcribe them. I have given him a list in writing. I have been half guilty of affectation. I have asked for some particulars that Sir Charles referred to, which are not so immediately interesting: The history of Olivia, of Mrs. Beaumont; the debates Sir Charles mentioned, between himself and Signor Jeronimo: But, Lucy, the particulars I am most impatient for, are these:

His first conference with Lady Clementina on the subject of the Count of Belvedere; which her father and mother over-heard.

The conference he was desired to hold with her, on her being first seized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly chearful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is any-where accounted for.

By what means Mrs. Beaumont prevailed on her to acknowledge a passion so studiously concealed from the tenderest of parents.

Sir Charles's reception, on his return from Vienna.

What reception his proposals of compromise, as to religion and residence, met with, as well from the family, as from Clementina.

The most important of all, Lucy—The last distressful parting: What made is necessary; what happened at Bologna afterwards; and what the poor Clementina's situation now is.

If the doctor is explicit, with regard to this article, we shall be able to account for their desiring him to revisit them at Bologna, after so long an absence, and for his seeming to think it will be to no purpose to oblige them. O Lucy! what a great deal depends upon the answer to this article, as it may happen!—But no more suspense, I beseech you, Sir Charles Grandison! No more suspense, I pray you, Dr. Bartlett! My heart sickens at the thought of farther suspense. I cannot bear it!

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my Letter would be only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my subject) on weaknesses and follies that have already given you *too much* pain for

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXII

Miss BYRON, In Continuation

Colnebrooke, Monday, Mar. 27

DR. BARTLETT, seeing our impatience, asked leave to take the assistance of his nephew in transcribing from Sir Charles's Letters the passages that will enable him to perform the task he has so kindly undertaken. By this means, he has already presented us with the following transcripts. We have eagerly perused them. When *you* have done so, be pleased to hasten them up, that my cousin Reeves's may have the same opportunity. *They* are so good as to give cheerfully the preference to the venerable circle, as my cousin, who dined with us yesterday, bid me tell you. O my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandison! But he had the happiness of a Dr. Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was so nobly laid, by the best and wisest of mothers.

Dr. Bartlett's first Letter

MY task, my good Miss Byron, will be easy, by the assistance you have allowed me: For what is it, but to transcribe parts of Sir Charles's Letters, adding a few lines here and there, by way of

connexion? And I am delighted with it, as it will make known the heart of my beloved patron in all the lights which the most interesting circumstances can throw upon it, to so many worthy persons as are permitted a share of this confidence.

The first of your commands runs thus—

I should imagine, say you, that the debates Sir Charles mentions, between himself and Signor Jeronymo, and his companions, at their first acquaintance, must be not only curious, but edifying.

They are, my good Miss Byron: But as I presume that you Ladies are more intent upon being obeyed in the *other* articles [See, Lucy, I had better not have dissembled!] I will only at present transcribe for you, with some short connexions, two Letters; by which you will see how generously Mr. Grandison sought to recover his friend to the paths of virtue and honour, when he had formed schemes, in conjunction with, and by the instigation of, other gay young men of rank, to draw him in to be a partaker in their guilt, and an abettor of their enterprizes.

You will judge from these Letters, madam (without shocking you by the recital) what were the common-place pleas of those libertines, despisers of marriage, of the laws of society, and of WOMEN; but as they were subservient to their pleasures.

To the Barone della Porretta

WILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandison, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendship he professes for him be such a one, as a great mind can, on reflexion, glory in, he *will*. And what is this liberty, but such as constitutes the essence of true friendship? Allow me, on this occasion, to say, that your Grandison has seen more of the world than most men, who have lived no longer in it, have had an opportunity to see. I was sent abroad for improvement, under the care of a man who proved to be the most intriguing and profligate of those to whom a youth was ever entrusted. I saw in *him*, the inconvenience, the odiousness, of libertinism; and, by the assistance of an excellent monitor, with whom I happily became acquainted, and (would it not be false shame, and cowardice, if I did not say) by the Divine assistance, I escaped snares that were laid to corrupt my morals: Hence my dearest friend will the more readily allow me to impart to him some of the lessons that were of so much use to myself.

I am the rather encouraged to take this liberty, as I have often flattered myself, that I have seen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the course of the conversations that have been held in our select meetings at Padua, and at Rome; in which the cause of virtue and true honour has been discussed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your request, I have of late so often met: But of *you* I still have hopes, because you continue to declare, that you prefer my friendship to theirs. You think that I was disgusted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not answer: But, as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unsuccessfully; but still they renewed the charge, and we had the same arguments one day to refute, that the preceding were given up. They could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore (yet not without regret) the society I cannot meet with pleasure: But let not my *Jeronymo* renounce me. In *his* opinion I had the honour to stand high, before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to them; we cultivated, with mutual pleasure, each other's acquaintance, independent of this association. Let us be to each other, what we were for the first month of our intimacy. You have noble qualities; but are diffident, and too often suffer yourself to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at, has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wished to have a more than temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper, of some of them, and urge to you others: The end I have in view is your good, in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy they may have on you, my own principles: Nor think me too serious. The occasion, the call that true friendship makes upon you, is weighty.

You have shewed me Letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle, and still, if possible, more admirable ones, from your sister—All filled with concern for your present and future welfare! How dearly is my *Jeronymo* beloved by his whole family! and by *such* a family! And how tenderly does he love them all—What ought to be the result? *Jeronymo* cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to enforce *their* arguments upon him.

By the endeavours of my friend to find excuses for some of the liberties in which he allows himself, I infer, that if he thought them criminal, he has too much honour to be guilty of them. He cannot say, with the mad *Medea*,

——*Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.*——

No! His judgment must be misled, before he can *allow* himself in a deviation. But let him beware; for has not every faulty inclination something to plead in its own behalf?—Excuses, my dear friend,

are more than tacit confessions: And the health of the mind, as of the body, is impaired by almost imperceptible degrees.

My Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of, a disposition to benevolence, charity, generosity—What pity, that he cannot be still more perfect!—that he resolves not against meditated injuries to others of his fellow-creatures! But remember, my Lord, that true goodness is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct; and that true generosity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Besides, who, tho' in the least guilty instance, and where some false virtue may offer colours to palliate an excess, can promise himself to stop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of lawless appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He suffers himself to be a led man!—O that he would choose his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue, then, that warms his heart, would have a sister-virtue to encourage the noble flame, instead of a vice to damp it.

Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent; of the excellence of every branch of your family. Bear with my question, my Lord; Are you determined to sit down satisfied with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reason to applaud their worthiness: Will you not give them cause to boast of yours?

In answer to the earnest entreaties of all your friends, that you will marry, you have said, that, were women angels, you would with joy enter into the state—But what ought the *men* to be, who form upon women such expectations?

Can you, my dear Lord, despise matrimony, yet hold it to be a sacrament? Can you, defying the maxims of your family, and wishing to have the Sister I have heard you mention with such high delight and admiration, strengthen your family-interest in the female line, determine against adding to its strength in the male?

You have suffered yourself to speak with contempt of the generality of the Italian women, for their illiterateness: Let not their misfortune be imputed to them, my noble friend, as their fault. They have the same natural genius's that used to distinguish the men and women of your happy climate. Let not the want of cultivation induce you, a learned man, to hold them cheap. The cause of virtue, and of the sex, can hardly be separated.

But, O my friend, my Jeronymo, have I not too much reason to fear, that guilty attachments have been the cause of your slighting a legal one?—That you are studying for pretences to justify the way of life into which you have fallen?

Let us consider the objects of your pursuit—Alas! there have been

more than one! Are they women seduced from the path of virtue by yourself?—Who otherwise perhaps would have married, and made useful members of society?—Consider, my friend, what a capital crime is a seduction of this kind!—Can you glory in the virtue of a sister of your own, and allow yourself in attempts upon the daughter, the sister, of another? And, let me ask, How can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

A good heart, a delicate mind, cannot associate with a corrupt one. What tie can bind a woman, who has parted with her honour? What, in such a guilty attachment, must be a man's alternative, but either to be the tyrant of a wretch who has given him reason to despise her, or the dupe of one who despises him?

It is the important lesson of life (allow me to be serious on a subject *so* serious) in this union of soul and body, to restrain the unruly appetites of the latter, and to improve the faculties of the former—Can this end be attained by licentious indulgences, and profligate associations?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose, that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given, of such superiority, is, in the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker. What can that man say for himself, or for his proud pretension, who employs all his arts to seduce, betray, and ruin the creature whom he should guide and protect—Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every foe, but the devil and himself!

It is unworthy of a man of spirit to be solicitous to keep himself within the boundaries of human laws, on *no other* motive than to avoid the temporal inconveniencies attending the breach of them. The laws were not made so much for the direction of good men, as to circumscribe the bad. Would a man of honour wish to be considered as one of the latter, rather than as one of those who would have distinguished the fit from the unfit, had they *not* been discriminated by human sanctions? Men are to approve themselves at an higher tribunal than at that of men.

Shall not public spirit, virtue, and a sense of duty, have as much influence on a manly heart, as a new face? How contemptibly low is that commerce in which *mind* has no share!

Virtuous love, my dear Jeronymo, looks beyond this temporary scene; while guilty attachments usually find a much earlier period than that of human life. Inconstancy, on one side or the other, seldom fails to put a disgraceful end to them. But were they to endure for *life*, what can the reflexions upon them do towards softening the agonies of the inevitable hour?

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a MAN, a rational and

immortal agent; and act up to the dignity of your nature. Can sensual pleasure be the great end of an immortal spirit in this life?

That pleasure cannot be lasting, and it must be followed by remorse, which is obtained either by doing injustice to, or degrading, a fellow-creature. And does not a woman, when she forfeits her honour, degrade herself, not only in the sight of the world, but in the secret thoughts of even a profligate lover, destroying her own consequence with him?

Build not, my noble friend, upon penances and absolutions: I enter not into those subjects on which we differ as Catholics and Protestants: But if we would be thought men of true greatness of mind, let us endeavour so to act, as not, in essential articles, and with our eyes open, either to want absolution, or incur penances. Surely, my Lord, it is nobler not to offend, than to be obliged to atone.

Are there not, let me ask, innocent delights enow to fill with joy every vacant hour? Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me seek for such, and make them the cement of our friendship.

Religion out of the question, consider, what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What, were the examples set by you and your acquaintance, to be *generally* followed, would become of public order and decorum? What of national honours? How will a regular succession in families be kept up? You, my Lord, boast of your descent, both by father's and mother's side; Why will you deprive *your* children of a distinction in which *you* glory?

Good children, what a blessing to their parents! But what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to support, no fair example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which *he* has trod?

How delightful the domestic connexion! To bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received there with tender love; to strengthen your own interest in the world by alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy objects of a vagrant affection? Must not my Jeronymo even estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out by all the laws of honour from their society? The persons, so shut out, must hate the family to whose *interests* theirs are so contrary. What sincere

union then, what sameness of affection, between Jeronymo and the objects of his passion?

But the present hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, 'that the welfare and order of society ought to be maintained by submission to Divine and human laws; but *his* single exception for himself can be of no importance.' Of what, then, is *general* practice made up? If every one excepts himself, and offends in the instance that best suits his inclination, what a scene of horror will this world become! Affluence and a gay disposition tempt to licentious pleasures; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge, and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But, even in this universal depravity, would not *his* crime be much worse, who robbed me of my child from *riot* and *licentiousness*, and under a guise of love and trust, than *his* who despoiled me of my substance, and had *necessity* to plead in extenuation of his guilt?

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at *least*, kindly, these expostulations, tho' some of them are upon subjects on which our conversations have been hitherto ineffectual. I submit them to your consideration. I can have no interest in making them, nor motive, but what proceeds from that true friendship with which I desire to be thought

Most affectionately Yours.

You have heard, my good Miss Byron, that the friendship between Mr. Grandison and Signor Jeronymo was twice broken off: Once it was, by the unkindly-taken freedom of the expostulatory Letter. Jeronymo, at that time of his life, ill brooked opposition in any pursuit his heart was engaged in. When pushed, he was vehement; and Mr. Grandison could not be over-solicitous to keep up a friendship with a young man who was under the dominion of his dissolute companions; and who would not allow of remonstrances, in cases that concerned his morals.

Jeronymo, having afterwards been drawn into great inconveniencies by his libertine friends, broke with them; and Mr. Grandison and he meeting by accident at Padua, their friendship, at the pressing instances of Jeronymo, was again renewed.

Jeronymo thought himself reformed; Mr. Grandison hoped he was: But, soon after, a temptation fell in his way, which he could not resist. It was from a Lady who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had spread her snares for Mr. Grandison before Jeronymo became acquainted with her; and revenge for her slighted advances taking possession of her heart, she

hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him

The occasion was given by the following Letter, which Mr. Grandison thought himself obliged, in honour, to write to his friend, on his attachment; the one being then at Padua; the other at Cremona:

I AM extremely concerned, my dear Jeronymo, at your new engagement with a Lady, who, tho' of family and fortune, has shewn but little regard to her character. How frail are the resolutions of men! How much in the power of women! But I will not recriminate—Yet I cannot but regret, that I must lose your company in our projected visits to the German courts: This, however, more for your sake than my own; since to the principal of them I am no stranger. You have excused yourself to me; I wish you had a better motive: But I write rather to warn, than to upbraid you. This Lady is mistress of all the arts of woman. She may glory in *her* conquest; you ought not to be proud of *yours*. You *will not*, when you know her better. I have had a singular opportunity of being acquainted with her character. I never judged of characters, of womens especially, by *report*. Had the Barone della Porretta been the first for whom this Lady spread her blandishments, a man so amiable as he is, might the more assuredly have depended on the love she professes for him. She has two admirers, men of violence, who, unknown to each other, have equal reason to look upon her as their own. You propose not to marry her. I am silent on this subject. Would to heaven you *were* married to a woman of virtue! Why will you not oblige all your friends? Thus liable as you are—But neither do I expostulate. Well do I know the vehemence with which you are wont to pursue a new adventure. Yet I *had* hoped—But again I restrain myself. Only let me add, that the man who shall boast of his success with this Lady, may have more to apprehend from the competition in which he will find himself engaged, than he can be aware of. Be prudent, my Jeronymo, in this pursuit, for your own sake. The heart that dictates this advice is wholly yours: But, alas! it boasts no further interest in that of its Jeronymo. With infinite regret I subscribe to the latter part of the sentence the once better-regarded name of

GRANDISON

And what was the consequence? The unhappy youth, by the instigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend, in her behalf. Mr. Grandison, with a noble disdain, appealed to Jeronymo's cooler deliberation; and told him, that he never would meet, as a foe, the man he had ever been desirous to consider as his friend. You know,

my Lord, said he, that I am under a disadvantage in having once been obliged to assert myself, in a country where I have no natural connexions; and where you, Jeronymo, have many. If we meet again, I do assure you, it must be by accident; and if that happens, we shall *then* find it time enough to discuss the occasion of our present misunderstanding.

Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremonese; when Mr. Grandison saved his life.

And now, madam, let me give you, in obedience to your second command,

The particulars of the conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with Clementina, in favour of the Count of Belvedere; and which her father and mother, unknown to either of them, over-heard.

You must suppose them seated; a Milton's *Paradise Lost* before them: And that, at this time, Mr. Grandison did not presume that the young Lady had any particular regard for him.

Clementina. You have taught the prelate, and you have taught the soldier, to be in love with your Milton, Sir: But I shall never admire him, I doubt. Don't you reckon the language hard and crabbed?'

Grandison. I did not propose him to you, madam: Your brother chose him. We should not have made the proficiency we have, had I not begun with you by easier authors. But you have heard me often call him a sublime poet, and your ambition (it is a laudable one) leads you to make him your own too soon. Has not your tutor taken the liberty to chide you for your impatience; for your desire of being every-thing at once?

Clem. You have; and I own my fault.—But to have done, for the present, with Milton; What shall I do to acquit myself of the addresses of this Count of Belvedere?

Gr. Why *would* you acquit yourself of the Count's addresses?

Clem. He is not the man I can like: I have told my papa as much, and he is angry with me.

Gr. I think, madam, your papa *may* be a little *displeased* with you; tho' he loves you too tenderly to be *angry* with you. You reject the Count, without assigning a reason.

Clem. Is it not reason enough, that I don't like him?

Gr. Give me leave to say, that the Count is an handsome man. He is young; gallant; sensible; of a family antient and noble; a grace to it. He is learned, good-natured: He adores you—

Clem. And so let him, if he will: I never can like him.

Gr. Dear Lady! You must not be capricious. You will give the

most indulgent parents in the world apprehension that you have cast your thoughts on some other object. Young Ladies, except in a case of pre-possession, do not often reject a person who has so many great and good qualities as shine in this gentleman; and where equality of degree, and a father's and mother's high approbation, add to his merit.

Clem. I suppose you have been spoken to, to talk with me on this subject—It is a subject I don't like.

Gr. You began it, Madam.

Clem. I did so; because it is uppermost with me. I am grieved at my heart, that I cannot see the Count with my father's eyes: My father deserves from me every instance of duty, and love, and veneration; but I cannot think of the Count of Belvedere for an husband.

Gr. One reason, madam? One objection?

Clem. He is a man that is not to my mind: A fawning, cringing man, I think.—And a spirit that can fawn and cringe, and kneel, will be a tyrant in power.

Gr. Dear madam, To whom is he this obsequious man, but to you?—Is there a man in the world that behaves with a more proper dignity to every one else? Nay, to *you*, the Lover shines out in him, but the Man is not forgot. Is the tenderness of well-placed Love, the veneration paid to a deservedly beloved object, any derogation to the manly character? Far from it; and shall you think the less of your Lover, for being the most ardent, and, I have no knowledge in man, if he is not the most sincere, of men?

Clem. An excellent advocate!—I am sure you have been spoken to—Have you not? Tell me truly? Perhaps by the Count of Belvedere?

Gr. I should not think, and, of consequence, not speak, so highly as I do, of the Count, if he were capable of asking any man, your father and brothers excepted, to plead his cause with you.

Clem. I can't bear to be chidden, Chevalier. Now *you* are going to be angry with me too. But has not my mamma spoken to you? Tell me?

Gr. Dear Lady, consider, if she *had*, what you owe to a mamma, who deserving, for her tenderness to her child, the utmost observance and duty, would condescend to put her authority into a mediation. And yet, let me declare, that no person breathing should make me say what I do not think, whether in favour or disfavour of any man.

Clem. That is no answer. I owe implicit, yes, I will say implicit, duty to my mamma, for her indulgence to me: But what you have said is no direct answer.

Gr. For the honour of that indulgence, madam, I own to you, that your mamma, and my Lord too, have wished that their Clemantina could or would give one substantial reason why she cannot like

the Count of Belvedere; that they might prepare themselves to acquiesce with it, and the Count be induced to submit to his evil destiny.

Clem. And they have wished this to *you*, Sir? And you have taken upon you to answer their wishes—I protest, you are a man of prodigious consequence, with us all; and by your readiness to take up the cause of a man you have so *lately* known, you seem to know it, too well.

Gr. I am sorry I have incurred your displeasure, madam.

Clem. You have. I *never* was more angry with you, than I now am.

Gr. I hope you never was angry with me *before*. I never gave you reason. And if I have now, I beg your pardon.

I arose to go.

Clem. Very humble, Sir!—And are for going before you have it. Now call me *capricious*, again!

Gr. I did not know that you could be so easily displeased, madam. She wept.

Clem. I am a very weak creature: I believe I am wrong: But I never knew what it was to give offence to any-body till within these few months. I love my father, I love my mother, beyond my own life; and to think that now, when I wish most for the continuance of their goodness to me, I am in danger of forfeiting it!—I can't bear it!—Do *you* forgive me, however. I believe I have been too petulant to you. Your behaviour is noble, frank, disinterested. It has been a happiness that we have known you. You are every-body's friend. But yet I think it is a little officious in you to plead so *very* warmly for a man of whom you know so little; and when I told you, more than once, I could not like him.

Gr. Honoured as I am, by your whole family, with the appellation of a fourth son, a fourth brother; dear madam, was I to blame to act up to the character? I know my own heart; and if I have consequence given me, I will act so, as to deserve it; at least, my own heart shall give it to me.

Clem. Well, Sir, you may be right: I am sure you *mean* to be right. But as it would be a diminution of the *Count's* dignity, to apply to you for a supposed interest in you, which *he* cannot have, it would be much *more* so, to have you interfere where a father, mother, and other brothers [You see, Sir, I allow your claim of fourth brotherhood] are supposed to have less weight: So no more of the Count of Belvedere, I beseech you, from your mouth.

Gr. One word more, only—Don't let the goodness of your father and mother be construed to the disadvantage of the parental character in them. They have not been positive: They have given their

wishes, rather than their commands. Their tenderness for you, in a point so *very* tender, has made them unable to tell their own wishes to you, for fear they should not meet with yours; yet would be, perhaps, glad to hear one solid objection to their proposal—And why? That they might admit of it—Impute, therefore, to my officiousness, what you please; and yet I would not wish to disoblige or offend you; but let their indulgence, they never will use their authority, have its full merit with you.

Clem. Your servant, Sir. I never yet had a slight notion of their indulgence; and I hope I never shall. If you *will* go, go: But, Sir, next time I am favoured with your lectures, it shall be upon Languages, if you please; and not upon Lovers.

I withdrew, profoundly bowing. But surely, thought I, the lovely *Clémentina* is capricious.

To the Marchioness.

Thus far my patron.

Let me add, That the Marchioness having acquainted Mr. Grandison, that her Lord and she had heard every word that had passed, expressed her displeasure at her daughter's petulance; and, thanking him in her Lord's name, as well as for herself, for the generous part he had taken, told him, that *Clementina* should ask his pardon.

He begged that, for the sake of their own weight with her on the same subject, she might not know that they had heard what had passed.

I believe that's best, Chevalier, answered the Marchioness; and I am apt to think, that the poor girl will be more ready than perhaps one would wish, to make up with you, were she to find you offended with her in earnest; as you have reason to be, as a *disinterested* man.

You see, Chevalier, I know to whom I am speaking; but both my Lord, and self, hope to see her of another mind; and that she will soon be Countess of Belvedere. My Lord's heart is in this alliance; so is that of my son *Giacomo*.

I come now, madam, to your third command; which is, To give you,

*The conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with the unhappy Clementina, on her being seized with melancholy.*¹

[Mr. Grandison still not presuming on any particular favour from *Clementina*.]

The young Lady was walking in one alley of the garden; Mr. Grandison, and the Marquis and Marchioness, in another. She was

attended by her woman, who walked behind her; and with whom she was displeased for endeavouring to divert her; but who, however, seemed to be talking on, tho' without being answered.

The dear creature! said the Marquis, tears in his eyes,—See her there, now walking slow, now with quicker steps, as if she would shake off her Camilla. She hates the poor woman for her love to her: But who *is* it that she sees with pleasure? Did I think that I should ever behold the pride of my heart, with the pain that I now feel for her? Yet she is lovely in my eye, in all she does, in all she says—But, O my dear Grandison, we cannot now make her speak, more than Yes, or No. We cannot engage her in a conversation, no not on the subject of her newly-acquired language. See if you can, on *any* subject.

Ay, Chevalier, said the Marchioness, do you try to engage her. We have told her, that we will not talk of marriage to her at all, till she is herself inclined to receive proposals. Her weeping eyes thank us for our indulgence: She prays for us with lifted-up hands: She courtesies her thanks, if she stands before us: She bows, in acknowledged gratitude for our goodness to her, if she sits; but she cares not to speak. She is not easy while we are talking to her. See! she is stepping into the Greek temple, her poor woman, unanswered, talking to her. She has not seen us. By that winding walk we can, unseen, place ourselves in the myrtle-grove, and hear what passes.

The Marchioness, as we walked, hinted, that in their last visit to the General at Naples, there was a Count Marulli, a young nobleman of merit, but a soldier of fortune, who would have clandestinely obtained the attention of their Clementina. They knew nothing of it till last night, she said; when herself and Camilla, puzzling to what to attribute the sudden melancholy turn of her daughter, and Camilla mentioning what was *unlikely*, as well as likely; told her, that the Count would have bribed her to deliver a Letter to the young Lady; but that she repulsed him with indignation: He besought her then to take no notice of his offer, to the General, on whom all his fortunes depended. She did not, for that reason, to any-body; but, a few days since, she heard her young Lady (talking of the gentlemen she had seen at Naples) mention the young Count favourably—Now it is impossible there can be any-thing in it, said the Marchioness: But do you, however, Chevalier, lead to the subject of Love, but at distance; nor name Marulli, because she will think you have been talking with Camilla. The dear girl has pride: She would not endure you, if she thought you imagined her to be in Love, especially with a man of inferior degree, or dependent fortunes. But on your prudence we wholly rely; mention it, or not, as matters fall in.

There can be no room for this surmise, my dear, said the Marquis; and yet Marulli was lately in Bologna: But Clementina's spirit will not permit her to encourage a clandestine address.

By this time we had got to the myrtle-grove, behind the temple, and over-heard them talk, as follows:

Camilla. And why, why must I leave you, madam?—From infancy you know how I have loved you. You used to love to hold converse with your Camilla. How have I offended you? I will not enter this temple till you give me leave; but indeed, indeed, I must not, I cannot leave you.

Clem. Officious Love!—Can there be a greater torment than an officious prating Love!—If you loved me, you would wish to oblige me.

Cam. I *will* oblige you, my dear young Lady, in every-thing I can—

Clem. Then *leave* me, Camilla. I am *best* when I am alone: I am *chearfullest* when I am alone. You haunt me, Camilla; like a ghost you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed you are but the ghost of my once obliging Camilla.

Cam. My dearest young Lady, let me beseech you—

Clem. Ay, now you come with your *beseeches* again: But if you love me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not to be trusted with myself? Were I a vile young creature, that was suspected to be running away with some base-born man, you could not be more watchful of my steps.

Camilla would have entered into farther talk with her; but she absolutely forbad her.

Talk till dooms-day, I will not say one word more to you, Camilla. I will be silent. I will stop my ears.

They were both silent. Camilla seemed to weep.

Now, my dear Chevalier, whispered the Marquis, put yourself in her sight; engage her into talk about England, or any thing: You will have an hour good before dinner. I hope she will be chearful at table: She *must* be present; our guests will enquire after her. Reports have gone out, as if her head is hurt.

I am afraid, my Lord, that this is an unseasonable moment. She seems to be out of humour; and, pardon me if I say, that Camilla, good woman as she is, and well-meaning, had better give way to her young Lady's humour, at such times.

Then, said the Marchioness, will her malady get head; then will it become habit. But my Lord and I will remain where we are, for a few minutes, and do you try to engage her in conversation. I would have her be chearful before the Patriarch, however; he will expect to see her. She is as much his delight, as she is ours.

I took a little turn; and entering the walk, which led to the temple, appeared in her sight; but bowed, on seeing her sitting in it. Her woman stood silent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. I quickened my steps, as if I would not break into her retirement, and passed by; but, by means of the winding walk, could hear what she said.

She arose; and stepping forward, looking after me, He is gone, said she. Learn, Camilla, of the Chevalier Grandison—

Shall I call him back, madam?

No. Yes. No. Let him go. I will walk. You may now leave me, Camilla: There is somebody in the garden who will watch me: Or you may stay, Camilla; I don't care which: Only don't talk to me when I wish you to be silent.

She went into an alley that crossed the alley in which I was, but took the walk that led from me. When we came to the centre of both, and were very near each other, I bowed; she courtesied; but not seeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made a motion, as if I would take another walk. She stopt. Learn of the Chevalier Grandison, Camilla, repeated she.

May I presume, madam? Do I not invade—

Camilla is a little officious to-day: Camilla has teized me. Are the poets of your country as severe upon womens tongues, as the poets of ours?

Poets, madam, of all countries, boast the same inspiration: Poets write, as other men speak, to their *feeling*.

So, Sir!—You make a pretty compliment to us poor women.

Poets have finer imaginations, madam, than other men; they therefore feel quicker: But as they are not often intitled to boast of judgment (for imagination and judgment seldom go together) they may, perhaps, *give* the cause, and then break out into satire upon the effects.

Don't I see before me, in the Orange-grove, my father and mother? I do. I have not kneeled to them to-day. Don't go, Chevalier.

She hastened towards them. They stopt. She bent her knee to each, and received their tender blessings. They led her towards me. You seemed engaged in talk with the Chevalier, my dear, said the Marquis. Your mamma and I were walking in. We leave you.—They did.

The best of parents! said she. O that I were a more worthy child!—Have you not seen them, Sir, *before* to-day?

I have, madam. They think you the worthiest of daughters; but they lament your thoughtful turn.

They are very good. I am grieved to give them trouble. Have they expressed their concern to you, Sir?—I will not be so petulant as I

was once before, provided you keep clear of the same subject. You are the confident of us all; and your noble and disinterested behaviour deservedly endears you to every-body.

They have been, this very morning, lamenting the melancholy turn you seem to have taken. With *tears* they have been lamenting it.

Camilla, you may draw near: You will hear your own cause supported. The rather draw near, and hear all the Chevalier seems to be going to say; because it may save you and me too a great deal of trouble.

Madam, I have done, said I.

But you must *not* have done. If you are commissioned, Sir, by my father and mother, I am, I *ought* to be, prepared to hear all you have to say.

Camilla came up.

My dearest young Lady, said I, What can I say? My wishes for your happiness may make me appear importunate: But what hope have I of obtaining your confidence, when your mother fails?

What, Sir, is aimed at? What is sought to be obtained? I am not very well: I used to be a very sprightly creature: I used to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; to visit, to receive visits: And I don't like to do any of these things now. I love to be alone: I am contented with my own company. Other company is, at times, irksome to me; and I can't help it.

But whence this sudden turn, madam, in a Lady so young, so blooming? Your father, mother, brothers, cannot account for it; and this disturbs them.

I see it does; and am sorry for it.

No other favourite diversion takes place in your mind. You are a young Lady of exemplary piety: You cannot pay a greater observance than you always paid, to the duties of religion.

You, Sir, an Englishman, an heretic, give me leave to call you; for are you *not* so?—Do *you* talk of piety, of religion?

We will not enter into this subject, madam: What I meant—

Yes, Sir, I know what you meant—And I will own, that I am, at times, a very melancholy strange creature. I know not whence the alteration; but so it is; and I am a greater trouble to myself than I can be to any-body else.

But, madam, there must be some cause—And for you to answer the best and most indulgent of mothers with sighs and tears only; yet no obstinacy, no sullenness, no petulance, appearing: All the same sweetness, gentleness, observance, that she ever rejoiced to find in her Clementina, still shining out in her mind. She cannot urge her *silent* daughter; her tenderness will not permit her to urge her: And how can you, my Sister (Allow of my claim, madam) How can

you still silently withdraw from such a mother? How can you, at other times, suffer *her* to withdraw, her heart full, her eyes running over, unable to stay, yet hardly knowing how to go, because of the *ineffectual* report she must make to your sorrowing father; yet the cause of this very great alteration (which they dread is growing into habit, at a time of life when you were to crown all their hopes) a Secret fast locked up in your own heart?

She wept, and turned from me, and leaned upon the arm of her Camilla; and then quitting her arm, and joining me, How you paint my obstinacy, and my mamma's goodness! I only wish—With all my soul, I wish—that I was added to the dust of my ancestors. I who was their comfort, I see, now, must be their torment.

Fie, fie, my sister!

Blame me not: I am by no means satisfied with *myself*. What a miserable being must she be, who is at variance with herself?

I do not hope, madam, that you should place so much confidence in your fourth brother as to open your mind to him: All I beg is, that you will relieve the anxious, the apprehensive heart of the best of mothers; and, by so doing, enable her to relieve the equally-anxious heart of the best of fathers.

She paused, stood still, turned away her face, and wept; as if half overcome.

Let your faithful Camilla, madam, be commissioned to acquaint your mamma—

But hold, Sir! (seeming to recollect herself) not so fast—*Open my mind*—What! whether I have any-thing to reveal, or not?—Insinuating man! You had almost persuaded me to think I had a Secret that lay heavy at my heart: And when I began to look for it, to oblige you, I could not find it. Pray, Sir—She stopt.

And pray, *madam* (taking her hand) Do not think of receding thus—

You are too free, Sir. Yet she withdrew not her hand.

For a brother, madam? Too free for a brother? And I quitted it.

Well, and what farther would my *brother*?

Only to implore, to beseech you, to reveal to your mamma, to your excellent, your indulgent—

Stop, Sir, I beseech you—What! Whether I have any-thing to reveal, or not?—Pray, Sir, *tell* me, *invent* for me, a Secret that is fit for me to own; and then, perhaps, if it will save the trouble of enquiries, I may make, at least, my *four* brothers easy.

I am pleased, however, madam, with your agreeable raillery. Continue but in this temper, and the Secret *is* revealed: Enquiry will be at an end.

Camilla, here, is continually teasing me with her *persuasions* to

be *in Love*, as she calls it: That is the silly thing, in our sex, which gives importance to yours. A young creature cannot be grave, cannot indulge a contemplative humour, but she must be in Love. I should hate myself, were I to put it in the power of any man breathing to give me uneasiness. I hope, Sir, I hope, that you, my *brother*, have not so poor, so low, so mean a thought of me.

It is neither *poor*, nor *low*; it is not *mean*, to be in Love, madam.

What! not with an improper object?

Madam!

What have I said? You want to—But what I have now said, was to introduce what I am going to tell you; that I saw your insinuation, and what it tended to, when you read to me those lines of your Shakespeare; which in your heart, I suppose, you had the *goodness*, or what shall I call it? to apply to me. Let me see if I can repeat them to you in their original English.

With the accent of her country, she very prettily repeated those lines:

——*She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.*——¹

Now, Chevalier, if you had any design in your pointing to these very pretty lines, I will only say, you are mistaken; and so are all those who affront and afflict me, with attributing my malady to so great a weakness.

I meant not at the *time*, madam—

Nor *now*, I hope, Sir—

Any such application of the lines. How could I? Your refusal of many Lovers; your declining the proposals of a man of the Count of Belvedere's consequence and merit; tho' approved of by every one of your friends; are convictions—

See, Camilla! interrupted me with quickness, the Chevalier is convinced!—Pray let me have no more of *your* affronting questions and conjectures on this subject. I tell you, Camilla, I would not be in Love for the world, and all its glory.

But, madam, if you will be pleased to assign one cause, to your mamma, for the melancholy turn your lively temper has taken, you will free yourself from a suspicion that gives you pain, as well as displeasure. Perhaps you are grieved, that you cannot comply with your father's views—Perhaps—

Assign one cause, again interrupted she—*Assign one cause!*—Why, Sir—I am not well—I am not pleased with myself—as I told you.

If it were any-thing that lay upon your mind, your conscience, madam, your confessor—

Would not make me easy. He is a good, but (*turning aside, and speaking low*) a severe man. Camilla hears not what I say [*Camilla dropt behind*]. He is more afraid of me, in some cases, than he need to be. And why? Because you have almost persuaded me to think charitably of people of different persuasions, by your noble charity for all mankind: Which I think, heretic as you are, forgive me, Sir, carries an appearance of true Christian goodness in it: Tho' Protestants, it seems, will persecute one another; but you would not be one of those, except you are one man in Italy, another in England.

Your mother, madam, will ask, If you have honoured me with any part of your confidence? Her communicative goodness makes her think every-body should be as unreserved as herself. Your father is so good as to *allow* you to explain yourself to me, when he wishes that I could prevail upon you to open your mind to me in the character of a fourth brother. My Lord the Bishop—

Yes, yes, Sir, interrupted she, all our family worships you almost. I have myself a very great regard for you, as the fourth brother who has been the deliverer and preserver of my third. But, Sir, who can prevail upon you, in any thing you are determined upon?—Had I any thing upon my heart, I would not tell it to one, who, brought up in error, shuts his eyes against conviction, in an article in which his everlasting good is concerned. Let me call you a Catholic, Sir, and I will not keep a thought of my heart from you. You shall *indeed* be my brother; and I shall free one of the holiest of men from his apprehensions on my conversing with so determined an heretic as he thinks you. Then shall you, *as my brother*, command those Secrets, if any I have, from that heart in which you think them locked up.

Why then, madam, will you not declare them to your mamma, to your confessor, to my Lord Bishop?

Did I not say, *If any I have*?

And is your reverend confessor uneasy at the favour of the family to me?—How causeless!—Have I ever, madam, talked with you on the subject of religion?

Well but, Sir, are you so obstinately determined in your errors, that there is no hope of convincing you? I really look upon you, as my papa and mamma first bid me do, as my *fourth* brother: I should be glad that *all* my brothers were of one religion. Will you allow Father Marescotti and Father Geraldino to enter into a conference with you on this subject? And if they answer all your objections, will you act according to your convictions?

I will not, by any means, madam, enter upon this subject.

I have long intended, Sir, to propose this matter to you.

You have often intimated as much, madam, tho' not so directly as now; but the religion of my country is the religion of my choice. I have a great deal to say for it. It will not be heard with patience by such strict professors as either of those you have named. Were I to be questioned on this subject before the Pope, and the whole Sacred College, I would not prevaricate: But good manners will make me shew respect to the religion of the country I happen to be in, were it the Mahometan, or even the Pagan; and to venerate the good men of it: But I never will enter into debate upon the subject as a traveller, a sojourner; that is a rule with me.

Well, Sir, you are an obstinate man, that's all I will say. I pity you; with all my soul I pity you: You have great and good qualities. As I have sat at table with you, and heard you converse on subjects that every one has in silence admired you for, I have often thought to myself, Surely this man was not designed for perdition!—But begone, Chevalier; leave me. You are an obstinate man. Yours is the *worst* of obstinacy; for you will not give yourself a *chance* for conviction.

We have so far departed from the subject we began upon, that it is proper to obey you, madam. I only beg that my Sister—

Not so far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine, interrupted she; and turned a blushing cheek from me—But *what* do you beg of your Sister?

That she will rejoice the most indulgent of parents, and the most affectionate of brothers, with a chearful aspect at table, especially before the Patriarch. Do not, madam, in silence—

You find, Sir, I have been talkative enough with *you*.—Shall we go thro' your Shakespeare's Hamlet' tonight?—Farewel, Chevalier. I will try to be chearful at table: But let not your eye, if I am not, reproach me.—She took another walk.

I was loth, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to impute to myself the consequence with this amiable Lady, that might but naturally be inferred from the turn which the conversation took; but I thought it no more than justice to the whole family, to hasten my departure: And when I hinted to Clementina, that I should soon take leave of them, I was rejoiced to find her unconcerned.

This, my good Miss Byron, is what I find in my patron's Letters relating to this conference. He takes notice, that the young Lady behaved herself at table as she was wished to do.

Mr. Grandison was prevailed upon, by the intreaties of the whole family, to suspend his departure for a few days.

The young Lady's melancholy, to the inexpressible affliction of

her friends, increased; yet she behaved with so much greatness of mind, that neither her mother nor her Camilla could persuade themselves that Love was the cause. They sometimes imagined, that the earnestness with which they solicited the interest of the Count of Belvedere with her, had hurried and affected her delicate spirits; and therefore they were resolved to say little more on that subject till they should see her disposed to lend a more favourable ear to it: And the Count retired to his own palace in Parma, expecting and hoping for such a turn in his favour: For he declared, That it was impossible for him to think of any other woman for a wife.

But Signor Jeronymo doubted not, all this time, of the cause; and, without letting any-body into his opinion, not even Mr. Grandison, for fear a disappointment would affect him, resolved to make use of every opportunity that should offer, in favour of the man he loved, from a principle of gratitude, that reigned with exemplary force in the breast of every one of this noble family; a principle which took the firmer root in their hearts, as the prudence, generosity, magnanimity, and other great and equally-amiable qualities of Mr. Grandison, appeared every day more and more conspicuous to them all.

I will soon, madam, present you with farther extracts from the Letters in my possession, in pursuance of the articles you have given me in writing. I am not a little proud of my task.

Continuation of Miss Byron's Letter

Begun p. 136

Can you not, Lucy, gather from the setting-out of this story, and the short account of it given by Sir Charles in the Library-conference, that I shall soon pay my duty to you all in Northamptonshire? I shall, indeed.

Is it not strange, my dear, that a father and mother, and brothers, so jealous as Italians, in general, are said to be, of their women; and so proud as this Bologna family is represented to be of their rank; should all agree to give so fine a man, as this is, in mind, person, and address, such free access to their daughter, a young Lady of Eighteen?'

Teach her English!—Very discreet in the father and mother, surely! And to commission him to talk with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wished her to marry!—Indeed you will say, perhaps, that by the *honourable* expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of listening to all that was to pass in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were justified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: If you will excuse these parents, you

may. But I say, that *any* body, tho' *not* of Italy, might have thought such a tutor as this was dangerous to a young Lady; and the more, for being a man of honour and family. In every case, the teacher is the obliger. He is called *master*, you know: And where there is a *master*, a *servant* is implied. Who is it that seeks not out for a married man, among the common tribe of tutors, whether professing music, dancing, languages, science of any kind? But a tutor such a one as *this*—

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their indiscretion.

I am this moment come from the doctor. I insinuated to him, as artfully as I could, some of the above observations. He reminded me, that the Marchioness herself had her education at Paris; and says, that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years; and that the French freedom begins to take place among the people of condition, in a very visible manner, of the Italian reserve. The women of the family of Porretta, particularly, he says, because of their learning, freedom, and conversableness, have been called, by their enemies, Frenchwomen.

But you will see, that honour, and the laws of hospitality, were Mr. Grandison's guard: And I believe a young flame may be easily kept under. But it is a grateful thing, Lucy, to all women, to have a man in Love, whether with ourselves, or not; and the more grateful, perhaps, the less prudent. Yet, *ought* it to be so? Sir Charles Grandison is used to do only what he *ought*. Dr. Bartlett once said, that the life of a good man was a continual warfare with his passions.

You will see, in the second conference between Mr. Grandison and the Lady, upon the melancholy way she was in, how artfully, yet, I must own, honourably, he reminds her of the *brotherly* character which he passes under to her! How officiously he *sisters* her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his *sister* too, you know! He has been *used* to this dialect, and to check the passions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confessing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almost gloried in it to them. Have not also his sisters detected me? While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable passage cited by her,

——Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.——

How do I admire her for her silence! But yet, had she been circumstanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been so *very* reserved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two cases?

Clementina's relations were all solicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character, of family, of fortune; and who is said to be a galant and an handsome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.

What difficulties had Clementina to contend with! It was *great* in her to endeavour to conquer a Love, that she could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conscience, acknowledge.

No wonder, then, that so excellent a young Lady suffered *Concealment, like a worm in the bud, to feed on her damask cheek.*

And is not suspense enough to make it pale, tho' it has not yet given it a *green and yellow* cast? O what tortures has suspense given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, so much in earnest in her own persuasion, take, in this second conference, could she have succeeded, in her solicitude for his change of religion!—Could that have been effected, I dare say she would have been less reserved, as to the *cause* of her melancholy; especially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy: If I write *more*, it will be all a recapitulation of the doctor's Letter. I can think of nothing else.

Harriet's relations were all solicitous, from the first, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's address; nor had *she*. And all his nearest and dearest friends were partial to her, and soon grew ardent in her favour.

Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reason to *endeavour* to conquer a passion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conscience, approved.

Suspense therefore, only, and not *concealment* (since every one called upon Harriet to acknowledge her Love) could feed on *her cheek*. *unconcealed*

LETTER XXIII

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Tuesday, Mar. 28*

LET me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles so much rejoiced the heart of Lord G. who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miss Grandison, till she left Colnebrooke; and got hither by our breakfast-time, this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L. and a civil one from Miss Grandison; but she is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O Lucy, where is the sense of parading it with a worthy man, of whose affection we have no reason to doubt, and whose visits we allow?

Silly men in Love, or pretending to be in Love, generally say hyperbolical things, all, in short, that could be said to a creature of superior order (to an angel), because they know not how to say polite, proper, or sensible things. In like manner, from the same defects in understanding, some of us women act as if we thought coyness and modesty the same thing; and others, as if they were sensible, that if they were not insolent, they must drop into the arms of a Lover upon his first question.

But Miss Grandison, in her behaviour to Lord G. is governed by motives of archness, and, I may say, downright roguery of temper. Courtship is play to her. She has a talent for raillery, and in no instance is so successful, yet so improper, as on that subject. She could not spare her brother upon it, tho' she suffered by it.

Yet had she a respect for Lord G. she could not treat him ludicrously. Cannot a witty woman find her own consequence, but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend?—Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to set it off.

She is indeed good-natured; and this is all Lord G. has to depend upon—Saving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her brother has over her. I told her, just now, that were I Lord G. I would not wish to have her mine, on any consideration. She called me silly creature, and asked me, If it were not one of the truest signs of Love, when men were most fond of the women who were least fit for them, and used them worst? These men, my dear, said she, are very sorry creatures, and know no medium. They will either, spaniel-like, fawn at your feet, or be ready to leap into your lap.

She has charming spirits: I wish I could borrow some of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a single drachm^t of those over-

lively ones which I see she will *play off* upon Lord G. Yet he will be pleased, at present, with any treatment from her; tho' he wants not feeling, as I can see already—Don't, Charlotte, said I to her, within this half-hour, let him find his own weight in your levity. He admires your wit; but don't let it wound him.

But perhaps she is the sprightlier, in order to give me; and Lord and Lady L. spirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehensive of the story, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: So is Miss Grandison: And my sweet Emily, as often as she may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my shoulder, and watches, with looks of Love, every turn of my eyes.

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this history of Clementina affords an excellent lesson for the good girl. She blesses me for the lectures I read her on this subject, and says, that she sees Love is a very subtle thing, and, like water, will work its way into the banks that are set up to confine it, if it be not watched, and dammed out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily asked my leave to do so. I think, said she, my *heart* loves her; but not so well as it does you. I long to know what my guardian will do about her. How *good* is it in her father and mother to love her so dearly! Her two elder brothers one cannot dislike; but Jeronymo is my favourite. He is a man worth saving; i'n't he, madam? But I pity her father and mother, as well as Clementina.

Charming young creature! What an excellent heart she has!

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his friends to-morrow, on the forest, in his way to Grandison-hall. The doctor says, he expects to hear from him, when there. What! will he go by this house, and not call in?—With all my heart—We are *only* sisters! Miss Grandison says, she'll be *hanged* (that is her word) if he is not *afraid of me*. Afraid of me! A sign, if he is, he knows not what a poor forward creature I am. But as he seems to be pre-engaged—Well, but I shall soon know every-thing, as to that. But sure he might call in, as he went by.

The doctor says, he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the Hall. It is a wonder, methinks, that he takes not Dr. Bartlett with him: Upon my word, I think he is a little unaccountable, such sisters as he has. Should *you* like it, Lucy, were he *your* brother? I really think his sisters are too acquiescent.

He has a great taste, the doctor tells us, yet not an expensive one; for he studies situation and convenience; and pretends not to level hills, or to force and distort nature; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be seen in his works, where he can possibly avoid

it. For he says, He would rather let a stranger be pleased with what he sees, as if it were *always* so; than to obtain comparative praise by informing him what it was in its former situation.

As he is to be a suitor for Lord W. before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I am here. He *may* court for others: He has had very little trouble of that sort for himself, I find.

A very disturbing thought is just come into my head: Sir Charles being himself in suspense, as to the catastrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over—As sure as you are alive, Lucy, he had seen my regard for him thro' the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehensive (*generously* apprehensive) for the heart of the poor fool; and so has suffered Dr. Bartlett to transcribe the particulars of the story, that they may serve for a check to the over-forward passion of your Harriet.

This thought excites my pride; and *that* my contempt of myself: Near borderers, Lucy! What a little creature does it make me, in my own eyes!—O Dr. Bartlett, your kindly-intended transcripts shall cure me: Indeed they shall.

But now this subject is got uppermost again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miss Grandison says, that I shall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, she says, when her brother is *absent*—Nor when he is *present*, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear; I must be so very careful of my punctilio!—No, thought I, in the true spirit of prudery, I will not go to Sir Charles's house for the world: And why? Because he is a single man; and because I think of something—that he perhaps has no notion of. But now I may go and visit his sister without scruple, may I not? For he perhaps thinks only of his Clementina—And is not this a charming difficulty got over, Lucy?—But, as I said, I will *soon* be with you.

I told Miss Grandison that I *would*, just now—Lovers, said she, are the weakest people in the world; and people of punctilio the most *un-punctilious*—You have not talked till *now* of going in such an hurry. Would you have it thought that you stayed in town for a *particular* reason? and, when that ceased, valued nobody else? She held up her finger—Consider! said she!

There is something in this, Lucy. Yet what *can* I do?

But Dr. Bartlett says, he shall soon give me another Letter.

Farewel, my Dear

LETTER XXIV

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Wednesday, Mar. 29

SIR CHARLES came hither this morning, time enough to breakfast with us.

Lady L. is not an early riser. I am sure this brother of hers is: So is Miss Grandison. If I say I *am*, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boasting, because you will, by so calling it, acknowledge Early rising to be a virtue: and if you thought it such, I am sure you would distinguish it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: This is the only point in which you and I have differed—And why have I in the main so patiently suffered this difference, and not tried to tease you out of it? Because my Lucy always so well employs her time when she is *awake*. But would not one the more wish that well-employed life to be made as long as possible?

I endeavoured to be very cheerful at breakfast: but I believe my behaviour was awkward, and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the question to the two sisters, Whether it was not so? they acquitted me—Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a sense of constraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpose to quarrel with him in my mind: for I could not get out of my head that degrading surmise, that he had permitted Dr. Barlow to hasten to me the history of Clementina, in order *generally* to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too strongly taken hold of my foolish heart.

But nothing of this was discoverable. Respect, tender respect, appeared, as the Ladies afterwards took notice, in every word, when he addressed himself to me, in every look that he cast upon me.

He studiously avoided speaking of the Bologna family. We were not indeed any of us fond of leading to the subject.

I am sure, I pitied *him*.

Pity, my dear, is a softer passion, I dare say, in the bosom of a woman, than in that of a man. There *is*, there *was*, *he*, I should fancy, more generosity, more tenderness, in the pity of the one, than in that of the other. In a man's pity (I write in the first case from my own sensibility, in the other from my apprehensions) there is, too probably, a mixture of insult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, must the woman be, who has drawn upon her the *deignest* pity of the man she loves!

The Ladies and Lord L. will have it, that Sir Charles's *Love*, however, is not so much engaged for Clementina as his *Compassion*.

They are my sincere friends: They see that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a first Love; and they generously endeavour to inculcate this distinction upon me: But to what purpose, when we evidently see, from what we already know of this story, that his engagements, be the motive what it will, are of such a nature, that they cannot be dispensed with while this Lady's destiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: And tenderness, I am sure, is the sole motive of my compassion for this fair Unfortunate.

Sir Charles set out, immediately after breakfast, for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to pass the evening with Lord W. We shall all go to town to-morrow.

With this I send the doctor's second packet. O my dear! What a noble young Lady is Clementina! What a purity is there in her passion! A Letter of Mrs. Beaumont (Mrs. Beaumont herself an excellent woman) will shew you, that Clementina deserves every good wish. Such a noble struggle did I never hear of, between Religion and Love. O Lucy! you will be delighted with Clementina: You will even, for a while, forget your Harriet; or, if you are just, will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young Lady do more honour to her sex, than is done it by Clementina! A flame, the most vehement, suppressed from motives of piety, till, poor Lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the Letter, and be lost, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in silent admiration of her fortitude! O my dear! she *must* be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandison! My reason, my justice, compels from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L. and the two Ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender concern. They say little. What *can* they say?—But they kindly applaud me for my unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young Lady. But where is *my* merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

Dr. Bartlett's second Letter

YOUR fourth enquiry, madam, is,

Whether the particularly chearful behaviour of the young Lady, on the departure of Mr. Grandison from Bologna, after a course of melancholy, is anywhere accounted for?

And your fifth is, *What were the particulars of Mrs. Beaumont's management of the Lady, at Florence, by which she brought her to own her Love, after she had so long kept it a secret from her mother, and all her family?*

What I shall transcribe, in order to satisfy you, madam, with regard to the fifth article, will include all that you can wish to be informed of, respecting the fourth.

But let me premise, That Mrs. Beaumont, at the request of the Marchioness, undertook to give an account of the health of the young Lady, and what effect the change of air, of place, and her advice, had upon her mind, after she had been at Florence for two or three days. She, on the fourth day of their being together, wrote to that Lady the desired particulars. The following is a translation of her Letter:

YOUR Ladyship will excuse me for not writing till now, when you are acquainted that it was not before last night that I could give you any tolerable satisfaction on the subject upon which I had engaged to do myself that honour.

I have made myself mistress of the dear young Lady's Secret. Your Ladyship guessed it, perhaps, too well. Love, but a pure and laudable Love, is the malady that has robbed her of her tranquillity for so long a space, and your splendid family of all comfort: But such a magnanimity, shewn or endeavoured at, that she deserves to be equally pitied and admired. What is it that the dear young Lady has not suffered in a conflict between her Duty, her Religion, and her Love?

The discovery, I am afraid, will not give pleasure to your family; yet certainly, in what must be, is better than suspense. You will think me a managing person, perhaps, from the relation I have to give you: But it was the task prescribed me; and you commanded me to be very minute in the account of all my dealings with her, that you might know how to conduct yourselves to her for the cure of the unhappy malady. I obey.

The first and second days, after our return to Florence, were passed in endeavouring to divert her, as our guest, in all the ways we could think of: But finding, that company was irksome to her, and that she only bore with it for politeness sake; I told the Ladies, that I would take her entirely into my own care, and devote my whole time to her service. They acquiesced. And when I told Lady Clementina of my intention, she rejoiced at it, and did me the honour to assure me, that my conversation would be balm to her heart, if she could enjoy it without mixt company.

Your Ladyship will see, however, from what I have mentioned of her regard for me, that I had made use of my time in the two past days to ingratiate myself into the favour of your Clementina. She will have me call her nothing but Clementina: Excuse therefore, madam, the freedom of my stile.

She engaged me last night to give her a lesson, as she called it, in an English author. I was surprised at her proficiency in my native tongue. Ah my dear! said I, what an admirable manner of teaching must your tutor have had, if I am to judge by the great progress you have made in so short a time, in the acquiring of a tongue that has not the sweetness of your own, tho' it has a force and expressiveness that is more than equal, I think, to any of the modern languages!

She blushed—Do you think so? said she—And I saw, by the turn of her eye, and her consciousness, that I had no need to hint to her Count Marulli, nor any other man.

I took upon me, without pushing her, just then, upon the supposed light dropt in from this little incident, to mention the Count of Belvedere with distinction, as the Marquis had desired I would.

She said, She could not by any means think of him.

I told her, that as all her family approved highly of the Count, I thought they were intitled to know her objections; and to judge of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of them. Indeed, my dear, said I, you do not, in this point, treat your father and mother with the dutifulness that their indulgence deserves.

She started. That is severely said, is it not, madam?

Consider of it, my dear, and if you pronounce it so, after an hour's reflexion, I will call it so, and ask your pardon.

I am afraid, said she, I am in fault. I have the best and most indulgent of parents. There are some things, some secrets, that one cannot be forward to divulge. One should perhaps be commanded out of them with a high hand.

Your acknowledgement, my dear, said I, is more generous than the occasion given for it: But if you will not think me impertinent—

Don't, don't, ask me too close questions, madam, interrupted she; I am afraid I can deny you nothing.

I am persuaded, my dear Clementina, that the mutual unbosoming of secrets is the cement of faithful Friendship, and true Love. Whenever any new turn in one's affairs happens, whenever any new lights open, the friendly heart rests not, till it has communicated to its fellow-heart the new lights, the interesting events; and this communicativeness knits the true Lover's knot still closer. But what a solitariness, what a gloom, what a darkness, must possess that mind that can trust no friend with its inmost thoughts! The big secret, when it is of an interesting nature, will swell the heart till it is ready to burst. Deep melancholy must follow—I would not for the world have it so much as thought, that I had not a soul large enough for friendship. And is not the essence of friendship communication, mingling of hearts, and emptying our very soul into that of a true friend?

Why that's true. But, madam, a young creature may be so circumstanced, as not to have a true friend; or, if she has near her a person to whom she *might* communicate her whole mind without doubt of her *fidelity*; yet there may be a forbiddingness in the person; a difference in years, in degree; as in my Camilla, who is, however, a very good woman—We people of condition, madam, have more courtiers about us than friends: But Camilla's fault is teasing, and always harping upon one string, and that by my friends commands: It would be therefore more laudable to open my mind to my mother, than to her; as it would be the same thing.

Very true, my dear: And as you have a mother, who is less of the mother than she would be of the sister, the friend; it is amazing to me, that you have kept such a mother in the dark so long.

What can I say?—Ah, madam!—There she stopt. At last said, But my mother is in the interest of the man I cannot love.

The question recurs—Are not your parents intitled to know your objections to the man whose interest they so warmly espouse?

I have no particular objections. The Count of Belvedere deserves a better wife than I can make him. I should respect him very much, had I a sister, and he made his addresses to her.

Well then, my dear Clementina, if I *guess* the reason why you cannot approve of the Count of Belvedere, will you tell me, with that candor, with that friendship, of the requisites of which we have been speaking, whether I am right or not?

She hesitated. I was silent in expectation.

She then spoke, I am *afraid* of you, madam.

You have reason to be so, if you think me unworthy of your friendship.

What is your guess?

That you are prejudiced in favour of some other man; or you could not, if you had a sister, wish her an husband that you thought unworthy of yourself.

I don't think the Count of Belvedere unworthy neither, madam.

Then my conjecture has received additional strength.

O Mrs. Beaumont! How you press upon me!

If impertinently, say so; and I have done.

No, no, not impertinently, neither; yet you distress me.

That could not be, if I were not right; and if the person were not too unworthy of you, to be acknowledged.

O Mrs. Beaumont! how closely you urge me! What can I say?

If you have any confidence in me—If you think me capable of advising you—

I *have* confidence: Your known prudence—And then she made me compliments, that I could not deserve.

Come, my dear Clementina, I will *guess* again—Shall I?

What would you guess?

That there is a man of low degree—Of low fortunes—Of inferior sense—

Hold, hold, hold—And do you think that the Clementina before you is sunk *so* low?—If you do, Why don't you cast the abject creature from you?

Well, then, I will *guess* again—That there is a man of a royal house; of superior understanding; of whom you can have no hope.

O Mrs. Beaumont! And cannot you guess that this prince is a Mahometan, when your hand is in?

Then, madam, and from the hints your Ladyship had given, I had little doubt that Clementina was in Love; and that religion was the apprehended difficulty. Zealous Catholics think not better of Protestants, than of Mahometans: Nor, indeed, are zealous Protestants without their prejudices. Zeal will be zeal, in persons of what-ever denomination.

I would not however, madam, like a sudden frost, nip the opening bud.

There is, said I, a young soldier of fortune, who has breathed forth passionate wishes for Clementina.

A soldier of fortune, madam! with an air of disdain. There cannot be such a man living, that can have his wishes answered.

Well, then, to say nothing of *him*; there is a Roman nobleman—a younger brother—of the Borghese house—Permit me to suppose *him* the man.

With all my heart, madam.

She was easy, while I was at a distance.

But if the Chevalier Grandison [She coloured at his name] has done him ill offices—

The Chevalier Grandison, madam, is incapable of doing *any* man ill offices.

Are you sure, madam, that the Chevalier has not art?—He has great abilities. Men of great abilities are not always to be trusted. They don't strike till they are sure.

He has *no* art, madam. He is *above* art. He *wants* it not. He is beloved where-ever he goes. He is equally noted for his prudence and freedom of heart. He is *above* art, repeated she, with warmth.

I own, that he deserves every-thing from your family. I don't wonder that he is caressed by you all: But it is amazing to me, that, in contradiction to all the prudent maxims and cautions of your country, such a young gentleman should have been admitted—I stopt.

Why, now, you don't imagine, that I—that I—She stopt, and hesitated.

A prudent woman would not put it in any man's power to give her a prejudice to persons of unexceptionable honour, and to manage—

Nay, madam, now has somebody prejudiced you against your countryman—He is the most disinterested of men.

I have heard young Ladies, when he was here, speak of him as an handsome man.

An handsome man! And is not Mr. Grandison an handsome man? Where will you see a man so handsome?

And do you think he is so *very* extraordinary a man, as to *sense*, as I have heard him reported to be? I was twice in his company—I thought, indeed, he looked upon *himself* as a man of consequence.

Nay, madam, don't say he is not a *modest* man. It is true, he knows when to speak, and when to be silent: But he is not a confident man; nor is he, in the least, conceited.

Was there so much bravery in his relieving your brother, as some people attribute to him in that happy event? Two servants and himself, well armed; the chance of passengers on the same road: The assassins that appeared but two; their own guilt to encounter with—

Dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont, with what prejudiced people have you conversed? The Scripture says, *A prophet has no honour in his own country*;¹ but Mr. Grandison has not much from his own country-woman.

Well, but did Mr. Grandison ever speak to you of any one man as a man worthy of your favour?

Did he!—Yes, of the Count of Belvedere. He was *more* earnest in his favour—

Really?

Yes, really—than I thought he ought to be.

Why so?

Why so!—Why because—because—Why what was it to him—you know?

I suppose he was put upon it—

I believe so.

Or he would not—

I believe, if the truth were known, you, Mrs. Beaumont, hate Mr. Grandison. You are the only person that I ever in my life heard speak of him, even with indifference.

Tell me, my dear Clementina, What are your sincere thoughts of Mr. Grandison, person and mind?

You may gather them from what I have said.

That he is an handsome man; a generous, a prudent, a brave, a polite man.

Indeed I think him to be all you have said: And I am not singular.¹

But he is a *Mahometan*—

A *Mahometan*! madam.—Ah, Mrs. Beaumont!

And ah, my dear Clementina!—And do you think I have not found you out?—Had you never known Mr. Grandison, you would not have scrupled to have been Countess of Belvedere.

And can you think, madam—

Yes, yes, my dear young Lady, I can.

My good Mrs. Beaumont, you don't know what I was going to say.

Be sincere, my dear young Lady. Cannot a Lover, talking to a second person, be sincere?

What! madam, a man of another religion! A man obstinate in his errors! A man who has never professed Love to me! A man of inferior degree! A man who owns himself absolutely dependent upon his father's bounty! His father living to the height of his estate!—Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, duty, religion—

Well then, I may safely take up the praises of Mr. Grandison: You have imputed to me, slight, injustice, prejudice against him: Let me now shew you, that the *Prophet HAS honour with his country-woman*. Let me collect his character from the mouth of every man who has spoken of him in my hearing or knowlege—His country has not in this age sent abroad a private man who has done it more credit. He is a man of honour in every sense of the word. If moral rectitude, if practical religion (your brother the Barone testifies this on his own experience) were lost in the rest of the world, it would, without glare or ostentation, be found in him. He is courted by the best, the wisest, the most eminent men, where-ever he goes; and he does good without distinction of religion, sects, or nation: His own countrymen boast of him, and apply to him for credentials to the best and most considerable men, in their travels thro' more countries than one: In France, particularly, he is as much respected as in Italy. He is descended from the best families in England, both by father and mother; and can be a Senator of it, whenever he pleases. He is heir to a very considerable estate, and is, as I am informed, courted to ally with some of the greatest families in it. Were he not born to a fortune, he would make one. You own him to be generous, brave, handsome—

O my dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont! All this is too much, 'oo much!—Yet all this I think him to be! I can no longer resist you. I own, I own, that I have no heart but for Mr. Grandison. And now, as I don't doubt but my friends set you to find out the love-sick girl, how shall I, who cannot disown a secret you have so fairly, and without condition, come at, ever look them in the face? Yet let

them know, (I will enable you to tell them) how all this came about, and how much I have struggled against a passion so evidently improper to be encouraged by a daughter of their house.

He was, in the first place, as well you know, the preserver of a beloved brother's life; and that brother afterwards owned, that had he followed his friendly advice, he never would have fallen into the danger from which he rescued him.

My father and mother presented him to me, and bid me regard him as a fourth brother; and it was not immediately that I found out that I *could* have but three brothers.

My brother's deliverer proved to be the most amiable and humane, and yet bravest of men.

All my friends caressed him. Neither family forms, nor national forms, were stood upon. He had free access to us all, as one of us.

My younger brother was continually hinting to me his wishes that I were his. Mr. Grandison was above all other reward; and my brother considered me in a kind light, as *able* to reward him.

My confessor, by his fears and invectives, rather confirmed than lessened my esteem for a man whom I thought injured by them.

His own respectful and disinterested behaviour to me contributed to my attachment. He always addressed me as his *sister*, when he put on the familiar friend, in the guise of a tutor: I could not therefore arm against a man I had no reason to suspect.

But still I knew not the strength of my passion for him, till the Count of Belvedere was proposed to me with an earnestness that alarmed me: Then I considered the Count as the interrupter of my hopes; and yet I could not give the reason *why* I rejected him. How *could* I, when I had none to give but my prepossession in favour of another man? A prepossession entirely hidden in my own heart.

But still I thought I would sooner die, than be the wife of a man of a religion contrary to my own. I am a zealous Catholic myself: All my relations are zealous Catholics. How angry have I been at this obstinate Heretic, as I have often called him; the first heretic, my dear Mrs. Beaumont (for once I did not love *you*) that my soul detested not! For he is as tenacious a Protestant as ever came out of England. What had he to do in Italy? Why did he not stay at home? Or why, if he must come abroad, did he stay so long among us; yet hold his obstinacy, as if in defiance of the people he was so well received by?

These were the reproaches that my heart in silence often cast upon him.

I was at first concerned only for his *soul's* sake: But afterwards, finding him essential to my earthly happiness, and yet resolving never to think of him if he became not a Catholic, I was earnest for

his conversion for my *own* sake; hoping that my friends indulgence to me would make my wishes practicable; for on his part, I doubted not, if that point were got over, he would think an alliance with our family an honour to him.

But when I found him invincible on this article, I was resolved either to conquer my passion, or die. What did I not undergo in my endeavours to gain this victory over myself! My confessor hurt me, by terrors; my woman teased me; my parents, and two elder brothers, and all my more distant relations, urged me to determine in favour of the Count of Belvedere. The Count was importunate: The Chevalier was importunate in the Count's behalf—Good heaven! What could I do?—I was hurried, as I may say: I had not time given me to weigh, ponder, recollect. How could I make my mother, how could I make *any-body* my confident? My judgment was at war with my passion; and I hoped it would overcome. I struggled; yet every day the object appearing more worthy, the struggle was too hard for me. O that I had had a Mrs. Beaumont to consult—Well might melancholy seize me—Silent melancholy!

At last the Chevalier was resolved to leave us. What pain, yet what pleasure, did this his resolution give me! Most sincerely I hoped, that his absence would restore my tranquillity.

What a secret triumph did I give myself, on my behaviour to him, before all my friends, on the parting evening!—My whole deportment was uniform. I was chearful, serene, happy in myself, and I made all my friends so. I wished him happy where-ever he set his foot, and whatsoever he engaged in. I thanked him, with the rest of my friends, for the benefits we had received from him, and the pleasure he had given us, in the time he had bestowed upon us; and I wished that he might never want a friend so agreeable and entertaining as he had been to us all.

I was the more pleased with myself, as I was not under a necessity of putting on stiffness or reserve to hide a heart too much affected. I thought myself secure, and stood out forwarder than he seemed to hope for, and with *more* than my offered hand, at the moment of his departure. I thought I read in his eyes a concern, for the first time, that called for a pity which I imagined I myself wanted not. Yet I had a pang at parting—When the door shut out the agreeable man, never again, thought I, to be opened to give him entrance! I sighed at the reflexion: But who perceived it?—I never could be insensible in a parting scene, with *less* agreeable friends: It was the easier for me to attribute to the gentleness of my heart, the instant sensibility. My father clasped me to his bosom: My mother embraced me, without mortifying me by saying for what. My brother, the bishop, called me twenty fond names; all my friends complimented

me, but only on my chearfulness, and said, I was once more their own Clementina. I went to rest, pleased that I had so happily acquitted myself, and that possibly I contributed to the repose of dear friends, whose repose I had been the cause of disturbing.

But, alas! this conduct was too great for the poor Clementina to maintain: My soul was too high set.—You know the rest; and I am lost to the joys of this life: For I never, never, will be the wife of a man, if I *might*, who by his religion is an enemy to the faith I never wavered in; nor would ever change, were an earthly crown on the head of the man I love to be the reward; and a painful death, in the prime of my life, the contrary.

A flood of tears prevented farther speech. She hid her face in my bosom. She sighed—Dear Lady! How she sighed!

This, madam, is the account I have to give of what has passed between your beloved Clementina and me. Never was there a more noble struggle between duty and affection; tho' her heart was too tender, and, in short, the man's merits too dazling, to allow it to be effectual. She is unwilling that I should send you the particulars: She shall be ashamed, she says, to look her father, her mother, in the face; and she dreads still more, if possible, her confessor's being made acquainted with the state of her heart, and the cause of her disorder. But I tell her, it is absolutely necessary for her mother to know every-thing that I know, in order to attempt a cure.

This cure, madam, I am afraid will never be effected, but by giving her in marriage to the happy man. I must think *him* so, who will be intitled, by general consent, to so great a blessing.

You, madam, will act in this affair as you judge proper: But if you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and Naples, get over your family-objections, you will perhaps find yourselves obliged, such are the young Lady's *own* scruples, on the score of religion, to take *pains* to persuade her to pursue her inclination, and accept Mr. Grandison for an husband.

Be this as it may, I would humbly recommend a gentle and soothing treatment of her. She never knew yet what the contrary was; and were she to experience *that* contrary now upon an occasion so very delicate, and in which her Judgment and her Love are, as she hints, at variance; I verily think, she would not be able to bear it.—That God direct you for the best, whom you and yours have always served with signal devotion!

I will only add, That since the secret which had so long preyed upon her fine spirits, is revealed, she appears to be much more easy than before; but yet she dreads the reception she shall meet with on her return to Bologna. She begs of me, when that return shall be ordered, to accompany her, in order to enable her, as she says, to

support her spirits. She is very desirous to enter into a nunnery. She says, She never can be the wife of any other man; and she thinks she ought not to be his, on whom her heart is fixed.

A word of comfort on paper, from your honoured hand, I know, madam, would do a great deal towards healing her wounded heart.

I am, madam, with the greatest veneration and respect,

Your Ladyship's

Most faithful humble servant,

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT

Let me add, my good Miss Byron, that the Marchioness sent an answer to this Letter expressing the highest obligation and gratitude to Mrs. Beaumont; and inclosed a Letter to her daughter, filled with tender and truly-motherly consolation; inviting her back to Bologna out of hand, and her amiable friend with her: Promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome; and assuring her, that every-thing should be done that *could* be done, to make her happy in her own way.

LETTER XXV

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Wedn. Night, Mar. 29

I INCLOSE, my Lucy, the doctor's *third* packet. From its contents you will pity Sir Charles, as well as Clementina; and if you enter impartially into the situation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a religion they are satisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's steadiness in his; you will also pity *them*. They are all good; they are all considerate. A great deal is to be said for them; tho' much more for Sir Charles, who insisted not upon that change of religion in the Lady, which they demanded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confessor, tho' not a martyr, one may call him, for his religion and country.—How deep was his distress! A mind so delicate as his, and wishing for the sake of the Sex, and the Lady and Family, as he did, rather to be repulsed by them, than to be obliged himself to decline their intended favour.

You will admire the Lady in her sweetly-modest behaviour, on his first visit before her mother; but more, for the noble spirit she endeavoured to resume in her conversation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my grandmother, and aunt Selby, for that noble apostrophe!—'But, O my

Religion and my Country! I cannot, cannot, renounce you! What can this short life promise, what can it give, to warrant such a sacrifice!’

Yet *her* conduct, you will find, is not inferior to *his*; firmly persuaded, as she is, of the truth of her religion; and loving him with an ardor that he had from the first restrained in himself from hopelessness?

But to admire her as she deserves, I should transcribe all she says, and his account of her whole behaviour.

O my dear! Who could have acted as Clementina acted!—Not, I fear,

Your HARRIET BYRON

Dr. Bartlett's third Letter

YOUR sixth command, madam, is,

To give you the particulars of Mr. Grandison's reception from the Marchioness and her Clementina, on his return to Bologna from Vienna, at the invitation of Signor Jeronymo.

Mr. Grandison was received at his arrival with great tokens of esteem and friendship, by the Marquis himself, and by the Bishop.

Signor Jeronymo, who still kept his chamber, the introducer being withdrawn, embraced him: And now, said he, is the affair, that I have had so long in view, determined upon. O Chevalier! you will be a happy man. Clementina will be yours: You will be Clementina's: And now indeed do I embrace my brother—But I detain you not: Go to the happy girl! She is with her mother, and both are ready to receive and welcome you. Allow for the gentle spirit: She will not be able to say half she thinks.

Camilla then appeared, to conduct me, says Mr. Grandison, to her Ladies, in the Marchioness's drawing-room. She whispered me in the passage: Welcome, thrice welcome, best of men! Now will you be rewarded for all your goodness!

I found the Marchioness sitting at her toilette, richly dressed, as in ceremony; but without attendants; even Camilla retired, as soon as she had opened the door for me.

The lovely Clementina stood at the back of her mother's chair. She was elegantly dressed: But her natural modesty, heightened by a glowing consciousness, that seemed to arise from the occasion, gave her advantages that her richest jewels could not have given her.

The Marchioness stood up. I kissed her hand—You are welcome, Chevalier, said she. The only man on earth that I could *thus* wel-

come, or is fit to be *so* welcomed!—Clementina, my dear!—turning round, and taking her hand.

The young Lady had shrunk back, her complexion varying; now glowing, now pale—Excuse her *voice*, said the condescending mother; her *heart* bids you welcome.

Judge for me, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how I must be affected at this gracious reception: I, who knew not the terms that were to be prescribed to me. ‘Spare me, dear Lady, thought I, spare me my Conscience, and take all the world’s wealth and glory to yourselves: I shall be rich enough with Clementina.’

The Marchioness seated her in her own chair. I approached her: But how *could* I with that grateful ardor, that, but for my doubts, would have sprung to my lips? Modest Love, however, was attributed to me; and I had the praise wholly for that which was but partly due to it.

I drew a chair for the Marchioness, and, at her command, another for myself. The mother took one hand of her bashful daughter: I presumed to take the other: The amiable Lady held down her blushing face, and reproved me not, as she did once before, on the like freedom, for being *too* free. Her mother asked me questions of an indifferent nature; as of my journey; of the courts I had visited since I left them; when I heard from England; after my father; my sisters: The latter questions in a kind way, as if she were asking after relations that were to be her own.

What a mixture of pain had I with the favour shewn me, and *for* the favour shewn me! For I questioned not but a change of religion would be proposed, and insisted on; and I had no doubt in my mind about my own.

After a short conversation the amiable daughter arose, courtesied low to her mother, with dignity to me; and withdrew.

Ah, Chevalier! said the Marchioness, as soon as she was gone, little did I think, when you left us, that we should so soon see you again; and on the account we see you: But you know how to receive your good fortune with gratitude. Your modesty keeps in countenance our forwardness.

I bowed—What could I say?

I shall leave, so will my Lord, particular subjects to be talked of, between the Bishop and you. You will, if it be not your own fault, have a treasure in Clementina; and a treasure with her. We shall do the same things for her, as if she had married the man we wished her to have when we thought her affections disengaged. You may believe we love our daughter—Else—

I applauded their indulgent goodness.

I can have no doubt, Mr. Grandison, that you love Clementina above all women.

[I had never seen the woman, Dr. Bartlett, that I *could* have loved so well, had I not restrained myself, at first, from the high notion I knew they had of their quality and rank; from considerations of the difference in religion; of the trust and confidence the family placed in me; and by the resolution I had made, as a guard to myself from the time of my entering upon my travels, of never aiming to marry a foreigner.]

I assured the Marchioness, that I was absolutely disengaged in my affections: That not having presumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that seemed to await me, I could hardly *yet* flatter myself that so great an happiness was reserved for me.

She answered, That I deserved it all: That I knew the value they had for me: That Clementina's regard was founded in virtue: That my character was my happiness: That, however, what the *world* would say, had been no small point with them; but that was as good as got over; and she doubted not but all that depended upon me, would, as well from generosity as gratitude, be complied with.

[Here, thought I, is couched the expectation: And if so, would to heaven I had never seen Italy!]

The Marquis joined his Lady and me soon after. His features had a melancholy cast. This dear girl, said he, has fastened upon me part of her malady. Parents, Chevalier, who are blessed with even *hopeful* children, are not always happy. This girl—But no more: She is a good child. In the general oeconomy of Providence, none of the sons of men are unhappy, but some others are the happier for it. Our son the Bishop will talk to you upon terms.

I have hinted to the Chevalier, my Lord, said the Marchioness, the happiness that awaits him.

How *does* the poor girl?—Bashful enough, I suppose!

Indeed, my Lord, she cannot look up, answered the Lady.

Poor thing! I supposed it would be so.

Why, why, thought I, was I suffered to see this mother, this daughter, before their conditions were proposed to me!

But what indulgent parents are these, Dr. Bartlett? What an excellent daughter? Yet not to be happy! But how much more unhappily circumstanced did I think myself!—I, who had rather have been rejected with disdain by twenty women in turn, than to be obliged to decline the honour intended me by a family I revered!

Thus far Mr. Grandison. This, madam, will answer your question, as to the VIth article; but I believe a few more particulars will be acceptable.

The Marquis led me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, into the chamber

of Signor Jeronymo. Your good fortune, Chevalier, said he, as we entered it, is owing to Jeronymo, who owes his life to you. I bless God, we are a family that know not what ingratitude means.

I made my acknowledgements both to father and son.

The Marquis then went into public affairs; and soon after left us together.

I was considering, whether I had best tell that sincere friend my apprehensions in relation to the articles of religion and residence; for he had with an air of humour congratulated me on the philosophical manner in which I bore my good fortune; when Camilla entered, and whispered me, of her own head, as she said, That her young Lady was just gone into the garden.

I dare say, it *was* of her own head: For Camilla has a great deal of good-nature, and is constantly desirous of obliging, where she thinks she shall not offend any-body.

Follow her then, said Jeronymo, who heard what Camilla said: Clementina perhaps expects you.

Camilla waited for me at the entrance into the garden. One word, Sir, if you please. I am afraid of the return of my young Lady's thoughtfulness. She says, she is ashamed of the poor figure she made before her mother: She is sure she must look mean in your eyes. A man to be sent for, Camilla, said she, in compliment to my weakness! Why did not my too indulgent father bid me conquer my folly, or die? O that I had not owned my attachment! 'Naughty Mrs. Beaumont! said she, Had it not been for you, my own bosom had contained the secret; till shame, and indignation against myself, had burst my heart!' She is resolved, she says, to resume a spirit becoming her birth and quality; and I am afraid of her elevations. Her great apprehensions are, that, with all this condescension of her parents, obstacles will arise on *your* part. If so, she says she shall not be able to bear her own reflexions, nor look her friends in the face.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, how have I, who have hitherto so happily escaped the snares by which the feet of unreflecting youth are often entangled by women of light fame, been embarrassed by perverse accidents that have arisen from my friendships with the *worthy* of the Sex! Was there ever a more excellent family than this?—Every individual of it is excellent. And is not their worthiness, and even their piety, the cause to which our mutual difficulties are owing?

But, O my Religion and my Country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What can this short life give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice!

I said nothing to Camilla, you may believe, of what I *could* or could *not* do; yet she saw my distress: She took notice of it. Being firmly persuaded of the excellency of her own religion, she wondered

that a man of reflexion and reading could be of a contrary one. Her heart, she said, as well as the heart of her young Lady, boded an unhappy issue to our Loves: Heaven avert it! said the honest woman: But what may we not fear by way of judgment, where a young Lady—Forgive me, Sir—prefers a man she thinks she ought *not* to prefer; and where a gentleman will not be convinced of errors which the Church condemns? ||

She again begged I would forgive her. I praised her good intention, and sincere dealing; and leaving her, went into the garden.

I found the young Lady in the Orange-grove. You have been in that garden, Dr. Bartlett.

She turned her face towards me, as I drew near her, and seeing who it was, stopt.

Clementina, armed with conscious worthiness, as if she had resumed the same spirit which had animated her on the eve of my departure from Bologna, condescended to advance two or three paces towards me.

Lovely woman, thought I, encourage the true dignity that shines in that noble aspect!—Who knows what may be our destiny?

I bowed. Veneration, esteem, and concern, from the thought of what *that* might be, all joined to make my obeisance profound.

I was going to speak. She prevented me. Her air and manner were great.

You are welcome, Sir, said she. My mamma bid me say welcome. I could not *then* speak: and she was so good to *you*, as to answer for my heart. My *voice* is now found: But tell me—Do I see the same generous, the same noble Grandison, that I have heretofore seen?—Or, do I see a man inclined to slight the creature whom her indulgent parents are determined to oblige, even to the sacrifice of all their views?

You see, madam, the same Grandison, his heart only oppressed with the honour done him; and with the fear that the happiness designed for him may yet be frustrated. If it should, how shall I be able to support myself?

[What a difficult situation, my dear Dr. Bartlett, was mine!—Equally afraid to urge my suit with ardor, or to be imagined capable of being indifferent to her favour!]

What do you fear, Sir?—You have grounds in your own heart, perhaps, for your fear. If you *have*, let me know them. I am not *afraid* to know them. Let me tell you, that I opposed the step taken. I declared, that I would sooner die, than it *should* be taken. It was to *YOU*, they said; and you would know how to receive as you ought the distinction paid you. I have a soul, Sir, not unworthy of the spirit of my ancestors: Tell me what you fear?—I only fear one

thing; and that is, that I should be thought to be more in your power than in my own.

Noble Lady! And think you, that while my happiness is not yet absolutely resolved upon, I have not *reason* to fear?—You will always, madam, be in your own power: You will be most so when in mine. My gratitude will ever prompt me to acknowledge your goodness to me as a condescension.

But say; tell me, Sir; Did you not, at first receiving the invitation, despise, in absence, the Clementina, that now perhaps, in presence, you have the *goodness* to *pity*?

O that the high-soul'd Clementina would not think so contemptibly of the man before her, as she *must* think, when she puts a question that would intitle him to infamy, could he presume to think an *answer* to it necessary!

Well, Sir; I shall see how far the advances made on the *wrong* side will be justified, or rather countenanced, by the advances, or, shall I say (I will if you please) *condescensions* to be made on *yours*.

[What a petulance, thought I!—But can the generous, the noble Clementina, *knowing* that terms will be proposed, with which in honour and conscience I cannot comply, put my regard for her on such a test as this?—I will not suppose that she is capable of mingling art with her magnanimity.]

Is this, madam, said I, a generous anticipation? Forgive me: But when your friends are so good as to think me incapable of returning ingratitude for obligation, I hope I shall not be classed, by their beloved daughter, among the lowest of mankind.

Excuse me, Sir; the woman who has been once wrong, has reason to be always afraid of herself. If *you* do not think meanly of me, I will endeavour to think well of *myself*; and then, Sir, I shall think better of *you*, if better I *can* think: For, after all, did I not more mistrust *myself* than I do *you*, I should not perhaps be so capricious as, I am afraid, I sometimes am.

The Marquis has hinted to me, madam, That your brother the Bishop is to discourse with me on the subject now the nearest to my heart of all others: May I presume to address myself to their beloved daughter upon it, without being thought capable of endeavouring to prepossess her in my favour before my Lord and I meet?

I will answer you frankly, Sir: There are preliminaries to be settled; and, till they are, I that *know* there are, do not think myself at liberty to hear you upon *any* subject that may tend to prepossession.

I acquiesce, madam: I would not for the world be thought to wish for the honour of your attention, while it is improper for you to favour me with it.

[I did not know, Dr. Bartlett, but upon a supposition of a mutual interest between us, as I had hoped she would allow, Clementina might *wish* that I would lead to some particular discourse. Tho' modesty becomes ours as well as the other sex, yet it would be an indelicacy not to prevent a Lady, in some certain cases. But thus discouraged,] Perhaps, madam, said I, the attendance I do myself the honour to pay you here, may not be agreeable to the Marquis.

Then, Sir, you will choose, perhaps, to withdraw. But don't—Yes, do.

I respectfully withdrew; but she taking a winding alley, which led into that in which I slowly walked, we met again. I am afraid, said she, I have been a little petulant: Indeed, Sir, I am not satisfied with myself. I *wish*—And there she stopt.

What, madam, do you wish? Favour me with your wishes. If it be in my power—

It is *not*, interrupted she. I wish I had not been at Florence. The Lady I was with, is a good woman; but she was too hard for me. Perhaps (and she sighed) had I not been with *her*, I had been at rest, and happy, before now; but if I had *not*, there is a pleasure, as well as pain, in melancholy. But now I am *so* fretful!—If I hated the bitterest enemy I have, as *much* as at times I hate myself, I should be a very bad creature.

This was spoken with an air so melancholy, as greatly disturbed me. God grant, thought I, that the articles of Religion and Residence may be agreed upon between the Bishop and me!

Here, my good Miss Byron, I close this Letter. Sir Charles has told you, briefly, the event of the conference between the Bishop and him; and I hasten to obey you in your next article.

LETTER XXVI

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Thursday Morn. Mar. 30

I SEND you now inclosed the doctor's fourth Letter. I believe I must desire my grandmamma and my aunt Selby to send for me down.

We shall all be in London this evening.

Would to Heaven I had never come to it!—What of pleasure have I had in it?—This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—But for *him*, I had been easy and happy; since but for *him*, I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandison; never had known him. Fame might perhaps have brought to my ears, in general conversa-

tion, as other persons of distinction are talked of, some of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without costing me one sigh. And yet, had it been so, I should then have known none of those lively sensibilities that have mingled pleasure with my pain or the pride I have had in being distinguished as a sister to the sisters of so extraordinary a man. O that I had kept my foolish heart free! I should then have had enough to boast of for my whole life, enough to talk of to every one. And when I had been asked by my companions and intimates, What diversions, what entertainments, I had been at? I should have said, 'I have been in company and conversed with SIR CHARLES GRANDISON; and been favoured and distinguished by all his family.' And I should have passed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work and read with me at Selby-house, in answering their questions about all these; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of *The Fine Gentleman*; and my young friends would have come about me, and asked me to tell them something more of *The Excellent Man*.

But now my ambition has overthrown me: Aiming, wishing to be every-thing, I am nothing. If I am asked about him, or his sisters, I shall seek to evade the subject; and yet, what other subject can I talk of? For what have I seen; what have I known, since I left Northamptonshire, but Him and Them; and what must lead to Him and Them? And what indeed but Him and Them, since I have known this family, have I wished to see, and to know?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I see, suffered my childish fancies to delude me into a short forgetfulness of *his*, of *every-body's* distresses!—But, O my Lucy, my heart is torn in pieces; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's sake, than for my own! How severely do I pay for my curiosity! Yet it was necessary that I should know the worst. So Sir Charles seems to have thought, by the permission he has given to Dr. Bartlett, to oblige me, and through me, his sisters, and all you my own friends.

Your pity will be more raised on reading the Letter I inclose, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family; none of whom, tho' all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronymo, and be pleased with the young Lady's faithful Camilla: But, my dear, there is so much tenderness in Sir Charles's woe—It must be Love—But he *ought* to love Clementina. She is a glorious, tho' unhappy, young creature. I must not have one spark of generosity left in my heart, I must be lost wholly in *Self*, if I did not equally admire and love her.

Dr. Bartlett's fourth Letter

As I remember, madam, Sir Charles mentions to you, in a very pathetic manner, the distress he was in when the terms and conditions, on which he was to be allowed to call the noble Clementina his, were proposed to him; as they were by the Bishop. He has briefly told you the terms, and his grief to be obliged to disappoint the expectation of persons so deservedly dear to him. But you will not, I believe, be displeased, if I dwell a little more on these particulars, tho' they are not commanded from me.

The Bishop, when he had acquainted Mr. Grandison with the terms, said, You are silent, my dear Grandison: You hesitate. What, Sir! Is a proposal of a daughter of one of the noblest families in Italy; that daughter a *Clementina*; to be slighted by a man of a private family; a foreigner; of dependent fortunes; her dowry not unworthy of a Prince's acceptance? Do you hesitate upon such a proposal as this, Sir? *hesitates*

My Lord, I am grieved, rather than surprised, at the proposal: I was apprehensive it would be made. My joy at receiving the condescending invitation, and at the honours done me, on my arrival, otherwise would have been immoderate.

A debate then followed, upon some articles in which the Church of Rome and the Protestant Churches differ. Mr. Grandison would fain have avoided it; but the Bishop, supposing he should have some advantages in the argument, which he met not with, would not permit him. He was very warm with Mr. Grandison more than once, which did not help his cause.

The particulars of this debate I will not at this time give you: They would carry me into great length; and I have much to transcribe, that I believe, from what Sir Charles has let me see of your manner of writing to your friends, you would prefer. To that I will proceed; after a passage or two, which will shew you how that debate, about the difference in Religion, went off.

You will call to mind, Chevalier, said the Bishop, that your church allows of a possibility of salvation out of its pale—Ours does not.

My Lord, our church allows not of its members indulging themselves in capital errors, against conviction: But I hope that no more need to be said on this subject.

I think, replied the Bishop, we will quit it. I did not expect that you were so firmly rooted in error, as I find you: But to the point on which we began: I should think it an extraordinary misfortune, were we to find ourselves reduced to the necessity of reasoning a

private man into the acceptance of our sister Clementina. Let me tell you, Sir, that were she to know that you *but hesitate*—He spoke with earnestness, and reddened.

Pardon an interruption, my Lord: You are disposed to be warm. I will not so much as *offer* to defend myself from any imputations that may, in displeasure, be cast upon me, as if I were capable of slighting the honour intended me of a Lady who is worthy of a Prince. I am persuaded that your Lordship cannot think such a defence necessary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconsiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of ancestors, whom hitherto I have not disgraced, will give me consideration. But what, my Lord, is ancestry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condescending invitation. Your Lordship would not persuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and since, as you have heard, I have something to offer, when called upon, in support of them.

You will consider this matter, my dear Chevalier. It is you, I think, that are disposed to be warm; but you are a valuable man. We, as well as our sister, wish to have you among us: Our church would wish it. Such a proselyte will justify us to every other consideration, and to all our friends. Consider of it, Grandison; but let it not be known to the principals of our family, that you think consideration necessary: The dear Clementina, particularly, must not know it. Your *person*, Chevalier, is not so dear to the excellent creature, as your *soul*. Hence it is, that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame so pure, and so bright.

My distress, my Lord, is beyond the power of words to describe. I revere, I honour, and will to my last hour, the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur or nobility. Their sons—You know not, my Lord, the pride I have always had to be distinguished even by a nominal relation to *them*: And give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you prescribe, and I shall be happy beyond my highest wish. I desire not dowry with her. I have a father on whose generosity and affection I can rely. But I must repeat, my Lord, that my principles are so well known, that I hoped a compromise would be accepted—I would not for the world compel your sister. The same liberty that I crave, I would allow.

And will you not take time, Sir, to consider? Are you absolutely determined?

If your Lordship knew the pain it gives me to say that *I am*, you would pity me.

Well, Sir, I am sorry for it. Let us go in to Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever since he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, Chevalier, have no affections.

I thank God, said I, that your Lordship does not do me justice.

He led me into his brother's apartment.

There, what did I not suffer, from the Friendship, from the Love of that brother, and from the urgency of the Bishop! But what was the result?

The Bishop asked me, If he were to conduct me to his father, to his mother, to his sister? Or to allow me to depart without seeing them?—This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to be thus indicated. I respectfully bowed. I recommended myself to the favour of the two brothers, and thro' them to that of the three truly-respectable persons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart sorely distressed.

I was unable to stir out for the remainder of the day. The same chair into which I threw myself, upon my first coming in, held me for hours.

In the evening Camilla, in disguise, made me a visit. On my servant's withdrawing, revealing herself, O Sir, said she, what a distracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiousness: I cannot stay. But let me just tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generosity will suggest to you, what is best to be done.

As soon as you were gone, my Lord Bishop acquainted my Lady Marchioness with what had passed between you. O Sir! you have an affectionate friend in Signor Jeronymo. He endeavoured to soften every-thing. My Lady Marchioness acquainted my Lord with the Bishop's report. I never saw that good nobleman in such a passion. It is not necessary to tell you what he said—

In a passion with *me*, Camilla!

Yes. He thought the whole family dishonoured, Sir.

The Marquis della Porretta is the worthiest of men, Camilla, said I. I honour him.—But proceed.

The Marchioness, in the tenderest manner, broke the matter to my young Lady: I was present. She apprehended, that there might be occasion for my attendance, and commanded me to stay.

Before she could speak all she had to say, my young Lady threw herself on her knees to her mamma, and blessing her for her goodness to her, begged her to spare the rest. I see, said she, that I, a daughter of the Porretta family, *your* daughter, madam, am refused. Palliate not, I beseech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough, that I am refused. Surely, madam, your Clementina is not so base in spirit, as to need your maternal consolation on such a contempt as this. I feel for my papa, for you, madam, and for my brothers, I feel the indignity. Blessings follow the man where-ever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own master; and now

he has made me my own mistress. Never fear, madam, but this affair now will sit as light upon me, as it ought. His humility will allow him to be satisfied with a meaner wife. You, madam, my papa, my brothers, shall not find *me* mean.

The Marchioness embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved daughter. She brought my Lord to her, and reported what her daughter had said: He also tenderly embraced the dear young Lady, and rejoiced in her assurances, that now the cure was effected.

But, unseasonably, as the event shewed, Father Marescotti, being talked with, was earnest to be allowed to visit her: Then, he said, was the proper time, the very crisis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

I was bid to tell her, that his Reverence desired to attend her.

O let me go, said she, to Florence; to my dear Mrs. Beaumont!—To-morrow morning let me go; and not see Father Marescotti, till I can see him as I wish to see him!

But the good Father prevailed: He meant the best.

He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When her mamma went to her, she found her spiritless, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was silent to two or three of her mother's questions; and when she *did* speak, it was with wildness; but declaring, without being solicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, against marrying him, or any man in the world.

Her mother told her, she should go to Florence, as soon as she pleased: But then the humour was off. Would to Heaven she had gone before she saw his Reverence! So they all now wish.

Camilla, said she to me, when we were alone, Was it necessary to load the Chevalier Grandison? Was it necessary to inveigh against him? It was ungenerous to do so. Was the man obliged to have the creature whose forwardness had rendered her contemptible in his eyes? I could not bear to hear him inveighed against. But never, never, let me hear his name mentioned. But, Camilla, I cannot bear being despised, neither.

She arose from her seat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks: She raves: She starts: She neither sits nor stands with quietness—She walks up and down her room, at other times, with passion and hurry; yet weeps not, tho' she makes every-body else weep. She speaks to herself, and answers herself; and, as I guess, repeats part of the talk that passed between Father Marescotti and her: But still, *To be despised!* are the words she oftenest repeats.—*Jesu!* once, said she—*To be despised!*—And by an English Protestant! Who can bear that?

In this way, Sir, is Lady Clementina. The sweetest creature!—I see, I see, you have compassion, Sir! You never wanted humanity!

Generosity is a part of your nature! I am sure you love her—I *see* you love her—I pain your noble heart!—Indeed, indeed, Sir, Lady Clementina's Love extended beyond the limits of this world: She hoped to be yours to all eternity.

Well might Camilla, the sensible, the faithful, the affectionate Camilla, the attendant from infant years of her beloved Clementina, thus run on, without interruption. I could not speak. And had I been able, to what purpose should I have pleaded to Camilla the superior attachment which occasioned an anguish that words cannot describe?

What can I say, but thank you, my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eased your own heart; but you have loaded mine—Nevertheless, I thank you. Would to Heaven that your Lady's own wishes had been complied with; that she had been encouraged to go to the excellent Mrs. Beaumont! The first natural impulses of the distressed heart often point out the best alleviation. Would to Heaven they had been pursued! I have great dependence on the generous friendship of Signor Jeronymo. All that is in my power to do, I will do. I honour, I venerate, every one of the truly-noble family: I never can deserve their favour. On all occasions, Camilla, let them know my devotion to them.

I beg of God, said she, to put it into your heart to restore the tranquillity of a family that was, till lately, the happiest in Bologna. It may not be yet too late. I beg you to excuse my officiousness. Pray take no notice that I have waited on you. I shall be wanted.

She was hastening away. Good Camilla, said I, taking a ring of some value from my finger, and forcing it upon hers (she is above accepting of pecuniary presents, and struggled against this), Accept this as a remembrance, not acknowledgement. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta, and so have no opportunity again to see the equally faithful and obliging Camilla.

What other conditions could have been prescribed, Dr. Bartlett, that I should have refused to comply with? How was I anew distressed, at the account Camilla gave me! But my great consolation in the whole transaction is, that my own heart, on the maturest deliberation, acquits me: And the rather, as it is impossible for me to practise a greater piece of self-denial: For can there be on earth a nobler Lady than Clementina?

The next morning, early, Mr. Grandison received the following Letter from his friend Signor Jeronymo. I translated it, my good Miss Byron, at the time I received it. I will send you the translation, only.

My dear Chevalier!

Shall I blame you?—I cannot. Shall I blame my father, my mother?—They blame themselves, for the free access you were allowed to have to their Clementina; yet they own, that you acted nobly. But they had forgot that Clementina had eyes. Yet who knew not her discernment? Who knew not her regard for merit, wherever she found it? Can I therefore blame my sister?—Indeed, no. Has she a *brother* whom I can blame?—No. But ought I not to blame myself? The dear creature owned, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, that my declaration in your favour, which was made long before you knew it, was one of her influences. Must I therefore accuse myself?—If I regard my intention, gratitude, for a life preserved by you, and for a sense of my *social* duties (soul as well as body indebted to you, tho' a Protestant yourself) will not suffer it. Is there then nobody whom we can blame for the calamity befallen us?—How strangely is that calamity circumstanced!

But is there so irreconcilable a difference between the two religions?—There is: The Bishop says there is: Clementina thinks there is: My father, my mother, think there is.

But does *your* father think so? Will you put the whole matter on that issue, Chevalier?

O no, you will not. You are as determined as we are: Yet, surely, with less reason.

But I debate not the matter with you. I know you are a master of the question.

But what is to be done? Shall Clementina perish? Will not the gallant youth, who ventured his life so successfully to save a brother, exert himself to preserve a sister?

Come, and see the way she is in—Yet they will not admit you into her presence while she is in that way.

The sense she has of her dignity debased, and the perpetual expostulations and apprehensions of her zealous confessor—Can the good man think it his duty to wound and tear in pieces a mind tenacious of its honour, and of that of the Sex? At last, you see, I have found somebody to accuse.—But I come to my motive of giving you this trouble.

It is to request you to make me a visit. Breakfast with me, my dear Chevalier, this morning. You will perhaps see nobody else.

Camilla has told me, and *only* me, that she attended you last night: She tells me how greatly you are grieved. I should renounce your friendship, were you *not*. At my soul, I pity you, because I knew, long since, your firm attachment to your religion; and because you love Clementina.

I wish I were able to attend *you*; I would save you the pain of this visit; for I know it must pain you: But come, nevertheless.

You hinted to my brother, that you thought, as your principles were so well known, a compromise would be accepted—Explain yourself to me upon this compromise. If I can smooth the way between you—Yet I despair that any-thing will do but your conversion. They love your soul; *they* think they love it better than you do yourself. Is there not a merit in them, which you cannot boast in return?

The General, I hear, came to town last night: We have not seen him yet. He had business with the Gonfaloniere.¹ I think you must not meet. He is warm. He adores Clementina. He knew not, till last night, that the Bishop broke it to him at that magistrate's, our unhappy situation. What a disappointment! One of the principal views he had in coming was, to do you honour, and to give his sister pleasure. Ah, Sir! he came to be present at two solemn acts: The one your Nuptials, in consequence of the other.—You must not meet. It would go to my heart, to have offence given you by any of my family, especially in our own house.

Come, however; I long to see you, and to comfort you, whether your hard heart (I did not use to think it a hard one) will allow you, or not, to give comfort to

*Your ever-affectionate
and faithful friend,*

JERONYMO della PORRETTA

I accepted of the invitation. My heart was in this family: I longed, before this Letter came, to see and to hear from it. The face of the meanest servant belonging to it would have been *more* than welcome to me. What, however, were my hopes? Yet, do you think, Dr. Bartlett, that I had not pain in going; a pain that took more than its turn, with the desire I had once more to enter doors that used to be opened to me with so much pleasure on both sides?

Dr. Bartlett's fifth Letter

MR. Grandison thus proceeds: I was introduced to Signor Jeronymo. He sat expecting me. He bowed more stiffly than usual, in return to my freer compliment.

I see, said I, that I have lost my friend.

Impossible, said he. It cannot be.

Then speaking of his sister, Dear creature! said he. A very bad night. My poor mother has been up with her ever since Three o'clock: Nobody else has any influence with her. These talking fits are worse than her silent ones.

What could I say? My soul was vexed. My friend saw it, and was grieved for me. He talked of indifferent things. I could not follow him in them.

He then entered upon the subject that would not long allow of any other. I expect the General, said he. I will not, I think, have you see each other. I have ordered notice to be given me before any one of the family is admitted, while you are with me. If you choose not to see the General, or my father or mother, should they step in to make their morning compliments, you can walk down the back-stairs into the garden, or into the next chamber.

I am not the least sufferer in this distress, replied I. You have invited me. If on your own account you would have me withdraw, I will; but else I cannot conceal myself.

This is like you. It is you yourself. O Grandison! that we could be *real* brothers!—In soul we are so. But what is the compromise you hinted at?

I then told him, That I would reside one year in Italy, another in England, by turns, if the dear Clementina would accompany me; if not, but three months in England, in every year. As to religion, she should keep her own; her confessor only to be a man of known discretion.

He shook his head. I'll propose it as from yourself, if you would have me do so, Chevalier. It would do with me; but will not with any-body else. I have undertaken for more than that already; but it will not be heard of. Would to God, Chevalier, that you, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes.—But I know you have a great deal to say on this subject, as you told my brother. New converts, added he, may be zealous; but you old Protestants, Protestants by descent, as I may say, 'tis strange you should be so very stedfast. You have not many young gentlemen, I believe, who would be so very tenacious; such offers, such advantages—And surely you must love my sister! All our family, you surely love. I will presume to say, they deserve your love; and they give the strongest proofs that can be given of their regard for you.

Signor Jeronymo expected not an argumentative answer to what he said. My stedfastness was best expressed; and surely it was sufficiently expressed (the circumstances of the case so interesting) by silence.

Just then came in Camilla. The Marchioness, Sir, knows you are here. She desires you will not go till she sees you. She will attend you here, I believe.

She is persuading Lady Clementina to be blooded. She has an aversion to that operation. She begs it may not be done. She has been hitherto, on that account, bled by leaches.¹ The Marquis and

the Bishop are both gone out. They could not bear her solicitations to them to *save* her, as she called it.

The Marchioness soon after entered—Care, melancholy, yet tenderness, was in her aspect: Grief for her daughter's malady seemed fixed in the lines of her fine face. Keep your seat, Chevalier. She sat down, sighed, wept; but would not have had her tears seen.

Had I not been so deeply concerned in the cause of her grief, I could have endeavoured to comfort her. But what could I say? I turned my head aside. I would also have concealed *my* emotion, but Signor Jeronymo took notice of it.

The poor Chevalier, kindly said he, with an accent of compassion—

I don't doubt it, answered she, as kindly, tho' he spoke not out what he had to say. He may be obdurate; but not ungrateful.

Excellent woman! How was I affected by her generosity! This was taking the direct road to my heart. You know that heart, Dr. Bartlett, and what a task it had.

Jeronymo enquired after his sister's health; *I* was afraid to enquire.

Not worse, I hope; but so talkative! poor thing! She burst into tears.

I presumed to take her hand—O Madam! Will no compromise! Will no—

It ought not, Chevalier. I cannot urge it. We know your power, *too well* we know your power over the dear creature. She will not be long a Catholic, if she be yours; and you know what we then should think of her precious soul!—Better to part with her for ever—Yet, how can a mother—Her tears spoke what her lips could not utter.

Recovering her voice, I have left her, said she, contending with the doctors against being let blood. She was so earnest with me to prevent it, that I could not stay. It is over by this time—She rang.

At that moment, to the astonishment of all three, in ran the dear Clementina herself.—A happy escape! Thank God! said she—Her arm bound up.

She had felt the lancet; but did not bleed more than two or three drops.

O my mamma! And *you* would have run away from me too, would you!—You don't use to be cruel; and to leave me with these doctors—See! see! and she held out her lovely arm a little bloody, regarding nobody but her mother; who, as well as we, was speechless with surprize—They did attempt to wound; but they could not obtain their cruel ends—And I ran for shelter to my mamma's arms (throwing hers about her neck)—Dearest, dearest madam, don't let me be sacrificed. What has your poor child done, to be thus treated?—

O my Clementina!

And O my mamma, too! Have I not suffered enough!—

The door opened. She cast her fearful eye to it, clinging faster to her mother.—They are come to take me! Begone, Camilla (It was she) begone, when I bid you! They sha'n't take me—My mamma will save me from them—Won't you, my mamma? clasping more fervently her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom. Then lifting up her face, Begone, I tell you, Camilla. They sha'n't have me.—Camilla withdrew.

Brother! my dear brother! you will protect me: won't you?

I arose. I was unable to bear this affecting scene—She saw me.

Good God! said she.—Then in English breaking out into that line of Hamlet, which she had taken great notice of, when we read that play together—

*Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!*¹

She left her mother, and stept gently towards me, looking earnestly with her face held out, as if she were doubtful whether it were I, or not.

I snatched her hand, and pressed it with my lips—O madam!—Dearest Lady!—I could say no more.

It is he! It is he, indeed, madam! turning her head to her mother, one hand held up, as in surprize, as I detained the other.

The son's arms supported the almost fainting mother; his tears mingling with hers.

For God's sake! for my sake, dear Grandison! said he, and stopt.

I quitted Clementina's hand; Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had weakened him, and I hastened to support the Marchioness.

O Chevalier! spare your concern for me, said she. My child's head is of more consequence to me, than my own heart.

What was it of distress that I did not at that moment feel!

The young Lady turning to us—Well, Sir, said she, Here is sad work! Sad work, to be sure! Some-body is wrong: I won't say who.—But *you* will not let these doctors use me ill—Will you?—See here! shewing her bound-up arm to me—what they would have done!—See! They did get a drop or two; but no more. And I sprung from them, and ran for it.

Her mother then taking her attention, My dearest mamma! How do you!—

O my child! and she clasped her arms about her Clementina.

Camilla came in. She added by *her* grief to the distressful scene. She threw her arms, kneeling, about the Marchioness: O my dearest Lady! said she.—The Marchioness feeling for her *salts*, and taking

them out of her pocket, and smelling to them; Unclasp me, Camilla, said she: I am better. Are the doctors gone?

No, madam, whispered Camilla: But they say, It is highly proper; and they talk of blistering!—

Not her head, I hope!—The dear creature, when she used to value herself upon any-thing, took pride, as well she might, in her hair.

Now you are whispering, my mamma—And this impertinent Camilla is come—Camilla, they shall not have me, I tell you!—See, barbarous wretches! what they have done to me already!—again holding up her arm, and then with indignation tearing off the fillet.

Her brother begged of her to submit to the operation. Her mother joined her gentle command—Well, I won't love you, brother, said she: You are in the plot against me—But *here* is one who *will* protect me; laying her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly in my face, with such a mixture of woe and tenderness in her eye, as pierced my very soul.

Persuade her, Chevalier, said the Marchioness.

My good young Lady, Will you not obey your mamma? You are not well. Will you not be well? See how you distress your noble brother!

She stroked her brother's cheek (It was wet with his tears) with a motion inimitably tender, her voice as inimitably soothing—Poor Jeronymo! My dearest brother! And have you not suffered enough from vile assassins? Poor dear brother!—and again stroked his cheek—How was I affected!

A fresh gush of tears broke from his eyes—Ah, Grandison! said he!

O why, why, said I, did I accept of your kind invitation? This distress could not have been so deep, had not I been present.

See! see! Chevalier, holding out her spread hand to me, Jeronymo weeps—He weeps for his sister, I believe.—These—Look, my hand is wet with them! are the tears of my dear Jeronymo! My hand—See! is wet with a brother's tears!—And *you*, madam, are affected too! turning to her mother. It is a grievous thing to see men weep! What ail they?—Yet I cannot weep—Have they softer hearts than mine?—Don't weep, Chevalier.—See, Jeronymo has done!—I would stroke your cheek too, if it would stop your tears.—But what is all this for?—It is because of these doctors, I believe.—But, Camilla, bid them begone: They sha'n't have me.

Dearest madam, said I, submit to your mamma's advice. Your mamma wishes you to suffer them to breathe a vein—It is no more—Your Jeronymo also beseeches you to permit them.

And do *you* wish it too, Chevalier?—Do *you* wish to see me wounded?—To see my heart bleeding at my arm, I warrant. Say, can *you* be so hard-hearted?

Let me join with your mamma, with your brother, to entreat it: For your father's sake! For—

For *your* sake, Chevalier?—Well, will it do you good to see me bleed?

I withdrew to the window. I could not stand this question; put with an air of tenderness for me, and in an accent *equally* tender.

The irresistible Lady (O what eloquence in her disorder!) followed me; and laying her hand on my arm, looking earnestly after my averted face, as if she would not suffer me to hide it from her—Will it, will it, comfort *you* to see me bleed?—Come then, *be* comforted; I *will* bleed: But you shall not leave me. You shall see that these doctors shall not kill me quite.

O Dr. Bartlett! How did this address to me torture my very soul!

Camilla, proceeded she, I *will* bleed. Madam, to her mother, Will it please *you* to have me bleed? Will it please *you*, my Jeronymo? turning to him—And, Sir, Sir, stepping to me with quickness, Will it please *you*?—Why then, Camilla, bid the doctors come in.—What would I not do to please such kind friends? You grudge not your tears: And as I cannot give you tears for tears, from my eyes, Shall not my arm weep!—But do *you* stand by me, Chevalier, while it is done. You will? Won't you?—seeking again with her eye my averted face.

O that my life, thought I, would be an *effectual* offering for the restoring the peace of mind of this dear Lady, and her family! and that it might be taken by any hand but my own!—But my Conscience!—Prepossessed as I am in favour of my own religion, and in disfavour of that I am wished to embrace; How, thought I, can I make a sacrifice of my Conscience!

The dear Lady was then as earnest for the operation, as before she had been averse to it: But she did and said every-thing in an hurry.

The Marchioness and my friend were comforted, in hopes that some relief would follow it. The doctors were invited in.

Do you stand by me, Sir, said she to me.—Come, make haste. But it sha'n't be the same arm—Camilla, see, I can bare my own arm—It will bleed at this arm, I warrant—I will *bid* it flow.—Come, make haste—Are you always so tedious?—The preparation in all these things, I believe, is worse than the act.—Pray, pray, make haste.

They did; tho' she thought they did not.

Turn your face another way, madam, said the doctor.

Now methinks I am Iphigenia, Chevalier, going to be offered—looking at me, and from the doctors.

And is this all?—The puncture being made, and she bleeding freely.

The doctors were not satisfied with a small quantity. She fainted, however, before they had taken quite so much as they intended; and her women carried her out of her brother's apartment into her own, in the chair she sat in.

Dear Clementina!—My compassion and my *best* wishes followed her.

You see your power over the dear girl, Grandison, said her brother.

The Marchioness sighed; and looking at me with kind and earnest meaning, withdrew to attend her daughter's recovery.

LETTER XXVII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

RECEIVE, my Lucy, the doctor's sixth Letter. The fifth has almost broken the hearts of us all.

Dr. Bartlett's sixth Letter

A SCENE of another nature took place of this, proceeds Mr. Grandison.

Camilla stept in, and said, The General was come; and was at that moment lamenting with the Marchioness the disordered state of mind of his beloved sister; who had again fainted away; but was quiet when Camilla came in.

The General will be here presently, said Jeronymo. Do you choose to see him?

As, perhaps, he has been told I am here, it would look too particular to depart instantly. If he comes not in soon, I will take my leave of you.

I had hardly done speaking, when the General entered, drying his eyes.

Your servant, Mr. Grandison, said he. Brother, How do you? Not the better, I dare say, for the present affliction. Who the devil would have thought the girl had been so deeply affected?—Well, Sir, you have a glorious triumph!—Clementina's heart is not a vulgar one. Her family—

My Lord, I hope I do not deserve this address!—*Triumph*, my

Lord!—Not a heart in this family can be more distressed than mine.

And is religion, is conscience, *really* of such force, Chevalier?

Let me ask that question, my Lord, of your own heart: Let me ask it of your brother the Bishop; of the other principals of your noble family: And the answer given will be an answer for me.

He seemed displeased. Explain yourself, Chevalier.

If, my Lord, said I, you think there is so great, so essential, a difference in the two religions, that you cannot consent that I should keep my own; What must I be, who think as highly of my own as you can of yours, to give it up, tho' on the highest temporal consideration? Make the case your own, my Lord.

I *can*. And were I in your situation, such a woman as my sister; such a family as ours; such a splendid fortune as she will have; I believe, I should not make the scruples you do. My brother the Bishop indeed might not have given the same answer: He might be more tenacious.

The Bishop cannot be better satisfied with *his* religion than I am with *mine*. But I hope, my Lord, *from what you have said*, that I may claim the honour of your friendship in this great article. It is proposed to me, that I renounce my religion: I make no such proposal to your family: On the contrary, I consent that Lady Clementina should keep hers; and I am ready to allow a very handsome provision for a discreet man, her confessor, to attend her, in order to secure her in it. As to residence; I will consent to reside one year in Italy, one in England; and even, if she choose not to go to England at all, I will acquiesce; and visit England myself but for three months in every year.

As to the children, Mr. Grandison? said Signor Jeronymo; desirous of promoting the compromise.

I will consent that daughters shall be the mother's care; the education of sons must be left to me.

What will the poor daughters have done, Chevalier, sneeringly spoke the General, that *they* should be left to perdition?

Your Lordship, without my entering into the opinion of the professors of both religions on this subject, will consider my proposal as a *compromise*. I would not have begun an address upon these terms with a princess. I do assure you, that mere fortune has no bias with me. Prescribe not to me in the article of religion, and I will, with all my soul, give up every ducat of your sister's fortune.

Then what will you have to support—

My Lord, leave that to your sister and me. I will deal honourably with her. If she renounce me on that article, you will have reason to congratulate yourselves.

Your fortune, Sir, by marriage, will be much more considerable than it can be by patrimony, if Clementina be yours: Why then should you not look forward to your posterity as Italians? And in *that case*—

He stopt there.—It was easy to guess at his inference.

I would no more renounce my Country than my Religion: I would leave posterity free; but would not deprive them of an attachment that I value myself upon: Nor yet my country, of a family that never gave it cause to be ashamed of it.

The General took snuff, and looked on me, and off me, with an air too supercilious. I could not but be sensible of it.

I have no small difficulty, my Lord, said I, to bear the hardships of my situation, added to the distress which that situation gives me, to be looked upon in this family as a delinquent, without having done any-thing to reproach myself with, either in thought, word, or deed—My Lord, it is extremely hard.

It is, my Lord, said Signor Jeronymo. The great misfortune in the case before us, is, that the Chevalier Grandison has merit superior to that of most men; and that our sister, who was not to be attached by common merit, could not be insensible to his.

Whatever were my sister's attachments, Signor Jeronymo, we know *yours*; and generous ones they are: But we all know how handsome men may attach young Ladies, without needing to say a single word. The poison once taken in at the eye, it will soon diffuse itself through the whole mass.

My honour, yet, my Lord, was never called in question, either by man or woman.

Your character is well known, Chevalier—Had it not been unexceptionable, we should not have entered into treaty with you on this subject, I do assure you; and it piques us not a little to have a daughter of our house refused. You don't know the consequence, I can tell you, of such an indignity offered in this country.

Refused! my Lord!—To *endeavour* to obviate this charge, would be to put an affront upon your Lordship's justice, as well as an indignity offered to your truly noble house.

He arose in anger, and swore that he would not be treated with contempt.

I stood up too; And if *I* am, my Lord, with indignity, it is not what I have been used to bear.

Signor Jeronymo was disturbed. He said, He was against our seeing each other. He knew his brother's warmth; and I, he said, from the scenes that had before passed, ought perhaps to have shewn more pity than resentment.

It was owing to my regard for the delicacy of your sister, Signor

Jeronymo, said I (for whom I have the tenderest sentiments), as well as to do justice to my own conduct towards her, that I could not help shewing myself affected by the word *refused*.

Affected by the word refused! Sir, said the General—Yes, you have soft words for hard meanings. But I, who have not your choice of words, make use of those that are explained by actions.

I was in hopes, my Lord, that I might rather have been favoured with your weight in the proposed compromise, than to have met with your displeasure.

Consider, Chevalier, coolly consider this matter: How shall we answer it to our country? (We are public people, Sir); to the church, to which we stand related; to our own character; to marry a daughter of our house to a Protestant? You say you are concerned for her honour: What *must* we, what *can* we say in her behalf, when she is reflected upon as a Love-sick girl, who, tho' stedfast in her religion, could refuse men of the first consideration, all of her own religion and country, and let a foreigner, an Englishman, carry her off?—

Preserving nevertheless by *stipulation*, you will remember, my Lord, her religion.—If you shall have so much to answer for to the world with such a stipulation in the Lady's favour, What shall I be thought of, who, tho' I am not, nor wish to be, a public man, am not of a low or inconsiderable family, if I, against my conscience, renounce my religion and my country, for a consideration, that, tho' the highest in private life, is a partial and selfish consideration?

No more, no more, Sir—If you can despise worldly grandeur; if you can set light by Riches, Honours, Love; my sister has this to be said in her praise, that she is the first woman, that ever I heard of, who fell in love with a philosopher: And she must, I think, take the consequence of such a peculiarity. Her example will not have many followers.

Yes, my Lord, it will, said Jeronymo, if Mr. Grandison be the philosopher. If women were to be regimented, he would carry an army into the field without beat of drum.

I was vexed to find an affair that had penetrated my heart, go off so lightly; but the levity shewn by the General was followed by Jeronymo, in order to make the past warmth between us forgotten.

I left the brothers together. As I passed through the salon, I had the pleasure of hearing, by a whisper from Camilla, that her young Lady was somewhat more composed for the operation she had yielded to.

In the afternoon, the General made me a visit at my lodgings. He told me, he had taken amiss some things that had fallen from my mouth.

I owned that I was at one time warm; but excused myself by *his* example.

I urged him to promote my interest as to the proposed compromise. He gave me no encouragement; but took down my proposals in writing.

He asked me, If my father were as tenacious in the article of religion as I was?

I told him, That I had forbore to write any-thing of the affair to my father.

That, he said, was surprising. He had always apprehended, that a man who pretended to be strict in religion, be it what religion it would, should be uniform. He who could dispense with one duty, might with another.

I answered, That having no view to address Lady Clementina, I had only given my father general accounts of the favour I had met with from a family so considerable: That it was but *very lately* that I had entertained any hopes *at all*, as he must know: That those hopes were allayed by my fears that the articles of religion and residence would be an insuperable obstacle: But that it was my resolution, in the same hour that I could have any prospect of succeeding, to lay all before him; and I was sure of his approbation and consent to an alliance so answerable to the magnificence of his own spirit.

The General, at parting, with an haughty air said, I take my leave, Chevalier: I suppose you will not be in haste to *leave* Bologna. I am extremely sensible of the indignity you have cast upon us all. I *am*, and swore—We shall not disgrace our sister and ourselves, by courting your acceptance of her. I understand, that Olivia is in Love with you too. These contentions for you may give you consequence with yourself. But Olivia is not a *Clementina*. You are in a country jealous of family-honour. Ours is a first family in it. You know not what you have done, Sir.

What you have said, my Lord, I have not deserved of you. It cannot be answered, at least by me. I shall not leave Bologna till I apprize you of it, and till I have the misfortune to be assured, that I cannot have any hope of the honour once designed me. I will only add, That my principles were well known before I was written to at Vienna.

And do you reproach us with that step? It was a *base* one: It had not my concurrence. He went from me in a passion.

I had enough at my heart, Dr. Bartlett, had I been spared this insult from a brother of Clementina. It went very hard with me to be threatened. But I thank God, I do not deserve the treatment.

LETTER XXVIII

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**London, Friday Morning, Mar. 31*

HERE, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yesterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miss Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My cousin says, they are inseparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Betty's sake.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think, that he and his kinsman give up all their time in transcribing for us. I send you now his seventh, eighth, and ninth Letters. In reading the two latter, we were struck (for the two sisters and my Lord were with us) with the nobleness of Clementina. Her motive, thro' her whole delirium, is so apparently owing to her concern for the Soul of the man she loved (entirely regardless of any interest of her own) that we all forgot what had been so long our wishes, and joined in giving a preference to her.

Dr. Bartlett's seventh Letter

I HAD another visit paid me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, two hours after the General left me, by the kind-hearted Camilla, disguised as before.

I come now, Chevalier, said she, with the Marchioness's connivance, and I may say, by her command; and at the same time, by the command of Signor Jeronymo, who knows of my last attendance upon you, tho' no one else does, not even the Marchioness. He gave me this Letter for you.

But how does the noblest young Lady in Italy, Camilla? How does Lady Clementina?

More composed than we could have hoped for from the height of her delirium. It *was* high; for she has but a very faint idea of having seen you this morning.

The Marchioness had bid her say, that altho' I had now given her despair instead of hope, yet that she owed it to my merit, and to the sense she had of the benefits they had actually received at my hands, to let me know, that it was but too likely that resentments might be carried to an unhappy length; and that therefore she wished I would leave Bologna for the present. If happier prospects presented, she would be the first to congratulate me upon them.

I opened the Letter of my kind Jeronymo. These were the contents:

I AM infinitely concerned, my dear Grandison, to find a man equally generous and brave as my brother is, hurried away by passion. You *may* have acted with your usual magnanimity in preferring your Religion to your Love, and to your Glory. I, for my part, think you to be a distressed man. If you are not, you must be very insensible to the merits of an excellent woman, and very ungrateful to the distinction she honours you with. I must write in this stile, and think she does honour by it even to my Grandison. But should the consequences of this affair be unhappy for either of you; if, in particular, for my *brother*; What cause of regret would our family have, that a *younger* brother was saved by the hand which deprived them of a more worthy *elder*? If for *you*, how deplorable would be the reflexion, that you saved one brother, and perished by the hand of another! Would to God that his passion, and your spirit, were more moderate! But let me request this favour of you; That you retire to Florence, for a few days, at least.

How unhappy am I, that I am disabled from taking part in a more active mediation!—Yet the General admires you. But how can we blame in him a zeal for the honour of his family, in which he would be glad at his soul to include a zeal for yours?

For God's sake quit Bologna for a few days only. Clementina is more sedate. I have carried it, that her confessor shall not at present visit her; yet he is an honest and a pious man.

What a fatality! Every one to mean well, yet every one to be miserable! And can Religion be the cause of so much unhappiness? I cannot *act*. I can only *reflect*. My dear friend, let me know by a line, that you will depart from Bologna to-morrow; and you will then a little lighten the heart of your

JERONYMO

I sent my grateful compliments to the Marchioness by Camilla. I besought her to believe, that my conduct on this occasion should be such as should merit her approbation. I expressed my grief for the apprehended resentments. I was sure that a man so noble, so generous, so brave, as was the man from whom the resentments might be supposed to arise, would better consider of every thing: But it was impossible for me, I bid Camilla say, to be far distant from Bologna; because I still presumed to hope for a happy turn in my favour.

I wrote to Signor Jeronymo to the same effect. I assured him of my high regard for his gallant brother: I deplored the occasion which had subjected me to the General's displeasure; bid him depend upon my moderation. I referred to my known resolution of long standing, to avoid a meditated rencounter¹ with *any* man;

urging, that he might, for that reason, the more securely rely upon my care to shun any acts of offence either to or from a son of the Marquis della Porretta; a brother of my dear friend Jeronymo, and of the most excellent and beloved of sisters!

Neither the Marchioness nor Jeronymo were satisfied with the answers I returned: But what could I do? I had promised the General that I would not leave Bologna till I had apprized him of my intention to do so; and I still was willing, as I bid Camilla tell the Marchioness, to indulge my hopes of some happy turn.

The Marquis, the Bishop, and General, went to Urbino; and there, as I learnt from my Jeronymo, it was determined, in full assembly, that Grandison, as well from difference in religion, as from inferiority in degree and fortune, was unworthy of their alliance: And it was hinted to the General, that he was equally unworthy of his resentment.

While the father and two brothers were at Urbino, Lady Clementina gave hopes of a sedate mind. She desired her mother to allow her to see me: But the Marchioness believing there were no hopes of my complying with their terms, and being afraid of the consequences, and of incurring blame from the rest of her family, now especially, that they were absent, and consulting together on what *was* proper to be done; desired she would not think of it.

This refusal made Clementina the more earnest for an interview. Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in favour of it. The misfortune he had met with, had added to his weight with the family. It is a family of harmony and love. They were hardly more particularly fond of Clementina than they were of one another, throughout the several branches of it: This harmony among them added greatly to the family-consequence, as well in public as private. Till the attempt that was made upon their Jeronymo, they had not known calamity.

But the confessor strengthening the Marchioness's apprehensions of what the consequence of indulging the young Lady might be, all Jeronymo's weight would have failed to carry this point, had it not been for an enterprize of Clementina, which extremely alarmed them, and made them give into her wishes.

Camilla has enabled me to give the following melancholy account of it, to the only man on earth to whom I could communicate particulars, the very recollection of which, tears my heart in pieces.

The young Lady's malady, after some favourable symptoms which went off, returned in another shape; her talkativeness continued; but the hurry with which she spoke and acted, gave place to a sedateness that she seemed very fond of. They did not suffer her to go out of her chamber; which she took not well: But Camilla being absent about an hour; on her return missed her, and alarmed

the whole house upon it. Every part of it, and of the garden, was searched. From an apprehension that they dared not so much as whisper to one another, they *dreaded* to find her whom they so carefully sought after.

At last, Camilla seeing, as she supposed, one of the maid-servants coming down-stairs with remarkable tranquillity, as she thought, in her air and manner; Wretch! said she, how composed do you seem to be in a storm that agitates every-body else!

Don't be angry with me, Camilla, returned the supposed servant.

O my Lady! my *very* Lady Clementina, in Laura's cloaths! Whither are you going, madam?—But let the Marchioness know, said she, to one of the women-servants who then appeared in sight, that we have found my young Lady—What, dear madam, is the meaning of this?—Go, Martina, to another woman-servant, go this instant to my Lady!—Dear Lady Clementina, what concern have you given us!

And thus she went on, asking questions of her young Lady, and giving orders, almost in the same breath, till the Marchioness came to them in a joyful hurry, from one of the pavilions in the garden, into which she had thrown herself; tortured by her fears, and dreading the approach of every servant, with fatal tidings.

The young Lady stood still, but with great composure. I *will* go, Camilla, said she; indeed I will. You disturb me by your frantic ways, Camilla. I wish you would be as sedate and calm as I am: What's the matter with the woman?

Her mother folding her arms about her—O my sweet girl! said she, How could you terrify us thus? What's the meaning of this disguise? Whither were you going?

Why, madam, I was going on God's errand; not on my own.—What is come to Camilla? The poor creature is beside herself!

O my dear! said her mother, taking her hand, and leading her into her own apartment, (Camilla following, weeping with joy for having found her) Tell me, said she, tell me, has Laura furnished you with this dress?

Why no, madam: I'll tell you the whole truth. I went and hid myself in Laura's room, while she changed her cloaths: I saw where she put those she took off; and when she had left her room, I put them on.

And for what? For what, my dear? Tell me what you designed?

I am neither afraid nor ashamed to tell. It was God's errand I was going upon,

What *was* the errand?

Don't weep then, my dear mamma, and I'll tell you. Do, let me kiss away these tears.—And she tenderly embraced her mother.

Why, I have a great mind to talk to the Chevalier Grandison. I had many fine thoughts upon my pillow; and I believed I could say a great deal to the purpose to him; and you told me I must not see him: So I thought I would not. But then I had other notions came into my head; and I believed, if I could talk freely to him, I should convince him of his errors. Now, thought I, I know he will mind what I say to him, more than perhaps he will my brother the Bishop, or Father Marescotti. I am a simple girl, and can have no interest in his conversion; for he has refused me, you know: So there is an end of all matters between him and me. I never was refused before: *Was* I, my mamma? I never will be twice refused. Yet I owe him no ill-will. And if one can save a soul, you know, madam, there is no harm in that. So it is God's errand I go upon, and not my own. And shall I not go? Yes, I shall. I know you will give me leave.—She courtesied. Silence is permission! Thank you, madam.—And seemed to be going.

Well might her mother be silent. She could not speak; but rising, went after her to the door, and taking her hand, sobbed over it her denial (as Camilla described it), and brought her back, and motioned to her to sit down—

She whispered Camilla, What ails my mamma? Can you tell?—But see how calm, how composed I am! This world, Camilla! what a vain thing is this world! and she looked up. And so I shall tell the Chevalier. I shall tell him not to refuse heaven, tho' he has refused a simple girl, that was no enemy to him, and might have been a faithful guide to him thither, for what he knew. Now all these things I wanted to say to him, and a vast deal more; and when I have told him my mind, I shall be easy.

Will my precious girl be easy, broke out into speech her weeping mother, when you have told the Chevalier your mind? You *shall* tell him your mind, my dear; and God restore my child to peace, and to me!

Well now, my mamma, this is a good sign—For if I have moved you to oblige me, Why may I not move him to oblige himself?—That's all I have in view. He has been my tutor, and I want, methinks, to return the favour, and be his tutress; and so you will let me go—Won't you?

No, my dear, we will send for him.

Well, that may do as well, provided you will let us be alone together: For these proud men may be ashamed, before company, to own themselves convinced by a simple girl.

But, my dearest Love, Whither would you have gone? Do you know where the Chevalier's lodgings are?

She paused.—She does not, surely, Camilla!

Camilla repeated the question, that the young Lady might herself answer it.

She looked as if considering—Then, Why no, truly, said she; I did not think of that: But every-body in Bologna knows where the Chevalier Grandison lives—Don't you think so?—But when shall he come? That will be better; *much* better.

You shall go, Camilla, disguised as before. Probably he has not quitted Bologna yet. And let him know, to a tittle, all that has passed, on this attempt of the dear soul—If he can bring his mind to comply with our terms, it may not yet be too late: Tho' it *will be* so after my Lord and my two sons return from Urbino. But small are my hopes from him. If the interview makes my poor child easy, that will be a blessed event: We shall all rejoice in that. Mean time, come with me, my dear—But first resume your own dress—And then we will tell Jeronymo what we have determined upon. He will be pleased with it, I know.

You tell me, my good Miss Byron, that I cannot be too particular; yet the melancholy tale, I see, affects you too sensibly: As it also does my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison. No wonder! when the transcribing of them has the same effect upon me, as the reading had at my first being favoured with the Letters that give the moving particulars.

Dr. Bartlett's eighth Letter

I PROCEED now to give an account of Mr. Grandison's interview with Lady Clementina.

He had no sooner heard the preceding particulars, than he hastened to her, tho' with a tortured heart.

He was introduced to the Marchioness and Signor Jeronymo, in the apartment of the latter.

I suppose, said the Marchioness, after first civilities, Camilla has told you the way we are now in. The dear creature has a great desire to talk with you. Who knows, but she may be easier after she has been humoured?—She is more composed than she was, since she knows she may expect to see you. Poor thing! she has hopes of converting you.

Would to heaven, said Jeronymo; that compassion for her disordered mind, may have that effect upon my Grandison, which argument has not had!—Poor Grandison! I can pity you at my heart. These are hard trials to your humanity! Your distress is written in your countenance!

It is deeper written in my heart, said I.

Indeed, Dr. Bartlett, it was.

The Marchioness rang. Camilla came in. See, said she, if Clementina is disposed now to admit of the Chevalier's visit; and ask her, If she will have her mamma introduce him to her.

By all means, was the answer returned.

Clementina at our entrance was sitting at the window, a book in her hand. She stood up. A great, but solemn composure appeared in her air and aspect.

The Marchioness went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound respect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to speak first—*She* could speak. She did, without hesitation—

You are nothing to me now, Chevalier: You have refused me, you know; and I thank you: You are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you saw what trouble I gave to the best of parents, and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give so much concern to them, must make any man afraid of her. But Religion, it seems, is your pretence. Now I am sorry that you are an obstinate man. You *know* better, Chevalier. I think you *should* know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?

I shall attend to every instruction that you will honour me with.

But let me, Sir, comfort my mamma.

She went to her, and kneeled: Why weeps my mamma? taking a hand in each of hers, and kissing first one, then the other. Be comforted, my mamma. You see, I am quite well. You see I am sedate.—Bless your Clementina!

God bless my child! *I do not think my mamma will be*

She arose from her knees; and stepping towards me—You are very silent, Sir; and very sad—But I don't want you to be sad.—Silent I will allow you to be; because the tutored should be all ear. So I used to be to you.

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—I had a great deal to say to you; but I have forgot it all—Why do you look so melancholy, Chevalier? You know your own mind; and you did what you thought just and fit—Did you not? Tell me, Sir.

Then turning to her weeping mother—The poor Chevalier cannot speak, madam—Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—He is sorry, to be sure!—Well, but, Sir, turning to me, Don't be sorry.—And yet the man who once refused me—Ah, Chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: But I soon got over it. You see how sedate I am now. Cannot you be as sedate as I am?

What could I say? I could not sooth her; she boasted of her sedateness. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromise have been allowed of, I could have been

unreserved in my declarations. Was ever man so unhappily circumstanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendship with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the sweet ties of kindness and esteem; engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

But let me ask you, Chevalier, How could you be so *unreasonable* as to expect, that I should change my religion, when you were so very tenacious of yours? Were you not *very* unreasonable to expect this?—Upon my word, I believe, you men think, it is no matter for us women to have any consciences, so as we do but study your wills, and do our duty by you. Men look upon themselves as gods of the earth, and on us women but as their ministring servants!—But I did not expect that *you* would be so unreasonable. You used to speak highly of our Sex. Good women, you used to say, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I *was* a woman. How could *you*, Chevalier, be so unreasonable?

May I, madam, to her mother, acquaint her with the proposals I made?—She seems to think, that I insisted upon her change of religion.

It was not designed she should think so: But I remember now, that she would not let me tell all I had to say, when I was making my report to her of what had passed between the Bishop and you. It was enough, she said, that she had been refused; she besought me to spare the rest: And since that, she has not been in such a way that *we could* talk to her on that part of the subject. We took it for granted, that *she* knew it all, because *we* did. Could we have yielded to your proposals, we should have enforced them upon her.—If you acquaint her with what you had proposed, it may make her think she has not been *despised*, as she calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively.

No need of speaking low to each other, said the young Lady. After your slight, Sir, you may let me hear *any-thing*.—Madam! you see how sedate I am. I have quite overcome myself. Don't be afraid of saying *any-thing* before me.

Slight, my dearest Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witness, your honoured mamma is my witness, that I have not slighted you!—The conditions I had proposed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happiest of men!

Yes, and me the unhappiest of women. Why you refused me, did you not? And putting both her hands spread before her face; Don't let it be told abroad, that a daughter of that best of mothers was refused by any man less than a Prince!—Fie upon that daughter! To be able to stand before the proud refuser! [She walked from me.] I am ashamed of myself!—O Mrs. Beaumont! But for *you*!—My

Secret had been buried here, putting one hand on her bosom, holding still the other before her face.—But Sir, Sir, coming towards me, don't speak! Let me have all my talk out—And then—everlasting silence be my portion!

How her mother wept! How was I affected!

I had a great deal to say to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted *no* favour of you, Sir: Mine was a pure, disinterested esteem. A voice from heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was setting out to convert you: I should have been enabled to do it, I doubt not; *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings*;¹ Do you remember that text, Sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone—I had it *all* in my head then—But now I have lost it—O that impertinent Camilla!—*She* must question me—The woman addressed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to see me so sedate.

I was going to speak—Hush, hush, when I bid you! and she put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment, and kissed it.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, not withdrawing it, I believe you are a flattering man! How *can* you, to a poor *despised* girl—

Let me *now* speak, madam—Use not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the proposals I made—

I mentioned them; and added, Heaven only knows the anguish of my soul—Hush, said she, interrupting, and turning to her mother—I know nothing of these men, madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him?—He *looks* as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?

Her mother was silent, through grief.

Ah, Sir! My mamma, tho' she is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you!—But I will have you bound by your own hand. She stept to her closet in a hurry, and brought out pen, ink, and paper.—Come, Sir, you must not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand, what you have now said—But I will write it, and you shall sign it.

She wrote, in an instant, as follows:

The Chevalier Grandison solemnly declares, That he did, in the most earnest manner, of his own accord, propose, that he would *allow* a certain young creature, if she might be *allowed* to be his wife, the free use of her religion; and to have a discreet man, at her choice, for her confessor: And that he would never oblige her to go to England with him: And that he would live in Italy with her every other year.

Will you sign this, Sir?—Most willingly.—Do then.—I did. And you *did* propose this?—Did he, madam?

My dear, he did. And I would have told you so; but that you were affected at his supposed refusal.

Why, to be sure, madam, interrupted she, it was a shocking thing to be *refused*.

Would you have wished us, my dear, to comply with these terms? Would you have chosen to marry a Protestant? A daughter of the house of Porretta, and of the house I sprung from, to marry an English Protestant?

Clementina took her mother aside, but spoke loud enough to be heard.

To be sure, madam, that would have been wrong: But I am glad I was not refused with contempt: That my tutor, and the preserver of my Jeronymo, did not *despise* me. To say truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia; and so made a pretence.

Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the Chevalier's proposals?

Why no, surely, madam!—Might I not have had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my Religion, madam.

So does he, my love, in his.

That is his *fault*, madam. Chevalier, stepping towards me, I think you a very obstinate man. I hope you have not heard our discourse.

Yes, my dear, he has: And I desire not but he should.

Would to God, madam, said I to the Marchioness, that I had yours and my Lord's interest! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might presume—

But, Sir, you are *mistaken*, perhaps, said the young Lady. Tho' I answer for answering's sake, and to shew that I have no doubt of my stedfastness in an article in which my soul is concerned; yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obstinate—I know what!—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aside: For God's sake, madam, encourage my presumptuous hopes. Do you not observe already, an alteration in the dear Lady's mind? Is she not more unaffectedly sedate than she was before? Is not her mind quieter, now she knows that every thing was yielded up that honour and conscience would permit to be yielded up? See that sweet serenity almost restored to those eyes, that within these few moments had a wilder turn!

Ah, Chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it *did*, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man so bigotted to his errors. Excuse me, Sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I should have more hopes of you, and less objection.

If, madam, I *could* be indifferent in my religion, the temptation

would have been too great to be resisted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with such a family—

Ah Chevalier! I can give you no hope.

Look at the sweet Lady, madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favour! Think of what she was, the joy of every heart; and what she may be! Which, whatever becomes of me, Heaven avert!—And shall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witness, that your Clementina's happiness is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's sake (What, alas! is *my* sake to that) on my knee, let me request your interest: That, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear Lady recede not, if she blast not these budding hopes, will, I doubt not, succeed.

The young Lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, Rise, Chevalier: Shall I raise the Chevalier, madam?—I don't love to see him kneel. Poor Chevalier!—See his tears!—What is the matter with every-body? Why do you weep?—My mamma weeps too!—What ails every-body?

Rise, Chevalier, said the Marchioness. O this sweet prattler! She will burst my heart asunder!—You cannot, Sir, prevail (I cannot *wish* that you should) but upon our own terms. And will not this sweet soul move you?—Hard-hearted Grandison!

What a fate is mine! rising: With a soul penetrated by the disorder of this most excellent of women, and by the distress given by it to a family, every single person of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I desire, but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conscience is satisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it one, that tho' I can love and honour every worthy member of it, I have scruples, *more* than scruples, about, that my heart can justify, and my reason defend! You have not, madam, yourself, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine.

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earnestness, now on me, now on her weeping mother— And at last, breaking silence [Her mother could not speak], and taking her hand, and kissing it, I don't, said she, comprehend the reason of all this. This house is not the house it was: Who, but I, is the same person in it? My father is not the same: My brothers neither: My mamma never has a dry eye, I think: But *I* don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I *will*.—Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—O my mamma! What would you say to your girl, if *she* refused comfort? Then kneeling down, and kissing her hand with eagerness, I beseech you, my dear mamma, I *beseech* you, be comforted; or lend me some of your tears—What ails me that I

cannot weep for you!—But, turning to me, See, the Chevalier weeps too!—Then rising, and coming to me, her hand pressing my arm—Don't weep, Chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preserver! What ails you?—Be comforted!—Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, still pressing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and looking upon it—No!—I thought I *could* have wept for you!—But why is all this!—You see what an example I, a silly girl, can set you—Affecting a still sedater countenance.

O Chevalier! said the weeping mother, and do you say your heart is penetrated?—Sweet creature! wrapping her arms about her; my own Clementina! would to Heaven it were given me to restore my child!—O Chevalier! if complying with your terms would do it—But *you* are immovable!

How can that be said, madam, when I have made concessions, that a princely family should not, on a *beginning* address, have brought me to make? May I *repeat*, before Lady Clementina—

What would he repeat to me? interrupted she. Do, madam, let him say all he has a mind to say. If it will make his poor heart easy, why let him say all he would say—Chevalier; speak. Can I be any comfort to you? I would make you *all* happy, if I could.

This, madam, said I to her mother, is too much! Excellent young Lady!—Who can bear such transcendent goodness of heart, shining through intellects so disturbed! And think you, madam, that on earth there can be a man more unhappily circumstanced than I am?

O my Clementina! said her mother, dear child of my heart! And could you consent to be the wife of a man of a contrary religion to your own? A man of another country? You see, Chevalier, I will put *your* questions to her. A man that is an enemy to the faith of his own ancestors, as well as to your faith?

Why, no, madam!—I hope he does not expect that I would.

May I presume, madam, to put the question in my own way?—But yet I think it may distress the dear Lady, and not answer the desirable end, if I may not have hope of *your* interest in my favour; and of the acquiescence of the Marquis and your sons with my proposals.

They will never comply.

Let me then be made to appear insolent, unreasonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made the easier by such a representation. If I have no hopes of *your* favour, madam, I must indeed despair.

Had I any hope of carrying your cause, I know not what might be done: But I must not separate myself from my family, in this great article.—My dear! to Clementina, you said you should be

easier in your mind, if you were to talk to the Chevalier alone. This is the only time you can have for it. Your father and brothers will be here to-morrow—And then, Chevalier, all will be over.

Why, madam, I did think I had a great deal to say to him. And, as I thought I had no *interest* in what I had to say—

Would you wish, my dear, to be left alone with the Chevalier? Can you recollect any thing that you had intended to say to him, had you made him the visit you had designed to make him?

I don't know.

Then I will withdraw. Shall I, my dear?

Ought I, Sir (You have been my tutor, and many excellent lessons have you taught me—tho' I don't know what is become of them!—Ought I) to wish my mamma to withdraw? Ought I to have anything to say to you, that I could not say before her?—I think not.

The Marchioness was retiring. I beg of you, madam, said I, to slip unobserved into that closet. You *must* hear all that passes. The occasion may be critical. Let me have the opportunity of being either approved or censured; as I shall appear to deserve, in the conversation that may pass between the dear Lady and me, if you do withdraw.

O Chevalier! you are equally prudent and generous! Why won't you be one of us? Why won't you be a Catholic?

She went out at the door. Clementina courtesied to her. I led her eye from the door, and the Marchioness re-entered, and slipped into the closet.

I conducted the young Lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the closet-door, that her mother might hear all that passed.—She sat down, and bid me sit by her.

I was willing she should lead the subject, that the Marchioness might observe I intended not to prepossess her.

We were silent for a few moments. She seemed perplexed; looked up, looked down; then on one side, then on the other—At last, O Chevalier! said she, they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me English!

They were *indeed* happy times, madam.

Mrs. Beaumont was too hard for me, Chevalier!—Do you know Mrs. Beaumont?

I do. She is one of the best of women.

Why so I think. But she turned and winded me about most strangely. I think I was in a great fault.

How so, madam?—How so! Why to let her get out of me a secret that I had kept from my mother. And yet there never was a more indulgent mother.—Now you look, Chevalier: But I sha'n't tell you what the secret was.

I do not ask you, madam.

If you did, I would not tell you.—Well, but I had a great deal to say to you, I thought. I wish that frantic Camilla had not stopt me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to say to you.

Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?

Let me consider—Why, in the first place, I thought you *despised* me, I was not sorry for that, I do assure you: That did me good. At first it vexed me—You can't think how much. I have a great deal of pride, Sir—But, well, I got over that; and I grew sedate—You see how sedate I am. Yet this poor man, thought I, whether he thinks so or not (I will tell you all my thoughts, Sir) But don't be grieved.—You see how sedate I am. Yet I am a silly girl; you are thought to be a wise man: Don't disgrace your wisdom. Fie! a wise man to be weaker than a simple girl!—Don't let it be said—What was I saying?—

Yet this poor man, whether he thinks so, or not, you said, madam.

True!—has a Soul to be saved. He has taken great pains with *me*, to teach me the language of England: Shall I not take some with *him*, to teach him the language of Heaven!—No heretic can learn that, Sir!—And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the Fathers; and they were all in my head—But that impertinent Camilla—And so they are all gone—But this one thing I have to say—I designed to say something like it, at the conclusion of my discourse with you—So it is premeditated, you will say; and so it is. But let me whisper it—No I won't neither—But turn your face another way—I find my blushes come already—But (and she put her spread hand before her face, as if to hide her blushes) Don't look at me, I tell you—Look at the window [I did]. Why, Chevalier, I did intend to say—But stay—I have wrote it down somewhere [She pulled out her pocket-book] Here it is. Look another way, when I bid you—She read—'Let me beseech you, Sir (I was very earnest, you see) to hate, to despise, to detest (Now don't look this way) the unhappy Clementina, with all my heart; but, for the sake of your immortal Soul, let me conjure you to be reconciled to our Holy Mother Church!—' Will you, Sir?—following my indeed averted face with her sweet face; for I *could not* look towards her. Say you will. I heard you once called an Angel of a man; And is it not better to be an Angel in Heaven?—Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had sensibility—Say you will—Not for my sake—I told you, that I would content myself to be still despised. It shall not be said, that you did this for a wife!—No, Sir, your conscience shall have all the merit of it!—And I'll tell you what; I will lay me down in peace—She stood up with a dignity that was augmented by her piety; And I will say, 'Now, do thou, O

beckoning Angel (for an Angel will be on the other side of the river—The river shall be death, Sir!—Now do thou) reach out thy Divine hand, O Minister of Peace! I will wade through these separating waters; and I will bespeak a place for the man, who, many, many years hence, may fill it!—And I will sit next you for ever and ever!—And this, Sir, shall satisfy the poor Clementina; who will then be richer than the richest! So you see, Sir, as I told my mother, I was setting out on God's errand; not on my own!

For hours might the dear Lady have talked on, without interruption from me!—My dear Dr. Bartlett! what did I not suffer?

The Marchioness was too near for herself: She could not bear this speech of her pious, generous, noble daughter. She sobbed; she groaned.

Clementina started—She looked at me. She looked round her. Whence came these groans? Did *you* groan, Sir?—You are not a hard-hearted man, tho' they say you are. But will you be a Catholic, Sir? Say you will. I won't be denied. And I will tell you what—If I don't resign to my destiny in a few, a very few weeks, why then I will go into a nunnery; and then I shall be God's child, you know, even in this life.

What could I say to the dear Lady? Her mind was raised above an earthly Love. Circumstanced as we were, how could I express the tenderness for her which overflowed my heart? Compassion is a motive that a woman of spirit will reject: And how could Love be here pleaded, when the parties believed it to be in my own power to exert it? Could I endeavour to replace myself in her affection, when I refused to comply with their terms, and they with mine? To have argued against her religion, and in defence of my own, her mind so disturbed, could not be done: And ought I, in generosity, in justice to her family, to have attempted to unsettle her in a faith in which she, and all her family, were so well satisfied?

I could only, when I could speak, applaud her piety, and pronounce her an Angel of a woman, an ornament of her sex, and an honour to her religion; and endeavour to wave the subject.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, after a silence of some minutes!—You are an obstinate man! Indeed you are—Yet, I think, you do not despise me.—But what says your paper?

She took it out of her bosom, and read it. She seemed affected by it, as if she had not before considered it: And you *really* proposed these terms, Sir? And would you have allowed me the full exercise of my religion? And should I have had my confessor? And would you have allowed me to convert you, if I could? And would you have treated my confessor kindly? And would you have been dutiful to my papa and mamma? And would you have loved my two other

brothers as well as you do Jeronymo?—And would you have let me live at Bologna?—You don't say, Yes.—But do you say, No?

To these terms, madam, most willingly would I have subscribed: And if, my dearest Lady, they could have had the wished-for effect, how happy had I been!

Well!—She then paused; and resuming, What shall we say to all these things?

I thought her mother would take it well, to have an opportunity given her to quit the closet, now her Clementina had changed her subject to one so concerning to the whole family. I favoured her doing so. She slipt out, her face bathed in tears, and soon after came in at the drawing-room door.

Ah, madam! said Clementina, paying obeisance to her, I have been arguing and pleading with the Chevalier.

Then, speaking low, I believe he may, in time, be convinced: He has a tender heart. But hush, putting her finger to her mouth, and then speaking louder. I have been reading this paper again—

She was going on too favourably for me, as it was evident the Marchioness apprehended (the first time that I had reason to think she was disinclined to the alliance): For she stopt her: My Love, said she, you and I will talk of this matter by ourselves.

She rang. Camilla came in. She made a motion for Camilla to attend her daughter, and withdrew, inviting me out with her.

When we were in another room, Ah, Chevalier! said she, How was it possible that you could withstand such an heavenly pleader? You cannot love her as she deserves to be loved: You cannot but act nobly, generously; but indeed you are an invincible man.

Not love her, madam! Your Ladyship adds distress to my very great distress!—Am I, in your opinion, an ungrateful man!—But must I lose *your* favour, *your* interest? On that, and on my dear Jeronymo's, did I build my hopes, and *all* my hopes.

I know your terms can never be accepted, Chevalier: And I have now no hopes of you. After this last conversation between you and the dear girl, I *can* have no hopes of you. Poor soul! She began to waver. O how she loves you! I see you are *not* to be united: It is impossible. And I did not care to permit a daughter of mine farther to expose herself, as it must have been to no manner of purpose.—You are concerned.—I should pity you, Sir, if you had it not in your *power* to make yourself happy, and us, and ours too.

Little did I expect such a turn, in my disfavour, from the Marchioness!

May I, madam, be permitted to take leave of the dear Lady, to whose piety and admirable heart I am so much indebted?

I believe it may as well be deferred, Chevalier.

Deferred, madam!—The Marquis and the General come; and my heart tells me, that I may never be allowed to see her again.

At *this* time it had better be deferred, Sir.

If it must, I submit—God for ever bless you, madam, for all your goodness! God restore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy!—Time may do much for *me*! Time, and my own not disapproving conscience, may—But a more unhappy man never passed your gates!

I took the liberty to kiss her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

Camilla hastened after me. Chevalier, says she, my Lady asks, If you will not visit Signor Jeronymo?

Blessings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot see him. I shall *complain* to him. My heart will burst before him. Commend me to that true friend. Blessings attend every one of this excellent family. Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!

O Dr. Bartlett!—But the mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the absence of her Lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of shewing more favour to me, than, as things were circumstanced, it was proper she should shew me: Yet they had found out that Clementina, in the way she was in, was not easily diverted from any thing she took strongly into her head; and they never had accustomed her to contradiction.

Well, Lucy, now you have read this Letter, do you not own, that this man, and this woman, can only deserve each other?—Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the same opinion, I am sure: And this Letter will convince you, that *more* than his Compassion, that his *Love* for Clementina, was engaged. And so it *ought*. And what is the inference but this—That your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope but for half a heart? There cannot be that fervor, my dear, in a second Love, that was in a first. Do you think there can?

Dr. Bartlett's ninth Letter

THE young Lady, proceeds Mr. Grandison, after I had left her, went to her brother Jeronymo. There I should have found her, had I, as her mother motioned by Camilla, visited my friend: But when I found he was likely to stand alone in his favour to me; when the Marchioness had so unexpectedly declared herself against the compromise; I was afraid of disturbing his worthy heart, by the grief which at the instant overwhelmed mine.

The following particulars Jeronymo sent me, within three hours after I left their palace.

His sister, making Camilla retire, shewed him the paper which she had written, and made me sign, and asked him what he knew of the contents.

He knew not what had passed between his mother and me; nor did Clementina.

He told her, that I had actually made those proposals. He assured her, that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my distress.

She pitied me. She thought, she said, that I had not made any overtures, any concessions; that I despised her; and sensibly asked, Why the Chevalier was sent for from Vienna? We all knew his mind, as to religion, said she.

Then, after a pause, He never could have perverted me, proceeded she: He would have allowed me a confessor, would he not?

He would, answered Jeronymo.—And he would have left me among my friends in Italy?—He would, replied he.—Well, brother, and I should have been glad perhaps to have seen England once; and he would perhaps have brought over his sisters and his father to visit us: And he praises them highly, *you know*. And if I were their sister, I could have gone over with them, *you know*. Do you think, if I had loved *them*, they would not have loved *me*? I am not an ill-natured creature, *you know*; and they *must* be courteous: Are they not *his* sisters? And don't you think his father would love me? I should have brought no dishonour into his family, *you know*.—Well, but I'll tell you what, Jeronymo: He is really a tender-hearted man. I talked to him of his Soul; and, upon my honour, I believe I could have prevailed, in time. Father Marescotti is a severe man, *you know*; and he has been always so much consulted, and don't love the Chevalier, I believe: So that I fancy, if I were to have a venerable sweet-tempered man for my confessor, between *my* Love, and my *confessor's* Prudence, we should gain a Soul.—Don't you think so, Jeronymo?—And that would cover a great many sins. And all his family might be converted too, *you know*!

He encouraged her in this way of thinking. She believed, she said, that I was not yet gone. He is *so* tender-hearted, brother! *that* is my dependence: And you say, he loves me. Are you sure of that?—But I have reason to think he does. He shed tears, as I talked to him, more than once; while my eyes were as dry as they are now. I did not shed one tear. Well, I'll go to him, and talk with him.

She went to the door; but came back on tiptoe; and in a whispering accent—My mamma is coming; Hush, Jeronymo! let Hush be the word!—

The door opened—Here, madam, is your girl!—But it is not my mamma: The impertinent Camilla. She follows me as my shadow! My Lady desires to see you, Lady Clementina, in her dressing-room.

I obey. But where is the Chevalier?

Gone, madam. Gone some time.

Ah, brother! said she, and her countenance fell.

What, gone! said Jeronymo, without seeing me! Unkind Grandison! He did not use to be so unkind.

This was the substance of the advices sent me by my friend Jeronymo.

I acquainted him in return, by pen and ink, with all that had passed between the Marchioness and me, that he might not, by his friendship for me, involve himself in difficulties.

In the morning I had a visit from Camilla, by her Lady's command; with excuses for refusing to allow me to take leave of Clementina. She hoped I was not displeased with her on that account. It was the effect of prudence, and not disrespect. She should ever regard me, even in a tender manner, as if the desired relation could have taken place. Her Lord, and his brother the Conte della Porretta (as he is called) with the General and the Bishop, arrived the night before, accompanied by the Count's eldest son, Signor Sebastiano. She had been much blamed for permitting the interview; but regretted it the less, as her beloved daughter was more composed than before, and gave sedate answers to all the questions put to her. But, nevertheless, she wished that I would retire from Bologna, for Clementina's sake, as well as for my own.

Camilla added from Signor Jeronymo, that he wished to hear from me from the Trentine,¹ or Venice: And as from herself, and in confidence, that her young Lady was greatly concerned, that I did not wait on her again before I went away: That she fell into a silent fit upon it; and that her mamma, on her not answering to her questions, for the first time, chid her: That this gave her great distress, but produced what they had so much wished for, a flood of tears; and that now she frequently wept, and lamented to her, What should she do? Her mamma did not love her; and her mamma talked against the Chevalier. She wished to be allowed to see him. Nobody now would love her but the Chevalier and Jeronymo! It would be better for her to be in England, or any-where, than to be in the sweetest country in the world, and hated.

Camilla told me, that the Marquis, the Count his brother, and the General, had indeed blamed the Marchioness for permitting the interview; but were pleased that I was refused taking leave of the young Lady, when she seemed disposed to dwell on the contents of

the note she had made me sign: They seemed now all of a mind, she said; That were I to comply with their terms, the alliance would not, by any means, be a proper one. Their rank, their degree, their alliances, were dwelt upon: I found that their advantages, in all these respects, were heightened; my degree, my consequence, lowered, in order to make the difference greater, and the difficulties insuperable.

Clementina's uncle, and his eldest son, both men of sense and honour, who used to be high in her esteem, had talked to her, but could get nothing from her but No, and Yes. Her father had talked to her alone; but they melted each other, and nothing resulted of comfort to either. Her mother joined him, but she threw herself at her mother's feet, besought her to forgive her, and not to *chide her again*. They had intended to discourage her from thinking of me upon any terms. The General and the Bishop were to talk to her that morning. They had expressed displeasure at Signor Jeronymo, for his continued warmth in my favour. Father Marescotti was now consulted as an oracle: And I found, that, by an indelicacy of thinking, he imagined, that the husband would set all right; and was for encouraging the Count of Belvedere, and getting me at distance.

Camilla obligingly offered to acquaint me, from time to time, with what occurred; but I thought it was not right to accept of a servant's intelligence out of the family she belonged to, unless some one of it authorized her to give it me. Yet, you must believe, I wanted not anxious curiosity on a subject so interesting. I thanked her; but said, that it might, if discovered, lay her under inconveniences which would grieve me for her sake. She had the good sense to approve of my declining her offer.

In the morning of the same day, I had a visit made me which I little expected: It was from Father Marescotti. It is a common thing to load an enemy, especially if he be in Holy Orders, and comes to us in the guise of friendship, with the charge of hypocrisy: But partiality may be at the bottom of the accusation. Father Marescotti is a zealous Roman Catholic: I could not hope either for his interest, or affection: He could not but wish to frustrate my hopes. As a man in earnest in his own principles, and who knew how steadfast I was in mine, it was his duty to oppose this alliance. He is, perhaps, the honestest man for knowing but little of human nature, and of the tender passions. As to that of Love, he seemed to have drawn his conclusions from general observations: He knew not how to allow for particular constitutions, nor to account for the delicacy of such a heart as Clementina's. He thought that Love was always a poor blind boy, led in a string, either by Folly, or Fancy; and that once

the impetus got over, and the Lady settled into the common offices of life, she would domesticate herself, and be as happy with a Count of Belvedere, especially as he is a very worthy man, as if she had married the man once most favoured. On this presumption, it was a condescension, in such a man, to come to me, and to declare himself my friend; and advise me what to do for promoting the peace of a family which I professed to venerate; and you will hear that his condescension was owing to a real greatness of mind.

I was, from the moment of his entrance, very open, very frank; more so than he expected, as he owned. He told me, that he was afraid I had conceived prejudices against him. The kinder then in him, I said, that he condescended to make me so friendly a visit. I assured him, that I regarded him as a good man. I had indeed sometimes thought him severe; but that convinced me that he was very much in earnest in his religion. I was sensible, I said, that we ought always to look to the intention: To put ourselves in the situation of the persons of whose actions we presumed to judge; and even to think well of austerities, which had their foundation in virtue, in whatever manner they affected us.

He applauded me; and said, That I wanted so little to be a Catholic, that it was a thousand pities I was not one: And he was persuaded, that I should one day be a proselyte.

This Father's business was, to convince me of the unfitness of an alliance between families so very opposite in their religious sentiments. He went into history upon it. You may believe, that the unhappy consequences which followed the marriage between our Charles I. and the Princess Henrietta of France,¹ were not forgotten. He expatiated upon them; but I observed to him, That the Monarch was the sufferer, by the zeal of the Queen for her religion, and not the Queen, any otherwise than as she was involved in the consequences of those sufferings which she had brought upon him. In short, Father, said I, We Protestants, some of us, have zeal; but let us alone, and it is not a persecuting one. Your doctrine of *merits* makes the zeal of your devotees altogether active, and perhaps the more flaming, in proportion as the person is more honest and worthy.

I lamented, that I was sent for from Vienna, upon hopes, tho' my principles were well known, that otherwise I had never presumed to entertain.

He owned that that was a wrong step, and valued himself that he had not been consulted upon it: And that when he knew it had been taken, he inveighed against it.

And I am *afraid*, Father, said I—

He interrupted me—Why, I believe so!—You have made such

generous distinctions in favour of the duty of a man acting in my function, that, I must own, I have not been an idle observer on this occasion.

He advised me to quit Bologna. He was profuse in his offers of service in any other affair; and, I dare say, was in earnest.

I told him, That I chose not to leave it precipitately, and as if I had done something blame-worthy. I had some hopes of being recalled to my father's arms. I should set out, when I left Bologna, directly for Paris, to be in the way of such a long-wished for call; and then, said I, Adieu to travelling! Adieu to Italy, for ever! I should have been happy, had I never seen it, but in the way for which I have been accustomed to censure the generality of my countrymen.¹

His behaviour at parting was such, as will make me for ever revere him; and will *enlarge* a charity for all good men of his religion; which yet, before, was not a narrow one. For, begging my excuse, he kneeled down at the door of my antechamber, and offered up, in a very fervent manner, a prayer for my conversion. He could not have given me, any other way, so high an opinion of him: No, not, had he offered me his interest with Clementina, and her family. I embraced him, as he did me: Tears were in his eyes. I thanked him for the favour of this visit; and, recommending myself to his frequent prayers, told him, That he might be assured of all the respectful services he should put it in my power to render him. I longed, Dr. Bartlett, to make him a present worthy of his acceptance, had I known what would have been acceptable, and had I not been afraid of affronting him. I accompanied him to the outward door. I never, said he, saw a Protestant that I loved, before. Your mind is still more amiable than your person. Lady Clementina, I see, might have been happy with you: But it was not fit, on *our* side. He snatched my hand, before I was aware, and honoured it with his lips, and hastened from me, leaving me at a loss, and looking after him, and for him, when he was out of sight; my mind labouring as under a high sense of obligation to his goodness.

Religion and Love, Dr. Bartlett, which heighten our relish for the things of both worlds, What pity is it, that they should ever run the human heart either into enthusiasm, or superstition,² and thereby debase the minds they are both so well fitted to exalt!

I am equally surprised and affected by the contents of the following Letter, directed to me. It was put within the door; nobody saw by whom. The daughter of the Lady at whose house I lodge, found it, and gave it to one of my servants for me.

DON'T be surprised, Chevalier: don't think amiss of me for my

forwardness. I heard some words drop (so did Camilla, but she can't go out to tell you of them) as if somebody's life was in danger. This distracts me. I am not treated as I was accustomed to be treated. They don't love me now—They don't love their poor Clementina! Very true, Chevalier! You, who were always telling me how dearly they all loved me, will hardly believe it, I suppose. Nothing now is said, but *You shall, Clementina*—from those who used to call me Sister, and dear Sister, at every word.

They said, I was well, and quite well, and ought to be treated with a high hand—I know from whom they have that. From myself. I said so to Mrs. Beaumont; but she need not to have told *them*. I won't go to her again, for that. They say *I shall*. God help me, I don't know where to go for a quiet mind. A *high hand* won't do, Chevalier: I wish I knew what would; I would tell it to them. I once thought it would; else I had not said it to Mrs. Beaumont: But let them go on with their high hands, with all my heart: That heart will not hold always. It had been gone before now, had not Mrs. Beaumont got out of me—Something—I won't tell you what—And then they sent for Somebody—And Somebody came—And what then?—They need not threaten me so—Somebody is not so much to blame as they will have it he is: And that Somebody did make proposals—Did you not, Chevalier?—I had like to have betrayed myself—I stopt just in time.

But, Chevalier, I'll tell you a secret—Don't speak of it to anybody—May I depend upon you?—I know I may. Why, Camilla tells me, that the Count of Belvedere is to come again—Are you not sorry for your poor pupil? But I'll tell you another secret—And that is, what I intend to say to him—'Look you here, my Lord, you are a very good sort of man; and you have great estates: You are very rich: You are, in short, a very good sort of man; but there is, however, a man in the world with whom I had rather live in the poorest hermitage in a wilderness, than with you in the richest palace in the world.' After this, if he be not the creeping mean man you said he was not, he will be answered—Every-thing you said to me in former happy times, I remember. You always said things to me, that were fit to be remembered. Yet I don't tell you who my hermit is, that I had rather live with. Perhaps there is no such man. But this, you know, will be a sufficient answer to the Count of Belvedere. Don't you think so?

Here I have been tormented again!—Would you think it? I have been pleading for somebody, boldly, confidently. I said I could depend upon his honour! Ah, Chevalier! Don't you think I might?—I am to be locked up, and I can't tell what!—They won't let me see Somebody—They won't let me see my poor Jeronymo!—You

and I, and Jeronymo, are all put together!—I don't care, as I tell Camilla: I don't care. They will quite harden me.

But just now my mamma, O she is the best of mothers!—My mamma tells me, She will not persuade me, if I will be patient, if I will be good. My dear mamma, as I told her, I will be patient, and good: But don't let them inveigh against the Chevalier, then. What harm has he done?—Was he not—Ah! Sir, now I blush!—Was he not sent for?—And did he not weep over me?—Yet none of your bold men, who look as proudly as if they were sure of your approbation!—Well, but what do you think my mamma said—Ah, Clementina! said she, would to God the Chevalier for *his own sake* (yes, she said for *his own sake*; and that made a great impression upon me; it was so good, you know, of my mamma) that the Chevalier was in England, or a thousand miles off. So, Sir, this is my advice—Pray take it; for I and Camilla heard some words, and Camilla, as well as I, is much troubled about them—Get away to England, as soon as you can—Besure do!—And some months hence, bring your two sisters over with you; and by that time all our feuds will be over, you know: And you shall take a house, and then I can go and visit your sisters, you know, and your sisters will visit us. You will come sometimes with them; Won't you? Well, and I'll tell you how we will pass part of our time: They shall perfect me in my English: I will perfect them in Italian. They know as much of that, I suppose, at least, as I do of English: And we will visit every court, and every city. So, God bless you, Sir, and get away, as soon as you can. I put no name; for fear this should miscarry, and I should be found out—Ah, Sir! they are very severe with me! Pity me: But I know you will; for you have a tender heart. *It is all for You!*

These last five words were intended to be scratched out; and are but just legible.

How the contents of this Letter afflict me! Words cannot express what I feel! I see, evidently, that they are taking wrong measures with the tenderest heart in the world; a heart that never once has swerved from its duty; and which is filled with reverence and love for all that boast a relation to it. Harsh treatment, and which is besides *new* to it, is *not* the method to be taken with such a heart. Shall I, thought I, when I had perused it, ask for an audience of a mother so indulgent, and give her my disinterested advice upon it? Once I could have done so; and even, in confidence, have shewn her this very Letter: But now she is one with the angry part of her family, and I dare not do it, for Clementina's sake. Talk of locking her up! Talk of bringing a Lover to her!—*Threatening* her with going to Mrs. Beaumont, when they should *court* her to go thither! Not suffer

her to see her beloved Jeronymo!—*He* in disgrace too!—How hard, how wrong, is all this conduct! I could have written to Jeronymo, thought I, and advised gentle measures, were he not out of their consultations—As to the threatened *resentments*, they are as nothing to me. Clementina's sufferings are everything! My soul disdains the thought of fastening myself upon a proud family, that now looks upon me in a mean light. A proud heart undervalued, will swell. It will be put upon *over-valuing* itself. You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a *very* proud heart: But when I am trampled upon, or despised, *then* is it most proud. I would call myself a *Man*, to a Prince, who should unjustly hold me in contempt; and let him know that I looked upon *him* to be no more. My pride is raised: Yet against whom? Not Clementina! She has all my pity! She has seen, and I have found, that her unhappy delirium, tho' not caused by me (I bless God for that!) has made me tender as a chidden infant. And can I think of quitting Bologna, and not see if it be possible for me to gratify myself, and serve them in her restoration? Setting quite out of the question the General's causeless *resentments*, and the engagement I have laid myself under not to leave it, without apprizing him of my intention.

Upon the whole, I resolved to wait the issue of the new measures they have fallen upon. The dear Lady has declared herself in my favour. Such a frank declaration must soon be followed by important consequences.

The third day after the arrival of her father and brothers from Urbino, I received the following Billet from the Marquis himself:

Chevalier Grandison,

We are in the utmost distress. We cannot take upon us to forbid your stay at Bologna; but shall be obliged to you, if you will enable us to acquaint our daughter, that you are gone to England, or some far distant part. Wishing you happy, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant

To this I wrote as follows:

My Lord,

I am excessively grieved for your distress. I make no hesitation to obey you. But as I am not conscious of having, in word or deed, offended you, or any one of a family to whom I owe infinite obligations; let me hope, that I may be allowed a farewell visit to your Lordship, to your Lady, and to your three sons; that my departure may not appear like that of a criminal, instead of the parting that,

from the knowlege I have of my own heart, as well as of your experienced goodness, may be claimed by your Lordship's

*Ever obliged, and
affectionate humble Servant,*

GRANDISON

This request, I understood, occasioned warm debates. It was said to be a very bold one: But my dear Jeronymo insisted, that it was worthy of his Friend, his Deliverer, as he called me; and of an innocent man.

The result was, that I should be invited in form, to visit and take leave of the family: And two days were taken, that some others of the Urbino family might be present, to see a man, for the last time (and some of them for the first), who was thought, by his request, to have shewn a very extraordinary degree of intrepidity; and who, tho' a Protestant, was honoured with so great an interest in the heart of their Clementina.

The day before I was to make this formal visit (for such it was to be) I received the following Letter from my friend Jeronymo:

My dearest Grandison,

Take the particulars of the situation we are in here, that you may know what to expect, and how to act and comport yourself, to-morrow evening.

Your réception will be, I am afraid, cold; but civil.

You will be looked upon by the Urbino family, who have heard more of you than they have seen, as a curiosity; but with more wonder than affection.

Of them will be present, the Count my father's brother, and his sons Sebastiano and Juliano, my aunt Signora Juliana de Sforza, a widow Lady, as you know, and her daughter Signora Laurana, a young woman of my sister's age, between whom and my sister used to be, as you have heard, the strictest friendship and correspondence; and who insisted on being present on this occasion. They are all good-natured people; but love not either your country or religion.

Father Marescotti will be present. He is become your very great admirer.

My father thinks to make you his compliments; but if he withdraws the moment he has made them, you must not be surprised.

My mother says, that as it is the last time that she may ever see you, and as she really greatly respects you, she shall not be able to leave you while you stay.

The General, I hope, will behave with politeness.

The Bishop loves you; but will not however, perhaps, be in high good humour with you.

Your Jeronymo will be wheeled into the same room. If he be more silent than usual on the solemn occasion, you will not do him injustice, perhaps, if you attribute it to his prudence; but much more to his grief.

And now let me tell you, as briefly as I can, the situation of the dear creature who must not appear, but who is more interested in the occasion of the congress than any person who will be present at it.

What passed between you and her at the last interview, has greatly impressed her in your favour. The Bishop, the General, and my Father, soon after their return from Urbino, made her a visit in her dressing-room. They talked to her of the excellency of her own Religion, and of the errors of the pretended Reformed, which they called, and I *suppose* are, *damnable*. They found her steady in her abhorrence of the one, and adherence to the other. They were delighted with her rational answers, and composed behaviour: They all three retired in raptures, to congratulate each other upon it; and returned with pleasure, to enter into farther talk with her: But when they mentioned you to her, she, led by their affectionate behaviour to her on their return, said, It had given her great pleasure, and ease of mind, to find that she was not *despised* by a man whom every one of the family regarded for his merit and great qualities. The General had hardly patience; he walked to the farther end of the room: My Father was in tears: The Bishop soothed her, in order to induce her to speak her whole mind.

He praised you. She seemed pleased. He led her to believe, that the whole family were willing to oblige her, if she would declare herself; and asked her questions, the answers to which must either be an avowal or a denial of her Love; and then she owned, That she preferred the Chevalier Grandison to all the men in the world; she would not, against the opinion of her friends, wish to be his; but never would be the wife of any other man.

What, said the General, tho' he continue an Heretic?

He might be converted, she said. And he was a sweet-tempered and compassionate man: And a man of sense, as *he* was, must see his errors.

Would she run the risque of her own salvation?

She was sure she should never give up her faith.

It was tempting God to abandon her to her own perverseness.

Her reliance on his goodness to enable her to be stedfast, was humble, and not presumptuous, and with a pious view to gain a proselyte; and God would not forsake a person so well intending.

Was she not to be allowed her confessor? Her confessor should be appointed by themselves. She did not doubt but the Chevalier would consent to that.

The Bishop, you know, can be cool when he pleases. He bore to talk farther with her.

My father was still in tears.

The General had no farther patience. He withdrew, and came to me, and vented on me his displeasure. It is true, Grandison, when it was proposed to send for you from Vienna, I, sanguine in my hopes, had expressed myself as void of all doubt but you would become a Catholic—Your love, your compassion, your honour, as I thought, engaged by such a step taken on our side—I had no notion that on such a surprize, with such motives to urge your compliance, a young man like myself, and with a heart so sensible, could have been so firm: But these thoughts are all over—This, however, exposes me to the more reproaches.

We were high; and my mother and uncle came in to mediate between us:

I would not, I could not, renounce my friend; the friend of my soul, as in our first acquaintance; and the preserver of my life.—Miserable as that has been, the preserver of it, at a time when I was engaged in an *unlawful* pursuit, in which had I perished, what might I have now been, and where?

I ventured to give my opinion in favour of my sister's marriage with you, as the only method that could be taken to restore her; who, I said, loved you because you were a virtuous man; and that her Love was not only founded in virtue, but was Virtue itself.

My brother told me, that I was as much beside myself with my notions of gratitude, as my sister was with a passion less excusable.

I bid him forbear wounding a wounded man.

Thus high ran words between us.

The Bishop, mean time, went on with a true Church subtlety, to get out of the innocent girl her whole mind.

He boasted afterwards of his art. But what was there in it to boast of? A mind so pure and so simple as Clementina's ever was, and which only the pride of her Sex, and motives of Religion, had perhaps hindered her from declaring to all the world.

He asked her, If she was willing to leave her father, mother, brothers, and country, to go to a strange land; to live among a hated people?

No, she said; you would not wish her to go out of Italy. You would live nine months out of twelve in Italy.

He told her, That she must, when married, do as her husband would have her.

She could trust to your honour.

Would she consent that her children should be trained up Heretics?

She was silent to this question. He repeated it.

Well, my Lord, if I must not be allowed to choose for myself; only let me not hear the Chevalier spoken of disrespectfully: He does not deserve it. He has acted by me with as much honour, as he did by my brother. He is an uniformly good man, and as generous as good—And don't let me have *other* proposals made me; and I will be contented. I had never so much distinguished him, if every-body had not as well as I.

He was pleased to find her answers so rational: He pronounced her quite well; and gave it as his opinion, that you should be desired to quit Bologna: And your absence, and a little time, he was sure, would secure her health of mind.

But when her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana talked with her next morning, they found her, on putting questions about you, absolutely determined in your favour.

She answered the objections they made against you, with equal warmth and clearness. She seemed sensible of the unhappy way she had been in, and would have it, that the last interview she had with you, had helped to calm and restore her: And she hoped that she should be better every day. She praised your behaviour to her: She expatiated upon, and pitied, your distress of mind.

They let her run on till they too had obtained from her a confirmation of all that the Bishop had reported; and, upon repeating the conversation, would have it, upon experience, that soothing such a passion was not the way to be taken; but that a high hand was to be used, and that she was to be shamed out of a Love so improper, so irreligious, so *scandalous*, to be encouraged in a daughter of their house with an Heretic; and who had shewn himself to be a determined one.

They accordingly entered upon their new measures. They forbid her to think of you: They told her, That she should not upon any terms be yours; not now, even if you would change your religion for her. They depreciated your family, your fortune, and even your understanding; and brought to prove what they said against the latter, your obstinate adherence to your *mushroom* religion, so they called it; a religion that was founded in the wickedness of your VIIIth Henry; in the superstition of a child his successor; and in the arts of a vile woman who had martyred a Sister Queen, a better woman than herself. They insisted upon her encouraging the Count of Belvedere's addresses, as a mark of her obedience.

They condemned, in terms wounding to her modesty, her passion for a foreigner, an enemy to her faith; and on her earnest request to see her father, he was prevailed upon to refuse her that favour.

Lady Juliana Sforza and her daughter Laurana, the companion of her better hours, never see her, but they inveigh against you as an artful, an interested man.

Her uncle treats her with authority; Signor Sebastiano with a pity bordering on contempt.

My mother shuns her; and indeed avoids me: But as she has been blamed for permitting the interview, which they suppose the wrongest step that could have been taken; she declares herself neutral, and resigns to whatever shall be done by her Lord, by his brother, her two sons, and Lady Juliana de Sforza: But I am sure, in her heart, that she approves not of the new measures; and which are also, as I have reminded the Bishop, so contrary to the advice of the worthy Mrs. Beaumont; to whom they begin to think of once more sending my sister, or of prevailing on her to come hither: But Clementina seems not to be desirous of going again to her; we know not why; since she used to speak of her with the highest respect.

The dear soul rushed in to me yesterday. Ah, my Jeronymo! said she, they will drive me into despair. They hate me, Jeronymo: But I have written to Somebody!—Hush! for your life, hush.

She was immediately followed in by her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana, and the General; who, however, heard not what she said, but insisted on her returning to her own apartment.

What! said she, Must I not speak to Jeronymo? Ah, Jeronymo!—I had a great deal to say to you!

I raved; but they hurried her out, and have forbid her to visit me: They, however, have had the civility to desire my excuse. They are sure, they say, they are in the right way: And if I will have patience with them for a week, they will change their measures, if they find these new ones ineffectual. But my sister will be lost, irrecoverably lost; I foresee that.

Ah Grandison! And can you still—But now they will not accept of your change of religion. Poor Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo! Unhappy *Grandison*! I will say. If you are not so, you cannot deserve the affection of a Clementina!

But are *you* the Somebody to whom she has written? *Has* she written to you? Perhaps you will find some opportunity to-morrow to let me know whether she has, or not. Camilla is forbidden to stir out of the house, or to write.

The General told me, just now, that my gratitude to you, shewed neither more nor less, than the high value I put upon my own life.

I answered; That his observation *convinced* me, that he put a much less upon mine, than I, in the same case, should have put upon his.

He reconciled himself to me by an endearment. He embraced me. Don't say *convinced*, Jeronymo. I love not myself better than I love my Jeronymo.

What can one do with such a man? He *does* love me.

My mother, as I said, is resolved to be neutral: But, it seems, she is always in tears.

My mother stept in just now—To my question after my sister's health; Ah, Jeronymo! said she, All is wrong! The dear creature has been bad ever since yesterday. They are all wrong!—But patience and silence, child! You and I have nothing to answer for.—Yet my Clementina, said she—Oh!—and left me.

I have no heart to write on. You will see, from the above, the way we are in. O my Grandison! What will you do among us?—I wish you would not come. Yet what hope, if you do not, shall I ever have of seeing again my beloved friend, who has behaved so unexceptionably in a case so critical?

You must not think of the dear creature: Her head is ruined. For your *own* sake, you must not. We are all unworthy of you. Yet, not *all*. All, however, but Clementina, and (if true friendship will justify my claim to another exception)

Your afflicted

JERONYMO

LETTER XXIX

Miss BYRON, *To* *Miss* SELBY

O MY Lucy! What think you—But it is easy to guess what you must think. I will, without saying one word more, inclose

Dr. Bartlett's tenth Letter

THE next day (proceeds my patron) I went to make my visit to the family. I had nothing to reproach myself with, and therefore had no other concern upon me but what arose from the unhappiness of the noble Clementina: That indeed was enough. I thought I should have some difficulty to manage my own spirit, if I were to find myself insulted, especially by the General. Soldiers are so apt to value themselves on their knowlege of what, after all, one may call but their trade, that a private gentleman is often thought too slightly of by them. Insolence in a great man, a rich man, or a soldier, is a *call* upon a man of spirit to exert himself. But I hope, thought I, I shall not have this call from any one of a family I so greatly respect.

I was received by the Bishop; who politely, after I had paid my compliments to the Marquis and his Lady, presented me to those of the Urbino family to whom I was a stranger. Every one of those named by Signor Jeronymo, in his last Letter, was present.

The Marquis, after he had returned my compliment, looked another way, to hide his emotion: The Marchioness put her handkerchief to her eyes, and looked upon me with tenderness; and I read in them her concern for her Clementina.

I paid my respects to the General with an air of freedom, yet of regard; to my Jeronymo, with the tenderness due to our friendship, and congratulated him on seeing him out of his chamber. His kind eyes glistened with pleasure; yet it was easy to read a mixture of pain in them; which grew stronger as the first emotions at seeing me enter, gave way to reflection.

The Conte della Porretta seemed to measure me with his eye.

I addressed myself to Father Marescotti, and made my particular acknowledgements to him for the favour of his visit, and what had passed in it. He looked upon me with pleasure; probably with the more, as this was a farewell visit.

The two Ladies whispered, and looked upon me, and seemed to bespeak each other's attention to what passed.

Signor Sebastiano placed himself next to Jeronymo, and often whispered him, and as often cast his eye upon me. He was partial to me, I believe, because my generous friend seemed pleased with what he said.

His brother, Signor Juliano, sat on the other hand of me. They are agreeable and polite young gentlemen.

A profound silence succeeded the general compliments.

I addressed myself to the Marquis: Your Lordship, and you, madam, turning to the Marchioness, I hope will excuse me for having requested of you the honour of being once more admitted to your presence, and to that of three brothers, for whom I shall ever retain the highest veneration and respect. I could not think of leaving a city, where one of the first families in it has done me the highest honour, without taking such a leave as might shew my gratitude.—Accept, my Lords, bowing to each; Accept, madam, more profoundly bowing to the Marchioness, my respectful thanks for all your goodness to me. I shall, to the end of my life, number most of the days that I have passed at Bologna among its happiest, even were the remainder to be as happy as man ever knew.

The Marquis said, We wish you, Chevalier, very happy; happier than—He sighed, and was silent.

His Lady only bowed. Her face spoke distress. Her voice was lost in sighs, tho' she struggled to suppress them.

Chevalier, said the Bishop, with an air of solemnity, you have given us many happy hours: For them we thank you. Jeronymo, for himself, will say more: He is the most grateful of men. We thank you also for what you have done for him.

I cannot, said Jeronymo, express suitably my gratitude: My prayers, my vows, shall follow you whithersoever you go, best of friends, and best of men!

The General, with an air and a smile that might have been dispensed with, oddly said, High pleasure and high pain are very near neighbours: They are often guilty of excesses, and then are apt to mistake each other's house. I am one of those who think our whole house obliged to the Chevalier for the seasonable assistance he gave to our Jeronymo. But—

Dear General, said Lady Juliana, bear with an interruption: The intent of this meeting is amicable. The Chevalier is a man of honour. Things may have fallen out unhappily; yet nobody to blame.

As to blame, or otherwise, said the Conte della Porretta, that is not now to be talked of; else, I *know* where it lies: In short, among ourselves. The Chevalier acted greatly by Signor Jeronymo: We were all obliged to him: But to let such a man as *this* have free admission to our daughter—She ought to have had no eyes.

Pray, my Lord, Pray, brother, said the Marquis, Are we not enough sufferers?

The Chevalier, said the General, cannot but be gratified by so high a compliment; and smiled indignantly.

My Lord, replied I to the General, you know very little of the man before you, if you don't believe him to be the most afflicted man present.

Impossible! said the Marquis, with a sigh.

The Marchioness arose from her seat, motioning to go; and turning round to the two Ladies, and the Count, I have resigned my will to the will of you all, my dearest friends, and shall be permitted to withdraw. This testimony, however, before I go, I cannot but bear: Where-ever the fault lay, it lay not with the Chevalier. He has, from the first to the last, acted with the nicest honour. He is intitled to our respect. The unhappiness lies no-where but in the difference of religion.

Well, and that now is absolutely out of the question, said the General: It is indeed, Chevalier.

I hope, my Lord, from a descendant of a family so illustrious, to find an equal exemption from wounding words, and wounding looks; and that, Sir, as well from your generosity, as from your *justice*.

My looks give you offence, Chevalier!—Do they?

I attended to the Marchioness. She came towards me. I arose, and respectfully took her hand.—Chevalier, said she, I could not withdraw without bearing the testimony I have borne to your merits. I wish you happy.—God protect you, whithersoever you go. Adieu.

She wept. I bowed on her hand with profound respect. She retired

with precipitation. It was with difficulty that I suppressed the rising tear. I took my seat.

I made no answer to the General's last question, tho' it was spoken in such a way (I saw by their eyes) as took every other person's notice.

Lady Sforza, when her sister was retired, hinted, that the last interview between the young Lady and me was an unadvised permission, tho' intended for the best.

I then took upon me to defend that step. Lady Clementina, said I, had declared, That if she were allowed to speak her whole mind to me, she should be easy. I had for some time given myself up to absolute despair. The Marchioness intended not *favour* to me in allowing of the interview: It was the most affecting one to me I had ever known. But let me say, That, far from having bad effects on the young Lady's mind, it had good ones. I hardly knew how to talk upon a subject so very interesting to every one present, but not more so to any one than to myself. I thought of avoiding it; and have been led into it, but did not lead. And since it is before us, let me recommend, as the most effectual way to restore every one to peace and happiness, *gentle treatment*. The most generous of human minds, the most meek, the most dutiful, requires not harsh methods.—

How do you know, Sir, said the General, and looked at Jeronimo, the methods now taken—

And *are* they then harsh, my Lord? said I.

He was offended.

I had heard, proceeded I, that a change of measures was resolved on. I knew that the treatment before had been all gentle, condescending, indulgent. I received but yesterday Letters from my father, signifying his intention of speedily recalling me to my native country. I shall set out very soon for Paris, where I hope to meet with his more direct commands for this long-desired end. What may be my destiny, I know not; but I shall carry with me a heart burdened with the woes of this family, and distressed for the beloved daughter of it. But let me bespeak you all, for your own sakes (Mine is out of the question: I presume not upon any hope on my own account) that you will treat this Angelic-minded Lady with tenderness. I pretend to say, that I know that harsh or severe methods will not do.

The General arose from his seat, and, with a countenance of fervor, next to fierceness—Let me tell you, Grandison, said he—

I arose from mine, and going to Lady Sforza, who sat next him, he stopt, supposing me going to him, and seemed surprised, and attentive to my motions: But, disregarding him, I addressed myself

to that Lady. You, madam, are the aunt of Lady Clementina: The tender, the indulgent mother is absent, and has declared, that she resigns her will to the will of her friends present—Allow me to supplicate, that former measures may not be changed with her. Great dawns of returning reason did I discover in our last interview. Her delicacy (Never was there a more delicate mind) wanted but to be satisfied. It *was* satisfied, and she began to be easy. Were her mind but once composed, the sense she has of her duty, and what she owes to her religion, would restore her to your wishes: But if she should be treated harshly (tho' I am sure, if she *should*, it would be with the best intention) Clementina will be lost.

The General sat down. They all looked upon one another. The two Ladies dried their eyes. The starting tear *would* accompany my fervor. And then stepping to Jeronymo, who was extremely affected; My dear Jeronymo, said I, my friend, my beloved friend, cherish in your noble heart the memory of your Grandison: Would to God I could attend you to England! We have baths there of sovereign efficacy. The balm of a friendly and grateful heart would promote the cure. I have urged it before. Consider of it.

My Grandison, my dear Grandison, my friend, my preserver! You are not going!—

I *am*, my Jeronymo, and embraced him. Love me in absence, as I shall you.

Chevalier, said the Bishop, you don't go? We hope for your company at a small collation.—We must not part with you yet.

I cannot, my Lord, accept the favour. Altho' I had given myself up to despair of obtaining the happiness to which I once aspired; yet I was not willing to quit a city that this family had made dear to me, with the precipitation of a man conscious of misbehaviour. I thank you for the permission I had to attend you all in full assembly. May God prosper *you*, my Lord; and may you be invested with the first honours of that church which must be adorned by so worthy a heart! It will be *my* glory, when I am in my native place, or *where-ever* I am, to remember that I was once thought not unworthy of a rank in a family so respectable. Let me, my Lord, be intitled to your kind remembrance.

He pulled out his handkerchief. My Lord, said he, to his father; My Lord, to the General; Grandison must not go!—and sat down with emotion.

Lady Sforza wept: Laurana seemed moved: The two young Lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, were greatly affected.

I then addressed myself to the Marquis, who sat undetermined, as to speech: My venerable Lord, forgive me, that my address was not first paid here. My heart overflows with gratitude for your

goodness in permitting me to throw myself at your feet, before I took a last farewell of a city favoured with your residence. Best of fathers, of friends, of men, let me entreat the continuance of your paternal indulgence to the child nearest, and *deserving* to be nearest, to your heart. She is all *you* and her *mother*. Restore her to yourself, and to her, by your indulgence: That alone, and a blessing on your prayers, *can* restore her. Adieu, my good Lord: Repeated thanks for all your hospitable goodness to a man that will ever retain a grateful sense of your favour.

You will not yet go, was all he said—He seemed in agitation. He could not say more.

I then, turning to the Count his brother, who sat next him, said, I have not the honour to be fully known to your Lordship: Some prejudices from differences in opinion may have been conceived: But if you ever hear any-thing of the man before you *unworthy* of his name, and of the favour once designed him; then, my Lord, blame, as well as wonder at, the condescension of your noble brother and sister in my favour.

Who, I! Who, I! said that Lord, in some hurry.—I think very well of you. I never saw a man, in my life, that I liked so well!

Your Lordship does me honour. I say this the rather, as I may, on this solemn occasion, taking leave of such honourable friends, charge my future life with resolutions to behave worthy of the favour I have met with in this family.

I passed from him to the General—Forgive, my Lord, said I, the seeming formality of my behaviour in this parting scene: It is a very solemn one to me. You have expressed yourself *of* me, and *to* me, my Lord, with more passion (Forgive me, I mean not to offend you) than perhaps you will approve in yourself when I am far removed from Italy. For have you not a noble mind? And are you not a son of the Marquis della Porretta? Permit me to observe, that passion will make a man exalt himself, and degrade another; and the just medium will be then forgot. I am afraid I have been thought more lightly of, than I ought to be, either in justice, or for the honour of a person who is dear to every one present. My country was once mentioned with disdain: Think not my vanity so much concerned in what I am going to say, as my honour: I am proud to be thought an Englishman: Yet I think as highly of every worthy man of every nation under the sun, as I do of the worthy men of my own. I am not of a contemptible race in my own country. My father lives in it with the magnificence of a prince. He loves his son; yet I presume to add, that that son deems his good name his riches; his integrity his grandeur. Princes, tho' they are intitled by their rank to respect, are princes to him only as they act.

A few words more, my Lord.

I have been of the *hearing*, not of the *speaking* side of the question, in the two last conferences I had the honour to hold with your Lordship. Once you unkindly mentioned the word *triumph*. The word at the time went to my heart. When I can subdue the natural warmth of my temper, then, and then only, I have a triumph. I should not have remembered this, had I not now, my Lord, on this solemn occasion, been received by you with an indignant eye. I respect your Lordship *too much*, not to take notice of this angry reception. My silence upon it, perhaps, would look like subscribing before this illustrious company to the justice of your contempt: Yet I mean no *other* notice than this; and *this* to demonstrate that I was not, in my own opinion at least, absolutely unworthy of the favour I met with from the father, the mother, the brothers, you so justly honour, and which I wished to stand in with you.

And now, my Lord, allow me the honour of your hand; and, as I have given you no cause for displeasure, say, that you will remember me with kindness, as I shall honour you and your whole family to the last day of my life.

The General heard me out; but it was with great emotion. He accepted not my hand; he returned not any answer: The Bishop arose, and, taking him aside, endeavoured to calm him.

I addressed myself to the two young Lords, and said, That if ever their curiosity led them to visit England, where I hoped to be in a few months, I should be extremely glad of cultivating their esteem and favour, by the best offices I could do them.

They received my civility with politeness.

I addressed myself next to Lady Laurana—May you, madam, the friend, the intimate, the chosen companion of Lady Clementina, never know the hundredth part of the woe that fills the breast of the man before you, for the calamity that has befallen your admirable cousin, and, because of that, a whole excellent family. Let me recommend to you, that tender and soothing treatment to *her*, which her tender heart would shew to *you*, in any calamity that should befall you. I am not a bad man, madam, tho' of a different communion from yours. Think but half so charitably of me, as I do of every one of your religion who lives up to his professions, and I shall be happy in your favourable thoughts when you hear me spoken of.

It is easy to imagine Dr. Bartlett, that I addressed myself in this manner to this Lady whom I had never before seen, that she might not think the harder of her cousin's prepossessions in favour of a Protestant.

I re-commended myself to the favour of Father Marescotti. He assured me of his esteem, in very warm terms.

And just as I was again applying to my Jeronymo, the General came to me: You cannot think, Sir, said he, nor did you *design* it, I suppose, that I should be pleased with your address to me. I have only this question to ask? When do you quit Bologna?

Let me ask your Lordship, said I, When do you return to Naples? Why that question, Sir? haughtily.

I will answer you frankly. Your Lordship, at the first of my acquaintance with you, invited me to Naples. I promised to pay my respects to you there. If you think of being there in a week, I will attend you at your own palace in that city; and there, my Lord, I hope, no cause to the contrary having arisen from me, to be received by you with the same kindness and favour that you shewed when you gave me the invitation. I think to leave Bologna to-morrow.

O brother! said the Bishop, Are you not *now* overcome?

And are you in earnest? said the General.

I am, my Lord. I have many valuable friends, at different courts and cities in Italy, to take leave of. I never intend to see it again. I would look upon your Lordship as one of those friends: But you seem still displeased with me. You accepted not my offered hand before: Once more I tender it. A man of spirit cannot be offended at a man of spirit, without lessening himself. I call upon your dignity, my Lord.

He held out his hand, just as I was withdrawing mine. I have pride, you know, Dr. Bartlett; and I was conscious of a superiority in *this instance*: I took his hand, however, at his offer; yet pitied him, that his motion was made at all, as it wanted that grace which generally accompanies all he does, and says.

The Bishop embraced me.—Your moderation, thus exerted, said he, must ever make you triumph. O Grandison! you are a Prince of the Almighty's creation.

The noble Jeronymo dried his eyes, and held out his arms to embrace me.

The General said, I shall certainly be at Naples in a week. I am too much affected by the woes of my family, to behave as perhaps I ought on this occasion. Indeed, Grandison, it is difficult for sufferers to act with spirit and temper at the same time.

It *is*, my Lord; I have found it so. My hopes raised, as once they were, now sunk, and absolute despair having taken place of them—Would to God I had never returned to Italy!—But I reproach not any-body.

Yet, said Jeronymo, you have some reason—To be sent for as you were—He was going on—Pray, brother, said the General—And turning to me, I may expect you, Sir, at Naples?

You may, my Lord. But one favour I have to beg of you mean

time. It is, That you will not treat harshly *your* dear Clementina. Would to Heaven I might have had the honour to say, *my* Clementina! And permit me to make one other request on my own account: And that is, That you will tell her, that I took my leave of your whole family, by their kind permission; and that, at my departure, I wished her, from my soul, all the happiness that the best and tenderest of her friends can wish her! I make this request to you, my Lord, rather than to Signor Jeronymo, because the tenderness which he has for me might induce him to mention me to her in a manner which might, at this time, affect her too sensibly for her peace.

Be pleased, my dear Signor Jeronymo, to make my devotion known to the Marchioness. Would to Heaven—But Adieu, and once more Adieu, my Jeronymo. I shall hear from you when I get to Naples, if not before.—God restore your sister, and heal you!

I bowed to the Marquis, to the Ladies, to the General, to the Bishop, particularly; to the rest in general; and was obliged, in order to conceal my emotion, to hurry out of the door. The servants had planted themselves in a row; not for selfish motives, as in England: They bowed to the ground, and blessed me, as I went through them. I had ready a purse of ducats. One hand and another declined it: I dropt it in their sight. God be with you, my honest friends! said I; and departed—O, Dr. Bartlett, with a heart how much distressed!

And now, my good Miss Byron, Have I not reason, from the deep concern which you take in the woes of Lady Clementina, to regret the task you have put me upon? And do you, my good Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, now wonder that your brother has not been forward to give you the particulars of this melancholy tale? Yet you all say, I must proceed.

See, Lucy, the greatness of this man's behaviour! What a presumption was it in your Harriet, ever to aspire to call such a one hers!

LETTER XXX

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

THIS Lady Olivia, Lucy, what can *she* pretend to—But I will not puzzle myself about her. Yet *she* pretend to give disturbance to such a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr. Bartlett's next Letter; or she would not have been named by *me*.

Dr. Bartlett's eleventh Letter

MR. GRANDISON, on his return to his lodgings, found there, in disguise, Lady Olivia. He wanted not any new disturbance. But I will not mix the stories.

The next morning he received a Letter from Signor Jeronymo. The following is a translation of it:

My dearest Grandison,

How do you?—Ever-amiable friend! What triumphs did your behaviour of last night obtain for you! Not a soul here but admires you!

Even Laurana declared, That, were you a Catholic, it would be a merit to love you. Yet she reluctantly praised you, and once said, What, but *splendid sins*, are the *virtues* of an *Heretic*?

Our two cousins, with the good-nature of youth, lamented that you could not be ours in the way you wish. My father wept like a child, when you were gone; and seemed to enjoy the praises given you by every one. The Count said, He never saw a nobler behaviour in man. Your free, your manly, your polite air and address, and your calmness and intrepidity, were applauded by every one.

What joy did this give to your Jeronymo! I thought I wanted neither crutches, helps, nor wheeled chair; and several times forgot that I ailed any-thing.

I begin to love Father Marescotti. He was with the foremost in praising you.

The General owned, that he was resolved once to quarrel with you. But will he, do you think, Jeronymo, said he, make me a visit at Naples?—You may depend upon it, he will, answered I.—I will be there to receive him, replied he.

They admired you particularly for your address to my sister, by the General, rather than by me: And Lady Sforza said, It was a thousand pities that you and Clementina could not be one. They applauded, all of them, what they had not, any of them, the power to imitate, that largeness of heart which makes you think so well, and speak so tenderly, of those of communions different from your own. So much steadiness in your own Religion, yet so much prudence, in a man so young, they said, was astonishing! No wonder that your character ran so high, in every court you had visited.

My mother came in soon after you had left us. She was equally surprised and grieved to find you gone. She thought she was sure of your staying supper; and, not satisfied with the slight leave she had taken, she had been strengthening her mind to pass an hour in your company, in order to take a more solemn one.

My father asked her after her daughter.

Poor soul! said she, she has heard that the Chevalier was to be here, to take leave of us.

By whom? By whom? said my father.

I cannot tell: But the poor creature is half-raving to be admitted among us. She has dressed herself in one of her best suits; and I found her sitting in a kind of form, expecting to be called down. Indeed, Lady Sforza, the method we are in, does not do.

So the Chevalier said, replied that Lady. Well, let us change it, with all my heart. It is no pleasure to treat the dear girl harshly—O sister! this is a most extraordinary man!

That moment in bolted Camilla—Lady Clementina is just at the door. I could not prevail upon her—

We all looked upon one another.

Three soft taps at the door, and a hem, let us know she was there.

Let her come in, dear girl, let her come in, said the Count: The Chevalier is not here.

Laurana arose, and ran to the door, and led her in by the hand.

Dear creature, How wild she looked!—Tears ran down my cheeks: I had not seen her for two days before. O how earnestly did she look round her! withdrawing her hand from her cousin, who would have led her to a chair, and standing quite still.

Come and sit by me, my sweet love, said her weeping mother.—She stepped towards her.

Sit down, my dear girl.

No: You beat me, remember.

Who beat you, my dear?—Sure nobody would beat my child!—Who beat you, Clementina?

I don't know—Still looking round her, as wanting somebody.

Again her mother courted her to sit down.

No, madam, you don't love me.

Indeed, my dear, I do.

So you say.

Her father held out his open arms to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could not speak.—Ah, my father! said she, stepping towards him.

He caught her in his arms—Don't, don't, Sir, faintly struggling, with averted face—You love me not—You refused to see your child, when she wanted to claim your protection!—I was used cruelly.

By whom, my dear? by whom?

By every-body. I complained to one, and to another; but all were in a tone: And so I thought I would be contented. My mamma, too!—But it is no matter. I saw it was to be so; and I did not care.

By my soul, said I, this is not the way with her, Lady Sforza. The Chevalier is in the right. You see how sensible she is of harsh treatment.

Well, well, said the General, let us change our measures. Still the dear girl looked out earnestly, as for Somebody. She loosed herself from the arms of her sorrowing father. Let us in silence, said the Count, observe her motions.

She went to him on tip-toe, and looking in his face over his shoulder, as he sat with his back towards her, passed him; then to the General; then to Signor Sebastiano; and to every one round, till she came to me; looking at each over his shoulder in the same manner: Then folding her fingers, her hands open, and her arms hanging down to their full extent, she held up her face meditating, with such a significant woe, that I thought my heart would have burst.—Not a soul in the company had a dry eye.

Lady Sforza arose, took her two hands, the fingers still clasped, and would have spoken to her, but could not; and hastily retired to her seat.

Tears, at last, began to trickle down her cheeks, as she stood fixedly looking up. She started, looked about her, and hastening to her mother, threw her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom, broke out into a flood of tears, mingled with sobs that penetrated every heart.

The first words she said, were, Love me, my mamma! Love your child! your poor child! your Clementina! Then raising her head, and again laying it in her mother's bosom—If ever you loved me, love me now, my mamma!—I have need of your love!

My father was forced to withdraw. He was led out by his two sons.

Your poor Jeronymo was unable to help himself. He wanted as much comfort as his father. What were the wounds of his body, at that time; to those of his mind?

My two brothers returned. This dear girl, said the Bishop, will break all our hearts.

Her tears had seemed to relieve her. She held up her head. My mother's bosom seemed wet with her child's tears and her own. Still she looked round her.

Suppose, said I, somebody were to name the man she seems to look for? It may divert this wildness.

Did she come down, said Laurana to Camilla, with the expectation of seeing him?

She did.

Let me, said the Bishop, speak to her. He arose, and, taking her hand, walked with her about the room. You look pretty, my Clementina! Your ornaments are charmingly fansied. What made you dress yourself so prettily?

She looked earnestly at him, in silence. He repeated his question—I speak, said she, all my heart; and then I suffer for it. Every-body is against me.

You shall not suffer for it: Every-body is for you.

I confessed to Mrs. Beaumont; I confessed to you, brother: But what did I get by it?—Let go my hand, I don't love you, I believe.

I am sorry for it. I love you, Clementina, as I love my own soul!

Yet you never chide your own soul!

He turned his face from her to us. She must not be treated harshly, said he. He soothed her in a truly brotherly manner.

Tell me, added he to his soothings, Did you expect any-body here, that you find not?

Did I? Yes, I did.—Camilla, come hither.—Let go my hand, brother.

He did. She took Camilla under the arm—Don't you know, Camilla, said she, what you heard said of Somebody's threatening Somebody?—Don't let anybody hear us; drawing her to one end of the room.—I want to take a walk with you into the garden, Camilla.

It is dark night, madam.

No matter. If you are afraid, I will go by myself.

Seem to humour her in talk, Camilla, said the Count; but don't go out of the room with her.

Be pleased to tell me, madam, what we are to walk in the garden for?

Why, Camilla, I had a horrid dream last night; and I cannot be easy till I go into the garden.

What, madam, was your dream?

In the Orange-grove, I thought I stumbled over the body of a dead man!

And who was it, madam?

Don't you know who was threatened? And was not Somebody here to-night? And was not Somebody to sup here? And is he here?

The General then went to her. My dearest Clementina; my beloved sister; set your heart at rest. Somebody is safe: Shall be safe.

She took first one of his hands, then the other; and looking in the palms of them, They are not bloody, said she.—What have you done with him, then? Where is he?

Where is who?—

You know whom I ask after; but you want some-thing against me.

Then stepping quick up to me: My Jeronymo!—Did I see you before? and stroked my cheek.—Now tell me, Jeronymo—Don't come near me, Camilla. Pray, Sir, to the General, do you sit down. She leaned her arm upon my shoulder: I don't hurt you, Jeronymo: Do I?

No, my dearest Clementina.

That's my best brother.—Cruel assassins!—But the brave man came just in time to save you.—But do you know what is become of him?

He is safe, my dear. He could not stay.

Did any-body affront him?

No, my love.

Are you sure nobody did?—*Very* sure? Father Marescotti, said she, turning to him (who wept from the time she entered) You don't love him: But you are a good man, and will tell me truth. Where is he? Did nobody affront him?

No, madam.

Because, said she, he never did any-thing but good to any one.

Father Marescotti, said I, admires him as much as any-body.

Admire him! Father Marescotti admire him!—But he does not love him. And I never heard him say one word against Father Marescotti in my life.—Well, but, Jeronymo, What made him go away, then? Was he not to stay supper?

He was desired to stay; but would not.

Jeronymo, let me whisper you—Did he tell you that I wrote him a Letter?

I guessed you did, whispered I.

You are a strange guesser: But you can't guess how I sent it to him—But hush, Jeronymo—Well, but, Jeronymo, Did he say nothing of me, when he went away?

He left his compliments for you with the General.

With the General! The General won't tell me!

Yes, he will.—Brother, pray tell my sister what the Chevalier said to you, at parting.

He repeated, exactly, what you had desired him to say to her.

Why would they not let me see him? said she. Am I never to see him more?

I hope you will, replied the Bishop.

If, resumed she, we could have done any-thing that might have looked like a return to his goodness to us (and to you, my Jeronymo, in particular) I believe I should have been easy.—And so you say he is gone?—And gone for ever! lifting up her hand from her wrist, as it lay over my shoulder: Poor Chevalier!—But hush, hush, pray hush, Jeronymo.

She went from me to her aunt, and cousin Laurana. Love me again, madam, said she, to the former. You loved me once.

I never loved you better than now, my dear.

Did *you*, Laurana, see the Chevalier Grandison?

I did.

And did he go away safe, and unhurt?

Indeed he did.

A man who had preserved the life of our dear Jeronymo, said she, to have been hurt by us, would have been dreadful, you know. I

wanted to say a few words to him. I was astonished to find him not here: And then my dream came into my head. It was a sad dream, indeed! But, cousin, be good to me: Pray do. You did not use to be cruel. You used to say, you loved me. I am in calamity, my dear. I know I am miserable. At times I know I am; and then I am grieved at my heart, and think how happy every one is, but me: But then, again, I ail nothing, and am well. But do, love me, Laurana: I am in calamity, my dear. I would love you, if you were in calamity: Indeed I would.—Ah, Laurana! What is become of all your fine promises? But then every-body loved me, and I was happy!—Yet you tell me, It is all for my good. Naughty Laurana—To wound my heart by your crossness, and then say, It is for my good!—Do you think I should have served you so?

Laurana blushed, and wept. Her aunt promised her, that every-body would love her, and comfort her, and not be angry with her, if she would make her heart easy.

I am very particular, my dear Grandison. I know you love I should be so. From this minuteness, you will judge of the workings of her mind. They are resolved to take your advice (It was very seasonable), and treat her with indulgence. The Count is earnest to have it so.

Camilla has just left me. She says, That her young Lady had a tolerable night. She thinks it owing, in a great measure, to her being indulged in asking the servants, who saw you depart, how you looked; and being satisfied that you went away unhurt, and unaffronted.

Adieu, my dearest, my best friend. Let me hear from you, as often as you can.

I just now understand from Camilla, that the dear girl has made an earnest request to my father, mother, and aunt; and been refused. She came back from them deeply afflicted, and, as Camilla fears, is going into one of her gloomy fits again. I hope to write again, if you depart not from Bologna before to-morrow: But I must, for my own sake, write shorter Letters. Yet how can I? Since, however melancholy the subject, when I am writing to you, I am conversing with you. My dear Grandison, once more

Adieu

O Lucy, my dear! Whence come all the tears this melancholy story has cost me? I cannot dwell upon the scenes!—Begone, all those wishes that would interfere with the interest of that sweet distressed Saint at Bologna!

How impolitic, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to see him! She would, most probably, have been quieted in her mind, if she had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear, what a generosity, is there in her Love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L.'s Study, said to me, that his compassion was engaged, but his honour was free: And so it seems to be: But a generosity in return for her generosity, must bind such a mind as his.

LETTER XXXI

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

IN the doctor's next Letter, inclosed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's Literary Journal: I fancy, my dear, it must be a charming thing. I wish we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the presumptuous Harriet had hopes, that she might have been intitled—But no more of these hopes—It can't be helped, Lucy.

Dr. Bartlett's twelfth Letter

MR. GRANDISON proceeds thus:

The next morning I employed myself in visiting and taking leave of several worthy members of the University, with whom I had passed many very agreeable and improving hours, during my residence in this noble city. In my Literary Journal you have an account of those worthy persons, and of some of our conversations. I paid my duty to the Cardinal Legate, and the Gonfaloniere, and to three of his counsellors, by whom, you know, I had been likewise greatly honoured. My mind was not free enough to *enjoy* their conversation: Such a weight upon my heart, how could it? But the debt of gratitude and civility was not to be left unpaid.

On my return to my lodgings, which was not till the evening, I found, the General had been there to enquire after me.

I sent one of my servants to the palace of Porretta, with my compliments to the General, to the Bishop, and Jeronymo; and with particular enquiries after the health of the Ladies, and the Marquis; but had only a general answer, That they were much as I left them.

The two young Lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, made me a visit of ceremony. They talked of visiting England in a year or two. I assured them of my best services, and urged them to go thither. I asked them after the healths of the Marquis, the Marchioness, and their beloved cousin Clementina. Signor Sebastiano shook his head: Very, *very* indifferent, were his words. We parted with great civilities.

I will now turn my thoughts to Florence, and to the affairs there

that have lain upon me, from the death of my good friend Mr. Jervois, and from my wardship. I told you in their course, the steps I took in those affairs; and how happy I had been in some parts of management. There I hope soon to see you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from the Levant, to whose care I can so safely consign my precious trust, while I go to Paris, and attend the wished-for call of my father to my native country, from which I have been for so many years an exile.

There also I hope to have some opportunities of conversing with my good Mrs. Beaumont; resolving to make another effort to get so valuable a person to restore herself to her beloved England.

Thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do I endeavour to console myself, in order to lighten that load of grief which I labour under on the distresses of the dear Clementina. If I can leave her happy, I shall be sooner so, than I could have been in the same circumstances, had I, from the first of my acquaintance with the family (to the breach of all the laws of hospitality) indulged a passion for her.

Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp upon my endeavours after consolation. When she made her unseasonable visit to me at Bologna, she refused to return to Florence without me, till I assured her, that as my affairs would soon call me thither, I would visit her at her own palace, as often as those affairs would permit. Her pretence for coming to Bologna was, to induce me to place Emily with her, till I had settled every-thing for my carrying the child to England; but I was obliged to be peremptory in my denial, tho' she had wrought so with Emily, as to induce her to be an earnest petitioner to me, to permit her to live with Lady Olivia, whose equipages, and the glare in which she lives, had dazzled the eyes of the young Lady.

I was impatient to hear again from Jeronymo; and just as I was setting out for Florence, in despair of that favour, it being the second day after my farewell visit, I had the following Letter from him:

I HAVE not been well, my dear Grandison. I am afraid the wound in my shoulder must be laid open again. God give me patience! But my life is a burden to me.

We are driving here at a strange rate. They promised to keep measures with' the dear creature; but she has heard that you are leaving Bologna, and raves to see you.

Poor soul! She endeavoured to prevail upon her father, mother, aunt, to permit her to see you, but for *five* minute: That was the petition which was denied her, as I mentioned in my last.

Camilla was afraid that she would go into a gloomy fit upon it, as

I told you—She did; but it lasted not long: For she made an effort, soon after, to go out of the house by way of the garden. The gardener refused his key, and brought Camilla to her, whom she had, by an innocent piece of art, but just before, sent to bring her something from her toilette.

The General went with Camilla to her. They found her just setting a ladder against the wall. She heard them, and screamed, and, leaving the ladder, ran, to avoid them, till she came in sight of the great cascade; into which, had she not by a cross alley been intercepted by the General, it is feared she would have thrown herself.

This has terrified us all: She begs but for one interview; one parting interview; and she promises to make herself easy: But it is not thought adviseable. Yet Father Marescotti himself thought it best to indulge her. Had my mother been earnest, I believe it had been granted: But she is so much concerned at the blame she met with on permitting the last interview, that she will not contend, tho' she has let them know, that she did not oppose the request.

The unhappy girl ran into my chamber this morning—Jeronymo! He will be *gone*, said she; I *know* he will. All I want is, but to see him! To wish him happy! And to know, If he will remember me when he is gone, as I shall him!—Have *you* no interest, Jeronymo? Cannot I *once* see him? Not *once*?

The Bishop, before I could answer, came in quest of her, followed by Laurana, from whom she had forcibly disengaged herself, to come to me.

Let me have but one parting interview, my Lord, said she, looking to him, and clinging about my neck. He will be gone: Gone for ever. Is there so much in being allowed to say, Farewel, and be happy, Grandison! and excuse all the trouble I have given you?—What has my brother's preserver done, what have I done, that I must not see him, nor he me, for one quarter of an hour only?

Indeed, my Lord, said I, she should be complied with. Indeed she should.

My *Father* thinks otherwise, said the Bishop: The *Count* thinks otherwise: *I* think otherwise. Were the Chevalier a common man, she might. But she dwells upon what passed in the last interview, and his behaviour to her. *That*, it is plain, did her harm.

The next may drive the thoughts of that out of her head, returned I.

Dear Jeronymo, replied he, a little peevishly, you will always think differently from every-body else! Mrs. Beaumont comes to-morrow.

What do I care for Mrs. Beaumont? said she.—I don't love her: She tells every-thing I say.

Come, my dear love, said Laurana, you afflict your brother Jeronymo. Let us go up to your own chamber.

I afflict every-body, and every-body afflicts me; and you are all cruel. Why, he will be *gone*, I tell you! That makes me so impatient: And I have something to say to him. My father won't see me: My mother renounces me. I have been looking for her, and she hides herself from me!—And I am a prisoner, and watched, and used ill!

Here comes my mother! said Laurana. You now *must* go up to your chamber, cousin Clementina.

So she does, said she: Now I must go, indeed!—Ah, Jeronymo! Now there is no saying nay!—But it is hard! *Very* hard!—And she burst into tears. I won't speak tho', said she, to my aunt. Remember, I will be silent, madam!—Then whispering me, My aunt, brother, is not the aunt she used to be to me!—But hush, I don't complain, you know!

By this I saw that Lady Sforza was severe with her.

She addressed herself to her aunt: You are not my mamma, are you, madam?

No, child.

No, child, indeed! I know that *too* well. But my brother Giacomo is as cruel to me as any-body. But hush, Jeronymo!—Don't you betray me!—Now my aunt is come, I must go!—I wish I could run away from you all!

She was yesterday detected writing a Letter to you. My mother was shewn what she had written, and wept over it. My aunt took it out of my sister's bosom, where she had thrust it, on her coming in. This she resented highly.

When she was led into her own chamber, she refused to speak; but in great hurry went to her closet, and, taking down her bible, turned over one leaf and another very quick. Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, and sat over-against the closet-door to observe her motions. She came to a place—*Pretty!* said she.

The Bishop had formerly given her a smattering of Latin—She took pen and ink, and wrote. You'll see, Chevalier, the very great purity of her thoughts, by what she omitted, and what she chose, from the Canticles.¹ *Velut unguentum diffunditur nomen tuum, &c.*

[In the English translation, thus: *Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me; we will run after thee: The upright love thee.*

Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me: They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth! where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?]

She laid down her pen, and was thoughtful; her elbow resting on the escritoire she wrote upon, her hand supporting her head.

May I look over you, my dear? said her aunt, stepping to her; and, taking up the paper, read it, and took it out of the closet with her, unopposed; her gentle bosom only heaving with sighs.

I will write no more, so minutely, on this affecting subject, my Grandison.

They are all of opinion that she will be easy, when she knows that you have actually left Bologna; and they strengthen their opinion by these words of hers, above-recited: 'Why he will be gone, I tell you; and this makes me so impatient.'—At least, they are resolved to try the experiment. And so, my dear Grandison, you must be permitted to leave us!

God be your director and comforter, as well as ours! prays

Your ever affectionate,

JERONYMO

Mr. Grandison, having no hopes of being allowed to see the unhappy Lady, set out with a heavy heart for Florence. He gave orders there, and at Leghorn, that the clerks and agents of his late friend Mr. Jervois should prepare every thing for his inspection against his return from Naples; and then he set out for that city, to attend the General.

He had other friends to whom he had endeared himself at Sienna, Ancona, and particularly at Rome, as he had also some at Naples; of whom he intended to take leave, before he set out for Paris: And therefore went to attend the General with the greater pleasure.

Within the appointed time he arrived at Naples.

The General received me, says Mr. Grandison, with greater tokens of politeness than affection. You are the happiest man in the world, Chevalier, said he, after the first compliments, in escaping dangers by braving them. I do assure you, that I had great difficulties to deny myself the favour of paying you a visit *in my own way* at Bologna. I had indeed resolved to do it, till you proposed this visit to me here.

I should have been very sorry, replied I, to have seen a brother of Lady Clementina in any way that should not have made me consider him as her brother. But, before I say another word, let me ask after her health. How does the most excellent of women?

You have not heard, then?

I have not, my Lord: But it is not for want of solicitude. I have sent three several messengers, but can hear nothing to my satisfaction.

Nor can you hear any thing from me that will give you any.

I am grieved at my soul, that I cannot. How, my Lord, do the Marquis and Marchioness?

Don't ask. They are extremely unhappy.

I hear that my dear friend, Signor Jeronymo, has undergone—

A dreadful operation, interrupted the General.—He has. Poor Jeronymo! He *could not* write to you. God preserve my brother! But, Chevalier, you did not save half a life, tho' we thank you for that, when you restored him to our arms.

I had no reason to boast, my Lord, of the accident. I never made a merit of it. It was a *mere* accident, and cost me nothing. The service was greatly over-rated.

Would to God, Chevalier, it had been rendered by any other man in the world!

As it has proved, I am sure, my Lord, I have reason to join in the wish.

He shewed me his pictures, statues, and cabinet of curiosities, while dinner was preparing; but rather for the ostentation of his magnificence and taste, than to do me pleasure. I even observed an increasing coldness in his behaviour; and his eye was too often cast upon me with a fierceness that shewed resentment; and not with the hospitable frankness that became him to a visiter and guest who had undertaken a journey of above two hundred miles, principally to attend him, and to shew him the confidence he had in his honour. This, as it was more to his dishonour than mine, I pitied him for. But what most of all disturbed me, was, that I could not obtain from him any particular intelligence relating to the health of one person, whose distresses lay heavy upon my heart.

There were several persons of distinction at dinner; the discourse could therefore be only general. He paid me great respect at his table, but it was a solemn one. I was the more uneasy at it, as I apprehended, that the situation of the Bologna family was more unhappy than when I left that city.

He retired with me into his garden. You stay with me at least the week out, Chevalier?

No, my Lord: I have affairs of a deceased friend at Florence and at Leghorn to settle. To-morrow, as early as I can, I shall set out for Rome, in my way to Tuscany.

I am surprised, Chevalier. You take something amiss in my behaviour.

I cannot say that your Lordship's countenance (I am a very free speaker) has that benignity in it, that complacency, which I have had the pleasure to see in it.

By G. Chevalier, I could have loved you better than any man in the world, next to the men of my own family; but I own I see you not here with so much love as admiration.

The word *admiration*,¹ my Lord, may require explanation. You may admire at my confidence: But I thank you for the manly freedom of your acknowledgement in general.

By *admiration* I mean, all that may do you honour. Your bravery in coming hither, particularly; and your greatness of mind on your taking leave of us all. But did you not then mean to insult me?

I meant to observe to you then, as I now do in your own palace, that you had not treated me as my heart told me I deserved to be treated: But when I thought your warmth was rising to the uneasiness of your assembled friends, instead of answering your question about my stay at Bologna, as you seemed to mean it, I invited myself to an attendance upon you here, at Naples, in such a manner as surely could not be construed an insult.

I own, Grandison, you disconcerted me. I had intended to save you that journey. *And here he*

Was that your Lordship's meaning, when, in my absence, you called at my lodgings, the day after the farewell-visit?

Not absolutely: I was uneasy with myself. I intended to talk to you. What that talk might have produced, I know not: But had I invited you out, if I had found you at home, would you have answered my demands?

According as you had put them.

Will you answer them now, if I attend you as far as Rome, on your return to Florence?

If they are demands fit to be answered.

Do you expect I will make any that are *not* fit to be answered?

My Lord, I will explain myself. You had conceived causeless prejudices against me: You seemed inclined to impute to me a misfortune that was not, could not be, greater to you than it was to me. I knew my own innocence: I knew that I was rather an injured man, in having hopes given me, in which I was disappointed, not by my own fault: Whom shall an innocent and an injured man fear?—Had I feared, my fear might have been my destruction. For was I not in the midst of your friends? A foreigner? If I *would* have avoided you, *could* I, had you been determined to seek me?—I would choose to meet even an enemy as a man of honour, rather than to avoid him as a malefactor. In my country, the law supposes flight a confession of guilt: Had you made demands upon me that I had not chosen to answer, I would have expostulated with you. I could perhaps have done so as calmly as I now speak. If you would not have been expostulated with, I would have stood upon my defence: But for the world I would not have hurt a brother of Clementina and Jeronymo, a son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, could I have avoided it. Had your passion given me any advantage over you, and I had obtained your sword (a pistol, had the choice been left to me, I had refused for both our sakes), I would have presented both swords to you, and bared my breast: It was before penetrated

by the distresses of the dear Clementina, and of all your family—Perhaps I should only have said, ‘If your Lordship thinks I have injured you, take your revenge.’

And now, that I am at Naples, let me say, that if you are determined, contrary to all my hopes, to accompany me to Rome, or elsewhere, on my return, with an unfriendly purpose; such, and no other, shall be my behaviour to you, if the power be given me to shew it. I will rely on my own innocence, and hope by generosity to overcome a *generous* man. Let the guilty secure themselves by violence and murder.

Superlative pride! angrily said he, and stood still, measuring me with his eye: And could you hope for such an advantage?

While I, my Lord, was calm, and determined only upon self-defence; while you were passionate, and perhaps rash, as aggressors generally are; I did not doubt it: But could I have avoided drawing, and preserved your good opinion, I would not have drawn. Your Lordship cannot but know my principles.

Grandison, I *do* know them; and also the general report in your favour for skill and courage. Do you think I would have heard with patience of the once proposed alliance, had not your character—And then he was pleased to say many things in my favour, from the report of persons who had weight with him; some of whom he named.

But still, Grandison, said he, this poor girl!—She could not have been so deeply affected, had not some Lover-like arts—

Let me, my Lord, interrupt you—I cannot bear an imputation of this kind. *Had* such arts been used, the Lady could *not* have been so much affected. Cannot you think of your noble sister, as a daughter of the two houses from which you sprang? Cannot you see her, as by Mrs. Beaumont’s means we now so lately have been able to see her, struggling nobly with her own heart [Why am I put upon this tender subject?] because of her duty and her religion; and resolved to die rather than encourage a wish that was not warranted by both?—I cannot, my Lord, urge this subject: But there never was a passion so nobly contended with. There never was a man more dis-interested, and so circumstanced. Remember only, my voluntary departure from Bologna, against persuasion; and the great behaviour of your sister on that occasion, great, as it came out to be, when Mrs. Beaumont brought her to acknowledge what would have been my glory to have known, could it have been encouraged; but is now made my heaviest concern.

Indeed, Grandison, she ever was a noble girl! We are too apt perhaps to govern ourselves by events, without looking into causes: But the access you had to her; such a man! and who became known to us from circumstances so much in his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery—

This, my Lord, interrupted I, is still judging from events. You have seen Mrs. Beaumont's Letter. Surely you cannot have a nobler monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer, for a proof of my own integrity.

I *have* that Letter: Jeronymo gave it me, at my taking leave of him; and with these words: 'Grandison will certainly visit you at Naples. I am afraid of your warmth. His spirit is well known. All my dependance is upon his principles. He will not draw but in his own defence. Cherish the noble visiter. Surely, brother, I may depend upon your hospitable temper. Read over again this Letter, before you see him.'—I have not yet read it, proceeded the General; but I will, and that, if you will allow me, now.

He took it out of his pocket, walked from me, and read it; and then came to me, and took my hand—I am half-ashamed of myself, my dear Grandison: I own I wanted magnanimity. All the distresses of our family, on this unhappy girl's account, were before my eyes, and I received you, I behaved to you, as the author of them. I was *contriving* to be dissatisfied with you: Forgive me, and command my best services. I will let our Jeronymo know how greatly you subdued me before I had recourse to the Letter; but that I have since read that part of it which accounts for my sister's passion, and wish I had read it with equal attention before. I acquit *you*: I am proud of my *sister*. Yet I observe from this very Letter, that Jeronymo's gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But—Let us not say one word more of the unhappy girl: It is painful to me to talk of her.

Not ask a question, my Lord?—

Don't, Grandison, don't!—Jeronymo and Clementina are my soul's woe—But they are not worse than might be apprehended. You go to court with me to-morrow: I will present you to the king.

I have had that honour formerly. I must depart to-morrow morning early. I have already taken leave of several of my friends here: I have some to make my compliments to at Rome, which I reserved for my return.

You stay with me to-night?

I intend it, my Lord.

Well, we will return to company. I must make my excuses to my friends. Your departure to-morrow must be one. They all admire you. They are acquainted with your character. They will join with me to engage you, if possible, to stay longer.

We returned to the company.

LETTER XXXII

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

RECEIVE now, my dear, the doctor's thirteenth Letter, and the last he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the histories of Mrs. Beaumont, and Lady Olivia.¹

Dr. Bartlett's thirteenth Letter

MR. Grandison set out next morning. The General's behaviour to him at his departure, was much more open and free than it was at receiving him.

Mr. Grandison, on his return to Florence, entered into the affairs of his late friend Mr. Jervois, with the spirit, and yet with the temper, for which he is noted, when he engages in any business. He put every thing in a happy train in fewer days than it would have cost some other persons months; for he was present himself on every occasion, and in every business, where his presence would accelerate it: Yet he had embarrassments from Olivia.

He found, before he set out for Naples, that Mrs. Beaumont, at the earnest request of the Marchioness, was gone to Bologna. At his return, not hearing any-thing from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs. Beaumont, requesting her to inform him of the state of things in that family, as far as she thought proper; and particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whose silence to three Letters he had written, he had the most melancholy apprehensions. He let that Lady know, that he should set out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of service to the family she favoured with her company.

To this Letter Mrs. Beaumont returned the following answer:

Sir, *my dear Sir*

I have the favour of yours. We are very miserable here. The servants are forbidden to answer any enquiries, but generally; and that not truly.

Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, has gone through a severe operation. He has been given over; but hopes are now entertained, not of his absolute recovery, but that he will be no worse than he was before the necessity for the operation arose. Poor man! He forgot not, however, his sister and you, when he was out of the power of the opiates that were administred to him.

On my coming hither, I found Lady Clementina in a deplorable way: Sometimes raving, sometimes gloomy; and in bonds—Twice had she given them apprehensions of fatal attempts: They therefore confined her hands.

They have been excessively wrong in their management of her: Now soothing, now severe; observing no method.

She was extremely earnest to see you before you left Bologna. On her knees repeatedly she besought this favour, and promised to be easy if they would comply; but they imagined that their compliance would aggravate the symptoms.

I very freely blamed them for not complying, at the time when she was so desirous of seeing you. I told them, that soothing her would probably *then* have done good.

When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told her so. Camilla shocked me with the description of her rage and despair, on the communication. This was followed by fits of silence, and the deepest melancholy.

They had hopes, on my arrival, that my company would have been of service to her: But for two days together she regarded me not, nor any-thing I could say to her. On the third of my arrival, finding her confinement extremely uneasy to her, I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her restored to the use of her hands; and to be allowed to walk with me in the garden. They had hinted to me their apprehensions about a piece of water.

Her woman being near us, if there had been occasion for assistance, I insensibly led that way. She sat down on a seat over-against the great cascade; but she made no motion that gave me apprehensions. From this time she has been fonder of me than before. The day I obtained this liberty for her, she often clasped her arms about me, and laid her face in my bosom; and I could plainly see, it was in gratitude for restoring to her the use of her arms: But she cared not to speak.

Indeed she generally affects deep silence: Yet, at times, I see her very soul is fretted. She moves to one place, is tired of that, shifts to another, and another, all round the room.

I am grieved at my heart for her: I never knew a more excellent young creature.

She is very attentive at her devotions, and as constant in them as she used to be: Every good habit she preserves; yet, at other times, rambles much.

She is often for writing Letters to you; but when what she writes is privately taken from her, she makes no enquiry about it, but takes a new sheet, and begins again.

Sometimes she draws: But her subjects are generally, Angels and Saints. She often meditates in a map of the British dominions, and now-and-then wishes she were in England.

Lady Juliana de Sforza is earnest to have her with her at Urbino, or at Milan, where she has also a noble palace; but I hope it will not

be granted. That Lady professes to love her; but she cannot be persuaded out of her notion of harsh methods, which will never do with Clementina.

I shall not be able to stay long with her. The discomposure of so excellent a young creature affects me deeply. Could I do her either good or pleasure, I should be willing to deny myself the society of my dear friends at Florence: But I am persuaded, and have hinted as much, that one interview with you would do more to settle her mind, than all the methods they have taken.

I hope, Sir, to see you before you leave Italy. It must be at Florence, not at Bologna, I believe. It is generous of you to propose the latter.

I have now been here a week, without hope. The doctors they have consulted are all for severe methods, and low diet. The first, I think, is in compliment to some of the family: She is so loth to take nourishment, and when she does, is so very abstemious, that the regimen is hardly necessary. She never, or but very seldom, used to drink anything but water.

She took it into her poor head several times this day, and perhaps it will hold, to sit in particular places, to put on attentive looks, as if she were listening to somebody. She sometimes smiled, and seemed pleased; looked up, as if to somebody, and spoke English. I have no doubt, tho' I was not present when she assumed these airs, and talked English, but her disordered imagination brought before her her tutor instructing her in that tongue.

You desired me, Sir, to be very particular. I have been so; but at the expence of my eyes: And I shall not wonder if your humane heart should be affected by my sad tale.

God preserve you, and prosper you in whatsoever you undertake!

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT

Mrs. Beaumont staid at Bologna twelve days, and then left the unhappy young Lady.

At taking leave, she asked her, What commands she had for her?—Love me, said she, and pity me; that is one. Another is (whispering her), you will see the Chevalier, perhaps, tho' I must not.—Tell him, that his poor friend Clementina is sometimes very unhappy!—Tell him, that she shall rejoice to sit next him in Heaven!—Tell him, that I say he cannot go thither, good man as he is, while he shuts his eyes to the truth.—Tell him, that I shall take it very kindly of him, if he will not think of marrying till he acquaints me with it; and can give me assurance, that the Lady will love him as well as Somebody else would have done.—O Mrs. Beaumont! should the Chevalier Grandison marry a woman unworthy of him, what a disgrace would that be to me!

Mr. Grandison by this time had prepared every-thing for his journey to Paris. The friend he honoured with his love, was arrived from the Levant, and the Archipelago. Thither, at his patron's request, he had accompanied Mr. Beauchamp, the amiable friend of both; and at parting, engaged to continue by Letter what had been the subject of their daily conversations, and transmit to him as many particulars as he could obtain of Mr. Grandison's sentiments and behaviour, on every occasion; Mrs. Beauchamp proposing him as a pattern to himself, that he might be worthy of the Credential Letters he had furnished him with to every one whom he had thought deserving of his own acquaintance, when he was in the parts which Mr. Beauchamp intended to visit.

To the care of the person so much honoured by his confidence, Mr. Grandison left his agreeable ward, Miss Jervois; requesting the assistance of Mrs. Beaumont, who kindly promised her inspection; and with the goodness for which she is so eminently noted, performed her promise in his absence.

He then made an offer to the Bishop to visit Bologna once more; but that not being accepted, he set out for Paris.

It was not long before his father's death called him to England; and when he had been there a few weeks, he sent for his ward and his friend.

But, my good Miss Byron, you will say, That I have not yet fully answered your last enquiry, relating to the present situation of the unhappy Clementina.

I will briefly inform you of it.

When it was known, for certain, that Mr. Grandison had actually left Italy, the family at Bologna began to wish that they had permitted the interview so much desired by the poor Lady: And when they afterwards understood that he was sent for to England, to take possession of his paternal estate, that farther distance (the notion likewise of the seas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

The poor Lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: For still an interview with Mr. Grandison having never been granted, it was her first wish.

They carried her to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

Whether they made her hope that it was to meet with Mr. Grandison, I know not; but it is certain, she herself expected to see him at the end of every journey; and, while she was moving, was easier, and more composed; perhaps in that hope.

The Marchioness was sometimes of the party. The air and exercise were thought proper for *her* health, as well as for that of her daughter.

Her cousin Laurana was always with her in these excursions, and sometimes Lady Sforza; and their escorte was, generally, Signors Sebastiano and Julianio.

But, within these four months past, these journeyings have been discontinued. The young Lady accuses them of deluding her with vain hopes. She is impatient, and has made two attempts to escape from them.

She is, for this reason, closely confined, and watched.

They put her once into a nunnery, at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for a trial only. She was not uneasy in it: But this being done unknown to the General, when he was apprised of it, he, for reasons I cannot comprehend, was displeased, and had her taken out, directly.

Her head runs more than ever upon seeing her tutor, her friend, her Chevalier, once more. They have certainly been to blame, if they have let her travel with such hopes; because they have thereby kept up her ardor for an interview. Could she but once more see him, she says, and let him know the cruelty she has been treated with, she should be satisfied. *He* would pity her, she is sure, tho' nobody else will.

The Bishop has written to beg, that Sir Charles would pay them one more visit at Bologna.

I will refer to my patron himself the communicating to you, Ladies, his resolution on this subject. I had but a moment's sight of the Letters which so greatly affected him.

It is but *within* these few days past that this new request has been made to him, in a *direct* manner. The question was before put, If such a request *should* be made, would he comply? And once Camilla wrote, as having heard Sir Charles's presence wished for.

Mean-time the poor Lady is hastening, they are afraid, into a consumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, still adores her. The disorder in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, and some of her particular flights not being generally known, he, who is a pious man himself, pities her; and declares, that he would run all risques of her recovery, would the family give her to him: And yet he knows, that she would choose to be the wife of the Chevalier Grandison rather than that of any other man, were the article of religion to be got over; and generously applauds her for preferring her Faith to her Love.

Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad way. Sir Charles often writes to him, and with an affection worthy of the merits of that dear friend. He was to undergo another severe operation on the next day after the Letters came from Bologna; the success of which was very doubtful.

How nobly does Sir Charles appear to support himself under such heavy distresses! For those of his friends were ever his. But his heart bleeds in secret for them. A feeling heart is a blessing that no one, who has it, would be without; and it is a moral security of innocence; since the heart that is able to partake of the distress of another, cannot wilfully give it.

I think, my good Miss Byron, that I have now, as far as I am at present able, obeyed all your commands that concern the unhappy Clementina, and her family. I will defer, if you please, those which relate to Olivia and Mrs. Beaumont, Ladies of very different characters from each other, having several Letters to write.

Permit me, my good Ladies, and my Lord, after contributing so much to afflict your worthy hearts, to refer you, for relief under all the distresses of life, whether they affect ourselves or others, to those motives that can alone give true support to a rational mind. This mortal scene, however perplexing, is a very short one; and the hour is hastening when all the intricacies of human affairs shall be cleared up; and all the sorrows that have had their foundation in virtue be changed into the highest joy: When all worthy minds shall be united in the same interests, the same happiness.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

'AMBROSE BARTLETT

Excellent Dr. Bartlett! How worthy of himself is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Harriet? A generous one, meaning consolation and instruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I may be enabled to succeed in my humble endeavours.

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not solicitous to make known a situation so embarrassing to himself, and so much involved in clouds and uncertainty: But whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly ever know me by any other name than that of

HARRIET BYRON

END OF VOLUME III





THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

VOLUME IV

LETTER I

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To* *Miss* LUCY SELBY

Friday, March 31

YOU now, my dear friends, have before you this affecting story, as far as Dr. Bartlett can give it. My cousins express a good deal of concern for your Harriet: So does Miss Grandison: So do my Lord and Lady L.: And the more, as I seem to carry off the matter with assumed bravery. This their kind concern for me looks, however, as if they thought me an hypocrite; and I suppose, therefore, that I act my part very awkwardly.

But, my dear, as this case is one of those few in which a woman *can* shew a bravery of spirit, I think an endeavour after it is laudable; and the rather, as in my conduct I aim at giving a tacit example to Miss Jervois.

The doctor has whisper'd to me, that Lady Olivia is actually on her way to England; and that the intelligence Sir Charles received of her intention, was one of the things that disturbed him, as the news of his beloved Signor Jeronymo's dangerous condition was another.

Lady Anne S. it seems, has not yet given up her hopes of Sir Charles. The two sisters, who once favoured her above all the women they knew, have not been able to bring themselves to

acquaint a Lady of her rank, merit, and fortune, that there can be no hopes; and they are still more loth to say, that their brother thinks himself under some obligation to a foreign lady. Yet you know that this was always what we were afraid of: But, who, now, will say *afraid*, that knows the merit of Clementina?

I wish, methinks, that this man were proud, vain, arrogant, and a boaster. How easily then might one throw off one's shackles!

Lord G. is very diligent in his court to Miss Grandison. His father and aunt are to visit her this afternoon. She behaves whimsically to my Lord: Yet I cannot think that she *greatly* dislikes him.

The Earl of D. and the Countess Dowager are both in town. The Countess made a visit to my cousin Reeves last Tuesday: She spoke of me very kindly: She says that my Lord has heard so much of me, that he is very desirous of seeing me: But she was pleased to say, that since my heart was not disengaged, she should be afraid of the consequences of his visit to himself.

My grandmamma, tho' she was so kindly fond of me, would not suffer me to live with her; because she thought, that her contemplative temper might influence mine, and make me grave, at a time of life, when she is always saying, that chearfulness is most becoming: She would therefore turn over her girl to the best of aunts. But now I fancy, she will allow me to be more than two days in a week her attendant. My uncle Selby will be glad to spare me. I shall not be able to bear a jest: And then, what shall I be good for?

I have made a fine hand of coming to town, he says: And so I have: But if my heart is not quite so easy as it was, it is I hope a better, at least, not a *worse* heart than I brought up with me. Could I only have admired this man, my excursion would not have been unhappy. But this gratitude, this *entangling*, with all its painful consequences—But let me say, with my grandmamma, the man is Sir Charles Grandison! The very man by whose virtues a Clementina was attracted. Upon my word, my dear, unhappy as she is, I rank her with the first of women.

I have not had a great deal of Sir Charles Grandison's company; but yet more, I am afraid, than I shall ever have again. Very true—O heart! the most wayward of hearts, sigh if thou wilt!

You have seen how little he was with us, when we were absolutely in his reach, and when he, as we thought, was in ours. But such a man cannot, ought not to be engrossed by one family. Bless me, Lucy, when he comes into public life (for has not his country a superior claim to him beyond every private one?) what moment can he have at liberty? Let me enumerate some of his present engagements that we know of.

The Danby family must have some farther portion of his time.

The executorship in the disposal of the 3000*l.* in charity, in France as well as in England, will take up a good deal more.

My Lord W. may be said to be under his tutelage, as to the future happiness of his life.

Miss Jervois's affairs, and the care he has for her person, engage much of his attention.

He is his own steward.

He is making alterations at Grandison-hall; and has a large genteel neighbourhood there, who long to have him reside among them; and he himself is fond of that seat.

His estate in Ireland is in a prosperous way, from the works he set on foot there, when he was on the spot; and he talks, as Dr. Bartlett has hinted to us, of making another visit to it.

His sister's match with Lord G. is one of his cares.

He has services to perform for his friend Beauchamp, with his father and mother-in-law, for the facilitating his coming over.

The apprehended visit of Olivia gives him disturbance:

And the Bologna family in its various branches, and more especially Signor Jeronymo's dangerous state of health, and Signora Clementina's disorder'd mind—O Lucy!—What leisure has this man to be in love?—Yet how can I say so, when he is in love already? And with Clementina—And don't you think, that when he goes to France on the executorship account, he will make a visit to Bologna?—Ah, my dear, to be sure he will!

After he has left England therefore, which I suppose he will quickly do, and when I am in Northamptonshire, what opportunities will your Harriet have to see him, except she can obtain, as a favour, the power of obliging his Emily, in her request to be with her? Then, Lucy, he may, on his return to England, once a year or so, on his visiting his ward, see, and thank for her care and love of his Emily, his half-estranged Harriet!—Perhaps Lady *Clementina Grandison* will be with him! God restore her! Surely I shall be capable, if she be Lady Grandison, of rejoicing in her recovery!—

Fie upon it!—Why this involuntary tear? You will see it by the large blot it has made, if I did not mention it.

Excellent man! Dr. Bartlett has just been telling me of a morning visit he received, before he went out of town, from the two sons of Mrs. Oldham.

One of them is about seven years old; the other about five; very fine children. He embraced them, the doctor says, with as much tenderness, as if they were children of his own mother. He enquired into their inclinations, behaviour, diversions; and engaged equally their love and reverence.

He told them, that, if they were good, he would love them; and said, he had a dear friend, whom he revered as his father, a man with white curling locks, he told the children, that they might know him at first sight, who would now-and-then, as he happened to be in town, make enquiries after their good behaviour, and reward them, as they gave him cause. Accordingly he had desired Dr. Bartlett to give them occasionally his countenance; as also to let their mother know, that he should be glad of a visit from her, and her three children, on his return to town.

The doctor had been to see her when he came to me. He found all three with her. The two younger, impressed by the venerable description Sir Charles had given of him, voluntarily, the younger by the elder's example, fell down on their knees before him, and begged his blessing.

Mr. Oldham is about eighteen years of age; a well-inclined, well-educated youth. He was full of acknowledgements of the favour done him in this invitation.

The grateful mother could not contain herself. Blessings without number, she invoked on her benefactor for his goodness in taking such kind notice of her two sons, as he had done; and said, he had been, ever since his gracious behaviour to her in Essex, the first and last in her prayers to heaven. But the invitation to herself, she declared, was too great an honour for her to accept of: She should not be able to stand in his presence. Alas! Sir, said she, can the severest, truest penitence recall the guilty past?

The doctor said, That Sir Charles Grandison ever made it a rule with him, to raise the dejected and humbled spirit. Your birth and education, madam, intitle you to a place in the first company: And where there are two lights in which the behaviour of any person may be set, tho' there has been unhappiness, he always remembers the most favourable, and forgets the other. I would advise you, madam (as he has invited you) by all means to come. He speaks with pleasure of your humility and good sense.

The doctor told me, that Sir Charles had made enquiries after the marriage of Major O-Hara with Mrs. Jervois, and had satisfied himself that they were actually man and wife. Methinks I am glad for Miss Jervois's sake, that her mother has changed her name. They lived not happily together since their last enterprize: For the man, who had long been a sufferer from poverty, was in fear of losing one half at least of his wife's annuity, by what passed on that occasion; and accused her of putting him upon the misbehaviour he was guilty of; which had brought upon him, he said, the resentments of a man admired by all the world.

The attorney, who visited Sir Charles from these people, at their

request, waited on him again, in their names, with hopes that they should not suffer in their annuity, and expressing their concern for having offended him.

Mrs. O-Hara also requested it as a favour to see her daughter.

Sir Charles commissioned the attorney, who is a man of repute, to tell them, that if Mrs. O-Hara would come to St. James's Square next Wednesday about five o'clock, Miss Jervois should be introduced to her; and she should be welcome to bring with her her husband, and Captain Salmonet, that they might be convinced he bore no ill-will to either of them.

Adieu, till by-and-by. Miss Grandison is come, in one of her usual hurries, to oblige me to be present at the visit to be made her this afternoon, by the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, his sister, a maiden lady advanced in years, who is exceedingly fond of her nephew, and intends to make him heir of her large fortune.

Friday Night

The Earl is an agreeable man: Lady Gertrude is a *very* agreeable woman. They saw Miss Grandison with the young Lord's eyes; and were better pleased with her, as I told her afterwards, than *I* should have been, or than *they* would, had they known her as well as I do. She doubted not, she answer'd me, but I should find fault with her; and yet she was as good as for her life she could be.

Such an archness in every motion! Such a turn of the eye to me on my Lord G's assiduities! Such a fear in him of her correcting glance! Such an half-timid, half-free parade when he had done anything that he intended to be obliging, and now-and-then an aiming at raillery, as if he was not *very* much afraid of her, and dared to speak his mind even to *her*! On her part, on those occasions, such an air, as if she had a learner before her; and was ready to rap his knuckles, had nobody been present to mediate for him; that tho' I could not but love her for her very archness, yet in my mind, I could, for their sakes, but more for her own, have severely chidden her.

She is a charming woman; and every-thing she says and does becomes her. But I am so much afraid of what may be the case, when the lover is changed into the husband, that I wish to myself now-and-then, when I see her so lively, that she would remember that there was once such a man as Captain Anderson. But she makes it a rule, she says, to remember nothing that will vex her.

Is not my memory (said she once) given me for my benefit, and shall I make it my torment? No, Harriet, I will leave that to be done by you wise ones, and see what you will get by it.

Why this, Charlotte, replied I, the wise ones may have a *chance* to

get by it—They will very probably, by remembering past mistakes, avoid many inconveniencies into which forgetfulness will run you lively ones.

Well, well, returned she, we are not all of us born to equal honour. Some of us are to be set up for warnings, some for examples: And the first are generally of greater use to the world than the other.

Now, Charlotte, said I, do you destroy the force of your own argument. Can the person who is singled out for the warning, be near so happy, as she that is set up for the example?

You are right as far as I know, Harriet: But I obey the present impulse, and try to find an excuse afterwards for what that puts me upon: And all the difference is this, as to the reward, I have a *joy*: You a *comfort*: But comfort is a poor word; and I can't bear it.

So Biddy in the *Tender Husband* would have said,' Charlotte. But poor as the word is with you and her, give me *comfort* rather than *joy*, if they *must* be separated. But I see not but that a woman of my Charlotte's happy turn may have *both*.

She tapped my cheek—Take that, Harriet, for making a Biddy of me. I believe, if you have not *joy*, you have *comfort*, in your severity.

My heart as well as my cheek glowed at the praises the Earl and the Lady both joined in (with a fervor that was creditable to their own hearts) of Sir Charles Grandison, while they told us what this man, and that woman of quality or consideration said of him. Who would not be good? What is life without reputation? Do we not wish to be remembered with honour after death? And what a share of it has this excellent man in his life!—May nothing for the honour-sake of human nature, to which he is so great an ornament, ever happen to tarnish it!

They made *me* an hundred fine compliments. I could not but be pleased at standing well in their opinion: But, believe me, my dear, I did not enjoy their praises of me, as I did those they gave him. Indeed I had the presumption, from the approbation given to what they said of him by my own heart, to imagine myself a sharer in them, tho' not in his merits. Oh, Lucy! *ought* there not to have been a relation between us, since what I have said, from what I found in myself on hearing him praised, is a demonstration of a regard for him superior to the love of self?

Adieu, my Lucy. I know I have all your prayers.

Adieu, my Dear!

LETTER II

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Sat. April 1*

DR. BARTLETT is one of the kindest as well as best of men. I believe he loves me as if I were his own child: But good men must be affectionate men. He received but this morning a letter from Sir Charles, and hastened to communicate some of its contents to me, tho' I could pretend to no other motive but curiosity for wishing to be acquainted with the proceedings of his patron.

Sir Charles dined, as he had intended, with Sir Hargrave and his friends. He complains in his letter of a riotous day: "Yet I think, adds he, it has led me into some useful reflexions. It is not indeed agreeable to be the spectator of riot; but how easy to shun being a partaker in it! How easy to avoid the too freely circling glass, if a man is known to have established a rule to himself, from which he will not depart; and if it be not refused sullenly; but mirth and good humour the more studiously kept up, by the person; who would else indeed be looked upon as a spy on unguarded folly! I heartily pitied a young man, who, I dare say, has a good heart, but from false shame durst not assert the freedom that every Englishman would claim a right to, in almost every other instance! He had once put by the glass, and excused himself on account of his health; but on being laughed at for a *sober dog*, as they phrased it, and asked, if his *spouse* had not lectured him before he came out, he gave way to the wretched raillery: Nor could I interfere at such a noisy moment with effect: They had laughed him out of his caution before I could be heard; and I left him there at nine o'clock trying with Bagenhall which should drink the deepest.

I wish, my good Dr. Bartlett, you would throw together some serious considerations on this subject. You could touch it delicately, and such a discourse would not be useless to some few of our neighbours even at Grandison-hall. What is it, that, in this single article, men sacrifice to false shame and false glory! Reason, health, fortune, personal elegance, the peace and order of their families; and all the comfort and honour of their after-years. How peevish, how wretched, is the decline of a man worn out with intemperance! In a cool hour, resolutions might be formed, that should stand the attack of a boisterous jest."

I obtained leave from Dr. Bartlett, to transcribe this part of the letter. I thought my uncle would be pleased with it.

It was near ten at night, before Sir Charles got to Lord W's, tho' but three miles from Sir Hargrave's. My Lord rejoiced to see him;

and, after first compliments, asked him, if he had thought of what he had undertaken for him. Sir Charles told him, that he was the more desirous of seeing him in his way to the Hall, because he wanted to know if his Lordship held his mind as to marriage. He assured him he did, and would sign and seal to whatever he should stipulate for him.

I wished for a copy of this part of Sir Charles's letter, for the sake of my aunt, whose delicacy would, I thought, be charmed with it. He has been so good as to say, he would transcribe it for me. I will inclose it, Lucy; and you will read it here:

"I cannot, my Lord, said Sir Charles, engage, that the Lady will comply with the proposal I shall take the liberty to make to her mother and her. She is not more than three or four and thirty: She is handsome: She has a fine understanding: She is brought up an oeconomist: She is a woman of good family: She has not, however, tho' born to happier prospects, a fortune worthy of your Lordship's acceptance. Whatever that is, your Lordship will perhaps choose to give it to her family.

With all my heart and soul, nephew: But do you say, she is handsome? Do you say, she is of family? And has she so many good qualities?—Ah, nephew! She won't have me, I doubt.—And is she not too young, Sir Charles, to think of such a poor decrepit soul as I am?

All I can say to this, my Lord, is, that the proposals on your part must be the more generous—

I will leave all those matters to you, kinsman—

This, my Lord, I will take upon me to answer for, That she is a woman of principle: She will not give your Lordship her hand, if she thinks she cannot make you a wife worthy of your utmost kindness: And now, my Lord, I will tell you who she is, that you may make what other enquiries you think proper.

And then I named her to him, and gave him pretty near the account of the family, and the circumstances and affairs of it, that I shall by-and-by give you; tho' you are not quite a stranger to the unhappy case.

My Lord was in raptures: He knew something, he said, of the Lady's father, and enough of the family, by hearsay, to confirm all I had said of them; and besought me to do my utmost to bring the affair to a speedy conclusion.

Sir Thomas Mansfield was a very good man; and much respected in his neighbourhood. He was once possessed of a large estate; but his father left him involved in a law-suit to support his title to more than one half of it.

After it had been depending several years, it was at last, to the deep regret of all who knew him, by the chicanery of the lawyers of the opposite side, and the remissness of his own, carried against him; and his expences having been very great in supporting for years his possession, he found himself reduced from an estate of near three thousand pounds a year, to little more than five hundred. He had six children: Four sons, and two daughters. His eldest son died of grief in two months after the loss of the cause. The second, now the eldest, is a melancholy man. The third is a cornet of horse. The fourth is unprovided for; but all three are men of worthy minds, and deserve better fortune.

The daughters are remarkable for their piety, patience, good oeconomy, and prudence. They are the most dutiful of children, and most affectionate of sisters. They were for three years the support of their father's spirits, and have always been the consolation of their mother. They lost their father about four years ago: And it is even edifying to observe, how elegantly they support the family reputation in their fine old mansion-house by the prudent management of their little income; for the mother leaves every household care to them; and they make it a rule to conclude the year with discharging every demand that can be made upon them, and to commence the new year absolutely clear of the world, and with some cash in hand; yet were brought up in affluence, and to the expectation of handsome fortunes; for, besides that they could have no thought of losing their cause, they had very great and reasonable prospects from Mr. Calvert, an uncle by their mother's side; who was rich in money, and had besides an estate in land of 1500*l.* a year. He always declared, that for the sake of his sister's children he would continue a single man; and kept his word till he was upwards of seventy; when, being very infirm in health, and defective even to dotage in his understanding, Bolton his steward, who had always stood in the way of his inclination to have his eldest niece for his companion and manager, at last contrived to get him married to a young creature under twenty, one of the servants in the house; who brought him a child in seven months; and was with child again at the old man's death, which happened in eighteen months after his marriage: And then a will was provided, in which he gave all he had to his wife and her children born, and to be born, within a year after his demise. This steward and woman now live together as man and wife.

A worthy clergyman, who hoped it might be in my power to procure them redress, either in the one case or in the other, gave me the above particulars; and upon enquiry, finding every-thing to be as represented, I made myself acquainted with the widow Lady and her sons: And it was impossible to see them at their own house, and not respect the daughters for their amiable qualities.

I desired them, when I was last down, to put into my hands their titles, deeds, and papers; which they have done; and they have been laid before counsel, who give a very hopeful account of them.

Being fully authoriz'd by my Lord, I took leave of him over-night, and set out early in the morning, directly for Mansfield-house. I arrived there soon after their breakfast was over, and was received by Lady Mansfield, her sons (who happened to be all at home) and her two daughters, with politeness.

After some general conversation, I took Lady Mansfield aside; and, making an apology for my freedom, asked her, If Miss Mansfield were, to her knowlege, engaged in her affections?

She answered, she was *sure* she was not: Ah, Sir, said she, a man of your observation must know, that the daughters of a decayed family of some note in the world, do not easily get husbands. Men of great fortunes look higher: Men of small must look out for wives to enlarge them; and men of genteel businesses are afraid of young women better born than portioned. Every-body knows not that my girls can bend to their condition; and they must be contented to live single all their lives; and so they will choose to do, rather than not marry creditably, and with some prospect.

I then opened my mind fully to her. She was agreeably surprised: But who, Sir, said she, would expect such a proposal from the next heir to Lord W.?

I made known to her how much in earnest I was in this proposal, as well for my Lord's sake, as for the young Lady's. I will take care, madam, said I, that Miss Mansfield, if she will consent to make Lord W. happy, shall have very handsome settlements, and such an allowance for pin-money, as shall enable her to gratify every moderate, every reasonable, wish of her heart.

Was it possible, she asked, for such an affair to be brought about? Would my Lord—There she stopt.

I said, I would be answerable for him: And desired her to break the matter to her daughter directly.

I left Lady Mansfield, and joined the brothers, who were with their two sisters; and soon after Miss Mansfield was sent for by her mother.

After they had been a little while together, my Lady Mansfield sent to speak with me. They were both silent when I came in. The mother was at a loss what to say: The daughter was in still greater confusion.

I addressed myself to the mother. You have, I perceive, madam, acquainted Miss Mansfield with the proposal I made to you. I am fully authorized to make it. Propitious be your silence! There never was, proceeded I, a treaty of marriage set on foot, that had not its

conveniences and inconveniencies. My Lord is greatly afflicted with the gout: There is too great a disparity in years. These are the inconveniences which are to be considered of for the lady.

On the other hand, if Miss Mansfield can give into the proposal, she will be received by my Lord as a blessing; as one whose acceptance of him will lay him under an obligation to her. If this proposal could not have been made with dignity and honour to the lady, it had not come from me.

The conveniencies to yourselves will more properly fall under the consideration of yourselves and family. One thing only I will suggest, that an alliance with so rich a man as Lord W. will make perhaps some people tremble, who now think themselves secure.

But, madam, to the still silent daughter, let not a regard for me bypass you: Your family may be sure of my best services, whether my proposal be received or rejected.

My Lord (I must deal sincerely with you) has lived a life of error. He thinks so himself. I am earnest to have him see the difference, and to have an opportunity to rejoice with him upon it.

I stopt: But both being still silent, the mother looking on the daughter, the daughter glancing now-and-then her conscious eye on the mother, If, madam, said I, you *can* give your hand to Lord W. I will take care, that settlements shall exceed your expectation. What I have observed as well as heard of Miss Mansfield's temper and goodness, is the principal motive of my application to her, in preference to all the women I know.

But permit me to say, that were your affections engaged to the lowest honest man on earth, I would not wish for your favour to my Lord W. And farther, if, madam, you think you should have but the shadow of a hope, to induce your compliance, that my Lord's death would be more agreeable to you than his life, then would I not, for your morality's sake, wish you to engage. In a word, I address myself to you, Miss Mansfield, as to a woman of honour and conscience: If your conscience bids you *doubt*, reject the proposal; and this not only for my Lord's sake, but for your own.

Consider, if, without too great a force upon your inclinations, you can behave with that condescension and indulgence to a man who has hastened advanc'd age upon himself, which I have thought from your temper I might hope.

I have said a great deal, because you, ladies, were silent; and because explicitness in every case becomes the proposer. Give me leave to withdraw for a few moments.

I withdrew, accordingly, to the brothers and sister. I did not think I ought to mention to them the proposal I had made: It might perhaps have engaged them all in its favour, as it was of such evident

advantage to the whole family; and that might have imposed a difficulty on the Lady, that neither for her own sake, nor my Lord's, it would have been just to lay upon her.

Lady Mansfield came out to me, and said, I presume, Sir, as we are a family which misfortune as well as love, has closely bound together, you will allow it to be mentioned—

To the whole family, madam?—By all means. I wanted only first to know, whether Miss Mansfield's affections were disengaged: And now you shall give me leave to attend Miss Mansfield. I am a party for my Lord W.: Miss Mansfield is a party: Your debates will be the more free in our absence. If I find her averse, believe me, madam, I will not endeavour to persuade her. On the contrary, if she declare against accepting the proposal, I will be her advocate, tho' every one else should vote in its favour.

The brothers and sister looked upon one another: I left the mother to propose it to them; and stepped into the inner parlour to Miss Mansfield.

She was sitting with her back to the door, in a meditating posture. She started at my entrance.

I talked of indifferent subjects, in order to divert her from the important one, that had taken up her whole attention.

It would have been a degree of oppression to her to have entered with her upon a subject of so much consequence to her while we were alone; and when her not having given a negative, was to be taken as a modest affirmative.

Lady Mansfield soon joined us—My dear daughter, said she, we are all unanimous. We have agreed to leave every-thing to Sir Charles Grandison: And we hope you will.

She was silent. I will only ask you, madam, said I, to her, If you have any wish to take time to consider of the matter? Do you think you shall be easier in your mind, if you take time?—She was silent.

I will not at this time, my good Miss Mansfield, urge you farther. I will make my report to Lord W. and you shall be sure of his joyful approbation of the steps I have taken, before your final consent shall be asked for. But that I may not be employed in a doubtful cause, let me be commissioned to tell my Lord, that you are disengaged; and that you wholly resign yourself to your mother's advice.

She bowed her head.

And that *you*, madam, to Lady Mansfield, are not averse to enter into treaty upon this important subject.

Averse, Sir! said the mother, bowing, and gratefully smiling.

I will write the particulars of our conversation to Lord W. and my opinion of settlements, and advise him (if I am not forbid) to make a visit at Mansfield-house [I stopt: they were both silent]. If

possible, I will attend my Lord in his first visit. I hope, madam, to Miss Mansfield, you will not dislike him: I am sure he will be charmed with you: He is far from being disagreeable in his person: His temper is not bad. *Your* goodness will make *him* good. I dare say that he will engage your gratitude; and I defy a good mind to separate love from gratitude.

We returned to company. I had all their blessings pronounced at once, as from one mouth. The melancholy brother was enlivened: Who knows but the consequence of this alliance may illuminate his mind? I could see by the pleasure they all had, in beholding him capable of joy on the occasion, that they hoped it would. The unhappy situation of the family affairs, as it broke the heart of the eldest brother, fixed a gloom on the temper of this gentleman.

I was prevailed upon to dine with them. In the conversation we had at and after dinner, their minds opened, and their characters rose upon me. Lord W. will be charmed with Miss Mansfield. I am delighted to think, that my mother's brother will be happy, in the latter part of his life, with a wife of so much prudence and goodness, as I am sure this Lady will make him. On one instance of her very obliging behaviour to me, I whispered her sister, Pray, Miss Fanny, tell Miss Mansfield, but not till I am gone, that she knows not the inconveniencies she is bringing upon herself: I may, perhaps, hereafter, have the boldness, to look for the same favour from my aunt, that I meet with from Miss Mansfield.

If my sister, returned she, should ever misbehave to her benefactor, I will deny my relation to her.

I promised to write to Lady Mansfield as soon as I heard from my Lord; and parted with them, followed by the blessings of them all.

You will soon have another letter from me, with an account of the success of my visit to Sir Harry Beauchamp and his Lady. *We* must have our Beauchamp among us, my dear friend: I should rather say, *you* must among *you*; for I shall not be long in England. He will supply to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, the absence (it will not, I hope, be a long one) of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON"

Sir Charles, I remember, as the doctor read, mentions getting leave for his Beauchamp to come over, who, he says, will supply his absence to *him*—But, ah! Lucy! Who, let me have the boldness to ask, shall supply it to your *Harriet*? Time, my dear, will do *nothing* for me, except I could hear something very much amiss of this man.

I have a great suspicion, that the first part of the letter inclosed was about me. The doctor looked *so* earnestly at me, when he skipt two sides of it; and, as I thought, with so *much* compassion!—To be

sure, it was about me. What would I give to know as much of his mind as Dr. Bartlett knows! If I thought he pitied the poor Harriet—I should scorn myself. I am, I *will* be, above his pity, Lucy. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER III

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday Night, April 2

DR. BARTLETT has received from Sir Charles an account of what passed last Friday between him, and Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp: By the doctor's allowance, I inclose it to you.

In this Letter, Lucy, you will see him in a new light; and as a man whom there is no resisting, when he resolves to carry a point. But it absolutely convinces me, of what indeed I before suspected, that he has not an high opinion of our sex in general: And this I will put down as a blot in his character. He treats us, in Lady Beauchamp, as perverse humoursome babies, loving power, yet not knowing how to use it. See him so delicate in his behaviour and address to Miss Mansfield, and carry in your thoughts his gaiety and adroit management to Lady Beauchamp, as in this letter, and you will hardly think him the same man. Could he be any-thing to me, I should be more than half afraid of him: Yet *this* may be said in his behalf;—He but accommodates himself to the persons he has to deal with:—He can be a man of gay wit, when he pleases to *descend*, as indeed his sister Charlotte has as often found, as she has given occasion for the exercise of that talent in him;—and, that virtue, for its own sake, is his choice; since had he been a free-liver, he would have been a dangerous man. But I will not anticipate too much: Read it here, if you please.

LETTER IV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT*

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

Grandison-Hall, Friday Night, March 31

I ARRIVED at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his Lady expected me, from the letter which I wrote and shewed you before I left the town; in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry

with his son's earnest desire to throw himself at his feet, and to pay his duty to his mother, in England; and engaged to call myself, either this day or to-morrow, for an answer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility, and even affection. Lady Beauchamp, said he, will be with us in a moment. I am afraid you will not meet with all the civility from her on the errand you are come upon, that a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character deserves to meet with from all the world. We have been unhappy together, ever since we had your Letter. I long to see my son: Your friendship for him establishes him in my heart. But—And then he cursed the apron-string tenure, by which, he said, he held his peace.

You will allow me, Sir Harry, said I, to address myself in my own way to my lady. You give me pleasure, in letting me know, that the difficulty is not with you. You have indeed, Sir, one of the most prudent young men in the world for your son. His heart is in your hand: You may form it as you please.

She is coming! She is coming! interrupted he. We are all in pieces: We were in the midst of a feud, when you arrived. If she is not civil to you—

In swam the lady; her complexion raised; displeasure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry; as if they had not had their contention out, and she was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could assume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great stiffness; swelling at Sir Harry: Who sidled to the door, in a moody and sullen manner, and then slipped out.

You are Sir Charles Grandison, I suppose, Sir, said she: I never saw you before: I have heard much talk of you.—But, pray, Sir, are good men *always* officious men? Cannot they perform the obligations of friendship, without discomposing families?

You see me *now*, madam, in an evil moment, if you are displeased with me: But I am not used to the displeasure of ladies: I do my utmost not to deserve it; and, let me tell you, madam, that I will not suffer *you* to be displeased with me.

I took her half-reluctant hand, and led her to a chair, and seated myself in another near her.

I see, Sir, you have your arts.

She took the fire-screen, that hung by the side of the chimney, and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as resolved to be displeased.

You come upon a hateful errand, Sir: I have been unhappy ever since your officious Letter came.

I am sorry for it, madam. While you are warm with the remembrance of a past misunderstanding, I will not offer to reason with

you: But let me, madam, see less discomposure in your looks. I want to take my impressions of you from more placid features: I am a painter, madam: I love to draw lady's pictures. Will you have this pass for a first sitting?

She knew not what to do with her anger: She was loth to part with it.

You are impertinent, Sir Charles—Excuse me—You are impertinent—

I do excuse you, Lady Beauchamp: And the rather, as I am sure you do not think me so. Your freedom is a mark of your favour; and I thank you for it.

You treat me as a child, Sir—

I treat all angry people as children: I love to humour them. Indeed, Lady Beauchamp, you must not be angry with me. *Can* I be mistaken? Don't I see in your aspect the woman of sense and reason?—I never blame a lady for her humoursomeness so much, as in my mind, I blame her mother.

Sir! said she. I smiled. She bit her lip, to avoid returning a smile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that of an ill-temper'd woman, tho' haughty, and a lover of power.

I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandison: But I am quite mistaken in you: I expected to see a grave formal young man, his prim mouth set in plaits: But you are a joker; and a free man; a *very* free man, I do assure you:

I would be *thought* decently free, madam; but not *impertinent*. I see with pleasure a returning smile. O that ladies knew how much smiles become their features!—Very few causes can justify a woman's anger—Your sex, madam, was given to delight, not to torment us.

Torment you, Sir!—Pray, has Sir Harry—

Sir Harry cannot look pleased, when his Lady is *dis*-pleased: I saw that you were, madam, the moment I beheld you. I hope I am not an unwelcome visitor to Sir Harry for one hour (I intend to stay no longer) that he received me with so disturbed a countenance, and has now withdrawn himself, as if to avoid me.

To tell you the truth, Sir Harry and I have had a dispute: But he always speaks of Sir Charles Grandison with pleasure.

Is he not offended with me, madam, for the contents of the Letter—

No, Sir, and I suppose you hardly think he is—But *I* am—

Dear madam, let me beg your interest in favour of the contents of it.

She took fire—rose up—

I besought her patience—Why should you wish to keep abroad a

young man, who is a credit to his family, and who *ought* to be, if he is *not*, the joy of his father? Let him owe to *your* generosity, madam, that recall, which he solicits: It will become your character: He cannot be always kept abroad: Be it your own generous work—

What, Sir—Pray, Sir—With an angry brow—

You must not be angry with me, madam—(I took her hand)—You can't be angry in earnest—

Sir Charles Grandison—You are—She withdrew her hand; *You are*, repeated she—and seemed ready to call names—

I *am* the Grandison you call me; and I honour the maternal character. You must permit me to honour *you*, madam.

I *wonder*, Sir—

I will not be denied. The world reports misunderstandings between you and Mr. Beauchamp. That busy world that will be meddling, knows your power, and his dependence. You must not let it charge you with an ill use of that power: If you do, *you* will have its blame, when you might have its praise: *He* will have its pity.

What, Sir, do you think your fine Letters, and smooth words, will avail in favour of a young fellow who has treated me with disrespect?

You are misinformed, madam.—I am willing to have a greater dependence upon your justice, upon your good-nature, than upon any-thing I can urge either by letter or speech. Don't let it be said, that you are not to be prevailed on—A woman not to be prevailed on to join in an act of justice, of kindness; for the honour of the sex, let it not be said.

Honour of the sex, Sir!—Fine talking!—Don't I know, that were I to consent to his coming over, the first thing would be to have his annuity augmented out of my fortune? He and his father would be in a party against me. Am I not already a sufferer thro' him in his father's love?—You don't know, Sir, what has passed between Sir Harry and me within this half-hour—But don't talk to me: I won't hear of it: The young man hates me: I hate him: And ever will.

She made a motion to go.

With a respectful air, I told her, she must not leave me. My motive deserved not, I said, that both she and Sir Harry should leave me in displeasure.

You know but too well, resumed she, how acceptable your officiousness (I must call it so) is to Sir Harry.

And *does* Sir Harry, madam, favour his son's suit? You rejoice me: Let not Mr. Beauchamp know that he does: And do *you*, my dear Lady Beauchamp, take the whole merit of it to yourself. How will he revere you for your goodness to him! And what an obligation, if, as you say, Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, will you, by your generous first motion, lay upon Sir Harry?

Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, Sir Charles Grandison, I have laid too many obligations already upon him, for his gratitude.

Lay this one more. You own you have had a misunderstanding this morning: Sir Harry is withdrawn, I suppose, with his heart full: Let me, I beseech you, make up the misunderstanding. I have been happy in this way—Thus we will order it—We will desire him to walk in. I will beg *your* interest with him in favour of the contents of the letter I sent. His compliance will follow as an act of obligingness to you. The grace of the action will be yours. I will be answerable for Mr. Beauchamp's gratitude.—Dear madam, hesitate not. The young gentleman must come over one day: Let the favour of its being an early one, be owing entirely to you.

You are a strange man, Sir: I don't like you at all: You would persuade me out of my reason.

Let us, madam, as Mr. Beauchamp and I are already the dearest of friends, begin a *family* understanding. Let St. James's Square, and Berkley Square, when you come to town, be a next-door neighbourhood. Give me the consideration of being the bondsman for the duty of Mr. Beauchamp to you, as well as to his father.

She was silent: But looked vexed and irresolute.

My sisters, madam, are amiable women. You will be pleased with them. Lord L. is a man worthy of Sir Harry's acquaintance. We shall want nothing, if you would think so, but Mr. Beauchamp's presence among us.

What! I suppose you design your maiden sister for the *young fellow*—But if you do, Sir, you must ask me for—There she stopt.

Indeed I do not. He is not as present disposed to marry. He never will without his father's approbation, and let me say—*yours*. My sister is addressed to by Lord G. and I hope will soon be married to him.

And do you say so, Sir Charles Grandison?—Why then you are a more disinterested man, than I thought you in this application to Sir Harry. I had no doubt but the *young fellow* was to be brought over to marry Miss Grandison; and that he was to be made worthy of her at my expence.

She enjoyed, as it seemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words *young fellow*, that designed contempt, which was a tacit confession of the consequence he once was of to her.

I do assure you, madam, that I know not his heart, if he has at present any thoughts of marriage.

She seemed pleased at this assurance.

I repeated my wishes, that she would take to herself the merit of allowing Mr. Beauchamp to return to his native country: And that she would let me see her hand in Sir Harry's, before I left them.

And pray, Sir, as to his place of residence, *were* he to come: Do you think he should live under the same roof with me?

You shall govern that point, madam, as you approve or disapprove of his behaviour to you.

His behaviour to me, Sir!—One house cannot, shall not, hold him and me.

I think, madam, that you should direct in this article. I hope, after a little while, so to order my affairs, as constantly to reside in England. I should think myself very happy if I could prevail upon Mr. Beauchamp to live with me.

But I must see him, I suppose?

Not, madam, unless you shall think it right, for the sake of the world's opinion, that you should.

I can't consent—

You *can*, madam! You *do*! I cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be one of those women, who having insisted upon a wrong point, can be convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace.—Be so kind to *yourself*, as to let Sir Harry know, that you think it right for Mr. Beauchamp to return; but that it must be upon your own conditions: Then, madam, make those conditions generous ones; and how will Sir Harry adore you! How will Mr. Beauchamp revere you! How shall I esteem you!

What a strange impertinent have I before me!

I love to be called names by a lady. If undeservedly, she lays herself by them under obligation to me, which she cannot be generous if she resolves not to repay. Shall I endeavour to find out Sir Harry? Or will you, madam?

Was you ever, Sir Charles Grandison, denied by any woman to whom you sued for favour?

I think, madam, I hardly ever was: But it was because I never sued for a favour, that it was not for a lady's honour to grant. This is the case now; and this makes me determine, that I will not be denied the grant of my present request. Come, come, madam! How can a woman of your ladyship's good sense (taking her hand, and leading her to the door) seem to want to be persuaded to do a thing she knows in her heart to be right! Let us find Sir Harry.

Strange man!—Unhand me—*He* has used me unkindly—

Overcome him then by your generosity. But, dear Lady Beauchamp, taking both her hands, and smiling confidently in her face [I could, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do so to Lady Beauchamp] will you make me believe, that a woman of your spirit (you have a charming spirit, Lady Beauchamp) did not give Sir Harry as much reason to complain, as he gave you?—I am sure by his disturbed countenance—

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, you are downright affronting. Unhand me!—

This misunderstanding is owing to my officious letter. I should have waited on you in person. I should from the first have put it in your power, to do a graceful and obliging thing. I ask your pardon. I am not *used* to make differences between man and wife.

I touched first one hand, then the other, of the perverse baby with my lips—Now am I forgiven: Now is my friend Beauchamp permitted to return to his native country: Now are Sir Harry and his Lady reconciled—Come, come, madam, it *must* be so—What foolish things are the quarrels of married people!—They must come to an agreement again; and the sooner the better; before hard blows are struck, that will leave marks—Let us, dear madam, find out Sir Harry—

And then with an air of vivacity, that women, whether in courtship or out of it, dislike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and, as I intended, to Sir Harry, where-ever he could be found.

Hold, hold, Sir, resisting; but with features far more placid than she had suffered to be before visible—If I *must* be compelled—You are a strange man, Sir Charles Grandison—If I *must* be compelled to see Sir Harry—But you are a strange man—And she rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr. Bartlett, is one of those who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom, than to be gratified by a profound respect; otherwise I had not treated her with so little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to those who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a serious thing.

But when the servant appeared, she not knowing how to condescend, I said, Go to your master, Sir; and tell him that your Lady requests the favour—

Requests the favour! repeated she; but in a low voice: Which was no bad sign.

The servant went with a message worded with more civility than perhaps he was used to carry to his master from his lady.

Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for your own sake; for Sir Harry's sake; make happy; and be happy. Are there not, dear madam, unhappinesses enow in life, that we must wilfully add to them?

Sir Harry came in sight. He stalked towards us with a parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have seen him before he enter'd, my work would have been easier. But his hostile air dispos'd my Lady to renew hostilities.

She turned her face aside, then her person; and the cloudy indignation with which she enter'd at first, again overspread her

features. Ought wrath, Dr. Bartlett, to be so ready to attend a female will?— Surely, thought I, my Lady's present airs, after what has passed between her and me, can be only owing to the fear of making a precedent, and being thought too easily persuaded.

Sir Harry, said I, addressing myself to him, I have obtained Lady Beauchamp's pardon for the officious Letter—

Pardon, Sir Charles Grandison! You are a good man, and it was kindly intended—

He was going on: Anger from his eyes flashed upon his cheek-bones, and made them shine. My Lady's eyes struck fire at Sir Harry, and shewed that she was not *afraid* of him.

Better *intended*, than done, interrupted I, since my Lady tells me, that it was the occasion of a misunderstanding—But, Sir, all will be right: My Lady assures me, that you are not disinclined to comply with the contents; and she has the goodness—

Pray, Sir Charles, interrupted the Lady—

To give me hopes that she—

Pray, Sir Charles—

Will use her interest to confirm you in your favourable sentiments—

Sir Harry cleared up at once—May I hope, madam—And offer'd to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air. O Dr. Bartlett, I must have been thought an unpolite husband, had she been my wife!

I took her hand. Excuse this freedom, Sir Harry—For heaven's sake, madam, whispering, Do what I know you *will* do, with a grace—Shall there be a misunderstanding, and the husband court a refused hand?—I then forced her half-unwilling hand into his, with an air that I intended should have both freedom and respect in it.

What a man have we got here, Sir Harry? This cannot be the modest man, that you have praised to me—I thought a good man must of necessity be bashful, if not sheepish: And here your visitor is the boldest man in England.

The righteous, Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry, with an aspect but half-conceding, *is bold as a lion*.¹

And *must* I be compelled thus, and by such a man, to forgive you, Sir Harry?—Indeed you were very unkind.

And you, Lady Beauchamp, were very cruel.

I did not think, Sir, when I laid my fortune at your feet—

O Lady Beauchamp! You said cutting things! *Very* cutting things.

And did not you, Sir Harry, say, It *should* be so?—So *very* peremptorily!

Not, madam, till you, *as* peremptorily—

A little recrimination, thought I, there must be, to keep each in countenance on their past folly.

Ah, Sir Charles!—You may rejoice that you are not married, said Sir Harry.

Dear Sir Harry, said I, we must bear with Ladies. They are *meek* good creatures—They—

Meek! Sir Charles, repeated Sir Harry, with an half-angry smile, and shrugging, as if his shoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekness—I say, *meek!*

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, said my Lady, with an air of threatening—

I was desirous either of turning the Lady's displeasure into a jest, or of diverting it from the first object, in order to make her play with it, till she had lost it.

Women are of gentle natures, pursued I; and, being accustomed to be humoured, opposition sits not easy upon them. Are they not kind to us, Sir Harry, when they allow of our superiority, by expecting us to bear with their pretty perversenesses?

O Sir Charles Grandison! said my Lady; both her hands lifted up.

Let us be contented, proceeded I, with such their kind acknowledgements, and in pity to them, and in compliment to ourselves, bear with their foibles.—See, madam, I ever was an advocate for the Ladies.

Sir Charles, I have no patience with you—

What can a poor woman do, continued I, when opposed? She can only be a little violent in *words*, and when she has said as much as she chooses to say, be perhaps a little sullen. For my part, were I so happy as to call a woman mine, and she *happened* to be in the wrong, I would endeavour to be in the right; and trust to her good sense to recover her temper: Arguments only beget arguments.—Those reconciliations are the most durable, in which the Lady makes the advances.

What doctrine is this, Sir Charles? You are not the man I took you for.—I believe, in my conscience, that you are not near so good a man, as the world reports you.

What, madam, because I pretend to know a little of the sex? Surely, Lady Beauchamp, a man of common penetration may see to the bottom of a woman's heart. A cunning woman cannot hide it. A good woman will not. You are not, madam, such Mysteries, as some of us think you. Whenever you know your *own* minds, *we* need not be long doubtful: That is *all* the difficulty: And I will vindicate you, as to that—

As how, pray, Sir?—

Women, madam, were designed to be *dependent*, as well as *gentle*,

creatures; and of consequence when left to their own wills, they know not what to resolve upon.

I was hoping, Sir Charles, just now, that you would stay to dinner: But if you talk at this rate, I believe I shall be ready to wish you out of the house.

Sir Harry looked as if he were half-willing to be diverted at what passed between his lady and me. It was better for *me* to say what he could not but subscribe to by his feeling, than for him to say it. Tho' reproof seldom amends a determined spirit, such a one as this lady's; yet a man who suffers by it cannot but have some joy when he hears his sentiments spoken by a bystander. This freedom of mine seemed to save the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

You remind me, madam, that I must be gone, rising and looking at my watch.

You must not leave us, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry.

I beg excuse, Sir Harry—Yours, also, madam, smiling—Lady Beauchamp must not twice wish me out of the house.

I will *not* excuse you, Sir, reply'd she—If you have a desire to see the matter completed—She stopt—You must stay to dinner, be *that* as it will.

“Be that as it *will*,” madam!—You shall not recede.

Recede! I have not yet complied—

O these women! They are so used to courtship, that they know not how to do right things without it—And, pardon me, madam, not always with it.

Bold man—Have I consented—

Have you not, madam, given a *Lady's* consent. *That* we men expect not to be very explicit, very gracious.—It is from such *non-negative* consents, that we men make silence answer all we wish.

I leave Sir Charles Grandison to manage this point, said Sir Harry. In my conscience, I think the common observation just; A stander-by sees more of the game, than he that plays.

It ever will be so, Sir Harry—But I will tell you, My Lady and I have as good as agreed the matter—

I have agreed to nothing, Sir Harry—

Hush, madam—I am doing you credit.—Lady Beauchamp speaks *aside* sometimes, Sir Harry: You are not to hear any-thing she says, that you don't like.

Then I am afraid I must stop my ears for eight hours out of twelve.

That was *aside*, Lady Beauchamp—You are not to hear that.

To sit, like a fool, and hear myself abused—A pretty figure I make! Sir Charles Grandison, let me tell you, that you are the first man that ever treated me like a fool.

Excuse, madam, a little innocent raillery—I met you both, with

a discomposure on your countenances. I was the occasion of it, by the letter I sent to Sir Harry. I will not *leave* you discomposed. I think you a woman of sense; and my request is of such a nature, that the granting of it will confirm to me, that you are so—But you *have* granted it—

I have not.

That's charmingly said—My Lady will not under-value the compliment she is inclined to make you, Sir Harry. The moment *you* ask for her compliance, she will not refuse to your affection, what she makes a difficulty to grant, to the entreaty of an almost stranger.

Let it, let it be so! Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry: And he clasped his arms about her as she sat—

There never was such a man as this Sir Charles Grandison in the world!—It is a contrivance between you, Sir Harry—

Dear Lady Beauchamp, resumed I, depreciate not your compliment to Sir Harry. There wanted not contrivance, I dare to hope (if there *did*, it had it not) to induce Lady Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an obliging thing.

Let me, my dearest Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry;—Let me request—

At *your* request, Sir Harry—But not at Sir Charles's.

This is noble, said I. I thank you, madam, for the absent youth. Both husband and son will think themselves favoured by you; and the more, as I am sure, that you will by the cheerful welcome, which you will give the young man, shew, that it is a sincere compliment that you have made to Sir Harry.

This man has a strange way of flattering one into acts of—of—what shall I call them?—But, Sir Harry, Mr. Beauchamp must not, I believe, live with us—

Sir Harry hesitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. I have a request to make to you both, said I. It is this; That Mr. Beauchamp may be permitted to live with me; and attend you, madam, and his father, as a visitor, at your own command. My sister, I believe, will be very soon married to Lord G.

That is to be certainly so, interrupted the Lady?

It is, madam.

But what shall we say, my dear, resum'd Sir Harry—Don't fly out again—As to the provision for my son?—Two hundred a year—What is two hundred a year—

Why then let it be three, answered she.

I have an handsome and improveable estate, said I. I have no demands but those of reason upon me. I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am sure he would not have come, if I

had) without his father's consent: In which, madam, he hoped for yours. You shall not, Sir, allow him either the two or three hundred a year. See him with love, with indulgence (he will deserve both); and think not of any-thing else for my Beauchamp.

There is no bearing this, my dear, said Sir Harry; leaning upon his lady's shoulder, as he sat, tears in his eyes—My son is already, as I have heard, greatly obliged to this his true friend—Do you, do you, madam, answer for me, and for yourself.

She was overcome: Yet pride had its share with generosity. You *are*, said she, the Grandison I have heard of: But I will not be under obligations to you—not *pecuniary* ones, however. No, Sir Harry! Recall your son: I will trust to your love: Do for him what you please: Let him be independent on this *insolent* man [She said this with a smile, that made it obliging]; and if we are to be visitors, friends, neighbours, let it be on an equal foot, and let him have nothing to reproach us with.

I was agreeably surprised at this emanation (shall I call it?)¹ of goodness. She is really not a bad woman, but a perverse one: In short, one of those whose passions, when rightly touched, are liable to sudden and surprising turns.

Generous, charming Lady Beauchamp! said I: Now *are* you the woman, whom I have so often heard praised for many good qualities: Now will the portrait be a just one!

Sir Harry was in raptures; but had like to have spoiled all, by making me a compliment on the force of example.

Be this, said I, the result—Mr. Beauchamp comes over. He will be pleased with whatever you do: At your feet, madam, he shall acknowledge your favour: My home shall be his, if you permit it: On *me*, he shall *confer* obligations; from *you*, he shall receive them. If any considerations of family prudence (there *are* such, and very just ones) restrain you from allowing him, at present, what your generosity would wish to do—

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened: She interrupted me—We are not, Sir Charles, so scanty in our fortune—

Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, be all that as you will: Not one retrospect of the past—

Yes, Sir Charles, but there shall: His allowance has been lessened for some years; not from considerations of *family prudence*—But—Well, 'tis all at an end, proceeded she—When the young man returns, you, Sir Harry, for my sake, and for the sake of this strange unaccountable creature, shall pay him the whole arrear.

Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp, said I, lifting her hand to my lips, permit me to give you joy. All doubts and misgivings so triumphantly got over, so solid a foundation laid for family harmony—

What was the moment of your nuptials to this? Sir Harry, I congratulate you: You may, and I believe you have been, as happy as most men; but now, you will be still happier.

Indeed, Sir Harry, said she, you provoked me in the morning: I should not else—

Sir Harry own'd himself to blame; and thus the Lady's pride was set down softly.

She desired Sir Harry to write, before the day concluded, the invitation of return, to Mr. Beauchamp; and to do her all the credit in it that she might claim from the last part of the conversation; but not to mention any-thing of the first.

She afterwards abated a little of this right spirit, by saying, I think, Sir Harry, you need not mention any-thing of the *arrears*, as I may call them—But only the future *600l.* a year. One would surprize him a little, you know, and be twice thanked—

Surprizes of such a nature as this, my dear Dr. Bartlett; *pecuniary* surprizes!—I don't love them—They are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind to labour under a sense of obligation?—Pride, vain-glory, must be the motive of such narrow-minded benefactors: A truly beneficent spirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip indicating the palpitating heart; in seeing the downcast countenance, the up-lifted hands, and working muscles, of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himself have had the *will* with the *power* of shewing a more graceful benevolence!

I was so much afraid of hearing *farther* abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodness; so willing to depart with favourable impressions of her for her own sake; and at the same time so desirous to reach the Hall that night; that I got myself excluded, though with difficulty, staying to dine; and, accepting of a dish of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my Lady, both in equal good humour with themselves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I should have succeeded so very happily, as I have done, in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the father and stepmother should have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn so unexpected. Let him not therefore ever see this letter, that he may take his impression of the favour done him, from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My cousin Grandison, whom I hoped to find here, left the Hall on Tuesday last, tho' he knew of my intention to be down. I am sorry for it. Poor Everard! He has been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance; and then we shall not hear of him for some months perhaps. If you see him in town, try to

engage him, till I return. I should be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me, will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

Saturday, April 1

I have had compliments sent me by many of my neighbours, who had hoped I was come to reside among them. They professed themselves disappointed on my acquainting them, that I must go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myself to their Saturday Assembly at the Bowling-green-house.

Our reverend friend Mr. Dobson has been so good as to leave with me the Sermon he is to preach tomorrow on the opening of the church: It is a very good discourse: I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron, in as many different places of it: I doubt not but he will have the goodness to omit them.

I have already looked into all that has been done in the church; and all that is doing in the house and gardens. When both have had the direction and inspection of my dear Dr. Bartlett, need I say, that nothing could have been better?

Halden is just arrived from my Lord, with a Letter, which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his Lordship's high approbation of all our proceedings; and that he intends some one early day in next week to pay to her, and Miss Mansfield, his personal compliments.

He has left to me the article of Settlements; declaring, that his regard for my future interest is all that he wishes may be attended to.

I have therefore written as from himself, that he proposes a jointure of 1200*l.* a year, peny-rents,¹ and 400 guineas a year for her private purse; and that his Lordship desires, that Miss Mansfield will make a present to her sister of whatever she may be intitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield-house of a thousand pounds left to her by a godmother.

Halden being very desirous to see his future Lady, I shall, at his request, send the Letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning; with a line recommending him to the notice of that Lady as Lord W's principal steward.

Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all these good people. If Providence graciously makes me instrumental to it, I look upon myself *but* as its *instrument*. I hope ostentation has no share in what draws on me more thanks and praises than I love to hear.

Lord W. has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation *can* make him so. Is he not my mother's brother? Would not her enlarged soul have rejoiced on the occasion, and

blessed her son for an instance of duty to her, paid by his disinterested regard for her brother? Who, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is so happy, yet who, in some cases, so unhappy, as

Your CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER V

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Monday, April 3

THE Countess of D. and the Earl her son have but just left us. The Countess sent last night, to let my cousin Reeves know of their intended morning visit, and they came together. As the visit was made to my cousin, I did not think myself obliged to be in waiting for them below. I was therefore in my closet, comforting myself with my own *agreeable* reflexions. They were there a quarter of an hour before I was sent to.

Their talk was of me. I am used to recite my own praises, you know; and what signifies making a parade of apologies for continuing the use? I don't value myself so much as I once did on peoples favourable opinions. If I had a heart in my own keeping, I should be glad it was thought a good one; that's all. Yet tho' it has littlenesses in it, that I knew nothing of formerly, I hope it is not a bad one.

My Lord D. by the whole turn of the partial conversation, was led to expect a very extraordinary young woman. The Lady declared, that she would have her talk out, and hear all my two cousins were inclined to say of me, before I was sent up to, as I was not below when they came.

I was therefore to be seen only as a subject of curiosity. My Lord had declared, it seems, that he would not be denied an introduction to me by his mother. But there were no thoughts of making any application to a girl whose heart was acknowledged not to be her own. My Lord's honour would not allow of such an intention. Nor ought it.

His impatience, however, hastened the message to me. The Countess met me half-way, and embraced me: My lovely girl, how do you?—My Lord, said she, turning to the Earl, I need not say, This is Miss Byron.

He bowed low, and made me a very high compliment; but it had sense in it, tho' high, and above my merits. Girls, writing of themselves on these occasions, must be disclaimers, you know: But, my dear uncle, what care I *now* for compliments? The man, from whose

mouth only they could be acceptable, is not at liberty to make me any.

The Countess engaged me in an easy general conversation; part of which turned upon Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, and Miss Jervois, and how I had passed my time at Colnebrooke, in this wintry season, when there were so many diversions in town. But, said she, you had a man with you, who is the admiration of every man and woman, where-ever he goes.

Is there no making an acquaintance, said my Lord, with Sir Charles Grandison? What I hear said of him, every time he is mentioned in company, is enough to fire a young man with emulation. I should be happy did I deserve to be thought of as a second or third man to Sir Charles Grandison.

I dare say, returned I, your Lordship's acquaintance would be highly acceptable to him. He is easy of access. Men of rank, if men of merit, must be of kindred, and recognize one another the moment they meet. But Sir Charles will soon leave England.

The fool sighed: It was, you may believe, involuntarily. I felt myself blush, and was the more silly for that.

The Countess took my hand—One word with you, my dear—and led me out into the next room, and sitting down, made me sit on the same settee with her.

O that I could call you daughter! began she at once; and turning half round to me, put one arm about me, with her other hand taking one of mine, and earnestly looking in my downcast face.

I was silent. Ah, Lucy! had Lady D. been the mother of Sir Charles Grandison, with what pleasure could I have listened to her!

You said, my dear, that Sir Charles Grandison will soon leave England: And then you sighed—Will you be quite open-hearted?—May I ask you a question in hope that you will?

I was silent: Yet the word Yes, was on my lips.

You have caused it to be told me, that your affections are engaged. This has been a cruel blow upon us. My Lord, nevertheless, has heard so much of you [He is really a good young man, my dear], that (against my advice, I own) he would have me introduce him into your company. I see by his looks, that he could admire you above all women. *He never was in love*: I should be sorry if he were disappointed in his first love. I hope his *promised* prudence will be his guard, if there be no prospect of his succeeding with you.—She paused—I was still silent—

It will be a mark of your frankness of heart, my dear, if, when you take my full meaning, you prevent me speaking more than I need.—I would not oppress you, my sweet love—Such a delicacy, and such a frankness mingled, have I never seen in young woman—But tell

me, my dear, has Sir Charles Grandison made his addresses to you?

It was a grievous question for me to answer—But *why* was it so, my Lucy, when all the hopes I ever had, proceeded from my own presumption, confirmed (that's true, of late!) by his sisters partiality in my favour; and when his unhappy Clementina has such a preferable claim?

What says Miss Byron?

She says, madam, that she reveres Lady D. and will answer any questions that she puts to her, however affecting—Sir Charles Grandison has not.

Once I thought, proceeded she, that I never would make a second motion, were the woman a princess, who had confessed a prior love, or even liking: But the man is Sir Charles Grandison, whom all women must esteem; and the woman is Miss Byron, whom all men must love. Let me ask you, my dear—Have you any expectation, that the first of men (I will call him so) and the loveliest and most amiable-minded of women, can come together?—You sighed, you know, when you mentioned, that Sir Charles was soon to leave England; and you own that he has not made addresses to you—Don't be uneasy, my love!—We women, in these tender cases, see into each other's hearts from small openings—Look upon me as your mother—What say you, love?

Your Ladyship compliments me with delicacy and frankness—It is too hard a question, if I have any of the first, to answer without blushes. A young woman to be supposed to have an esteem for a man, who has made no declarations, and whose behaviour to her is such only as shews a politeness to which he is accustomed, and only the same kind of tenderness as he shews to his sisters;—and whom sometimes he *calls* sister—as if—Ah, madam, how can one answer?

You *have* answer'd, my dear, and with that delicacy and frankness too, which make a principal part of your character. If my son (and he shall not be encouraged in his hopes, if he sees you not, mind as well as person, with his mother's eyes) should not be able to check himself by the apprehensions he has had reason for, of being but a second man in the favour of the object of his wishes [*We*, my dear, have our delicacies] could you not allow him a second place in your favour, that might, in time, as he should merit, and as you should subdue your prepossessions, give him a first?—Hush—my dear, for one moment—Your honour, your piety, are my just dependence; and will be his.—And now speak: It is to *me*, my dear: Speak your whole heart: Let not any apprehended difficulty—I am a woman as well as you. And prepared to indulge—

Your *goodness*, madam, and nothing else, interrupted I, gives me difficulty.—My Lord D. seems to me to be a man of merit, and not

a disagreeable man in his person and manners. What he said of Sir Charles Grandison, and of his emulation being fired by his example, gave him additional merit with me. He must have a good mind. I wish him acquainted with Sir Charles, for his own sake, and for the sake of the world, which might be benefited by his large power, so happily directed!—But as to myself, I should forfeit the character of frankness of heart, which your Ladyship's goodness ascribes to me, if I did not declare, that altho' I cannot, and, I think, *ought not*, to entertain an hope with regard to Sir Charles Grandison, since there is a Lady who deserved him by severe sufferings before I knew him; yet is my heart so wholly attach'd, that I cannot think it just to give the least encouragement to any other proposal.

You are an excellent young woman: But, my dear, if Sir Charles Grandison is engaged—your mind will, it *must* change. Few women marry their first loves. Your heart—

O madam! it is *already* a wedded heart: It is wedded to his merits; his merits will be *always* the object of my esteem: I can never think of any *other*, as I *ought* to think of the man to whom I give my hand.

Like merits, my dear, as *person* is not the principal motive, may produce like attachments. My Lord D. will be, in your hands, another Sir Charles Grandison.

How good you are, my dear Lady D.! But allow me to repeat, as the strongest expression I can use, because I mean it to carry in it all the force that can be given it, That my heart is already a wedded heart.

You have spoken with great force: God bless you, my dear, as I love you! The matter shall take its course. If my Lord should happen to be a single man some time hence (and, I can tell you, that your excellencies will make our choice difficult); and if your mind, from any accident, or from persuasion of friends, should then have received alteration; you may still be happy in each other. I will therefore only thank you for that openness of heart, which must set free the heart of my son—Had you had the least lurking inclination to coquetry, and could have taken pride in conquests, he might have been an undone man.—We will return to the company—But spare him, my dear: You must not talk much. He will love you, if you do, too fervently for his own peace. Try to be a little awkward—I am afraid for him: Indeed I am. O that you had never seen Sir Charles Grandison!

I could not answer one word. She took my hand; and led me into the company.

Had I been silent, when my Lord directed his discourse to me, or answer'd only No, or Yes, the Countess would have thought me very vain; and, that I ascribed to myself the consequence she so gener-

ously gave me, with respect to my Lord. I therefore behaved and answered unaffectedly; but avoided such a promptness of speech, as would have looked like making pretensions to knowledge and opinion, though some of my Lord's questions were apparently design'd to engage me into freedom of discourse. The Countess observed me narrowly. She whisper'd to me, that she *did*; and made me a very high compliment on my behaviour. How much, Lucy, do I love and reverence her!

My Lord was spoken too slightly of, by Miss Grandison, in a former conversation. He is really a fine gentleman. Any woman who is not engaged in her affections, may think herself very happy with him. His conversation was easy and polite, and he said nothing that was low or trifling. Indeed, Lucy, I think Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick are as greatly inferior to Lord D. as Lord D. is to Sir Charles Grandison.

At parting, he requested of me, to be allowed to repeat his visits.

My Lord, said the Countess, before I could answer, you must not expect a mere stiff maiden answer from Miss Byron: She is above all vulgar forms. She and her cousins have too much politeness, and, I will venture to say, discernment, not to be glad of your acquaintance, *as* an acquaintance—But, for the rest, you must look to your heart.

I shall be afraid, said he, turning to the Countess, to ask your Ladyship for an explanation. Miss Byron, I hope, Sir, addressing himself to Mr. Reeves, will not refuse me her company, when I pay you my compliments. Then turning to me, I hope, madam, I shall not be punished for admiring you.

My Lord D. replied I, will be intitled to every civility. I had said more, had he not snatched my hand a little too eagerly, and kissed it.

And thus much for the visit of the Countess of D. and the Earl.

Did I tell you in my former letter, that Emily is with me half her time? She is a most engaging young creature. Her manners are so pure! Her heart is so sincere and open!—O Lucy! you would dearly love her. I wish I may be asked to carry her down with me. Yet she adores her guardian: But her reverence for him will not allow of the innocent familiarity in thinking of him, that—I don't know what I would say. But to love with an ardor, that would be dangerous to one's peace, one must have more tenderness than reverence for the object: Don't you think so, Lucy?

Miss Grandison made me one of her flying visits, as she calls them, soon after the Countess and my Lord went away.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves told her all that had been said before them by the Earl and Countess, as well before I went down to them, as

after. They could not tell her what passed between that Lady and me, when she took me aside. I had not had time to tell *them*. They referred to me for that: But besides that I was not in spirits, and cared not to say much, I was not willing to be thought by my refusal of so great an offer, to seem to fasten myself upon her brother.

She pitied (Who but must?) Lady Clementina. She pitied her brother also: And, seeing me dejected, she clasped her arms about me, and wet my cheek with a sisterly tear.

Is it not very strange, Lucy, that *his* father should keep him so long abroad? These free-living men! What absurdities are they not guilty of? What misfortunes to others do they not occasion? One night, with the excellent Clementina, ask, What had Mr. Grandison to do in Italy? Or why, if he must go abroad, did he stay so long?

Travelling! Young men travelling! I cannot, my dear, but think it a very nonsensical thing! What can they see, but the ruins of the gay, once busy world, of which they have read?

To see a parcel of giddy boys, under the direction of tutors, or governors, hunting after—What?—Nothing; or at best but ruins of ruins; for the imagination, aided by reflexion, must be left, after all, to make out the greater glories which the grave-digger Time has buried too deep for discovery.

And when this *grand tour* is completed, the travell'd youth returns: And, what is his boast? Why to be able to tell, perhaps his *better*-taught friend, who has never been out of his native country, that he has seen in ruins, what the other has a juster idea of, from reading: And of which, it is more than probable, he can give a much better account than the traveller.

And are these, petulant Harriet (methinks, Lucy, you demand) all the benefits, that you will suppose Sir CHARLES GRANDISON has reaped from his travelling?

Why, no. But then, in turn, I ask, Is every traveller a Sir Charles Grandison?—And does not even *he* confess to Dr. Bartlett, that he wished he had never seen Italy? And may not the poor Clementina, and all her family, for *her* sake, wish he never had?

If an opportunity offers, I don't know, but I may ask Sir Charles, Whether, in his conscience, he thinks, that, taking in every consideration, relating to time, expence, risques of life, health, morals, this part of the fashionable education of youth of condition is such an indispensable one, as some seem to suppose it? If Sir Charles Grandison give it not in favour of travelling, I believe it will be concluded, that six parts out of eight of the little masters who are sent abroad for improvement, might as well be kept at home; if, especially, they would be *orderly*, and let their fathers and mothers know what to do with them.¹

O my uncle! I am afraid of you: But spare the poor girl: She acknowledges her petulance, her presumption. The occasion you know, and will pity her for it! However, neither petulance nor presumption shall make her declare as her sentiments what really are not so, in her unprejudiced hours; and she hopes to have her heart always open to conviction.

For the present, Adieu, my Lucy.

P.S. Dr. Bartlett tells me, that Mr. Beauchamp is at Calais, waiting the pleasure of his father; and that Sir Harry has sent express for him, as at his Lady's motion.

LETTER VI

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Tuesday, April 4

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON came to town last night. He was so polite, as to send to enquire after my health; and to let Mr. Reeves know, that he would do himself the honour, as he called it, of breakfasting with *him* this morning. Very ceremonious either for his own sake or for mine—Perhaps for both.

So I am in expectation of seeing within this half-hour, the noble Clementina's future—Ah Lucy!

The compliment, you see, is to Mr. Reeves—Shall I stay above, and see if he will ask for me? He owes me something for the emotion he gave me in Lord L.'s library. Very little of him since have I seen.

"Honour forbids me, said he, then: Yet honour bids me.—But I cannot be ungenerous, selfish"—These words are still in my ear.—What could he mean by them?—*Honour forbids me*—What! to explain himself? He had been telling me a tender tale: He had *ended* it. *What* did honour forbid him to do?—*Yet honour bids me!* Why then did he not follow the dictates of honour?

But *I cannot be unjust*:—To Clementina he means. Who *wished* him to be so?—*Unjust!* I hope not. It is a diminution to your glory, Sir Charles Grandison, to have the word *unjust*, in this way of speaking, in your thoughts! As if a good man had lain under a temptation to be *unjust*; and had but just recollected himself.

"*I cannot be ungenerous.*" To the noble Lady, I suppose? He *must* take compassion on her. And did he think himself under an obligation to my forwardness to make this declaration to me, as to one who *wished* him to be *ungenerous* to such a lady for my sake!—I cannot bear the thought of this. Is it not as if he had said, "Fond Harriet,

I see what you expect from me—But I must have compassion *for*, I cannot be ungenerous *to*, Clementina!”—But, what a poor word is *compassion*! Noble Clementina! I grieve for you, tho’ the man be indeed a generous man!—O defend me, my better genius, from wanting the compassion even of a Sir Charles Grandison!

But what means he by the word *selfish*! He *cannot be selfish*!—I comprehend not the meaning of this word—Clementina has a very high fortune—Harriet but a very middling one. He cannot be *unjust*, *ungenerous* to Clementina—Nor yet *selfish*—This word confounds me, from a man that says nothing at random!

Well, but breakfast-time is come, while I am busy in self-debatings. I will go down, that I may not seem to affect parade. I will endeavour to see with indifference, him that we have all been admiring and studying for this last fortnight, in such a variety of lights. The Christian: The Hero: The Friend:—Ah, Lucy! The Lover of Clementina: The generous Kinsman of Lord W.: The modest and delicate Benefactor of the Mansfields: The free, gay, Raillier of Lady Beauchamp; and in her of all our Sex’s Foibles!

But he is come! While I am prating to you with my pen, he is come.—Why, Lucy, would you detain me?—Now must the fool go down in a kind of hurry: Yet stay till she is sent for.—And that is *now*.

LETTER VII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

O LUCY, I have such a conversation to relate to you!—But let me lead to it:

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himself. Such an unaffected modesty and politeness; yet such an ease and freedom!

I thought by his address, that he would have taken my hand; and both hands were *so emulatively* passive—How does he manage it to be so free in a first address, yet so respectful, that a princess could not blame him?

After breakfast, my cousins being sent for out to attend Sir John Allestree and his Niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone: And then, with an air equally solemn and free, he addressed himself to me.

The last time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale. I was sure it would raise in such a heart as hers generous compassion for the noblest lady on the Continent; and I presumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to rashness or indiscretion, that she would also pity the relator.

The story did indeed affect you; yet, for my own sake, as well as yours, I referred you to Dr. Bartlett, for the particulars of some parts of it, upon which I could not expatiate.

The doctor, madam, has let me know the particulars which he communicated to you. I remember with pain the pain I gave to your generous heart in Lord L's study. I am sure you must have suffered still more from the same compassionate goodness on the communications he made you. May I, madam, however, add a few particulars to the same subject, which he then could not give you? Now you have been let into so considerable a part of my story, I am desirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all that I know myself of this arduous affair.

He ceased speaking. I was in tremors. Sir, Sir—The story I must own, is a most affecting one. How much is the unhappy lady to be pitied! You will do me honour in acquainting me with farther particulars of it.

Dr. Bartlett has told you, madam, that the Bishop of Nocera, second brother to Lady Clementina, has very lately written to me, requesting that I will make one more visit to Bologna—I have the Letter. You read Italian, madam. Shall I—Or will you—He held it to me.

I took it. These, Lucy, are the contents.

'The bishop acquaints him with the very melancholy way they are in. The father and mother declining in their healths. Signor Jeronymo worse than when Sir Charles left them. His Sister also declining in her health: Yet earnest still to see him.

'He says, That she is at present at Urbino; but is soon to go to Naples to the General's. He urges him to make them one visit more; yet owns, that his family are not unanimous in the request: But that he and Father Marescotti, and the Marchioness, are extremely earnest that this indulgence should be granted to the wishes of his dear Sister.

'He offers to meet him, at his own appointment, and conduct him to Bologna; where, he tells him, his presence will rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous consent to the interview so much desired: And says, that if this measure, which he is sorry he has so long withstood, answers not his hopes, he will advise the shutting up of their Clementina in a Nunnery, or to consign her to private hands, where she shall be treated kindly, but as persons in her unhappy circumstances are accustomed to be treated.'

Sir Charles then shewed me a Letter from Signor Jeronymo; in which he acquaints him with the dangerous way he is in. He tells him, 'That his life is a burden to him. He wishes it was brought to its period. He does not think himself in skilful hands. He complains

most of the wound which is in his hip-joint; and which has hitherto baffled the art both of the Italian and French surgeons who have been consulted. He wishes, that himself and Sir Charles had been of one country, he says, since the greatest felicity he now has to wish for, is to yield up his life to the Giver of it, in the arms of his Grandson.'

He mentions not one word in this melancholy Letter of his unhappy sister: Which Sir Charles accounted for, by supposing, that she not being at Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable way, everything relating to her, that was likely to disturb him.

He then read part of a Letter written in English, by the admired Mrs. Beaumont; some of the contents of which were, as you shall hear, extremely affecting:

'Mrs. Beaumont gives him in it an account of the situation of the unhappy young lady; and excuses herself for not having done it before, in answer to his request, by reason of an indisposition under which she had for some time laboured, which had hindered her from making the necessary enquiries.

'She mentions, that the Lady had received no benefit from her journeyings from place to place; and from her voyage from Leghorn to Naples, and back again; and blames her attendants, who to quiet her, unknown to their principals, for some time, kept her in expectation of seeing her Chevalier, at the end of each; for her more prudent Camilla, she says, had been hinder'd by illness from attending her, in several of the excursions.

'They had a second time, at her own request, put her into a Nunnery. She at first was so sedate in it as gave them hopes: But the novelty going off, and one of the sisters, to try her, having officiously asked her to go with her into the parlour, where she said, she would be allowed to converse through the grate with a *certain* English gentleman, her impatience, on her disappointment, made her more ungovernable than they had ever known her; for she had been for two hours before meditating what she would say to him.

'For a week together, she was vehemently intent upon being allowed to visit England; and had engaged her cousins, Sebastiano and Juliano, to promise to escort her thither, if she could obtain leave.

'Her mother brought her off this when nobody else could, only by intreating her, for *her* sake, never to think of it more.

'The Marchioness then, encouraged by this instance of her obedience, took her under her own care: But the young Lady going on from flight to flight; and the way she was in visibly affecting the health of her indulgent mother; a doctor was found, who was absolutely of opinion, that nothing but harsh methods would avail:

And in this advice Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, and the General, concurring, she was told, that she must prepare to go to Milan. She was so earnest to be excused from going thither, and to be permitted to go to Florence to Mrs. Beaumont, that they gave way to her entreaties; and the Marquis himself, accompanying her to Florence, prevailed on Mrs. Beaumont to take her under her care.

'With her she staid three weeks: She was tolerably sedate in that space of time; but most so, when she was talking of England, and of the Chevalier Grandison, and his sisters, with whom she wished to be acquainted. She delighted to speak English, and to talk of the tenderness and goodness of her tutor; and of what he said to her, upon such and such a subject.

'At the three weeks end, the General made her a visit, in company of Lady Sforza; and her talk being all on this subject, they were both highly displeased; and hinted, that she was too much indulged in it; and, unhappily, she repeating some tender passages that passed in the interview her mother had permitted her to hold with the Chevalier, the General would have it, that Mr. Grandison had designedly, from the first, sought to give himself consequence with her; and expressed himself, on the occasion, with great violence against him.

'He carried his displeasure to extremity, and obliged her to go away with his aunt and him that very day, to her great regret; and as much to the regret of Mrs. Beaumont, and of the Ladies her friends; who tenderly loved the *innocent visionary*, as sometimes they called her. And Mrs. Beaumont is sure, that the gentle treatment she met with from them, would in time, tho' perhaps slowly, have greatly helped her.'

Mrs. Beaumont then gives an account of the harsh treatment the poor young Lady met with.

Sir Charles Grandison would have stopt reading here. He said, he could not read it to me, without such a change of voice, as would add to my pain, as well as to his own.

Tears often stole down my cheeks, when I read the Letters of the Bishop and Signor Jeronymo, and as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs. Beaumont's Letter: And I doubted not but what was to follow would make them flow. Yet, I said, Be pleased, Sir, to let *me* read on. I am not a stranger to distress. I can pity others, or I should not deserve pity myself.

He pointed to the place; and withdrew to the window.

Mrs. Beaumont says, 'That the poor mother was prevailed upon to resign her child wholly to the management of Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, who took her with them to their Palace in Milan.

'The tender parent, however, besought them to spare all un-

necessary severity; which they promised: But Laurana objected to Camilla's attendance. She was thought too indulgent; and her servant Laura, as a more manageable person, was taken in her place.' And O how cruelly, as you shall hear, did they treat her!

Father Marescotti, being obliged to visit a dying relation at Milan, was desired by the Marchioness to inform himself of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her Letters boasted of both. The good Father acquainted Mrs. Beaumont with the following particulars:

'He was surprised to find a difficulty made of his seeing the Lady: But insisting on it, he found her to be wholly spiritless, and in terror; afraid to speak, afraid to look, before her cousin Laurana; yet seeming to want to complain to him. He took notice of this to Laurana—O Father, said she, we are in the right way, I assure you: When we had her first, her Chevalier, and an interview with him, were ever in her mouth; but now she is in such order, that she never speaks a word of him. But what, asked the compassionate Father, must she have suffered, to be brought to this? Don't you, Father, trouble yourself about that, replied the cruel Laurana: The doctors have given their opinion, that some severity was necessary. It is all for her good.

'The poor Lady expressed herself to him, with earnestness, after the veil; a subject on which, it seems, they indulged her; urging, that the only way to secure her health of mind, if it could be restored, was to yield to her wishes. Lady Sforza said, that it was not a point that she herself would press; but it was her opinion, that her family sinned in opposing a divine dedication; and, perhaps, their daughter's malady might be a judgment upon them for it.'

The Father, in his Letter to Mrs. Beaumont, 'ascribes to Lady Sforza self-interested motives for her conduct; to Laurana, envy on account of Lady Clementina's superior qualities: But nobody, he says, till now, doubted Laurana's love of her.'

Father Marescotti then gives a shocking instance of the barbarous Laurana's treatment of the noble sufferer—*All for her good*—Wretch! how my heart rises against her! Her servant Laura, under pretence of confessing to her Bologna Father, in tears, acquainted him with it. It was perpetrated but the day before.

'When any severity was to be exercised upon the unhappy Lady, Laura was always shut out of her apartment. Her Lady had said something that she was to be chidden for. Lady Sforza, who was not altogether so severe as her daughter, was not at home. Laura listened, in tears: She heard Laurana in great wrath with Lady Clementina, and threaten her—and her young Lady break out to this effect—What have I done to you, Laurana, to be so used?—

You are not the cousin Laurana you used to be? You know I am not able to help myself: Why do you call me crazy, and frantic, Laurana? [Vile upbraider, Lucy!] If the Almighty has laid his hand upon me, should I not be pitied?—

‘It is all for your good! It is all for your good, Clementina! You could not always have spoken so sensibly, cousin.

‘Cruel Laurana! You loved me once! I have no Mother, as you have. My Mother was a good Mother: But she is gone! Or I am gone, I know not which!

‘She threatened her then with the Strait Waistcoat, a punishment which the unhappy Lady was always greatly terrified at. Laura heard her beg and pray; but, Laurana coming out, she was forced to retire.

‘The poor young Lady apprehending her cruel cousin’s return with the threatened waistcoat, and with the woman that used to be brought in when they were disposed to terrify her, went down and hid herself under a stair-case, where she was soon discovered by her cloaths, which she had not been careful to draw in after her.’

O Lucy! how I wept! How insupportable to me, said Sir Charles, would have been my reflexions, had my conscience told me, that I had been the wilful cause of the noble Clementina’s calamity!

After I had a little recovered, I read to myself the next paragraph, which related, ‘that the cruel Laurana dragged the sweet sufferer by her gown, from her hiding-place, inveighing against her, threatening her: She, all patient, resigned, her hands crossed on her bosom, praying for mercy, not by speech, but by her eyes, which, however, wept not: And causing her to be carried up to her chamber, there punished her with the Strait Waistcoat, as she had threatened.

‘Father Marescotti was greatly affected with Laura’s relation, as well as with what he had himself observed: But on his return to Bologna, dreading to acquaint her mother, for her own sake, with the treatment her Clementina met with, he only said, he did not quite approve of it, and advised her not to oppose the young Lady’s being brought home, if the Bishop and the General came into it: But he laid the whole matter before the Bishop, who wrote to the General to join with him out of hand, to release their sister from her present bondage: And the General meeting the Bishop on a set day at Milan, for that purpose, the Lady was accordingly released.

‘A breach ensued upon it, with Lady Sforza and her daughter; who would have it, that Clementina was much better for their management. They had by terror broke her spirit, and her passiveness was reckoned upon as an indication of amendment.

‘The Marchioness being much indisposed, the young Lady, attended by her Camilla, was carried to Naples; where it is supposed

she now is. Poor young Lady, how has she been hurried about!—But who can think of her cousin Laurana without extreme indignation?

‘Mrs. Beaumont writes, that the Bishop would fain have prevailed upon his brother, the General, to join with him in an invitation to Sir Charles Grandison to come over, as a last expedient, before they locked her up either in a Nunnery, or in some private house: But the General would by no means come into it.

‘He asked, What was proposed to be the end of Sir Charles’s visit, were all that was wished from it to follow, in his sister’s restored mind?—He never, he said, would give his consent that she should be the wife of an English protestant.

‘The Bishop declared, that he was far from wishing her to be so: But he was for leaving that to after-consideration. Could they but restore his sister to her reason, that reason, co-operating with her principles, might answer all their hopes.

‘He might *try* his expedient, the General said, with all his heart: But he looked upon the Chevalier Grandison to be a man of art; and he was sure he must have entangled his sister by methods imperceptible to her, and to them; but yet more efficacious to his ends, than an open declaration. Had he not, he asked, found means to fascinate Olivia, and as many women as he came into company with?—For his part, he loved not the Chevalier. He had *forced* him by his intrepidity to be civil to him: But forced civility was but a temporary one. It was his way to judge of causes by the effects: And this he knew, that he had lost a sister who would have been a jewel in the crown of a prince: And would not be answerable for consequences, if he and Sir Charles Grandison were once more to meet, be it where it would.

‘Father Marescotti, however, joining, as the Bishop writes, with him, and the Marchioness, in a desire to try this expedient; and being sure that the Marquis and Signor Jeronymo would not be averse to it, he took a resolution to write over to him, as has been related.’

This, Lucy, is the state of the unhappy case, as briefly and as clearly as my memory will serve to give it. And what a *rememberer*, if I may make a word, is the heart!—Not a circumstance escapes it.

And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles what answer he had returned.

Was not my situation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles asked my opinion, *before* he had taken his resolutions, I should have given it with my whole heart, that he should fly to the comfort of the poor Lady. But then he would have shewn a suspense unworthy of Clementina; and a compliment to me, which a good man, so circumstanced, ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor affected word is *regard*!) was nevertheless as strong as ever. Generosity, or rather justice, to Clementina, and that so often avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways.—I wanted to consider with myself for a few moments: I was desirous to clear the conduct that I was to shew on this trying occasion, as well of precipitance as of affectation; and my cousin Reeves just then coming in for something she wanted, I took the opportunity, while he made a compliment to her, to say, as to both, I will return immediately: And withdrew.

I went up to my own apartment. I traversed my antechamber, three or four times: Harriet Byron, said I to myself, be not mean. Hast thou not the example of a Clementina before thee? Her religion and her love, combating together, have overturned the noble creature's reason. Thou canst not be called to such a tryal: But canst thou not shew, that if thou *wert*, thou couldst have acted greatly, if not *so* greatly?—Sir Charles Grandison is just: He *ought* to prefer to thee the excellent Clementina. Priority of claim, compassion for the noble sufferer, merits *so* superior!—I love him for *his* merits: Shall I not love merits nearly as great in one of my own sex? The struggle will cost thee something: But go down, and try to be above thyself.

Down I went, not displeased with myself for having been able to resolve upon such an effort. Banish'd to thy retirement, to thy pillow, thought I, be all the *girl*. Often have I contended for the dignity of my sex; let me now be an example to myself, and not unworthy in my own eyes (when I come to reflect) of an union, could it have been effected, with a man whom a Clementina looked up to with hope.

My cousin withdrew when I came in: Sir Charles met me at the door: I hope he saw dignity in my aspect, without pride.

I spoke, while spirit was high in me, and to keep myself up to it.—My heart bleeds, Sir, for the distresses of your Clementina [Yes, Lucy, I said *your* Clementina]. I could not but withdraw for a few moments to contemplate her great behaviour; and I most sincerely lament her distresses. What, that is in the power of man, cannot Sir Charles Grandison do? You have honoured me, Sir, with the title of *Sister*. In the tenderness of that relation, permit me to say, that I dread the effects of the General's petulance: I feel next for you the pain that it must give to your humane heart to be once more personally present to the woes of the inimitable Clementina: But I am sure you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in England, and resolving to hasten over to *try*, at least, what can be done for the noble sufferer.

Had he praised me highly for this my address to him, it would have looked, such was the situation on both sides, as if he had

thought this disinterested behaviour in me, an extraordinary piece of magnanimity, and self-denial; and, of consequence, as if he had supposed I had views upon him, which he wonder'd I could give up. His is the most delicate of human minds.

He led me to my seat, and taking his by me, still holding my passive hand—Ever since I have had the honour of Miss Byron's acquaintance, I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with hers; and hopes to be allowed its claim, tho' such are the delicacies of situation, that I scarcely dare to trust myself to speak upon the subject. From the first, I called Miss Byron my sister; but she is *more* to me than the dearest sister; and there is a more tender friendship that I aspire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents, on either side, to bar a farther wish: And this I *must* hope, that she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments.

He paused. I made an effort to speak: But speech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

My heart, resumed he, is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot speak all that is in it. Professions I am not accustomed to make. As I am not conscious of being unworthy of your friendship, I will *suppose* it; and farther talk to you of my affairs and engagements, as that tender friendship may warrant.

Sir, you do me honour, was all I could say.

I had a Letter from the faithful Camilla. I hold not a correspondence with her: But the treatment that her young Lady met with, of which she had got some general intimations, and some words that the Bishop said to her, which expressed his wishes, that I would make them one more visit at Bologna, urged her to write, begging of me, for Heaven's sake, to go over. But unless one of the family had written to me, and by consent of others of it, what hope had I of a welcome, after I had been as often refused, as I had requested while I was in Italy, to be admitted to the presence of the Lady, who was so desirous of one interview more?—Especially, as Mrs. Beaumont gave me no encouragement to go, but the contrary, from what she observed of the inclinations of the family.

Mrs. Beaumont is still of opinion, as in the conclusion of the Letter before you, that I should not go, unless the General and the Marquis join their requests to those of the Marchioness, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti. But I had no sooner perused the Bishop's Letter, than I wrote, that I would most cheerfully comply with his wishes: But that I should be glad that I might not be under any obligation to go farther than Bologna; where I might have the happiness to attend my Jeronymo, as well as his sister.

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was sorry for it: But my judgment was entirely with him.

And now, madam, you will wonder, that you see not any preparations for my departure. All is prepared: I only wait for the company of one gentleman, who is settling his affairs with all expedition to go with me. He is an able, a skilful surgeon, who has had great practice abroad, and in the armies: And having acquired an easy fortune, is come to settle in his native country. My Jeronymo expresses himself dissatisfied with his surgeons. If Mr. *Lowther* can be of service to him, how happy shall I think myself! And if my presence can be a means to restore the noble *Clementina*—But how dare I hope it?—And yet I am persuaded, that in her case, and with such a temper of mind (unused to hardship and opposition as she had been) the only way to recover her, would have been by complying with her in every-thing that her heart or head was earnestly set upon: For what controul was necessary to a young Lady, who never, even in the height of her malady, uttered a wish or thought that was contrary to her duty either to God, or her parents; nor yet to the honour of her name, and, allow me, madam, to say, the *pride* of her sex?

I am under an obligation to go to Paris, proceeded he, from the will of my late friend Mr. Danby. I shall stop there for a day or two only, in order to put things in a way for my last hand, on my return from Italy.

When I am in Italy, I shall perhaps be enabled to adjust two or three accounts that stand out, in relation to the affairs of my Ward.

This day at dinner I shall see Mrs. Oldham, and her sons; and in the afternoon, at tea, Mrs. O-Hara, and her Husband, and Captain Salmonet.

To-morrow, I hope for the honour of your company, madam, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's at dinner; and be so good as to engage them, for the rest of the day. You must not deny me; because I shall want your influence upon Charlotte, to make her fix Lord G's happy day, that I may be able to see their hands united before I set out: As my return will be uncertain—

Ah, Lucy, *more* twitches just then!—

Thursday next is the day fixed for the triple marriage of the Danby's. I have promised to give Miss Danby to Mr. Galliard, and to dine with them and their friends at Enfield.

If I can see my Lord W. and Charlotte happy before I go, I shall be highly gratified.

It is another of my wishes, to see my friend Beauchamp in England first, and to leave him in possession of his father's love, and of his mother-in-law's civility. Dr. Bartlett and he will be happy in each other. I shall correspond with the doctor. He greatly admires you, madam, and will communicate to you all you shall think worthy of your notice, relating to the proceedings of a man who will always think himself honoured by your enquiries after him.

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandison then sighed. He seemed to look more than he spoke. I will not promise for my heart, if he treats me with more than the tenderness of friendship: If he gives me room to think that he wishes—But what can he wish? He *ought* to be, he *must* be, Clementina's: And I will endeavour to make myself happy, if I can maintain the second place in his friendship: And when he offers me this, shall I, Lucy, be so *little* as to be displeased with the man, who cannot be to me all that I had once hoped he could be?—No!—He shall be the same glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodness of heart, and greatness of mind; and I will think him intitled to my utmost gratitude for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindness he has already shewn me. Is not friendship the basis of my love? And does he not tender me *that*?

Nevertheless, at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to start. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not disperse the too ready drop, and felt it stealing down my cheek, I wiped it off—The poor Emily, said I—She will be grieved at parting with you. Emily loves her guardian.

And I love my ward. I once had a thought, madam, of begging *your* protection of Emily: But as I have two sisters, I think she will be happy under their wings, and in the protection of my good Lord L. and the rather, as I have no doubt of overcoming her unhappy mother, by making her husband's interest a guaranty for her tolerable, if not good, behaviour to her child.

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myself, as I may say, and from my own concerns. We all, Sir, said I, look upon Mr. Beauchamp as a future—

Husband for Emily, madam, interrupted he?—It must not be at *my* motion. My friend shall be intitled to share with me my whole estate; but I will never seek to lead the choice of my WARD. Let Emily, some time hence, find out the husband she can be happy with; Beauchamp the wife he can love: Emily, if I can help it, shall not be the wife of any man's convenience. Beauchamp is nice, and I will be as nice for my WARD. And the more so, as I hope she herself wants not delicacy. There is a cruelty in persuasion, where the heart rejects the person proposed, whether the urger be parent or guardian.

Lord bless me, thought I, what a man is this!

Do you expect Mr. Beauchamp soon, Sir?

Every day, madam.

And is it possible, Sir, that you can bring all these things to bear before you leave England, and go so soon?

I fear nothing but Charlotte's whimsies: Have you, madam, any

reason to apprehend that she is averse to an alliance with Lord G.? His father and aunt are very importunate for an early celebration.

None at all, Sir.

Then I shall depend much upon yours, and Lord and Lady L.'s influence over her.

He besought my excuse for detaining my attention so long. Upon his motion to go, my two cousins came in. He took even a solemn leave of me, and a very respectful one of them.

I had kept up my spirits to their utmost stretch: I besought my cousins to excuse me for a few minutes. His departure from me was *too* solemn; and I hurried up to my closet; and after a few involuntary sobs, a flood of tears relieved me. I besought, on my knees, peace to the disturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmness and resignation to my own, and safety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glass, I went down stairs to my cousins; and on their enquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occasion of my red eyes, I said, All is over! All is over! my dear cousins. I cannot blame him: He is all that is noble and good—I can say no more just now. The particulars you shall have from my pen.

I went up stairs to write: And except for one half hour at dinner, and another at tea, I stopt not till I had done.

And here, quite tired, uneasy, vexed with myself, yet hardly knowing why, I lay down my pen.—Take what I have written, cousin Reeves: If you can read it, do: And then dispatch it to my Lucy.

But, on second thoughts, I will shew it to the two Ladies, and Lord L. before it is sent away. They will be curious to know what passed in a conversation, where the critical circumstances both of us were in, required a delicacy which I am not sure was so well observed on my side, as on his.

I shall, I know, have their pity: But let nobody who pities not the noble Clementina shew any for

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER VIII

MISS BYRON. *In Continuation*

Tuesday Night, April 4

MISS GRANDISON came to me just as we had supped. She longed, she said, to see me; but was prevented coming before, and desired to know what had passed between her brother and me this morning. I gave her the Letter, which I had but a little while before con-

cluded. He had owned, she said, that he had breakfasted with me, and spoke of me to her, and Lord and Lady L. with an ardor, that gave them pleasure. She put my Letter into her bosom. I may, I hope, Harriet—If you please, madam, said I.

If you please, madam, repeated she; and with that *do-lo-rous* accent too, my Harriet!—My sister and I have been in tears this morning: Lord L. had much ado to forbear. Sir Charles will soon leave us.

It can't be helped, Charlotte. Did you dine to-day in St. James's Square?

No, indeed!—My brother had a certain tribe with him; and the woman also. It is very difficult, I believe, Harriet, for good people to forbear doing sometimes *more* than goodness requires of them.

Could you not, Charlotte, have sat at table with them for one hour or two?

My brother did not ask me. He did not expect it. He gives everybody their choice, you know. He told me last night who were to dine with him to-day, and supposed I would choose to dine with Lady L. or with *you*, he was so free as to say.

He did us an honour, which you thought too great a one. But if he *had* asked you, Charlotte—

Then I should have bridled. Indeed, I asked him, If he did not over-do it.

What was his answer?

Perhaps he might.—But I, said he, may never see Mrs. Oldham again. I want to inform myself of her future intentions, with a view (over-do it again, Charlotte!) to make her easy and happy for life. Her children are in the world. I want to give her a credit that will make her remembred by them, as they grow up, with duty. I hope I am superior to forms. She is conscious. I can pity her. She is a gentlewoman; and intitled to a place at any man's table to whom she never was a servant. She never was mine.

And what, Miss Grandison, could you say in answer? asked I.

What!—Why I put up my lip.

Ungracious girl!

I can't help it. That may become a man to do in such cases as this, that would not a woman.

Sir Charles wants not *delicacy*, my dear, said I.

He must suppose, that I should have sat swelling, and been reserved: He was right not to ask me—So be quiet, Harriet—And yet perhaps, you would be as tame to a husband's mistress, as you seem favourable to a father's.

She then put on one of her arch looks—

The cases differ, Charlotte—But do you know what passed

between the generous man, and the mortified woman and her children; mortified as they *must* be by his goodness?

Yes, yes; I had curiosity enough to ask Dr. Bartlett about it all.

Pray, Charlotte—

Dr. Bartlett is favourable to every-body, sinners as well as saints—He began with praising the modesty of her dress, the humility of her behaviour: He said, that she trembled and looked down, till she was re-assured by Sir Charles. Such creatures have all their tricks, Harriet.

You, Charlotte, are not favourable to sinners, and hardly to saints. But pray proceed.

Why, he re-assured the woman, as I told you. And then proceeded to ask many questions of the elder Oldham—I pitied that young fellow—to have a mother in his eye, whose very tenderness to the young ones kept alive the sense of her guilt. And yet what would she have been, had she not been doubly tender to the innocents, who were born to shame from her fault? The young man acknowledged a military genius, and Sir Charles told him, that he would, on his return from a journey he was going to take, consider whether he could not do him service in the way he chose. He gave him, it seems, a brief lecture on what he should aim to be, and what avoid, to qualify himself for a man of true honour; and spoke very handsomely of such gentlemen of the army as are real gentlemen. The young fellow, continued Miss Grandison, may look upon himself to be as good as provided for, since my brother never gives the most distant hope that is not followed by absolute certainty, the first opportunity, not that *offers*, but which he can *make*.

He took great notice of the little boys. He dilated their hearts, and set them a prating; and was pleased with their prate. The doctor, who had never seen him before in the company of children, applauded him for his vivacity, and condescending talk to them. The tenderest father in the world, he said, could not have behaved more tenderly, or shewed himself more delighted with his own children, than he did with those brats of Mrs. Oldham.

Ah, Charlotte! And is it out of doubt, that you are the Daughter of Lady Grandison, and Sister of Sir Charles Grandison?—Well, but I believe you are—Some children take after the father, some after the mother!—Forgive me, my dear.

But I won't. I have a great mind to quarrel with you, Harriet.

Pray don't; because I could neither help, nor can be sorry for, what I said. But pray proceed.

Why he made presents to the children. I don't know what they were; nor could the doctor tell me. I suppose very handsome ones; for he has the spirit of a prince. He enquired very particularly after

the circumstances of the mother; and was more kind to her than many people would be to their own mothers.—*He* can account for this, I suppose—tho' *I* cannot. The woman, it is true, is of a good family, and so forth: But that enhances her crime. Natural children abound in the present age. Keeping is fashionable. Good men should not countenance such wretches.—But my brother and you are charitable creatures!—With all my heart, child. Virtue, however, has at least as much to say on one side of the question as on the other.

When the poor children are in the world, as your brother said—When the poor women are penitents, *true* penitents—Your brother's treatment of Mrs. Giffard was different. He is in both instances an imitator of the Almighty; an humbler of the impenitent, and an encourager of those who repent.

Well, well; He is undoubtedly a good sort of young man; and, Harriet, you are a good sort of young woman. Where much is given, much is required: But I have not given me such a large quantity of charity, as either of you may boast: And how can I help it?—But, however, the woman went away blessing and praising him; and that, the doctor says, more with her eyes than she was able to do in words. The elder youth departed in rapturous reverence: The children hung about *his* knees, on *theirs*. The doctor will have it, that it was without bidding—Perhaps so—He raised them by turns to his arms, and kissed them.—Why, Harriet! Your eyes glisten, child. They would have run over, I suppose, had you been there! Is it, that your heart is weakened with your present situation? I hope not. No, you are a good creature! And I see that the mention of a behaviour greatly generous, however slightly made, will have its force upon a heart so truly benevolent as yours. You *must* be Lady Grandison, my dear: *Indeed* you must.—Well, but I must be gone. You dine with us to-morrow, my brother says?

He did ask me; and desired me to engage my cousins. But he repeated not the invitation when he went away.

He depends upon your coming: And so do we. He is to talk to me before you, it seems: I can't tell about what: But by his hurrying on every-thing, it is plain he is preparing to leave us.

He is, madam.

"He is, madam!" And with that dejected air, and mendicant voice—Speak up like a woman!—The sooner he sets out, if he *must* go, the sooner he will return. Come, come, Harriet, you *shall* be Lady Grandison still—*Ay!* and that *sigh* too! These love-sick folks, have a language that nobody else can talk to them in: And then she affectedly sighed—Is that right, Harriet?—She sighed again—No, it is not: I never knew what a sigh was, but when my father vexed my sister; and that was more for fear he should one day be as cruel

to me, than for her sake. We can be very generous for others, Harriet, when we apprehend that one day we may want the same pity ourselves. Our best passions, my dear, have their mixtures of self-love.

You have drawn a picture of human nature, Charlotte, that I don't like.

It *is* a likeness for all that.

She arose, snatched my hand, hurried to the door—Be with us Harriet, and cousin Reeves, and cousin Reeves, as soon as you can to-morrow. I want to talk to you, my dear (to me) of an hundred thousand things before dinner. Remember we dine early.

Away she fluttered—Happy Miss Grandison! What charming spirits she has!

LETTER IX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Wednesday, April 5

MISS JERVOIS came to me this morning by six; impatient, as she said, to communicate good news to me. I was in my closet writing. I could not sleep.

I have seen my mother, said she; and we are good friends. Was she ever unkind to me, madam?

Dear creature! said I, and clasped her to my bosom, you are a sweet girl! Oblige me with the particulars.

Let me, Lucy, give you, as near as I can recollect, the amiable young creature's words and actions on this occasion.

Sit down, my love, said I.—What! When I am talking of a reconciled mother! And to dear Miss Byron!—No, indeed.

She often held out one open hand, while the fore-finger of the other, in full action, patted it; as at other times both were spread, with pretty wonder and delight: And thus she began:

Why, you must know, it was about six o'clock yesterday afternoon, that my mother and her husband, and Captain Salmonet, came. I was told of their visit, but two hours before: And when the coach stopped, and I at the window saw them alight, I thought I should have fainted away. I would have given half I was worth in the world to have been an hundred miles off.

Dr. Bartlett was there, and received them. My guardian was unexpectedly engaged in answering a Letter sent him by Lord W. for which a gentleman waited: But they had not been there a quarter of an hour, when he entered, and made apologies to them in his usual gracious manner. Never, the doctor says, did any-body

look so respectful as the Major and the Captain; and they would have made apologies to my guardian, for their last behaviour to him; but he would not let them. And my mother, the doctor says, from the very first, behaved prettily.

The moment she asked for me, my guardian himself condescended to come up to me, and took my hand—Was not that very good of him?—My dear, said he, as he led me down stairs (and spoke *so* kindly) don't tremble so: Am I not with you?—Your mother is very calm and composed: You must ask her blessing. I shall ease your tender heart of every pang. I shall hint to you what to do, and how to behave to the gentlemen, as occasions arise.

He had no sooner said the words, but the drawing-room-door gave way to his hand, and I was in the room with him.

Down on my knees dropt I—as I now do to you: But I could not speak. Thus I did [And she kissed my hand, and bowed her face upon it]. And my mother raised me—*You* must raise me, madam—Yes, just so—And she kissed me *too*, and wept on my neck; and called me pretty names; and encouraged me, and said she loved me, as she loved her own soul—And I *was* encouraged.

My guardian then, with the air and manner of a gracious prince, took my hand, and presented it first to the Major, then to the Captain; and they each kissed my hand, and spoke in my praise, I can't tell how many fine things.

Major, said my guardian, when he presented me to him, you must excuse the dear child's weakness of spirits: She wishes you all happiness on your nuptials: She has let me know, that she is very desirous to do you service for her mother's sake.

The Major swore by his Soul, I was an angel!—Captain Salmonet said, that, by his Salvation, I was a charming young lady!

My mother wept—O Sir! said she to my guardian: And dropping down in a chair by the window, not a word more could she speak.

I ran to her, and clasped my arms about her. She wept the more: I wiped her eyes with her own handkerchief: I told her, it went to my heart to see her cry: I begged she would spare me *this* grief.

She clasped her arms then about me, and kissed my cheek, and my forehead. O thought I, it is very good of you, my dear mother.

Then came my guardian to us, and he kindly took my mother's hand, and conducted her to the fire-side; and he led me, and placed me by her, at the tea-table; and he made the Major and the Captain sit down by him: So much graciousness in his countenance. O madam, I shall be an idolater, I am afraid. And he said, Emily, my dear, you will make tea for us. My sister dined abroad, madam, to my mother.—Yes, Sir, I will, said I: And I was as lively as a bird.

But before the servants came in, Let me tell you, madam, said he,

what Miss Jervois has proposed to me.—They were in silent expectation.

She has desired that you, Major, will accept from her, for your mutual use, of an additional 100*l.* a year; which I shall order to be paid you quarterly, during Mrs. O-Hara's life, not doubting but you will make her as happy as it is in your power to make her.

My mother bowed, coloured with gratitude, and looked obliged.

And she begs of you, madam, turning to my mother, that you will accept, as from the *Major*, another 100*l.* a year, for pin-money, which he, or which *you*, madam, will draw upon me for; also quarterly, if you choose not to *trouble him* to do it: For this 100*l.* a year must be appropriated to your sole and separate use, madam; and not be subject to your controul, Major O-Hara.

Good God! Sir! said the Major!—What a wretch was I, the last time I was here!—There is no bearing of this!

He got up, and went to the window: And the Captain said, Blessed Jesu! and something else, which I could not mind; for I was weeping like a baby.

What, Sir, said my mother, 400*l.* a year! Do you mean so?—I do, madam—And, Sir, to be so generously paid me my 100*l.* of it, as if I received it not from my child, but from my husband!—Good God! How you overpower me, Sir! What shame, what remorse, do you strike into my heart!

And my poor mother's tears ran down as fast as mine.

O madam, said the dear girl to me, clasping her arms about me, how your tender heart is touched!—It is well you were not there!

Dr. Bartlett came in to tea. My guardian would not permit Antony, who offered himself, to wait. Antony had been my own papa's servant, when my mother was not so good.

Nothing but blessings, nothing but looks and words of admiration and gratitude, passed all the tea-time. How their hearts rejoiced, I warrant!—Is it not a charming thing, madam, to make people's hearts glad?—To be sure it is! How many hearts has my guardian rejoiced! You must bid him be cross to me, or I shall not know what to do with myself!—But then, if he was, I should only get by myself, and cry, and be angry with myself, and think *he* could not be to blame.

O my love, my Emily! said I, take care of your gratitude: That drew in your true friend.

Well, but how can it be helped, madam? Can a right heart be ungrateful? Dr. Bartlett says, There is no such thing as true happiness in this life: And is it not better to be unhappy from good men and women, than from bad?—Dear madam, why *you* have often made me unhappy, because of your goodness to me; and because I knew, that I neither could deserve nor return it.

The dear prater went on—My guardian called me aside, when tea was over. My Emily, said he—[I do love he should call me *his* Emily!—But all the world is *his* Emily, I think] Let me see what you will do with these two notes; giving me two Bank-notes of 25*l.* each.—Present pin-money and cash may be wanted. We will suppose that your mother has been married a quarter of a year. Her pin-money and the additional annuity may commence from the 25th of December last. Let me Emily, when they go away, see the graceful manner in which you will dispose of the notes: And from Mr. O-Hara's behaviour upon it, we shall observe whether he is a man with whom your mother, if it be not her own fault (now you have made it their interest to be kind to each other) may live well: But the motion be all your own.

How *good* this was! I could have kissed the hand that gave me the notes, if I thought it would not have looked too free.

I understand you, Sir, said I.

And when they went away, pouring out their very hearts in grateful joy, I addressed myself to Mr. O-Hara: Sir, said I, it is proper that the payment of the additional annuity should have a commencement. Let it be from Christmas last. Accept of the first payment from my own hands—And I gave him one 25*l.* note: And looking at my mother, with a look of duty, for fear *he* should mistake, and discredit himself in the eyes of the deepest discerners in the world, gave him the other.

He looked upon first one, then upon the other note with surprise—And then bowing to the ground to me, and to my guardian, he stepped to my mother, and presented them both to her. You, madam, said he, must *speak*: I cannot as I ought: God send me with a whole heart out of this house! He hurried out, and when he was in the hall, wiped his eyes, and sobbed like a child, as one of the servants told my Anne.

My mother looked upon one note as her husband had done, and upon the other; and, lifting up her eyes, embraced me—And would have said something to my guardian, but he prevented her, by saying—Emily will be always dutiful to you, madam, and respectful to Mr. O-Hara: May you be happy together!

And he led her out—Was ever such a condescension! He led her out to her husband, who, being a little recovered, was just about to give some money to the servant, who was retiring from the offer—No-body, said my guardian, graciously smiling, pays my servants but myself, Mr. O-Hara. They are good people, and *merit* my favour.

And he went to the very door with my mother. I could not. I ran back, crying for joy, into the drawing-room; when *they* went out of it. I could not bear myself. How could I, you know, madam!—

Captain Salmonet all the time wiped his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, lifted up his hands, and cried out upon Jesu; and once or twice he crossed himself: But all the time my guardian looked and acted, as if those actions and praises were nothing to be proud of.

When he came in to me, I arose, and threw myself at his feet; but could only say, Thank you, Sir, for your goodness to my mother. He raised me. He sat down by me: See, child (said he, and he took my hand: My heart was sensible of the favour, and throbbed with joy) what it is in the power of people of fortune to do. You have a great one. Now your mother is married, I have hopes of her. They will at least keep up appearances to each other, and to the world. They neither of them want sense. *You* have done an act of duty and benevolence both in one. The man who would grudge them this additional *200l.* a year out of your fortune, to make your parent happy, shall not have my Emily—Shall he?

Your Emily, your *happy* Emily, Sir, has not, cannot have a heart that is worth notice, if it be not implicitly guided by you.—This I said, madam; and it is true.

And did he not, said I, clasp his Emily to his generous bosom, when you said so?

No, madam; that would have been too great an honour: But he called me, Good child! And said, you shall never be put to pay me an *implicit* regard: Your own reason (and he called me *child* again) shall always be the judge of my conduct to you, and direct your observances of my advice. Something like this he said; but in a better manner than I can say it.

He calls me oftener *child*, madam, than any-thing else when we are alone together; and is not quite so free, I think, at such times, in his behaviour to me (yet is *vastly* gracious, I don't know how) as when we are in company—Why is that? I am sure, I equally respect *him*, at one time as at another—Do you think, madam, there is any-thing in the observation? Is there any *reason* for it?—I do love to study him, and to find out the meaning of his very looks as well as words. Sir Charles Grandison's heart is the book of heaven—May I *not* study it?

Study it, my love! while you have an opportunity. But he will soon leave us: He will soon leave England.

So I fear: And I will love and pity the poor Clementina, whose heart is so much wounded and oppressed. But my guardian shall be nobody's but yours. I have prayed night and day, the first thing and the last thing, ever since I have heard of Lady Clementina, that you, and nobody but you, may be Lady Grandison: And I will continue my prayers.—But will you forgive me: I always conclude them with praying, that you will both consent to let the poor Emily live with you.

Sweet girl! The *poor* Emily, said she?—I embraced her, and we mingled tears, both our hearts full, each for the other; and each perhaps for herself.

She hurried away. I resumed my pen.—Run off what had passed, almost as swift as thought. I quit it, to prepare to attend my cousins to St. James's Square.

LETTER X

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Wednesday Night, April 5

MISS GRANDISON, as I told you, took with her my Letter of yesterday. As soon as my cousin Reeves's and I entered Sir Charles's house, the two sisters conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-parlour, and congratulated me on the high compliment their brother had made me, tho' in preference to themselves, and his communicativeness and tender behaviour to me. Lord L. joined us, and he, having read the Letter, congratulated me also—On what, Lucy?—Why on the *possibility*, that if the unhappy Clementina should die; or if she should be buried for life in a nunnery; or if she should be otherwise disposed of; why then, that your Harriet may have room given her to hope for a *civil* husband in Sir Charles Grandison, and *half* a heart: Is not this the sum of these humbling congratulations?

Sir Charles, when we came, was in his Study with Mr. Lowther, the surgeon whom he had engaged to go abroad with him: But he just came out to welcome us; and then returned.—He had also with him two physicians eminent for their knowlege in disorders of the head, to whom he had before communicated the case of the unhappy Clementina; and who brought to him in writing their opinions of the manner in which she ought to be treated, according to the various symptoms of her disorder.

When he joined us, he told us this; and said very high things at the same time in praise of the English surgeons; and particularly of this gentleman: And added, that as nervous disorders were more frequent in England, than in any country in the world, he was willing to hope, that the English physicians were more skilful than those of any other country in the management of persons afflicted with such maladies: And as he was now invited over, he was determined to furnish himself with all the means he could think of, that were likely to be useful in restoring and healing friends so dear to him.

Miss Grandison told him, that we were all in some apprehensions, on his going to Italy, of that fierce and wrong-headed man the General. Miss Byron, said she, has told us, that Mrs. Beaumont advises not your going over.

The young Marquis della Porretta, said he, is hasty; but he is a gallant man, and loves his sister. His grief on the unhappy situation they are in, demands allowance. It is natural in a heavy calamity to look out of ourselves for the occasion. I have not any apprehensions from him, or from any-body else. The call upon me is a proper one. The issue must be left where it ought to be left. If my visit will give comfort to any *one* of the family, I shall be rewarded: If to *more* than one, happy—And, whatever be the event, shall be easier in myself, than I could be, were I not to comply with the request of the Bishop, were *he* only to have made it.

Lord L. asked Sir Charles, whether he had fixed the day of his setting out?

I have, said he, within this half-hour. Mr. Lowther has told me, that he shall be ready by the beginning of next week; and on Saturday seven-night, I hope to be at Dover, on my way.

We looked upon one another. Miss Grandison told me afterwards, that my colour went and came several times, and that she was afraid for me. My heart was *indeed* a little affected. I believe I must not think of taking leave of him when he sets out. Ah Lucy! Nine days hence!—Yet, in less than nine days after that, I shall be embraced by the tenderest relations that ever creature had to boast of.

Sir Charles taking his sister aside, I want, said he, to say a few words to you, Charlotte. They were about half an hour together; and then returning, I am encouraged to think, said he, that Charlotte will give her hand to Lord G. She is a woman of honour, and her heart must therefore go with it.—I have a request to make to her, before all you our common friends—The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, Lord G. all join in one suit: It is, that I may be allowed to give my sister to Lord G. before I leave England.

I have told you, brother, that it is impossible, if you go away in nine or ten days time.

Sir Charles particularly requested my influence. I could have no doubt, I said, but Miss Grandison would oblige her brother.

She vehemently opposed so early a day.

In a most affectionate manner, yet with an air of seriousness, he urged his request. He said, that it was very proper for him to make some dispositions of his affairs before he went abroad. He should leave England with much more pleasure, if he saw his Charlotte the wife of a man so worthy as Lord G.: Lord G. said he, adores you: You *intend* to be his: Resolve to oblige your brother, who, tho' he cannot be happy himself, wishes to see you so.

O Sir Charles!—You ruin me by your solemnity, and by your goodness.

The subject is not a light one. I am greatly in earnest, Charlotte. I have many affairs on my hands. My heart is in this company; yet my engagements will permit me but few opportunities to enjoy it between this and Tuesday next. If you deny me now, I must acquiesce: If you have more than punctilio to plead, say you have; and I will not urge you farther.

And so this is the last time of asking, Sir? A little archly—

Not the last time of my Lord G.'s—But of mine—But I will not allow you now to answer me lightly.—If you can name a day before Tuesday, you will greatly oblige me. I will leave you to consider of it. And he withdrew.

Every-one then urged her to oblige her brother. Lady L. very particularly. She told her, that he was *intitled* to her compliance; and that he had spoken to *her* on this subject in a still more earnest manner. She should hardly be able to excuse her, she said, if the serious hint he had given about settling his affairs before he went abroad, had not weight with her. You know, Charlotte, continued she, that he can have no motive but your good; and you have told me, that you intend to have Lord G. and that you esteem his father, his aunt, and every-one of his family, whom you have seen; and they are all highly pleased with you. Settlements are ready drawn: That my brother told you last night. Nothing is wanting but your day.

I wish he was in half the hurry to be married himself.

So he would be, I dare say, if marriage were as much in his power, as it is in yours.

What a duce, to be married to a man in a week's time, with whom I have quarrell'd every day for a fortnight past—Pride and petulance must go down by degrees, sister. A month, at least, is necessary, to bring my features to such a placidness with him, as to allow him to smile in my face.

Your brother has hinted, Charlotte, said I, that he loves you for your vivacity; and should still more, if you consulted *time* and *occasion*.

He has withdrawn, sister, said Lord L. with a resolution, if you deny him, to urge you no farther.

I *hate* his peremptoriness.

Has he not told you, Charlotte, said I, and that in a manner so serious, as to affect every-body, that there is a kind of necessity for it?

I don't love this Clementina, Harriet: All this is owing to her.

Just then a rapping at the door signified visitors; and Emily ran in—Lord G. the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, believe me!

Miss Grandison changed colour. A contrivance of my brother's!—Ah! Lord! Now shall I be beset!—I will be sullen, that I may not be saucy.

Sullen you can't be, Charlotte, said Lady L.: But *saucy* you can. Remember, however, my brother's earnestness, and spare Lord G. before his father and aunt, or you will give me, and every-body, pain.

How can I! Our last quarrel is not made up: But advise him not to be either impertinent or secure.

Immediately enter'd Sir Charles, introducing the Earl and Lady Gertrude. After the first compliments, Pray, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, drawing him aside, towards me, and whispering, tell me truly: Did you not know of this visit?

I *invited* them, Charlotte, whispered he. I meant not however to surprise you. If you comply, you will give me great pleasure: If you do not, I will not be *dis*-pleased with my sister.

What *can* I do? Either be less good to me, Sir, or less hurrying.

You have sacrificed enough to female punctilio, Charlotte. Lord G. has been a zealous courtier. You have no doubt of the ardor of his passion, nor of your own power. Leave the day to me. Let it be Tuesday next.

Good heaven! I can't bear you, after such a—And she gasped, as if for breath; and he turning from her to me, she went to Lady Gertrude, who, rising, took her hand, and withdrew with her into the next room.

They staid out till they were told dinner was served: And when they returned, I thought I never saw Miss Grandison look so lovely. A charming flush had overspread her cheeks: A sweet consciousness in her eyes gave a female grace to her whole aspect, and softened, as I may say, the natural majesty of her fine features.

Lord G. looked delighted, as if his heart were filled with happy presages. The Earl seemed no less pleased.

Miss Grandison was unusually thoughtful all dinner-time: She gave me great joy to see her so, in the hope, that when the lover becomes the husband, the over-lively mistress will be sunk in the obliging wife.—And yet, now-and-then, as the joy in my Lord's heart overflowed at his lips, I could observe *that* archness rising to her eye, that makes one both love and fear her.'

After dinner, the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, desired a conference with Sir Charles and Lady L. They were not long absent, when Sir Charles came in, and carried out Miss Grandison to them. Lord G.'s complexion varied often.

Sir Charles left them together, and joined us. We were standing; and he singled me out.—I hope, madam, said he, that Charlotte may be prevailed upon for Tuesday next: But I will not urge it farther.

I thought that he was framing himself to say something particular to me, when Lady L. came in, and desired him and me to step to her sister, who had retired, from the Earl and Lady Gertrude, by consent.

Ah, my Harriet! said she, pity me, my dear!—Debasement is the child of pride!—Then turning to Sir Charles, I acknowledge myself overcome, said she, by your earnestness, as you are so soon to leave us; and by the importunities of the Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and my Sister—Unprepared in mind, in cloaths, I am resolved to oblige the best of brothers. Do you, Sir, dispose of me as you think fit.

My sister consents, Sir, said Lady L. for next Tuesday.

Chearfully, I hope. If Charlotte balances whether, if she took more time, she should have Lord G. at all, let her take it. Lord L. in my absence, will be to her all that I wish to be, when she shall determine.

I balance *not*, Sir: But I thought to have had a month's time, at least, to look about me, and having treated Lord G. too flippantly, to give him by degrees some fairer prospects of happiness with me, than hitherto he has had.

Sir Charles embraced her. She was all his Sister, he said. Let the alteration *now* begin. Lord G. would rejoice in it, and consider all that had passed, as trials only of his love for her. The obliging wife would banish from his remembrance the petulant mistress. And now, allow me, my dear sister, to present you to the Earl and Lady Gertrude.

He led her in to them. Lady L. took my hand, and led me in also. —Charlotte, my Lord, yields to yours and Lady Gertrude's importunities. Next Tuesday will give the two families a near and tender relation to each other.

The Earl saluted her in a very affectionate manner: So did Lady Gertrude; who afterwards run out for her nephew; and, leading him in, presented him to Miss Grandison.

She had just time to whisper me, as he approach'd her; Ah, Harriet! now comes the worst part of the shew.—He kneeled on one knee, kissed her hand; but was too much overjoyed to speak; for Lady Gertrude had told him, as she led him in, that Tuesday was to be his happy day.

It is impossible, Lucy, but Sir Charles Grandison must carry every point he sets his heart upon. When he shall appear before the family of Porretta in Italy, *who* will be able to withstand him?—Is not his consequence doubled, *more* than doubled, since he was with them? The man whose *absence* they requested, they now *invite* to come among them. They have tried every experiment to restore their Clementina: He has a noble estate now in possession. The fame of

his goodness is gone out to distant countries. O my dear! All opposition must fly before him. And if it be the will of heaven to restore Clementina, all her friends must concur in giving her to him upon the terms he has proposed; and from which, having *himself* proposed them, Sir Charles Grandison cannot recede.

His heart, it is evident, is at Bologna. Well, and so it ought to be. And yet I could not forbear being sensibly touch'd by the following words, which I overheard him say to Lord L. in answer to something my Lord said to him:

'I am impatient to be abroad. Had I not waited for Mr. Lowther, the last Letters I received from Italy should have been answered in person.'

But as honour, compassion, love, friendship (still nobler than love!) have demands upon him, let him obey the call. He has set me high in his esteem. Let me be worthy of his friendship. Pangs I shall occasionally feel; but who that values one person above the rest of the world, does not?

Sir Charles, as we sat at tea, mentioned his cousin Grandison to Lord L.: It is strange, my Lord, said he, that we hear nothing of our cousin Everard, since he was seen at White's. But whenever he *emerges*, Charlotte, if I am absent, receive him without reproaches: Yet I should be glad that he could have rejoiced with us. Must I leave England, and not see him?

It has been, it seems, the way of this unhappy man, to shut himself up with some woman in private lodgings, for fear his cousin should find him out; and in two or three months, when he has been tired of his wicked companion, *emerge*, as Sir Charles called it, to notice, and then seek for his cousin's favour and company, and live for as many more months in a state of contrition. And Sir Charles, in his great charity, believes, that till some new temptation arises, he is in earnest in his penitence; and hopes, that in time he will see his errors.

Oh, Lucy! What a poor creeping, mean wretch is a libertine, when one looks down upon him, and up to such a glorious creature as Sir Charles Grandison!

Sir Charles was led to talk of his engagement for to-morrow, on the triple marriage in the Danby family. We all gave him joy of the happy success that had rewarded his beneficent spirit, with regard to that family. He gave us the characters of the three couples greatly to their advantage, and praised the families on both sides, which were to be so closely united on the morrow; not forgetting to mention kindly *honest* Mr. Sylvester the attorney.¹

He told us, that he should set out on Friday early for Windsor, in order to attend Lord W. in his first visit to Mansfield-house. You,

Lady L. will have the trouble given you, said he, of procuring to be new-set the jewels of the late Lady W. for a present to the future bride. My Lord shewed them to me (among a great number of other valuable trinkets of his late wife's) in my last return from the Hall. They are rich, and will do credit to his quality. You, my Lord L. you, my sisters, will be charmed with your new aunt, and her whole family. I have joy on the happiness in prospect that will gild the latter days of my mother's brother; and at the same time be a means of freeing from oppression an ancient and worthy family.

Our eyes all round offered, as I may say, to keep in countenance each others sensibility; for they all glistened. There *now*, thought I, sits this princely man, rejoicing every one who sees him, and hears him speak: But *where* will he be nine days hence? And *whose* this-day-twelvemonth?

He talked with particular pleasure of the expected arrival of his Beauchamp. He pleased himself, that he should leave behind him a man who would delight every-body, and supply to his friends *his* absence.—What a character did he give, and Dr. Bartlett confirm, of that amiable friend of his!

How did the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, dwell upon all he said! They prided themselves on the relation they were likely so soon to stand in to so valuable a man.

In your last Letter, you tell me, Lucy, that Mr. Greville has the confidence to throw out menaces against this excellent man—Sorry wretch!—How my heart rises against him!—He—But no more of such an earth-born creature.

LETTER XI

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Thursday Morning, April 6

MISS GRANDISON, accompanied by Miss Jervois, has just left us. Lady L. has undertaken, she says, to set all hands at work, to have things in tolerable order, early as the day is, for Tuesday next. Miss Grandison (would you believe it?) owns, that she wants spirits to order any-thing. What must be the solemnity of that circumstance, when near, that shall make Charlotte Grandison want spirits?

She withdrew with me to my apartment. She threw herself into a chair: 'Tis a folly to deny it, Harriet, but I am very low, and very silly: I don't like next Tuesday by any means.

Is your objection only to the day, my dear?

I do not like the man.

Is there any man whom you like better?

I can't say that neither. But this brother of mine makes me think contemptibly of all other men. I would compound for a man but half so good; tender, kind, humane, polite, and even chearful in affliction! —O Harriet! where is there such another man?

No-where.—But you don't by marriage lose, on the contrary, you farther engage and secure, the affection of this brother. You will have a good-natured, worthy man for your husband; a man who loves you, and you will have your brother besides.

Do you think I can be happy with Lord G.?

I am sure you may, if it be not your own fault.

That's the thing: I may perhaps bear with the man; but I cannot honour him.

Then don't *vow* to honour him. Don't meet him at the altar.

Yet I must. But I believe I think too much: And consideration is no friend to wedlock.—Would to heaven that the same hour that my hand and Lord G.'s were joined, yours and my brother's were also united!

Ah, Miss Grandison! If you love me, try to wean me; and not to encourage hopes of what never, never can be.

Dear creature! You will be greater than Clementina, and that is greater than the greatest, if you can conquer a passion, that overturned her reason.

Do not, my Charlotte, make comparisons in which the conscience of your Harriet tells her she must be a sufferer. There is no occasion for me to despise myself, in order to hold myself inferior to Clementina.

Well, you are a noble creature!—But, the approaching Tuesday—I cannot *bear* to think of it.

Dear Charlotte!

And dear Harriet too!—But the officiousness, the assiduities, of this trifling man are disgustful to me.

You don't hate him?—

Hate him—True—I don't *hate* him—But I have been so much accustomed to treat him like a fool, that I can't help thinking him one. He should not have been so tame to such a spirit as mine. He should have been angry when I played upon him. I have got a knack of it, and shall never leave it off, that's certain.

Then I hope he *will* be angry with you. I hope that he *will* resent your ill treatment of him.

Too late, too late to begin, Harriet. I won't take it of him now. He has never let me see that his face can become two sorts of features. The poor man can look sorrowful; that I know full well; But I shall always laugh when he attempts to look angry.

You *know* better, Charlotte. You may give him so much cause for anger, that you may make it habitual to him, and then would be glad to see him pleased. Men have an hundred ways that women have not to divert themselves abroad, when they cannot be happy at home. This I have heard observed by—

By your grandmother, Harriet. Good old Lady! In *her* reign it might be so; but you will find, that women now have as many ways to divert themselves abroad as the men. Have you not observed this yourself in one of your Letters to Lucy? Ah! my dear! We can every hour of the twenty-four be up with our monarchs, if they are undutiful.

But Charlotte Grandison will not, cannot—

Why that's true, my dear—But I shall not *then* be a Grandison. Yet the man will have some security from my brother's goodness. He is not only good himself, but he makes every one related to him, either from fear or shame, good likewise. But I think that when one week or fortnight is happily over,¹ and my spirits are got up again from the depression into which this abominable hurry puts them, I could fall upon some inventions that would make every-one laugh, except the person who might take it into his head that he may be a sufferer by them: And who can *laugh*, and be *angry*, in the same moment?

You should not marry, Charlotte, till this wicked vein of humour and raillery is stopt.

I hope it will hold me till fifty.

Don't say so, Charlotte—Say rather that you hope it will hold you so long only as it may be thought innocent or inoffensive, by the man whom it will be your duty to oblige, and so long as it will bring no discredit to yourself.

Your servant, Goody Gravity!—But what *must* be, must. The man is bound to see it. It will be all his own seeking. He will sin with his eyes open. I think he has seen enough of me to take warning. All that I am concerned about is for the next week or fortnight. He will be king all that time—Yet perhaps not *quite* all neither. And I shall be his sovereign ever after, or I am mistaken. What a duce shall a woman marry a man of talents not superior to her own, and forget to reward herself for her condescension?—But, high-ho!—There's a sigh, Harriet. Were I at home, I would either sing you a song, or play you a tune, in order to raise my own heart.

She besought me then with great earnestness, to give her my company till the day arrived, and *on* the day. You see, said she, that my brother has engagements till Monday. Dear creature, support, comfort me—Don't you see my heart beat thro' my stays?—If you love me, come to me to-morrow to breakfast; and leave me not for

the whole time—Are you not my sister, and the friend of my heart? I will give you a month for it, upon demand. Come, let us go down. I will ask the consent of both your cousins.

She did: And they, with their usual goodness to me, chearfully complied.

Sir Charles set out this morning to attend the triple marriages; drest charmingly, his sister says. I have made Miss Grandison promise to give me an account of such particulars, as by the help of Saunders, and Sir Charles's own relation, she can pick up. All we single girls, I believe, are pretty attentive to such subjects as these; as what one day may be our own concern.

LETTER XII

Miss GRANDISON, To Miss BYRON

Thursday Night

UNREASONABLE, wicked, cruel, Byron! To expect a poor creature, so near her execution, to write an account of other peoples behaviour in the same tremendous circumstances! The matrimonial noose has hung over my head for some time past; and now it is actually fitted to my devoted neck.—Almost choaked, my dear!—This moment done hearing read, the firsts, seconds, thirds, fourths, to near a dozen of them—Lord be merciful to us!—And the villainous lawyer rearing up to me his spectacled-nose, as if to see how I bore it! Lord G. insulting me, as I thought, by his odious leers: Lady Gertrude simpering; little Emily ready to bless herself—How will the dear Harriet bear these abominable recitatives?—But I am now up stairs from them all, in order to recover my breath, and obey my Byron.

Well, but what am I now to say about the Danby's? Richard has made his report; Sir Charles has told us some things: Yet I will only give you heads: Make out the rest.

In the first place, my brother went to Mrs. Harrington's (Miss Danby's aunt): *She* did every-thing but worship him. She had with her two young ladies, relations of her late husband, dainty damsels of the city, who had procured themselves to be invited, that they might see the man whom they called, A wonder of generosity and goodness. Richard heard one of them say to the other, Ah, sister! This is a king of a man! What pity there are not many such! But, Harriet, if there were an hundred of them, we would not let *one* of them go into the city for a wife; ' would we, my dear?

Sir Charles praised Miss Danby. She was full of gratitude; and of

humility, I suppose. Meek, modest, and humble, are qualities of which men are mighty fond in women. But matrimony, and a sense of obligation, are equally great humblers even of spirits prouder than that of Miss Danby; as your poor Charlotte can testify.

The young gentlemen, with the rest, were to meet Sir Charles, the Bride, and these Ladies, at St. Helen's, I think the church is called.

As if wedlock were an honour, the Danby girl, in respect to Sir Charles, was to be first yoked. He gave her away to the son Galliard. The father Galliard gave his daughter to Edward Danby: But first Mr. Hervey gave his niece to the elder.

One of the brides, I forget which, fainted away; another half-fainted—Sav'd by timely salts: The third, poor soul, wept heartily—as I suppose I shall do, on Tuesday.

Never surely was there such a matrimony-promoter, as my brother. God give me soon my revenge upon him, in the same way!

The procession afterwards was triumphant—Six coaches, four silly souls in each; and to Mr. Pouffin's at Enfield they all drove. There they found another large company. My brother was all cheerfulness; and both men and women seemed to contend for his notice: But they were much disappointed at finding he meant to leave them early in the evening.

One married Lady, the wife of Sir——Somebody (I am very bad at remembring the names of city-knights) was resolved, she said, since they could not have Sir Charles to open the Ball, to have one dance before dinner with the handsomest man in England. The music was accordingly called in; and he made no scruple to oblige the company on a day so happy.

Do you know, Harriet, that Sir Charles is supposed to be one of the finest dancers in England? Remember, my dear, that on Tuesday—(Lord help me! I shall be then stupid, and remember nothing) you take him out yourself: And then you will judge for yourself of his excellence in this science—May we not call dancing a science? If we judge by the *few* who perform gracefully in it, I am sure we may; and a difficult one too.

Sir Charles, it seems, so much delighted every-body, that they would not be denied his dancing with the bride that was so lately Galliard, who was known to be a fine dancer. And when he had so done, he took out the other two brides in turn.

O!—And remember, Harriet, that you get some-body to call upon him to sing.—*You* shall play—I believe I shall forget in that only agreeable moment of the day (for you have a sweet finger, my love) that I am the principal fool in the play of the evening.

O Harriet!—how *can* I, in the circumstances I am in, write any

more about these soft souls, and silly? Come to me, my love, by day-dawn, and leave me not till—I don't know when. Come, and take my part, my dear: I shall hate this man: He does nothing but hop, skip, and dance about me, grin and make mouths; and everybody upholds him in it. Must this (I hope not!) be the last time that I write myself to you

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON?

LETTER XIII

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

St. James's-Square, Friday Morn. April 7

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON set out early this morning for Lord W.'s, in his way to Lady Mansfield's. I am here with this whimsical Charlotte.

Lady L. Miss Jervois, myself, and every female of the family, or who do business for both sisters out of it, are busy in some way or other, preparatory to the approaching Tuesday.

Miss Grandison is the only idle person. I tell her, she is affectedly so.

The Earl has presented her, in his son's name, with some very rich trinkets. Very valuable jewels are also bespoke by Lord G. who takes Lady L.'s advice in every-thing; as one well read in the fashions. New equipages are bespoke; and gay ones they will be.

Miss Grandison confounded me this morning by an instance of her generosity. She was extremely urgent with me to accept, as her third sister, of her share of her mother's jewels. You may believe, that I absolutely refused such a present. I was angry with her; and told her, she had but one way of making up with me; and that was, that since she would be so completely set out from her Lord, she would unite the two halves, by presenting hers to Lady L. who had refused jewels from her Lord on her marriage; and who then would make an appearance, occasionally, as brilliant as her own.

She was pleased with the hint; and has actually given them (unknown to any-body but me) to her jeweller; who is to dispose them in such figures, as shall answer those she herself is to have, which Lady L. has not. And by this contrivance, which will make them in a manner useless to herself, she thinks she shall oblige her sister, however reluctant, to accept of them.

Lady Gertrude is also preparing some fine presents for her niece elect: But neither the delighted approbation of the family she is entering into, nor the satisfaction expressed by her own friends, give

the perverse Charlotte any visible joy, nor procure for Lord G. the distinction which she ought to think of beginning to pay him. But, for his part, never was man so happy. He would, however, perhaps, fare better from her, if he could be more moderate in the outward expression of his joy; which she has taken it into her head to call an insult upon her.

She does not, however, give the scope she did before the day was fix'd, to her playful captiousness. She is not quite so arch as she was. Thoughtfulness, and a seeming carelessness of what we are all about for her, appear in her countenance. She saunters about, and affects to be diverted by her harpsichord only. What a whimsical thing is Charlotte Grandison? But still she keeps Lord G. at distance. I told her an hour ago, that she knows not how to condescend to him with that grace which is so natural to her in her whole behaviour to every-body else.

I have been talking to Dr. Bartlett, about Sir Charles's journey to Italy. Nobody knows, he says, what a bleeding heart is cover'd by a countenance so benign, and chearful. Sir Charles Grandison, said he, has a prudence beyond that of most young men; but he has great sensibilities.

I take it for granted, Sir, that he will for the future be more an Italian than Englishman.

Impossible, madam! A *prudent* youth, by traveling, reaps this advantage—From what he sees of other countries, he learns to prefer his own. An *imprudent* one the contrary. Sir Charles's country is endeared to him by his long absence from it. Italy in particular is called, The Garden of Europe; but it is rather to be valued for what it *was*, and *might be*, than what it *is*. I need not tell a Lady who has read and conversed as you have done, to what that incomparable difference is owing. Sir Charles Grandison is greatly sensible of it. He loves his country, with the judgment of a wise man; and wants not the partiality of a patriot.

But, doctor, he has offered, you know, to reside—There I stopt.

True, madam—And he will not recede from his offers, if they are claimed. But this uncertainty it is that disturbs him.

I pity my patron. I have often told you he is not happy. What has indiscretion to expect, when discretion has so much to suffer? His only consolation is, that he has nothing to reproach himself with. Inevitable evils he bears as a man should. He makes no ostentation of his piety: But, madam, Sir Charles Grandison is a CHRISTIAN.

You need not, Sir, say more to me to exalt him: And, let me add, that I have no small pleasure in knowing that Clementina is a Lady of strict piety; tho' a Roman Catholic.

And let me assure you, madam, that Sir Charles's regard for Miss

Byron (his *more* than regard for her, why should I not say? since every-body sees it) is founded upon her piety, and upon the amiable qualities of her mind. Beauty, madam, is an accidental and transient good. No man better knows how to distinguish between *admiration* and *love*, than my patron. His virtue is virtue upon *full proof*, and against sensibilities, that it is heroic to overcome. Lady Olivia knows this: And here I must acknowledge myself a debtor to you for three articles out of your ten. I hope soon to discharge the obligation.

Your own time, doctor: But I *must* say, that whenever you give me Lady Olivia's story, I shall be pained, if I find, that a Clementina is considered by a beauty of an *unhappier* turn, as *her* rival in the love of Sir Charles Grandison.

Lady Olivia, madam, *admires* him for his virtue; but she cannot, as *he* has made it his study to do, divide *admiration* from *love*. What offers has she not refused?—But she declares, that she had rather be the *friend* of Sir Charles Grandison, than the wife of the greatest prince of earth.

This struck me: Have not *I* said something like it? But surely with innocence of heart. But here the doctor suggests, that Olivia has put his virtue to the proof: Yet I hope not.

The FRIEND, Dr. Bartlett!—I hope that no woman who is not quite given up to dishonour, will pollute the sacred word, by affixing ideas to it, that cannot be connected with it: A *Friend* is one of the highest characters that one human creature can shine in to another. There may be *Love*, that tho' it has no view but to honour, yet even in wedlock, ripens not into friendship. How poor are all such attachments! How much beneath the exalted notion I have of that noblest, that most delicate union of souls! You wonder at me, Dr. Bartlett. Let me repeat to you, Sir (I have it by heart) Sir Charles Grandison's tender of friendship to the poor Harriet Byron, which has given me such exalted ideas of this disinterested passion; but you must not take notice that I have. I repeated those words, beginning, "My heart demands alliance with hers"—and ending with these—"So long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments (a)."

The doctor was silent for a few moments: At last, What a delicacy is there in the mind of this excellent man! Yet how consistent with the exactest truth! The friendship he offers you, madam, is *indeed* friendship. What you have repeated can want no explanation: Yet it is expressive of his uncertain situation. It is—

He stooped of a sudden.

Pray, doctor, proceed: I love to hear you talk.

My *good* young lady!—I may say too much. Sir Charles in these

(a) See p. 301 of this Volume.

nice points must be left to himself. It is impossible for any-body to express his thoughts as *he* can express them. But let me say, that he justly, as well as greatly, admires Miss Byron.

My heart rose against myself. Bold Harriet, thought I, how darest thou thus urge a good man to say more than he has a mind to say of the secrets of a friend, which are committed to his keeping? Content thyself with the *hopes* that the worthiest man in the world would wish to call thee his, were it not for an invincible obstacle. And noble, thrice noble Clementina, be thine the preference even in the heart of Harriet Byron, because justice gives it to thee; for, Harriet, hast thou not been taught to prefer right and justice to every other consideration? And, wouldst thou abhor the thought of a common theft, yet steal an heart that is the property, and that by the dearest purchase, of another?

LETTER XIV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Friday Evening

WE have had a great debate about the place in which the nuptial ceremony is to be performed. Charlotte, the perverse Charlotte, insisted upon not going to church. Lord G. dared not to give his opinion; tho' his father and Lady Gertrude, as well as every other person, were against her.

Lord L. said, that if fine ladies thought so slightly of the office, as that it might be performed anywhere, it would be no wonder, if fine gentlemen thought still more slightly of the obligation it laid them under.

Being appealed to, I said, that I thought of marriage as one of the most solemn acts of a woman's life.

And if of a woman's, of a man's, surely, interrupted Lady L. If your whimsey, Charlotte, added she, arises from modesty, you reflect upon your sister; and, what is worse, upon your mother.

Charlotte put up her pretty lip, and was unconvinced.

Lady Gertrude laid an heavy hand upon the affectation; yet admires her niece elect. She distinguished between chamber-vows and church-vows. She mentioned the word *decency*. She spoke plainer, on Charlotte's unfeeling perverseness. If a bride meant a compliment by it to the bridegroom [O dear! O dear! said Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, and looked as if she thought she blushed] that was another thing; but then let her declare as much; and that she was in an hurry to oblige him.

Charlotte attempted to kill her by a look—She gave a worse to Lord G.—And why, whispered she to him, as he sat next her, must

thou shew all thy teeth, man?—As Lady Gertrude meant to shame her, I thought I could as soon forgive that Lady, as her who was the occasion of the freedom of speech.

But still she was perverse: She would not be married at all, she said, if she were not comply'd with.

I whispered her, as I sat on the other side of her, I wish, Charlotte, the knot were ty'd: Till then, you will not do even right things, but in a wrong manner.

Dr. Bartlett was not present: He was making a kind visit to my cousin Reeves's. When he came in, the debate was referred to him. He entered into it with her, with so much modesty, good sense, propriety, and steadiness, that at last the perverse creature gave way: But hardly would neither, had he not assured her, that her brother would be entirely against her; and that he himself must be excused performing the sacred office, but in a sacred place. She has set her heart on the doctor's marrying her.

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, as also Lord and Lady L. went away, not dissatisfied with Charlotte's compliance: She is the most ungraciously graceful young woman I ever knew in her compliances: But Lord G. was to pay for all: She and I had got together in the Study: In bolted Lord G. perhaps with too little ceremony. She coloured—Hey-day, Sir! Who expected you? His countenance immediately fell. He withdrew precipitately. Fie, Charlotte! said I, recollect yourself—and rising, stept to the door, My Lord—calling after him.

He came back; but in a little ferment—I hoped, I hoped, madam, as you were not in your own apartment, that I might, that I might have been—

Where-ever Ladies are by themselves, it is a Lady's apartment, my Lord, said she, with an haughtiness that sat better on *her* features, than they would upon almost any other woman's.

He looked, as if he knew not whether he should stay or go. Sit down, my Lord, said I; we are not particularly engaged. He came nearer, his hat under his arm, bowing to her, who sat as stately as a princess on her throne: But yet looked disobliged. You give yourself pretty airs, my Lord—don't you?

Pretty airs, madam!—Pretty airs!—By my Soul, I think, madam—And with such a glow in your face, madam—Taking his laced hat from under his arm, and with an earnest motion swinging it backwards and forwards, as unknowing what he did—

What, Sir, am I to be buffeted, Sir?—

He put his hat under his arm again—*Buffeted*, madam!—Would to heaven—

What has heaven to do with your odd ways, Lord G.?

I beg pardon for intruding, madam—But I thought—

That you had a privilege, Sir—But marriage itself, Sir, shall not give you a privilege to break into my retirements. You *thought*, Sir—You could *not think*—So much the worse if you did—

If I have really offended—I will be more circumspect for the future—I beg pardon, madam—Miss Byron I hope will forgive me too.

He was going, in great discomposure, and with an air of angry humility.

Charlotte, whispered I—Don't be silly—

Come, come, now you *have* broke in upon us, you may stay—But another time when you know me to be retired with a friend so dear to me, let it enter into your head, that no third person, unsent for, can be welcome.

Poor man!—How he loves her!—His countenance chang'd at once to the humble placid: He looked as if he had rather be in fault than she.

Oh! how *little* did she make him look!

But he has often, as well as in this instance, let her see her power over him. I am afraid she will use it. I now see it is and will be his misfortune that she can vex him without being vexed herself: And what may he expect, who can be treated with feigned displeasure, which, while it seems to be in earnest to him, will be a jest to his wife?

I was very angry with her, when we were alone; and told her, that she would be an enemy, I was afraid, of her own happiness. But she only laughed at me: Happiness, my dear! said she: *That* only is happiness which we think so. If I can be as happy in my way, as you can be in yours, shall I not pursue it? Your happiness, child, is in the still life. I love not a dead calm: Now a tempest, now a refreshing breeze, I shall know how to enjoy the difference—My brother will not be here to turn jest into earnest; as might perhaps be the effect of his mediation—But, high-ho, Harriet! that the first week were over, and I had got into my throne!—

She ended with an Italian air, contrasted with another High-ho; and left me for a few moments.

Poor Lord G.! said I looking after her.

She returned soon. *Poor Lord G.!* repeated she: Those were the piteous words you threw after me—But if I should provoke him, do you think he would not give me a cuff, or so?—You know he can't return joke for joke; and he must revenge himself some way—If that should be the case, *Poor Charlotte*, I hope you would say—

Not if you deserved it.

Deserve a cuff, Harriet!—Well, but I am afraid I shall.

Remember next Tuesday, Charlotte!—You must vow obedience—Will you break your vow?—This is not a jesting matter.

True, Harriet. And that it is *not*, was perhaps one of the reasons that made me disinclined to go to so solemn a place as the church with Lord G.—Don't you think it one with those who insist upon being married in their own chamber?

I believe great people, said I, think they must not do right things in the common way: That seems to me to be one of their fantastic reasons: But the vow is the vow, Charlotte: God is every-where.

Now you are so serious, Harriet, it is time to have done with the subject.

I have no sleep in my eyes; and must go on. What keeps me more wakeful is, my real concern for this naughty Miss Grandison, and my pity for Lord G.; for the instance I have given you of her petulance is nothing to what I have seen: But I thought, so near the day, she would have changed her behaviour to him. Surely, the situation her brother is in, without any fault of his own, might convince her, that she need not go out of her path to pick up subjects for unhappiness.

Such a kittenish disposition in her, I called it; for it is not so much the love of power that predominates in her mind, as the love of playfulness: And when the fit is upon her, she regards not whether it is a China cup, or a cork, that she pats and tosses about: But her sport will certainly be the death of Lord G's happiness.¹ Pity that Sir Charles, who only has power over her, is obliged to go abroad so soon! But she has principles: Lady Grandison's daughter, Sir Charles Grandison's sister, must have principles. The solemnity of the occasion; the office; the church; the altar;—must strike her: The vow—Will she not regard the vow she makes in circumstances so awful? Could but my Lord G. assume dignity, and mingle raillery with it, and be able to laugh *with* her, and sometimes *at* her, she would not make *him* her sport: She would find somebody else: A butt she must have to shoot at: But I am afraid he will be too sensible of her smartness: And she will have her jest, let who will suffer by it.

Some of the contents of your last are very agreeable to me, Lucy. I will begin in earnest to think of leaving London. Don't let me look silly in your eyes, my dear, when I come. It was not so *very* presumptuous in me, was it, to hope?—When all his relations—When he himself—Yet what room for hope did he, *could* he, give me? He was honest; and I cheated myself: But then all you, my dearest friends, encouraged the cheat: Nay, pointed my wishes, and my hopes, by yours, before I had dared (shall I say, or condescended?) to own them to myself.

You may let that Greville know, if you please, that there is no room for his *If's*, nor, of consequence, any for his menaces. You may own, that I shall soon be in Northamptonshire. This may prevent his and Fenwick's threatened journey to town.

But, Lucy, tho' my heart has been ever *dutifully*, as I may say, open to the venerable domestic circle; tho' it would not have been an honest heart, could it, circumstanced as I was, have concealed itself from Lady D.; and must have been an impenetrable one indeed, if it could have been disguised to the two sisters here—yet, I beseech you, my dear, almost on my knees I beseech you, let not the audacious, the insulting Greville, have ground given him to suspect a weakness in your Harriet, which indelicate minds know not how to judge of delicately. For sex-sake, for example-sake, Lucy, let it not be known to any but the partial, friendly few, that our grandmamma Shirley's child, and aunt Selby's niece, has been a volunteer in her affections. How many still more forward girls would plead Mrs. Shirley's approbation of the hasty affection, without considering the circumstances, and the object! So the next girl that run away to a dancing-master, or an ensign, would reckon herself one of Harriet's school.

Poor Mr. Orme! I am sorry he is not well. It is cruel in you, Lucy, at *this* time, to say (so undoubtingly) that his illness is owing to his love of me. You knew that such a suggestion would pain me. Heaven restore Mr. Orme!

But I am vex'd, as it cannot be to purpose, that Sir Charles Grandison and I have been named together, and talked of, in your neighbourhood!—He will be gone abroad. I shall return to Northamptonshire: And shall look *so* silly! So like a refused girl!

'Every-body gives me to him, you say'—So much the worse. I wonder what business this Every-body has to trouble itself about me. One consolation, however, I shall have in my return; and that is, in my Nancy's recover'd health; which was so precarious when I set out for London.

But I shall have nothing to entertain you with when I am with you: Sir Charles Grandison, Lord and Lady L. Lady G. (as now in three or four days she will be) my dear Miss Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, will be all my subject. And have I not exhausted that by pen and ink? O no! The doctor promises to correspond with me; and he makes no doubt but Sir Charles will correspond with him, as usual.

What can the unusually tender friendship be called which he professed for me, and, as I may say, claimed in return from me? I know that he has no notion of the Love called *Platonic*. Nor have I: I think it, in general, a dangerous allowance; and, with regard to our sex, a very unequal one; since while the man has nothing to fear, the

woman has every-thing, from the privileges that may be claimed, in an *acknowledged* confidence, especially in presence. Miss Grandison thus interprets what he said, and strengthens her opinion by some of Dr. Bartlett's late intimations, that he really loves me; but not being at liberty to avow his love, he knew not what to say; and so went as near to a declaration as was possible to do in his circumstances.

But might I not expect, from such a profession of friendship in Sir Charles, an offer of correspondence in absence? And if he made the offer, ought I to decline it? Would it not indicate too much on *my* side, were I to do so?—And does it not on *his*, if he make not the offer? He corresponds with Mrs. Beaumont: Nobody thinks that any-thing can be meant by that correspondence on *either* side; because Mrs. Beaumont must be at least forty; Sir Charles but six or seven and twenty: But if he makes not the request to Harriet, who is but little more than twenty; what, after such professions of a friendship so tender, will be inferred from his forbearance?

But I shall puzzle myself, and you too, Lucy, if I go on with this sort of reasoning; because I shall not know how to put all I mean into words. Have I not already puzzled you? I think my expression is weak and perplexed—But this offered and accepted friendship between two persons not indelicate, must be perplexing; since he is the only young man in the world, from whom a woman has no dishonour to fear—Ah, Lucy!—It would be vanity in me, would it not? to suppose that he had more to fear from Harriet, than she has from him?—As the virtue of either, I hope, is not questionable: But the event of his Italian visit will explain and reconcile every-thing.

I will encourage a drowsy fit that seems to be stealing upon me. If I have not written with the perspicuity I always aim at, allow, Lucy, for the time of night; for spirits not high; and for the subject, that having its delicacies, as well as uncertainties, I am not able to write clearly upon it.

LETTER XV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Sunday Night, April 9

SIR CHARLES is already returned: He arrived at Windsor on Friday morning; but found that Lord W. had set out the afternoon of the day before, for the house of his friend Sir Joseph Lawrance, which is but fifteen miles from Mansfield-house.

Upon this intelligence, Sir Charles, wanting to return to town as soon as he could, followed him to the Knight's: And having time

enough himself to reach Mansfield-house that night, he, by his uncle's consent, pursued his journey thither; to the great joy of the family; who wished for his personal introduction of my Lord to Miss Mansfield.

My Lord arrived by breakfast-time, unfatigued, and in high spirits: Staid at Mansfield-house all day; and promised so to manage, as to be in town to-morrow, in order to be present at his niece's nuptials on Tuesday.

As for Sir Charles, he made the Mansfield family happy in his company the whole Friday evening; enquiring into their affairs relating to the oppression they lay under; pointing out measures for redress; encouraging Miss Mansfield; and informing the brothers, that the Lawyers he had consulted on their deeds, told him, that a new trial might be hoped for; the result of which, probably, would be a means to do them justice, so powerfully protected and assisted as they would now be; for new lights had broke in upon them, and they wanted but to recover a deed, which they understood was in the hands of two gentlemen, named Hartley, who were but lately returned from the Indies. Thus prepared, the Mansfields also were in high spirits, the next morning; and looked, Sir Charles said, on each other, when they met, as if they wanted to tell each other their agreeable dreams.

Sir Charles, in his way to Sir Joseph Lawrance's, had looked in upon Sir Harry Beauchamp, and his Lady. He found Sir Harry in high spirits, expecting the arrival of his son; who was actually landed from Calais, having met there his Father's letter, allowing him to return to England, and wishing in his own, and in Lady Beauchamp's name, his speedy arrival.

Sir Charles's impatience to see his friend, permitted him only to breakfast with my Lord and the Mansfields; and to know the opinion each party formed of the other, on this first interview; and then he set out to Sir Harry Beauchamp's. What an activity!—Heaven reward him with the grant of his own wishes, whatever they be, and make him the happiest of men!

My Lord is greatly taken with the Lady, and her whole family. Well he may, Sir Charles says. He blessed him, and called himself blessed in his sister's son, for his recommendation of each to the other. The Lady thinks better of him, as her mother owned to Sir Charles, than she thought she should, from report.

I begin to think, Lucy, that those who set out for happiness are most likely to find it, when they live single till the age of *fancy* is over. Those who marry while it lasts, are often disappointed of that which they propose so largely to themselves: While those who wed for convenience, and deal with tolerable honesty by each other, are at a

greater certainty. *Tolerable*, I repeat, since, it seems, we are to expect that both parties will turn the best side of the old garment outward. Hence arises consolation to old maidens, and cautions against precipitation—Expatiate, my dear, on this fruitful subject: I would, were I at leisure.

Sir Charles says, that he doubts not, but Lord W. will be as happy a man as he wishes to be, in less than a month.

The duce is in this brother of mine, whispered Miss Grandison, to me, for huddling up of marriages! He don't consider, that there may be two chances for one, that his honest folks may in half a year's time, bless him the contrary way.

Sir Charles told us, that he had desired Lord W. to give out everywhere (that the adversaries of the Mansfield family might know it) his intended alliance; and that he and his nephew were both determined to procure a retrospection of all former proceedings.

Sir Charles got to Sir Harry Beauchamp's a little before his friend arrived. Sir Harry took him aside at his alighting, and told him, that Lady Beauchamp had had clouds on her brow all the day, and he was afraid, would not receive his son with the graciousness that once he hoped for from her: But that he left *him* to manage with her. She never, said he, had so high an opinion either of man or woman as she has of you.

Sir Charles addressed himself to her, as not doubting her goodness upon the foot of their former conversation; and praised her for the graces that however appeared but faintly in her countenance, till his compliments lighted them up, and made them shine full out in it. He told her, that his sister and Lord G. were to be married on the following Tuesday. He himself, he said, should set out for Paris on Friday after: But hoped to see a family intimacy begun between his sisters and Lady Beauchamp; and between their Lords, and Sir Harry, and Mr. Beauchamp. He applauded her on the generosity of her intentions, as declared to him in their former conference; and congratulated her on the power she had, of which she made so noble an use, of laying, at the same time, an obligation on the tenderest of husbands, and the most deserving of sons: Whose duty to her he engaged for.

All this set her in high good humour; and she took to herself, and *bridled* upon it, to express myself in Charlotte's manner, the praises and graces this adroit manager gave her, as if they were her unquestionable due.

This agreeable way they were all in, Sir Harry transported with his Lady's goodness, when Mr. Beauchamp arrived.

The young gentleman bent his knee to his step-mother, as well as to his father, and thanked her for the high favours his father had

signified to him by Letter, that he owed to her goodness. She confirmed them; but, Sir Charles observed, with an ostentation that shewed she thought very highly of her own generosity.

They had a very chearful evening. Not one cloud would hang on Lady Beauchamp's brow, tho' once or twice it seemed a little overshadowed, as Mr. Beauchamp displayed qualities for which his father was too ready to admire him. Sir Charles thought it necessary to caution Sir Harry on this subject; putting it in this light, that Lady Beauchamp loved her husband so well, that she would be too likely to dread a rivalry in his affections from a son so very accomplished. Sir Harry took the hint kindly.

Mr. Beauchamp was under a good deal of concern at Sir Charles's engagements to leave England so soon after his arrival; and asked his father's leave to attend him. Sir Harry declared, that he could not part with him. Sir Charles chid his friend, and said, It was not quite so handsome a return to the joyful reception he had met with from Lady Beauchamp, and his father, as might have been expected from his Beauchamp; bowing to the Lady. But she excused the young gentleman, and said, She wonder'd not, that any-body who was favoured with *his* friendship, should be unwilling to be separated from him.

Sir Charles expresses great satisfaction in Mr. Beauchamp's being arrived before his departure, that he may present to us, himself, a man with whom he is sure we shall all be delighted, and leave *him* happy in that beloved society, which he himself is obliged to quit.

A repining temper, Lucy, would consider only the hardship of meeting a long-absent friend, just to feel the uneasiness of a second parting: But this man views every-thing in a right light. When his own happiness is not to be attained, he lays it out of his thoughts, and, as I have heretofore observed, rejoices in that of others. It is a pleasure to see how Sir Charles seems to enjoy the love which Dr. Bartlett expresses for this friend of them both.

Sir Charles addressed himself to me, on several occasions, in so polite, in so tender a manner, that every one told me afterwards, they are sure he loves me. Dr. Bartlett at the time, as he sat next me, whispered, on the regret expressed by all on losing him so soon—Ah, madam!—I know, and pity, my patron's struggles!—*Struggles*, Lucy! What could the doctor mean by this whisper to *me*? But I hope he guesses not at mine! If he does, would he have whispered his pity of Sir Charles to me?—Come, Lucy, this is some comfort, however; and I will endeavour to be brave upon it, that I may not, by my weakness, lessen myself in the doctor's good opinion.

It was agreed for Charlotte, whose assent was given in these words—'Do as you will—or, rather, as my brother will.—What signifies

opposing him?' that the nuptials shall be solemnized, as privately as possible, at St. George's church.¹ The company is to drop in at different doors, and with as few attendants as may be. Lord W. the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, Lord and Lady L. Miss Jervois, and your Harriet, are to be present at the ceremony. I was very earnest to be excused, till Miss Grandison, when we were alone, dropt down on one knee, and held up her hands, to beg me to accompany her. Mr. Everard Grandison, if he can be found, is to be also there, at Sir Charles's desire.

Dr. Bartlett, as I before hinted, at her earnest request, is to perform the ceremony. Sir Charles wished it to be at his own Parish-church: But Miss Grandison thought it too near to be private. He was indifferent, as to the place, he said—So it was at *church*; for he had been told of the difficulty we had to get Charlotte to desist from having it performed in her chamber;² and seemed surprised—Fie, Charlotte! said he—An office so solemn!—Vows to receive and pay as in the Divine Presence—

She was glad, she told me, that she had not left that battle to be fought with *him*.

Monday, April 10

Lord W. is come. Lord and Lady L. are here. They, and Miss Grandison, received him with great respect. He embraced his nieces in a very affectionate manner. Sir Charles was absent. Lord W. is in person and behaviour a much more agreeable man than I expected him to be. Nor is he so decrepit with the gout, as I had supposed. He is very careful of himself, it seems. This world has been kind to him; and I fancy he makes a great deal of a little pain, for want of stronger exercises to his patience; and so is a sufferer by self-indulgence. Had I not been made acquainted with his free living, and with the insults he bore from Mrs. Giffard, with a spirit so poor and so low, I should have believed I saw not only the man of quality, but the man of sense, in his countenance. I endeavoured, however, as much as I could, to look upon him as the brother of the late Lady Grandison. Had he been worthy of that relation, how should I have revered him!

But whatever I thought of *him*, he was highly taken with me. He particularly praised me for the modesty which he said was visible in my countenance. Free-livers, Lucy, taken with that grace in a woman, which they make it their pride to destroy! But all men, good and bad, admire modesty in a woman: And I am sometimes out of humour with our sex, that they do not as generally like modesty in men. I am sure that this grace, in Sir Charles Grandison, is one of his principal glories with me. It emboldens one's heart, and permits

one to behave before him with ease; and, as I may say, with *security*, in the consciousness of a right intention.

But what were Lord W.'s praises of his nephew! He called him, The glory of his sex, and of human nature. How the cheeks of the dear Emily glowed at the praises given to her guardian!—She was the taller for them: When she moved, it was on tiptoe; stealing, as it were, cross the floor, lest she should lose any-thing that was said on a subject so delightful to her.

My Lord was greatly pleased with her too. He complimented her as the beloved ward of the best of guardians. He lamented, with us, the occasion that called his nephew abroad. He was full of his own engagements with Miss Mansfield, and declared that his nephew should guide and govern him as he pleased in every material case, respecting either the conduct of his future life, or the management and disposition of his estate; declaring, that he had made his will, and, reserving only his Lady's jointure, and a few legacies, had left every-thing to him.—How right a thing, even in policy, is it, my dear, to be a good, and a generous man!

I must not forget, that my Lord wished, *with all his soul*, that was his expression, that he might have the honour of giving to his nephew *my* hand in marriage.

I could feel myself blush. I half-suppressed a sigh: I would have wholly suppressed it, if I could. I recovered the little confusion, his too plainly expressed wish gave me, by repeating to myself the word *Clementina*.

This Charlotte is a great coward. But I dare not tell her so, for fear of a retort. I believe I should be as great a one in her circumstances, so few hours to one of the greatest events of one's life! But I pretend not to bravery: Yet hope, that in the cause of virtue or honour I should be found to have a Soul.

I write now at my cousins. I came hither to make an alteration in my dress. I have promised to be with the sweet Bully¹ early in the morning of her important day.

LETTER XVI

MISS BYRON. *In Continuation*

Miss Byron did not write me
 Tuesday Night, } April 11. 12
 Wednesday Morning, }

MISS GRANDISON is no longer to be called by that name. She is Lady G. May she make Lord G. as happy as I dare say he will make her, if it be not her own fault!

I was early with her, according to promise. I found her more affected than she was even last night with her approaching change of condition. Her brother had been talking to her, she said; and had laid down the duties of the state she was about to enter into, in such a serious manner, and made the performance of them of so much importance to her happiness both here and hereafter, that she was terrified at the thoughts of what she was about to undertake. She had never considered matrimony in that formidable light before. He had told her, that he was afraid of her vivacity; yet was loth to discourage her chearfulness, or to say any-thing that should lower her spirits. All he besought of her was, to regard times, tempers, and occasions; and then it would be impossible but her lively humour must give delight not only to the man whom she favoured with her hand, but to every one who had the pleasure of approaching her. If, Charlotte, said he, you would have the world around you respect your husband, *you* must set the example. While the wife gives the least room to suspect, that she despises her husband, she will find, that she subjects him to double contempt, if he resents it not; and if he does, can you be happy? Aggressors lay themselves open to severe reprisals. If you differ, you will be apt to make bystanders judges over you. They will remember when you are willing to forget; and your fame will be the sport of those beneath you, as well in understanding as degree.

She believed, she told me, that Lord G. had been making some complaints of her. *If he had—*

Hush, my dear, said I—Not one word of threatening: Are you more solicitous to conceal your fault, than to mend it?

No—But you know, Harriet, for a man, before he has experienced what sort of a wife I shall make, to complain against me for foibles in courtship, when he can help himself if he *will*, has something so very little—

Your conscience, Charlotte, tells you, that he had *reason* for complaint; and therefore you think he *has* complained. Think the best of Lord G. for *your own* reputation's sake, since you thought fit to go thus far with him. You have borne nothing from him: He has borne a great deal from you.

I am fretful, Harriet: I won't be chidden: I will be comforted by you: You *shall* sooth me: Are you not my sister? She threw her arms round me, and kissed my cheek.

I ventured to railly her, tho' I was afraid of her retort, and met with it: But I thought it would divert her. I am glad, my dear, said I, that you are capable of this tenderness of temper: You blustering girls!—But Fear, I believe, will make cowards loving.

Harriet, said she, and flung from me to the window, remember

this: May I soon see you in the same situation! I will then have no mercy upon you.

The subject, which Sir Charles led to at breakfast, was the three weddings of Thursday last. He spoke honourably of marriage, and made some just compliments to Lord and Lady L.; concluding them with wishes, that his sister Charlotte and Lord G. might be neither more nor less happy than they were. Then turning to Lord W. he said, He questioned not his Lordship's happiness with the Lady he had so lately seen; for I cannot doubt, said he, of your Lordship's affectionate gratitude to her, if she behaves, as I am sure she will.

My Lord had tears in his eyes. Never man had such a nephew as I have, said he. All the joy of my present prospects, all the comforts of my future life, are and will be owing to you.

Here had he stopt, it would have been well: But turning to me, he unexpectedly said, Would to God, madam, that YOU could reward him! I cannot; and nobody *else* can.

All were alarmed for me; every eye was upon me. A sickishness came over my heart—I know not how to describe it. My head sunk upon my bosom. I could hardly sit; yet was less able to rise.

Sir Charles's face was overspread with blushes. He bowed to my Lord. May the man, said he, who shall have the honour to call Miss Byron his, be, if *possible*, as deserving as *she* is! Then will they live together the life of angels.

He gracefully looked down, not at me; and I got a little courage to look up: Yet Lady L. was concerned for me: So was Lord L.: Emily's eye dropt a tear upon her blushing cheek.

Was it not, Lucy, a severe trial?—Indeed it was.

My Lord, to mend the matter, lamented very pathetically, that Sir Charles was under an obligation to go abroad; and still more, that he could not stay to be present at the celebration of his nuptials with Miss Mansfield.

The Earl, Lord G. Lady Gertrude, and the Doctor, were to meet the Bride and us at church. Lord and Lady L. Sir Charles, and Emily, went in one coach: Miss Grandison and I in another.

As we went, I don't like this affair at all, Harriet, said she. My brother has long made all other men indifferent to me. Such an infinite difference!

Can any-body be happier than Lord and Lady L. Charlotte? Yet Lady L. admires her brother as much as you can do.

They happy!—And *so* they are. But Lady L. soft soul! fell in love with Lord L. before my brother came over. So the foundation was laid: And it being a first flame with her, she, in compliment to

herself, could not but persevere. But the sorry creature Anderson, proving a sorry creature, made me despise the sex: And my brother's perfections contributed to my contempt of all other men.

Indeed, my dear, you are wrong. Lord G. loves you: But were Sir Charles not your brother, it is not very certain, that he would have returned your Love.

Why, that's true. I believe he would not, in that case, have chosen *me*. I am sure he would not, if he had known *you*: But for the man one loves, one can *do* any-thing, *be* every-thing, that he would wish one to be.

Do you think you cannot love Lord G.?—For Heaven's sake, Charlotte, tho' you are now almost within sight of the church, do not think of giving your hand, if you cannot resolve to make Lord G. as happy, as I have no doubt he will make you, if it be not your own fault.

What will my brother say? What will—

Leave that to me. I will engage Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett to lend me their ear in the vestry; and I am sure your brother, if he knows that you have an antipathy to Lord G. or that you think you cannot be happy with him, will undertake your cause, and bring you off.

Antipathy! That's a strong word, Harriet. The man is a good-natured silly man—

Silly! Charlotte!—Silly then he must be for loving you so well, who, really, have never yet given him an opportunity to shew his importance with you.

I do pity him sometimes.

The coach stopt—Ah, Lord! Harriet! The church! The church!

Say, Charlotte, before you step out—Shall I speak to your brother, and Dr. Bartlett, in the vestry?

I shall look like a fool either way.

Don't *act* like one, Charlotte, on this solemn occasion. Say, you will deserve, that you will *try* to deserve, Lord G's love.

Lord help me!—My brother!—I'll try, I'll try, what can be done.

Sir Charles appeared. He gave each his hand in turn: In we flew: The people began to gather about us. Lord G. all rapture, received her at the entrance. Sir Charles led me: And the Earl and Lady Gertrude received us with joy in their countenances. I overheard the naughty one say, as Lord G. led her up to the altar, You don't know what you are about, man. I expect to have all my way: Remember that's one of my articles before marriage.

He returned her an answer of fond assent to her condition. I am afraid, thought I, poor Lord G. you will be more than once reminded of this previous article.

When she was led to the altar, and Lord G. and she stood together, she trembled. Leave me not, Harriet, said she.—Brother! Lady L.!—

I am sure she looked *sillier* than Lord G. at that instant.

The good doctor began the office. *No dearly beloveds*, Harriet! whispered she, as I had said, on a really terrible occasion. I was offended with her in my heart: Again she whispered something against the office, as the doctor proceeded to give the reasons for the institution. Her levity did not forsake her even at that solemn moment.

When the Service was over, every one (Sir Charles in a solemn and most affectionate manner) wished her happy. My Lord G. kissed her hand with a bent knee.

She took my hand. Ah! Lord, what have I done?—And am I married? whispered she—And can it never be undone?—And is that the man, to whom I am to be obedient?—Is *he* to be my Lord and Master?

Ah, Lady G. said I, it is a solemn office. *You* have vowed: *He* has vowed.—It is a solemn office.

Lord G. led her to the first coach. Sir Charles led me into the same. The people, to my great confusion, whispered, That's the Bride! What a charming couple! Sir Charles handed Miss Emily next. Lord G. came in: As he was entering, Harkee, friend, said Charlotte, and put out her hand, You mistake the coach: You are not of our company.

The whole world, reply'd my Lord, shall not now divide us: And took his seat on the same side with Emily.

The man's a rogue, Harriet, whispered she: See! He gives himself airs already!

This, said Lord G. as the coach drove on, taking one hand, and eagerly kissing it, is the hand that blessed me.

And that, said she, pushing him from her with the other, is the hand that repulses your forwardness. What came you in here for?—Don't be silly, *another time, and I shall be obliged to you*

He was in raptures all the way.

When we came home, every-one embraced and wished joy to the Bride. The Earl and Lady Gertrude were in high spirits. The Lady re-saluted her niece, as her *dear* niece: The Earl recognized his beloved daughter.

But prepare to hear a noble action of Lord W.

When he came up to compliment her—My dearest niece, said he, I wish you joy with all my soul. I have not been a kind uncle. There is no fastening any-thing on your brother. Accept of this; [and he put a little paper into her hand—It was a Bank-note of 1000*l*.] My sister's daughter, and *your* brother's sister, merits more than this.

Was not this handsomely presented, Lucy?

He then, in a manner becoming Lady Grandison's brother, stept to Lady L. My niece, Charlotte, is not my *only* niece. I wish you, my dear, as if this was *your* day of marriage, all happiness, accept these two papers [The one, Lucy, was a note for 1000*l.* and the other for 100*l.*]: And he said, The lesser note is due to you for interest on the greater.

When the Ladies opened their notes, and saw what they were, they were at first at a loss what to say.

It was most gracefully done: But see, Lucy, the example of a good and generous man can sometimes alter natures; and covetous men, I have heard it observed, when their hearts are open'd, often act nobly.

As soon as Lady G. (so now I must call her) recovered herself from the surprize into which my Lord's present and address had put her, she went to him: Allow me, my Lord, said she, and bent one knee to him, to crave your blessing; and at the same time to thank you for your paternal present to your ever obliged Charlotte.

God bless you, my dear! saluting her—But thank your noble brother: You delight me with your graceful acceptance.

Lady L. came up. My Lord, you overcome me by your bounty.—How shall I—

Your brother's princely spirit, Lady L. said he, makes this present look mean. Forgive me only, that it was not done before. And he saluted her.

Lord L. came up. Lady L. shew'd him the open'd notes—See here, my Lord, said she, what Lord W. has done: And he calls this the interest due on that.

Your Lordship oppresses me with your goodness to your niece, said Lord L. May health, long-life, and happiness, attend you in your own nuptials!

There, there, said Lord W. pointing to Sir Charles (who had withdrawn, and then entered) make your acknowledgement: His noble spirit has awakened mine: It was only asleep. My late sister's brother wanted but the force of such an example. That son is all his mother.

Sir Charles joining them, having heard only the last words,—If I am thought a son not unworthy of the most excellent of mothers, said he, and by *her* brother, I am happy.

Then you *are* happy, reply'd my Lord.

Her memory, resumed Sir Charles, I cherish; and when I have been tempted to forget myself, that memory has been a means of keeping me steady in my duty. Her precepts, my Lord, were the guide of my early youth. Had I not kept them in mind, how much

more blameable than most young men had I been!—My Charlotte! Have that mother in your memory, on this great change of your condition! You will not be called to her tryals.—His eyes glisten'd. Tender be our remembrance of my father.—Charlotte, be worthy of your mother!

He withdrew with an air *so* noble!—But soon returning, with a chearful look, he was told what Lord W. had done—Your Lordship was *before*, said he, intitled to our duty, by the ties of blood: But what is the relation of body to that of mind? You have bound me for my sisters, and that still more by the manner, than by the act, in a bond of gratitude that never can be broken!

Thank yourself, thank yourself, my noble nephew.

Encourage, my Lord, a family intimacy between your Lady, and her Nieces and Nephews. You will be delighted, my Sisters, with Miss Mansfield; but when she obliges my Lord with her hand, you will reverence your Aunt. I shall have a pleasure, when I am far distant, in contemplating the family union. Your Lordship must let me know your Day in time; and I will be joyful upon it, whatever, of a contrary nature, I may have to struggle with on my own account.

My Lord wept—My *Lord* wept, did I say?—Not *one* of us had a dry eye!—This was a solemn scene, you will say, for a wedding-day: But how delightfully do such scenes dilate the heart?

The day, however, was not forgotten as a day of festivity. Sir Charles himself, by his vivacity and openness of countenance, made every one joyful: And, except that now-and-then a sigh, which could not be check'd, stole from some of us, to think that he would so soon be in another country (far distant from the friends he now made happy) and engaged in difficulties; perhaps in dangers; every heart was present to the occasion of the day.

O Charlotte! Dear Lady G.! Hitherto, it is in your power, to make every *future* day, worthy of *this*!—'Have your mother, your noble mother, in your memory, my dear:' And give credit to the approbation of such a brother.

I should have told you, that my cousin Reeves's came about two, and were received with the utmost politeness by every-body.

Sir Charles was called out just before dinner; and returned introducing a young gentleman, dressed as if for the day—This is an earlier favour, than I had hoped for, said Sir Charles; and leading him to Lady G. This, Sir, is the Queen of the Day. My dear Lady G. welcome (The house is yours—Welcome) the man I love: Welcome my Beauchamp.

Every one, except Emily and me, crouded about Mr. Beauchamp, as Sir Charles's avowedly beloved friend, and bid him cordially welcome; Sir Charles presenting him to each by name.

Then leading him to me—I am half ashamed, Lucy, to repeat—But take it as he spoke it—Revere, said he, my dear friend, that excellent young Lady: But let not your admiration stop at her Face and Person: She has a Mind as exalted, my Beauchamp, as your own. Miss Byron, in honour to my sister, and of us all, has gilded this day by her presence.

Mr. Beauchamp respectfully took my hand; Forgive me, madam, bowing upon it—I *do* revere you. The Lady whom Sir Charles Grandison admires, as he does you, must be the first of women.

I might have said, that he, who was so eminently distinguished as the friend of Sir Charles Grandison, must be a most valuable man: But my spirits were not high. I courtesied to his compliment; and was silent.

Sir Charles presented Emily to him.—My Emily, Beauchamp. I hope to live to see her happily married. The man whose heart is but half so worthy as hers, must be an excellent man.

Modesty might look up, and be sensible to compliments from the lips of such a man. Emily looked at me with pleasure, as if she had said, Do you hear, madam, what a fine thing my guardian has said of me?

Sir Charles asked Mr. Beauchamp, how he stood with my Lady Beauchamp?

Very well, answered he. After such an introduction as you had given me to her, I must have been to blame; had I *not*. She is my father's wife: I must respect her, were she ever so unkind to me: She is not without good qualities. Were every family so happy as to have Sir Charles Grandison for a mediator when misunderstandings happened, there would be very few lasting differences among relations. My father and mother tell me, that they never sit down to table together, but they bless you: And to me they have talked of nobody else: But Lady Beauchamp depends upon your promise of making her acquainted with the Ladies of your family.

My Sisters, and their Lords, will do honour to my promise in my absence. Lady L. Lady G. let me recommend to you Lady Beauchamp as more than a common visiting acquaintance. Do you, Sir, to Mr. Beauchamp, see it cultivated.

Mr. Beauchamp is an agreeable, and, when Sir Charles Grandison is not in company, a handsome and genteel man. I think, my dear, that I do but the same justice that every-body would do, in this exception. He is chearful, lively, yet modest, and not too full of words. One sees both love and respect in every look he casts upon his friend; and that he is delighted when he hears him speak, be the subject what it will. He once said to Lord W. who praised his nephew to him, as he does to every-body near him; The universal voice, my

Lord, is in his favour where-ever he goes. Every one joins almost in the *same* words, in different countries, allowing for the different languages, that for sweetness of manners, and manly dignity, he hardly ever had his equal.

Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; she before him; he standing in an easy genteel attitude, leaning against the wainscot, listening, smiling, to her prattle, with looks of indulgent love, as a father might do to a child he was fond of; while she looked back every now-and-then towards me, *so* proud, poor dear! of being singled out by her guardian.

She tript to me afterwards, and leaning over my shoulder, as I sat, whispered—I have been begging of my guardian to use his interest with you, madam, to take me down with you to Northamptonshire.

And what is the result?—She paused.—Has he denied your request?—No, madam—Has he allowed you to go, my dear, if I comply? turning half round to her with pleasure.

She paused, and seemed at a loss. I repeated my question.

Why, no, he has not consented neither—But he said such charming things, so obliging, so kind, both of you, and of me, that I forgot my question, tho' it was so near my heart: But I will ask him again.

And thus, Lucy, can he decline complying, and yet send away a requester so much delighted with him, as to forget what her request was.

Miss Grandison—Lady G. I would say—singled me out soon after—This Beauchamp is really a very pretty fellow, Harriet.

He is an agreeable man, answered I.

So I think. She said no more of him at that time.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L.'s motion, they made me play on the harpsichord; and after one lesson, they besought Sir Charles to sing to my playing. He would not, he said, deny any request that was made him on that day.

He sung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr. Beauchamp took the violin; Lord L. the bass-viol; Lord G. the German-flute; Lord W. sung base; Lady L. Lady G. and the Earl, joined in the chorus. The song was from Alexander's Feast: The words,

*Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the good deserves the fair,¹*

Sir Charles, tho' himself equally *brave* and *good*, preferring the latter word to the former.

Lady L. had always insisted upon dancing at her sister's wedding. We were not company enough for country dances: But music having

been order'd, and the performers come, it was insisted upon that we should have a dance, tho' we were engaged in a conversation, that I thought infinitely more agreeable.

Lord G. began by dancing a minuet with his bride: She danced charmingly: But on my telling her so afterwards, she whispered me, that she should have performed better, had she danced with her brother. Lord G. danced extremely well.

Lord L. and Lady Gertrude, Mr. Beauchamp and Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Reeves and Lady L. danced all of them very agreeably.

The Earl took me out: But we had hardly done, when, asking pardon for disgracing me, as he too modestly expressed himself; he and all but my cousins and Emily, called out for Sir Charles to dance with me.

I was abashed at the general voice calling upon us both: But it was obeyed.

He deserved all the praises that Miss Gran—— Lady G. I would say, gave him in her Letter to me; and had every one's silent applause, while we danced; so silent, that a whisper must have been heard. And when he led me to my seat, every one clapt their hands, as at some well-performed part, or fine sentiment, in a play.—Lord bless me, my dear, this man is every-thing: But his conversation has ever been among the politest people of different nations.

Lord W. wished himself able, from his gout, to take out Miss Jervois. The Bridegroom was called upon by Sir Charles: And he took out the good girl; who danced very prettily. I fansied, that he chose to call out Lord G. rather than Mr. Beauchamp. He is the most delicate and considerate of men.

Sir Charles was afterwards called upon by the Bride herself: And she danced then with a grace indeed! I was pleased that she *could* perform so well at her own wedding.

Once more he and I were called upon. He, whisperingly, as if all the approbation so loudly given before, when we danced together, was due to me, and none to himself, condition'd for me, with every one, that no notice should be taken of my performance: For he saw that I could hardly stand the applauses given on our dancing before.

Sir Charles, when we had done, called me, *inimitable*. The word was caught by every mouth, and I sat down with reason enough for pride, if their praises could have elevated me. But I was not proud. My spirits were not high—I fansy, Lucy, that Lady Clementina is a fine dancer.

Supper was not ready till twelve. Mr. Reeves's coach came about that hour; but we got not away till two. Perhaps the company would not have broke up so soon, had not the Bride been perverse, and refused to retire. Was she not at home? she asked Lady L. who was put upon urging her: And should she leave her company?

She would make me retire with her: She took a very affectionate leave of me.

Marriage, Lucy, is an awful rite. It is supposed to be a joyful solemnity: But on the woman's side it can be only so, when she is given to the man she loves above all the men in the world; and even to *her*, the anniversary day, when doubt is turned into certainty, must be much happier than the day itself. What a victim must that woman look upon herself to be, who is compelled, or even *over-persuaded*, to give her hand to a man who has no share in her heart? Ought not a parent or guardian, in such a circumstance, especially if the child has a *delicate*, an *honest* mind, to be chargeable with all the unhappy consequences that may follow from such a cruel compulsion?

But this is not the case with Miss Grandison. Early she cast her eye on an improper object. Her pride convinced her in time of the impropriety. And this, as she owns, gave her an indifference to all men. She hates not Lord G. There is no man whom she prefers to him. And in this respect, may perhaps, be upon a par with eight women out of twelve, who marry, and yet make not bad wives. As she played with her passion till she lost it, she may be happy, if she will: And since she intended to be, some time or other, Lady G. her brother was kind in persuading her to shorten her days of coquetting and teasing, and allow him to give her to Lord G. before he went abroad.

LETTER XVII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Wednesday, April 12

DR. BARTLETT was so good as to breakfast with my cousins and me this morning. He talks of setting out for Grandison-hall on Saturday or Monday next. We have settled a correspondence; and he gives me hope, that he will make me a visit in Northamptonshire. I know you will all rejoice to see him.

Emily came in before the Doctor went. She brought me the compliments of the Bride, and Lord W. with their earnest request, that I, and my two cousins, would dine with them. Sir Charles was gone, she said, to make a farewell visit to the Danby set; but would be at home at dinner.

It would be better for me, I think, Lucy, to avoid all opportunities of seeing him: Don't you think so?—There is no such thing as seeing him with indifference. But, so earnestly invited, how could I deny; especially as my cousins were inclinable to go?

Miss Jervois whispered me at parting. I never before, said she,

had an opportunity to observe the behaviour of a new-married couple to each other: But is it customary, madam, for the Bride to be more snappish, as the Bridegroom is more obliging?

Lady G. is very naughty, my dear, if she so behaves, as to give you reason to ask this question.

She does: And upon my word, I see more *obedience* where it was not promised, than where it was. Dear madam, is not what is said at church to be thought of *afterwards*? But why did not the doctor make her speak out? What signified bowing, except a woman was so bashful that she *could* not speak?

The bowing, my dear, is an assent. It is as efficacious as words. Lord G. only bowed, you know. Could *you* like to be called upon, Emily, to speak out?

Why, no. But then I would be very civil and good-natured to my husband, if it were but for fear he should be cross to me: But I should think it my duty as well—Sweet innocent!

She went away, and left the doctor with me.

When our hearts are set upon a particular subject, how impertinent, how much beside the purpose, do we think every other! I wanted the doctor to talk of Sir Charles Grandison: But as he fell not into the subject, and as I was afraid he would think me to be always leading him into it, if I began it, I suffered him to go away at his first motion: I never knew him so shy upon it, however.

Sir Charles returned to dinner. He has told Lady L. who afterwards told us, that he had a hint from Mr. Galliard, senior, that if he were not engaged in his affections, he was commissioned to make him a very great proposal in behalf of one of the young ladies he had seen the Thursday before; and that from her father.

Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce without doubt, that we live in an age in which there is a great dearth of good men, that so many offers fall to the lot of one. But, I am thinking, 'tis no small advantage to Sir Charles, that his time is so taken up, that he cannot stay long enough in any company to suffer them to cast their eyes on other objects, with distinction.' He left the numerous assembly at Enfield, while they were in the height of their admiration of him. Attention, love, admiration, cannot be always kept at the stretch. You will observe, Lucy, that on the return of a long-absent dear friend, the *rapture* lasts not more than an hour: Gladdened, as the heart is, the friend received, and the friends receiving, perhaps in less than that time, can sit down quietly together, to hear and to tell stories, of what has happened to either in the long-regretted absence. It will be so with us, Lucy, when I return to the arms of *my* kind friends: And now, does not Sir Charles's proposed journey to Italy endear his company to us?

The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and two agreeable nieces of that Nobleman's, were here at dinner. Lady G. behaved *pretty* well to her Lord before them: But I, who understood the language of her eyes, *saw* them talk very saucily to him, on several occasions. My Lord is a little officious in his obligingness; which takes off from that graceful, that polite frankness, which so charmingly, on all occasions, distinguishes one happy man, who was then present. Lord G. will perhaps appear more to advantage in that person's absence.

Mr. Beauchamp was also present. He is indeed an agreeable, a modest young man. He appeared to great advantage, as well in his conversation, as by his behaviour: And not the less for subscribing in both to the superiority of his friend; who nevertheless endeavoured to draw him out, as the first man.

After dinner, Lady L. Lady G. and I, found an opportunity to be by ourselves for one half-hour. Lady G. asked Lady L. what she intended to do with the thousand pounds with which Lord W. had so generously presented her?—Do with it, my dear!—What do you think I *intend* to do with it?—It is already disposed of.

I'll be hanged, said Lady G. if this good creature has not given it to her husband.

Indeed, Charlotte, I have. I gave it to him before I slept.

I thought so! She laughed—And Lord L. took it? Did he?

To be sure he did. I should otherwise have been displeased with him.

Dear, good soul!—And so you gave him a thousand pounds to take part of it back from him, by four or five paltry guineas at a time, at his pleasure?

Lord L. and I, Charlotte, have but one purse. You may not perhaps, know how we manage it.

Pray, good, meek, dependent creature! how *do* you manage it?

Thus, Charlotte: My Lord knows that his wife and he have but one interest; and from the first of our happy marriage, he would make me take one key, as he has another, of the private drawer, where his money and money-bills lie. There is a little memorandum-book in the drawer, in which he enters on one page, the money he receives; on the opposite, the money he takes out: And when I want money, I have recourse to my key. If I see but little in the drawer, I am the more moderate; or, perhaps, if my want is not urgent, defer the supplying of it till my Lord is richer: But little, or much, I minute down the sum, as he himself does; and so we know what we are about; and I never put it out of my Lord's power, by my unseasonable expences, to preserve that custom of his for which he is as much respected, as well served; not to suffer a demand to be twice made upon him where he is a debtor.

Good soul!—And, pray, don't you minute down too the *use* to which you put the money you take out?

Indeed I often do: Always indeed, when I take out more than five guineas at one time: I found my Lord did so; and I followed the example of my own accord.

Happy pair! said I—O Lady G. what a charming example is this!—I hope you'll follow it.

Thank you, Harriet, for your advice. Why, I can't but say, that this is one pretty way of coaxing each other into frugality: But don't you think, that where an honest pair are so *tender* of disobliging, and so *studious* of obliging each other, that they seem to confess that the matrimonial good understanding hangs by very slender threads?

And do not the tenderest friendships, said I, hang by *as* slender? Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate observances?

Why *thou* art a good soul, too, Harriet!—And so you would both have me make a present to Lord G. of my thousand pounds before we have chosen our private drawer; before he has got two keys made to it?

Let him know, Charlotte, what Lord L. and I do, if you think the example worth following—And then—

Ay, and *then* give him my thousand pounds for a beginning, Lady L.?—But see you not that this proposal should come from *him*, not from *me*?—And should we not let each other see a little of each other's merits, first?

See, *first*, the merits of the man you have married, Charlotte!

Yes, Lady L.—But yesterday married, you know. Can there be a greater difference between any two men in the world, than there often is between the same man, a lover, and an husband?—And now, my generous advisers, be pleased to continue silent. You cannot answer me fairly. And besides, wot ye not the indelicacy of an *early* present, which you are not *obliged* to make?

We were both silent, each expecting the other to answer the strange creature.

She laughed at us both. Soft souls, and tender! said she, let me tell you, that there is more indelicacy in delicacy,¹ than you *very* delicate people are aware of.

You, Charlotte, said Lady L. have odder notions than any-body else. Had you been a man, you would have been a sad rake.

A rake perhaps I might have been; but not a *sad* one, Lady L.

Lady G. can't help being witty, said I: It is sometimes *her* misfortune, sometimes *ours*, that she cannot: However, I highly approve of the example set by Lord L. and followed by Lady L.

And so do I, Harriet. And when Lord G. sets the example, I shall

—consider of it. I am not a bad oeconomist. Had I *ten* thousand pounds in my hands, I would not be extravagant: Had I but one hundred, I would not be mean. I value not money but as it enables me to lay an obligation, instead of being under the necessity of receiving one. I am my mother's daughter, and brother's sister; and *yours*, Lady L. in this particular; and *yours* too, Harriet: Different means may be taken to arrive at the same end. Lord G. will have no reason to be dissatisfied with my prudence in money-matters, altho' I should not make him one of my best courtesies, as if—as if—(and she laughed; but checking herself) I were conscious—again she laughed—that I had signed and sealed to my absolute dependence on his bounty.

What a mad creature! said Lady L.: But, my Harriet, don't you think that she behaved pretty well to Lord G. at table?

Yes, answered I, as those would think who observe not her arch looks: But she gave me pain for her several times; and I believe her brother was not without his apprehensions.

He had his eyes upon you, Harriet, reply'd Lady G. more earnestly than he had upon me, or any-body else.

That's true, said Lady L. I looked upon both him and you, my dear, with pity. My tears were ready to start more than once, to reflect how happy you two might be in each other, and how greatly you would love each other, were it not—

Not one word more on this subject, dear Lady L.! I cannot bear it. I thought my-*self*, that he often cast an eye of tenderness upon me. I cannot bear it. I am afraid of myself; of my *justice*—

His tender looks did not escape me, said Lady G. Nor yet did my dear Harriet's. But we will not touch this string: It is too tender a one. I, for my part, was forced, in order to divert myself, to turn my eyes on Lord G.: He got nothing by that. The most *officious*—

Nay, Lady G. interrupted I, you shall not change the discourse at the expence of the man you have vowed to honour. I will be pained myself, by the continuation of the former subject, rather than that shall be.

Charming Harriet! said Lady L. I hope your generosity will be rewarded. Yet tell me, my dear, can you wish Lady Clementina may be his? I have no doubt but you wish her *recovery*; but can you wish her to be *his*?

I have debated the matter, my dear Lady L. with myself. I am sorry it has *admitted* of debate: So excellent a creature! Such an honour to her Sex! So nobly sincere! So pious!—But I will confess the truth: I have called upon *justice* to support me in my determination: I have supposed *myself* in *her* situation, her unhappy malady expected: I have supposed *her* in *mine*: And ought I then to have hesitated to which to give the preference?—Yet—

What yet, most frank, and most generous of women, said Lady L. clasping her arms about me; what yet—

Why, yet—Ah Ladies—Why, yet, I have many a pang, many a twitch, as I may call it!—Why is your brother so tender-hearted, so modest, so faultless!—Why did he not insult me with his pity! Why does he on every occasion shew a tenderness for me, that is more affecting than pity! and why does he give me a consequence that exalts, while it depresses me?

I turned my head aside to hide my emotion—Lady G. snatch'd my handkerchief from me; and wiped away a starting tear; and called me by very tender names.

Am I dear, continued I, to the heart of such a man? You think I am: Allow me to say, that he is indeed dear to mine: Yet I have not a wish but for his happiness, whatever becomes of me.

Emily appeared at the door—May I come in, Ladies?—I *will* come in!—My dear Miss Byron affected! My dear Miss Byron in tears!

Her pity, without knowing the cause, sprung to her eyes. She took my hand in both hers, and repeatedly kissed it!—My guardian asks for you. O with what tenderness of voice—Where is your Miss Byron, Love? He calls every one by gentle names, when he speaks of *you*—His voice then is the voice of Love—*Love*, said he to *me*! Thro' *you*, madam, he will love his ward—And on your Love will I build all my merit. But you sigh, dear Miss Byron, you sigh—Forgive your prating girl! You must not be grieved.

I embraced her. Grief, my dear, reaches not my heart at this time. It is the merit of your guardian that affects me.

God bless you, madam, for your gratitude to my guardian!

A Clementina and an Harriet! said Lady L. two women so excellent! What a fate is *his*! How must *his* heart be divided!

Divided, say you, Lady L.! resumed Lady G. The man who loves virtue for virtue's sake, loves it where-ever he finds it: Such a man may *distinguish* more virtuous women than one: And if he be of a gentle and beneficent nature, there will be tenderness in his distinction to every one, varying only according to the difference of her circumstances.

Let me embrace you, my Charlotte, resumed Lady L. for that thought. Don't let me hear, for a month to come, one word from the same lips, that may be unworthy of it.

You have Lord G. in your head, Lady L.: But never mind us. He must now-and-then be made to look about him. I'll take care to keep up my consequence with him, never fear: Nor shall he have reason to doubt the virtue of his wife.

Virtue, my dear! said I: What is virtue only? She who will not be

virtuous for *virtue's* sake, is not worthy to be called a woman: But she must be something more than virtuous for her *husband's*, nay, for her *vow's* sake. Complacency, obligingness—

Obedience too, I warrant—Hush, hush, my sweet Harriet! putting her hand before my mouth, we will behave as well as we can: And that will be very well, if nobody minds us. And now let us go down together.

LETTER XVIII

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Thursday, April 13

WE played at cards last night till supper-time. When that was over, every one sought to engage Sir Charles in discourse. I will give you some particulars of our conversation, as I did of one before.

Lord W. began it with a complaint of the insolence and profligateness of servants. What he said, was only answered by Sir Charles, with the word *Example, example*, my good Lord, repeated.

You, Sir Charles, replied my Lord, may indeed insist upon the force of example; for I cannot but observe, that all those of yours, whom I have seen, are intitled to regard. They have the looks of men at ease, and of men grateful for that ease: They know their duty, and need not a reminding look. A servant of yours, Sir Charles, looks as if he would one day make a figure as a master. How do you manage it?

Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate in worthy servants. There is nothing in my management deserving the attention of this company.

I am going to begin the world anew, nephew. Hitherto, servants have been a continual plague to me. I must know how *you* treat them.

I treat them, my Lord, as necessary parts of my family. I have no secrets, the keeping or disclosing of which might give them self-importance. I endeavour to set them no bad example. I am never angry with them but for wilful faults: If those are not habitual, I shame them into amendment, by gentle expostulation, and *forgiveness*. If they are not capable of a generous shame, and the faults grow habitual, I part with them; but with such kindness, as makes their fellow-servants blame them, and take warning. I am fond of seeking occasions to praise them: And even when they mistake, if it be with a good intention, they have my approbation of the *intention*, and my endeavours to set them right as to the *act*. Sobriety is an indispensable qualification for my service; and for the rest, if we receive them not quite good, we make them better than they were

before. Generally speaking, a master may make a servant what he pleases. Servants judge by example, rather than precept, and almost always by their feelings. One thing more permit me to add, I always insist upon my servants being kind and compassionate to one another. A compassionate heart cannot habitually be an unjust one. And thus do I make their good-nature contribute to my security as well as quiet.

My Lord was greatly pleased with what his nephew said.

Upon some occasion, Lady G. reflected upon a Lady for *prudery*; and was going on, when Sir Charles, interrupting her, said, Take care, Lady G.—You, Ladies, take care; for I am afraid, that MODESTY, under this name, will become ignominious, and be banished the hearts, at least the behaviour and conversation, of all those whose fortunes or inclinations carry them often to places of public resort.

Talk of places of public resort! said Lord L.; It is vexatious to observe at such, how men of real merit are neglected by the fine Ladies of the age, while every distinction is shewn to fops and foplings.

But, who, my Lord, said Sir Charles, are those women? Are they not generally of a class with those men? Flippant women love empty men, because they cannot reproach them with a superiority of understanding, but keep their folly in countenance. They are afraid of a wise man: But I would by no means have such a one turn fool to please them: For they will despise the wise man's folly more than the silly man's, and with reason; because being uncharacteristic, it must sit more awkwardly upon him than the others can do.

Yet wisdom itself, and the truest wisdom, *goodness*, said Mrs. Reeves, is sometimes thought to sit ungracefully, when it is uncharacteristic, not to the man, but to the times. She then named a person who was branded as an hypocrite, for performing all his duties publicly.

He will be worse spoken of, if he declines doing so, said Dr. Bartlett. His enemies will *add* the charge of cowardice; and not acquit him of the other.

Lady Gertrude being withdrawn, it was mentioned as a wonder, that so agreeable a woman, as she must have been in her youth, and still was for her years, should remain single. Lord G. said, that she had had many offers: And once, before she was twenty, had like to have stolen a wedding: But her fears, he said, since that, had kept her single.

The longer, said Sir Charles, a woman remains unmarried, the more apprehensive she will be of entering into the state. At *seventeen* or *eighteen* a girl will plunge into it, sometimes without either fear

or wit; at *twenty* she will begin to think; at *twenty-four* will weigh and discriminate; at *twenty-eight* will be afraid of venturing; at *thirty* will turn about, and look down the hill she has ascended; and, as occasions offer, and instances are given, will sometimes repent, sometimes rejoice, that she has gained that summit *sola*.

Indeed, said Mrs. Reeves, I believe in England many a poor girl goes up the hill with a companion she would little care for, if the state of a single woman were not here so peculiarly unprovided and helpless: For girls of slender fortunes, if they have been genteelly brought up, how can they, when family-connexions are dissolved, support themselves? A man can rise in a profession, and if he acquires wealth in a trade, can get above it, and be respected. A woman is looked upon as demeaning herself, if she gains a maintenance by her needle, or by domestic attendance on a superior; and without them where has she a retreat?

You speak, good Mrs. Reeves, said Sir Charles, as if you would join with Dr. Bartlett and me in wishing the *establishment* of a scheme we have often talked over, tho' the name of it would make many a Lady start. We want to see established in every county, *Protestant Nunneries*;¹ in which single women of small or no fortunes might live with all manner of freedom, under such regulations as it would be a disgrace for a modest or good woman not to comply with, were she absolutely on her own hands; and to be allowed to quit it whenever they pleased.

Well, brother, said Lady G. and why could you not have got all this settled a fortnight ago (you that can carry every point) and have made poor me a Lady Abbess?

You are still better provided for, my sister: But let the Doctor and me proceed with our scheme. The governesses or matrons of the society I would have to be women of family, of unblameable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good-nature, and gentleness of manners. The attendants, for the slighter services, should be the hopeful female children of the honest industrious poor.

Do you not, Ladies, imagine, said Dr. Bartlett, that such a society as this, all women of unblemished reputation, employing themselves as each (consulting her own genius) at her admission, shall undertake to employ herself, and supported genteelly, some at more, some at less expence to the foundation, according to their circumstances; might become a *national* good; and particularly a seminary for good wives, and the institution a stand for virtue, in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amusements little less than riotous?

How could it be supported? said Lord W.

Many of the persons, of which each community would consist, would be, I imagine, replied Sir Charles, no expence to it at all; as

numbers of young women, joining their small fortunes, might be able, in such a society, to maintain themselves genteelly on their own income; tho' each, singly in the world, would be distressed. Besides, liberty might be given for wives, in the absence of their husbands, in this maritime country; and for widows, who, on the deaths of theirs, might wish to retire from the noise and hurry of the world, for three, six, or twelve months, more or less; to reside in this well-regulated society. And such persons, we may suppose, would be glad, according to their respective abilities, to be benefactresses to it. No doubt but it would have besides the countenance of the well-disposed of both sexes; since every family in Britain, in their connexions and relations, near or distant, might be benefited by so reputable and useful an institution: To say nothing of the works of the Ladies in it, the profits of which perhaps will be thought proper to be carried towards the support of a foundation that so genteelly supports them. Yet I would have a number of hours in each day, for the encouragement of industry, that should be called their own; and what was produced in them, to be solely appropriated to their own use.

A truly worthy divine, at the appointment of the Bishop of the diocese, to direct and animate the devotion of such a society, and to guard it from that superstition and enthusiasm which soars to wild heights in almost all Nunneries, would confirm it a blessing to the kingdom.

I have another scheme, my Lord, proceeded Sir Charles—An Hospital for Female Penitents; for such unhappy women, as having been once drawn in, and betrayed by the perfidy of men, find themselves, by the cruelty of the world, and principally by that of their own Sex, unable to recover the path of virtue, when perhaps (convinced of the wickedness of the men in whose honour they confided) they would willingly make their first departure from it the last.

These, continued he, are the poor creatures who are eminently intitled to our pity, tho' they seldom meet with it. Good-nature, and *Credulity* the child of good-nature, are generally, as I have the charity to believe, rather than viciousness, the foundation of their crime. Those men who pretend they would not be the first destroyers of a woman's innocence, look upon these as fair prize. But, what a wretch is he, who seeing a poor creature exposed on the summit of a dangerous precipice, and unable, without an assisting hand, to find her way down, would rather push her into the gulph below, than convey her down in safety?

Speaking of the force put upon a daughter's inclinations, in wedlock: Tyranny and ingratitude, said Sir Charles, from a man beloved, will be more supportable to a woman of strong passions, than even

kindness from a man she loves not: Shall not parents then, who hope to see their children happy, avoid compelling them to give their hands to a man who has no share in their hearts?

But would you allow young Ladies to be their own choosers, Sir Charles? said Mr. Reeves.

Daughters, replied he, who are earnest to choose for themselves, should be *doubly* careful that prudence justifies their choice. Every widow who marries imprudently (and very many there are who do) furnishes a strong argument in favour of a parent's authority over a maiden daughter. A designing man looks out for a woman who has an independent fortune, and has no questions to ask. He seems *assured* of finding indiscretion and rashness in such a one, to befriend him. But ought not she to think herself affronted, and resolve to disappoint him?

But how, said Lady G. shall a young creature be able to judge—

By his application to *her*, rather than to her natural friends and relations; by his endeavouring to alienate her affections from them; by wishing her to favour private and clandestine meetings (conscious that his pretensions will not stand discussion) by the inequality of his fortune to hers: And has not our excellent Miss Byron, in the Letters to her Lucy¹ (bowing to me) which she has had the goodness to allow us to read, helped us to a criterion! 'Men in their addresses to young women, she very happily observes, forget not to set forward the advantages by which they are distinguished, whether hereditary or acquired; while Love, Love, is all the cry of him who has no other to boast of.'²

And by that means, said Lady Gertrude, setting the silly creature at variance with all her friends, he makes her fight his battles for him; and become herself the cat's paw to help him to the ready-roasted chestnuts.²

But, dear brother, said Lady G. do you think Love is such a stay'd deliberate passion, as to allow a young creature to take time to ponder and weigh all the merits of the cause?

Love at first sight, answered Sir Charles, must indicate a mind *prepared* for impression, and a sudden gust of passion, and that of the least noble kind; since there could be no opportunity of knowing the *merit* of the object. What woman would have herself supposed capable of such a *tindery fit*? In a *man*, it is an indelicate paroxysm: But in a *woman*, who expects protection and instruction from a man, much more so. Love, at first, may be only fancy. Such a young Love may be easily given up, and ought, to a parent's judgment. Nor is the conquest so difficult as some young creatures think it. One thing, my good Emily, let me say to *you*, as a rule of some consequence in the world you are just entering into—Young persons, on arduous

occasions, especially in Love-cases, should not presume to advise young persons; because they seldom can divest themselves of passion, partiality, or prejudice; that is, indeed, of *youth*; and forbear to mix their own concerns and byasses with the question referred to them. It should not be put from young friend to young friend, What would *you* do in such a case? but, What *ought* to be done?

How the dear girl blush'd, and how pleased she looked, to be particularly addressed by her guardian!

Lady Gertrude spoke of a certain father, who for interested views obliged his daughter to marry at fifteen, when she was not only indifferent to the man, but had formed no right notions of the state.

And are they not unhappy? ask'd Sir Charles.

They are, reply'd she.

I knew such an instance, returned he. The Lady was handsome, and had her full share of vanity. She believed every man who said civil things to her, was in love with her; and had she been single, that he would have made his addresses to her. She supposed, that she might have had this great man, or that, had she not been precipitated: And this brought her to slight the man who had, as she concluded, deprived her of better offers. They were unhappy to the end of their lives. Had the Lady lived single long enough to find out the difference between compliment and sincerity, and that the man who flattered her vanity, meant no more than to take advantage of her folly, she would have thought herself not unhappy with the very man with whom she was so dissatisfied.

Lady L. speaking afterwards of a certain nobleman, who is continually railing against matrimony, and who makes a very indifferent husband to an obliging wife; I have known more men than one, said Sir Charles, inveigh against matrimony, when the invective would have proceeded with a much better grace from their wives lips than from theirs. But let us enquire, would this complainer have been, or deserved to be, happier in *any* state, than he now is?

A state of suffering, said Lady L. had probably humbled the spirit of the poor wives into perfect meekness and patience.

You observe rightly, replied Sir Charles: And surely a most kind disposition of Providence it is, that adversity, so painful in itself, should conduce so peculiarly to the improvement of the human mind. It teaches modesty, humility, and compassion.

You speak feelingly brother, said Lady L. with a sigh. Do you think, Lucy, nobody sighed but she?

I do, said he. I speak with a sense of gratitude: I am naturally of an imperious spirit: But I have reaped advantages, from the early stroke of a mother's death. Being for years, against my wishes, obliged to submit to a kind of exile from my native country, which

I considered as a heavy evil, tho' I thought it my duty to acquiesce, I was determined, as much as my capacity would allow, to make my advantage of the compulsion, by qualifying myself to do credit, rather than discredit, to my father, my friends, and my country. And, let me add, that if I have in any tolerable manner succeeded, I owe much to the example and precepts of my dear Dr. Bartlett.

The doctor blushed and bowed, and was going to disclaim the merit which his patron had ascribed to him; but Sir Charles confirmed it in still stronger terms: You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, as I have told Miss Byron, was a second conscience to me in my earlier youth: Your precepts, your excellent life, your pure manners, your sweetness of temper, could not but open and enlarge my mind. The soil, I hope I may say, was not barren; but you, my dear paternal friend, was the cultivator: I shall ever acknowledge it—And he bowed to the good man; who was covered with modest confusion, and could not look up.

And think you, Lucy, that this acknowledgement lessened the excellent man with any one present? No! It raised him in every eye: And I was the more pleased with it, as it helped me to account for that deep observation, which otherwise one should have been at a loss to account for, in so young a man. And yet I am convinced, that there is hardly a greater difference in intellect between angel and man, than there is between man and man.

LETTER XIX

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Thursday, April 13

FOR Heaven's sake, my dearest Harriet, dine with us to-day; for two reasons: One relates to myself; the other you shall hear by-and-by: To myself, first, as is most fit—This silly creature has offended me, and presumed to be sullen upon my resentment. Married but two days, and shew his airs!—Were I in fault, my dear (which, upon my honour, I am not) for the man to lose his patience with me, to forget his obligations to me, in two days!—What an ungrateful wretch is he! What a poor powerless creature your Charlotte!

Nobody knows of the matter, except he has complained to my brother—*If* he has!—But what if he has?—Alas! my dear, I am married; and cannot help myself.

We seem, however, to be drawing up our forces on both sides.—One struggle for my dying liberty, my dear!—The success of one pitched battle will determine which is to be the general, which the

subaltern, for the rest of the campaign. To *dare* to be sullen already! —As I hope to live, my dear, I was in high good humour within myself; and when he was *foolish*, only intended a little play with him; and he takes it in earnest. He worships you: So I shall railly him before you: But I charge you, as the man by his sullenness has taken upon him to fight his own battle, either to be on my side, or be silent. I shall take it very ill of my Harriet, if she strengthen his hands.

Well, but enough of this husband—HUSBAND! What a word!—Who do you think is arrived from abroad?—You cannot guess for your life—Lady OLIVIA!—True as you are alive! accompanied, it seems, by an aunt of hers, a widow, whose years and character are to keep the niece in countenance in this excursion. The pretence is, making the tour of Europe: and England was not to be left out of the scheme. My brother is excessively disturbed at her arrival. She came to town but last night. He had notice of it but this morning. He took Emily with him to visit her: Emily was known to her at Florence. She and her aunt are to be here at dinner. As she *is* come, Sir Charles says, he must bring her acquainted with his Sisters, and their Lords, in order to be at liberty to pursue the measures he has unalterably resolved upon: And this, Harriet, is my second reason for urging you to dine with us.

Now do I wish we had known her history at large. Dr. Bartlett shall tell it us. Unwelcome as she is to my brother, I long to see her. I hope I shall not hear something in *her* story, that will make me pity her.

Will you come?

I wonder whether she speaks English, or not. I don't think I can converse in Italian.

I won't forgive you, if you refuse to come.

Lady L. and her good man will be here. We shall therefore, if *you* come, be our whole family together.

My brother has presented this house to me, till his return. He calls himself Lord G.'s guest and mine: So you can have no punctilio about it. Besides, Lord W. will set out to-morrow morning for Windsor. He dotes upon you: And perhaps it is in your power to make a new-married man penitent and polite.

So you must come.

Hang me, if I sign by any other name, while this man is in fits, than that of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON

LETTER XX

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY**Thursday, April 13*

I SEND you inclosed a Letter I received this morning from Lady G.: I will suppose you have read it.

Emily says, that the meeting between Sir Charles and the Lady mentioned in it, was very polite on both sides: But more cold on his, than on hers. She made some difficulty, however, of dining at his house; and her aunt, Lady Maffei, more. But on Sir Charles's telling them, that he would bring his elder sister to attend them thither, they complied.

When I went to St. James's Square, Sir Charles and Lady L. were gone in his coach to bring the two Ladies.

Lady G. met me on the stairs-head, leading into her dressing-room. Not a word, said she, of the man's sullen: 'He repents: A fine figure, as I told him, of a bridegroom, would he make in the eyes of foreign Ladies, at dinner, were he to retain his gloomy airs. He has begged my pardon; as good as promised amendment; and I have forgiven him.

Poor Lord G. said I.

Hush, hush! He is within: He will hear you: And then perhaps repent of his repentance.

She led me in: My Lord had a glow in his cheeks, and looked as if he had been nettled; and was but just recovering a smile, to help to carry off the petulance. O how saucily did her eyes look! Well, my Lord, said she, I hope—But you say, I misunderstood—

No more, madam, no more, I beseech you—

Well, Sir, not a word more, since you are—

Pray, madam—

Well, well, give me your hand—You must leave Harriet and me together.

She humorously courtesied to him as he bowed to me, taking the compliment as to herself. She nodded her head to him, as he turned back his when he was at the door; and when he was gone, If I can but make this man orderly, said she, I shall not quarrel with my brother for hurrying me, as he has done.

You are wrong, excessively wrong, Charlotte: You call my Lord a silly man, but can have no proof that he is so, but by his bearing this treatment from you.

None of your grave airs, my dear. The man is a good sort of man, and will be so, if you and Lady L. don't spoil him. I have a vast deal of roguery, but no ill-nature, in my heart. There is luxury in jesting

with a solemn man, who wants to assume airs of privilege, and thinks he has a right to be impertinent. I'll tell you how I will manage—I believe I shall often try his patience, and when I am conscious that I have gone too far, I will be patient if he is angry with me; so we shall be quits. Then I'll begin again: He will resent: And if I find his aspect very solemn—Come, come, no glouting,¹ friend, I will say, and perhaps smile in his face: I'll play you a tune, or sing you a song—Which, which! Speak in a moment, or the humour will be off.

If he was ready to cry before, he will laugh then, tho' against his will: And as he admires my finger, and my voice, shall we not be instantly friends?

It signified nothing to rave at her: She will have her way. Poor Lord G.!—At my first knowlege of her, I thought her very lively; but imagined not that she was indiscreetly so.

Lord G.'s fondness for his saucy bride was, as I have reason to believe, his fault: I dared not to ask for particulars of their quarrel: And if I had, and found it so, could not, with such a raillying creature, have entered into his defence, or censured her.

I went down a few moments before her. Lord G. whispered me, that he should be the happiest man in the world, if I, who had such an influence over her, would stand his friend.

I hope, my Lord, said I, that you will not want any influence but your own. She has a thousand good qualities. She has charming spirits. You will have nothing to bear with but from them. They will not last always. Think only, that she can mean nothing by the exertion of them, but innocent gaiety; and she will every day love your Lordship the better for bearing with her. You know she is generous and noble.

I see, madam, said he, she has let you into—

She has not acquainted me with the particulars of the little misunderstanding; only has said, that there had been a slight one; which was quite made up.

I am ashamed, reply'd he, to have it thought by Miss Byron, that there *could* have been a misunderstanding between us, especially so early. She knows her power over me. I am afraid, she despises me.

Impossible, my Lord: Have you not observed, that she spares nobody when she is in a lively humour?

True—But here she comes!—Not a word, madam!—I bowed assenting silence. Lord G. said she, approaching him, in a low voice, I shall be jealous of your conversations with Miss Byron.

Would to heaven, my dearest life, snatching at her withdrawn hand, that—

I were half as good as Miss Byron: I understand you:—But time and patience, Sir; nodding to him, and passing him.

Admirable creature! said he, how I adore her!

I hinted to her afterwards, his fear of her despising him. Harriet, answered she, with a serious air, I will do my duty by him. I will abhor my own heart, if I ever find in it the shadow of a regard for any man in the world, inconsistent with that which he has a right to expect from me.

I was pleased with her. And found an opportunity to communicate what she said, in confidence, to my Lord; and had his blessings for it.

But now for some account of Lady Olivia. With which I will begin a new Letter.

LETTER XXI

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

SIR CHARLES returned with the Ladies. He presented to Lady Olivia and her Aunt, Lady G. Lord L. and Lord W. I was in another apartment talking with Dr. Bartlett. Lady Olivia asked for the doctor. He left *me* to pay his respects to *her*. Sir Charles being informed, that I was in the house, told Lady Olivia, that he hoped he should have the honour of presenting to her one of our English beauties; desiring Lady G. to request my company.

Lady G. came to me—A lovely woman, I assure you, Harriet; let me lead you to her. Sir Charles met me at the entrance of the drawing-room: Excuse me, madam, said he, taking my hand, with profound respect, and allow me to introduce to a very amiable Italian Lady one of the loveliest women in Britain; leading me up to her; she advancing towards me. Miss Byron, madam, addressing himself to her, salutes you. Her beauty engages every eye; but that is her least perfection.

Her face glowed. Miss Byron, said she, in French, is all loveliness. A relation, Sir? in Italian. He bowed; but answered not her question.

Her aunt, saluting me, expressed herself in my favour.

I would sooner forgive you *here*, whispered Lady Olivia to Sir Charles, in Italian, looking at me, than at Bologna.

I heard her; and by my confusion shewed that I understood her. She was in confusion too.

Mademoiselle, said she, in French, understands Italian.—I am ashamed, Monsieur.

Miss Byron does, answered Sir Charles; and French too.

I must have the honour, said she, in French, to be better known to you, Mademoiselle.

I answer'd her as politely as I could in the same language.

Lady OLIVIA is really a lovely woman. Her complexion is fine. Her face oval. Every feature of it is delicate. Her hair is black; and, I think, I never saw brighter black eyes in my life: If possible, they are brighter, and shine with a more piercing lustre, than even Sir Charles Grandison's: But yet I give his the preference; for we see in them a benignity, that hers, tho' a woman's, has not; and a thoughtfulness, as if something lay upon his mind, which nothing but patience could overcome; yet mingled with an air that shews him to be equal to any-thing, that can be undertaken by man. While Olivia's eyes shew more fire and impetuosity than sweetness. Had I not been *told* it, I should have been sure that she has a violent spirit: But on the whole, she is a very fine figure of a woman.

She talk'd of taking a house, and staying in England a year at least; and was determin'd, she said, to perfect herself in the language and to become an Englishwoman: But when Sir Charles, in the way of discourse, mentioned his obligation to leave England, as on next Saturday morning, how did she and her aunt look upon each other! And how was the sunshine that gilded her fine countenance, shut in! Surely, Sir, said her aunt, you are not in earnest!

After dinner, the two Ladies retired with Sir Charles, at his motion. Dr. Bartlett, at Lady G.'s request, then gave us this short sketch of her history: He said, She had a vast fortune: She had had indiscretions; but none that had affected her character as to virtue: But her spirit could not bear controul. She had shewn herself to be vindictive, even to a criminal degree. Lord bless me, my dear, the doctor has mentioned to me in confidence, that she always carries a poniard about her; and that once she used it. Had the person died, she would have been called to public account for it. The man, it seems, was of rank, and offered some slight affront to her. She now comes over, the doctor said, as he had reason to believe, with a resolution to sacrifice even her religion, if it were insisted upon, to the passion she had so long in vain endeavoured to conquer.

She has, he says, an utter hatred to Lady Clementina; and will not be able to govern her passion, he is sure, when Sir Charles shall acquaint her, that he is going to attend that Lady, and her family: For he has only mentioned his obligation to go abroad; but not said whither.

Lord W. praised the person of the Lady, and her majestic air. Lord L. and Lord G. wish'd to be within hearing of the conference between her and Sir Charles: So did Lady G.: And while they were thus wishing, in came Sir Charles, his face all in a glow; Lady L. said he, be so good as to attend Lady Olivia.

She went to her. Sir Charles staid not with us: Yet went not to the Lady; but into his Study. Dr. Bartlett attended him there: The

doctor returned soon after to us. His noble heart is vexed, said he: Lady Olivia has greatly disturbed him: He chooses to be alone.

Lady L. afterwards told us, that she found the Lady in violent anguish of spirit; her aunt endeavouring to calm her: She, however, politely addressed herself to Lady L. and, begging her aunt to withdraw for a few moments, she owned to her, in French, her passion for her brother: She was not, she said, ashamed to own it to his sister, who must know that his merit would dignify the passion of the noblest woman. She had endeavoured, she said, to conquer hers: She had been willing to give way to the prior attachments that he had pleaded for a Lady of her own country, Signora Clementina della Porretta, whom she allowed to have had great merit; but who, having irrecoverably been put out of her right mind, was shut up at Naples by a brother, who vowed eternal enmity to Sir Charles; and from whom his life would be in the utmost hazard, if he went over. She owned, that her chief motive for coming to England was, to cast her fortune at her brother's feet; and as she knew him to be a man of honour, to comply with any terms he should propose to her. He had offered to the family della Porretta to allow their daughter her religion, and her confessor, and to live with her every other year in Italy. She herself, not inferior in birth, in person, in mind, as she said, she presumed, and superior in fortune, the riches of three branches of her family, all rich, having centred in *her*, insisted not now upon such conditions. Her aunt, she said, knew not that she proposed, on conviction, a change of her religion; but she was resolved not to conceal anything from Lady L. She left her to judge how much she must be affected, when he declared his obligation to leave England; and especially when he owned, that it was to go to Bologna, and that so suddenly, as if, as she apprehended at first, it was to avoid *her*. She had been in tears, she said, and even would have kneeled to him, to induce him to suspend his journey for one month, and then to have taken her over with him, and seen her safe in her own palace, if he *would* go upon so hated, and so fruitless, as well as so hazardous an errand: But he had denied her this poor favour.

This refusal, she owned, had put her out of all patience. She was unhappily passionate; but was the most placable of her Sex. What, madam, said she, can affect a woman, if slight, indignity, and repulse, from a favoured person, is not able to do it? A woman of my condition to come over to England, to solicit—how can I support the thought—and to be refused the protection of the man she prefers to all men; and her request to see her safe back again, tho' but as the fool she came over—You may blame me, madam—but you must pity me, even were you to have a heart the sister-heart of your inflexible brother's.

In vain did Lady L. plead to her Lady Clementina's deplorable situation; the reluctance of his own relations to part with him; and the magnanimity of his self-denial in an hundred instances, on the bare possibility of being an instrument to restore her: She could not bear to hear her speak highly of the unhappy Lady. She charged Clementina with the pride of her family, to which she attributed their deserved calamity [*Deserved! Cruel Lady! How could her pitiless heart allow her lips to utter such a word!*]; and imputed meanness to the noblest of human minds, for yielding to the entreaties of a family, some of the principals of which, she said, had treated him with an arrogance that a man of his spirit ought not to bear.

Lady Maffei came in. She seems dependent upon her niece. She is her aunt by marriage only: And Lady L. speaks very favourably of her from the advice she gave, and her remonstrances to her kinswoman. Lady Maffei besought her to compose herself, and return to the company.

She could not bear, she said, to return to the company, the slighted, the contemned object, she must appear to be to every one in it. I am an intruder, said she, haughtily; a beggar, with a fortune that would purchase a Sovereignty in some countries. Make my excuses to your sister, to the rest of the company—and to that fine young Lady—whose eyes, by their officious withdrawing from his, and by the consciousness that glowed in her face whenever he addressed her, betrayed, at least to a jealous eye, more than she would wish to have seen—But tell her, that all lovely and blooming as she is, she must have no hope, while Clementina lives.

I hope, Lucy, it is *only* to a jealous eye that my *heart* is so discoverable!—I thank her for her caution. But I can say what she cannot; that from my heart, cost me what it may, I do subscribe to a preference in favour of a Lady who has acted, in the most arduous trials, in a greater manner than I fear either Olivia or I could have acted, in the same circumstances. We see that her reason, but not her piety, deserted her in the noble struggle between her Love and her Religion. In the most affecting absences of her reason, the Soul of the man she loved was the object of her passion. However hard it is to prefer another to one's self, in such a case as this; yet if my judgment is convinced, my acknowledgement shall follow it. Heaven will enable me to be reconciled to the event, because I pursue the dictates of that judgment, against the biasses of my more partial heart. Let that Heaven, which only *can*, restore Clementina, and dispose as it pleases of Olivia and Harriet. We cannot either of us, I humbly hope, be so unhappy as the Lady has been whom I rank among the first of women; and whose whole family deserves almost equal compassion.

Lady Olivia asked Lady L. If her brother had not a very tender regard for me? He had, Lady L. answered; and told her, that he had rescued me from a very great distress; and that mine was the most grateful of human hearts.

She called me sweet young creature (supposing me, I doubt not, younger than I am); but said, that the graces of my person and mind alarmed her not, as they would have done, had not his attachment to Clementina been what now she saw, but never could have believed it was; having supposed, that compassion only was the tie that bound him to her.

But compassion, Lucy, from such a heart as his, the merit so great in the Lady, must be Love; a Love of the nobler kind—And if it were *not*, it would be unworthy of Clementina's.

Lady Maffei called upon her dignity, her birth, to carry her above a passion that met not with a grateful return. She advised her to dispose herself to stay in England some months, now she was here. And as her friends in Italy would suppose what her view was in coming to England, their censures would be obviated by her continuing here for some time, while Sir Charles was abroad, and in Italy: And that she should divert herself with visiting the court, the public places, and in seeing the principal curiosities of this kingdom, as she had done those of others; in order to give credit to an excursion that might otherwise be freely spoken of, in her own country.

She seemed to listen to this advice. She bespoke, and was promised, the friendship of the two sisters; and included in her request, through their interests, mine; and Lady G. was called in, by her sister, to join in the promise.

She desired that Sir Charles might be requested to walk in; but would not suffer the sisters to withdraw, as they would have done, when he returned. He could not but be polite; but, it seems, looked still disturbed. I beg you to excuse, Sir, said she, my behaviour to you: It was passionate; it was unbecoming. But, in compliment to your own consequence, you *ought* to excuse it. I have only to request one favour of you: That you will suspend for *one* week, in regard to me, your proposed journey; *but* for one week; and I will, now I am in England, stay some months; perhaps till your return.

Excuse me, madam.

I will *not* excuse you—But *one* week, Sir. Give me so much importance with myself, as for one week's suspension. You *will*. You *must*.

Indeed I cannot. My Soul, I own to you, is in the distresses of the family of Porretta. Why should I repeat what I said to you before?

I have bespoken, Sir, the civilities of your sisters, of your family: You forbid them not?

You expect not an answer, madam, to that question. My sisters will be glad, and so will their Lords, to attend you where-ever you please, with a hope to make England agreeable to you.

How long do you propose to stay in Italy, Sir?

It is not possible for me to determine.

Are you not apprehensive of danger to your person?

I am not.

You ought to be.

No danger shall deter me from doing what I think to be right. If my motives justify me, I cannot fear.

Do you wish me, Sir, to stay in England till your return?

A question so home put, disturbed him. Was it a prudent one in the Lady? It must either subject her to a repulse; or him, by a polite answer, to give her hope, that her stay in England might not be fruitless, as to the view she had in coming. He reddened. It is fit, answered he, that your own pleasure should determine you. It did, pardon me, madam, in your journey hither.

She reddened to her very ears. Your brother, Ladies, has the reputation of being a polite man: Bear witness to this instance of it. I am ashamed of myself!

If I am unpolite, madam, my sincerity will be my excuse; at least to my own heart.

O that inflexible heart! But, Ladies, if the inhospitable Englishman refuse his protection in his own country, to a foreign woman, of no mean quality; Do not you, his sisters, despise her.

They, madam, and their Lords, will render you every cheerful service. Let me request you, my sisters, to make England as agreeable as possible to this Lady. She is of the first consideration in her own country: She will be of such where-ever she goes. My Lady Maffei deserves likewise your utmost respect. Then addressing himself to them; Ladies, said he, encourage my sisters: They will think themselves honoured by your commands.

The two sisters confirmed, in an obliging manner, what their brother had said; and both Ladies acknowledged themselves indebted to them for their offered friendship: But Lady Olivia seemed not at all satisfied with their brother: And it was with some difficulty he prevailed on her to return to the company, and drink coffee.

I could not help reflecting, on occasion of this Lady's conduct, that fathers and mothers are great blessings, to *daughters*, in particular, even when women grown. It is not every woman that will shine in a state of independency. Great fortunes are snares. If independent women escape the machinations of men, which they have often a difficulty to do, they will frequently be hurried by their own imaginations, which are said to be livelier than those of men,

tho' their judgments are supposed less, into inconveniencies. Had Lady Olivia's parents or uncles lived, she hardly would have been permitted to make the tour of Europe: And not having so great a fortune to support vagaries, would have shone, as she is well qualified to do, in a dependent state, in Italy, and made some worthy man and herself happy.

Had she a mind great enough to induce her to pity Clementina, I should have been apt to pity *her*; for I saw her soul was disturbed. I saw that the man she loved was not able to return her Love: A pitiable case! I saw a starting tear now-and-then with difficulty dispersed. Once she rubbed her eye, and, being conscious of observation, said something had got into it: So it had. The something was a tear. Yet she looked with haughtiness, and her bosom swelled with indignation ill concealed.

Sir Charles repeated his recommendation of her to Lord L. and Lord G. They offered their best services: Lord W. invited her and all of us to Windsor. Different parties of pleasure were talked of: But still the Enlivener of every party was not to be in any one of them. She tried to look pleased; but did not always succeed in the trial: An eye of Love and Anger mingled was often cast upon the man whom everybody loved. Her bosom heaved, as it seemed sometimes, with indignation against herself: That was the construction which I made of some of her looks.

Lady Maffei, however, seemed pleased with the parties of pleasure talked of: She often directed herself to me in Italian. I answered her in it as well as I could. I do not talk it well: But as I am not an Italian, and little more than book-learned in it (for it is a long time ago since I lost my grandpapa, who used to converse with me in it, and in French) I was not scrupulous to answer in it. To have forbore, because I did not excel in what I had no opportunity to excel in, would have been false modesty, nearly bordering upon pride. Were any Lady to laugh at me for not speaking well *her* native tongue, I would *not* return the smile, were she to be less perfect in mine, than I am in hers. But Lady Olivia made me a compliment on my faulty accent, when I acknowledged it to be so. Signora, said she, you shew us, that a pretty mouth can give beauty to a defect. A *master* teaching you, added she, would perhaps find some fault; but a *friend* conversing with you, must be in love with you for the very imperfection.

Sir Charles was generously pleased with the compliment, and made her a fine one on her observation.

He attended the two Ladies to their lodgings in his coach. He owned to Dr. Bartlett, that Lady Olivia was in tears all the way, lamenting her disgrace in coming to England, just as he was quitting

it; and wishing she had stay'd at Florence. She would have engaged him to correspond with her: He excused himself. It was a very afflicting thing to him, he told the doctor, to deny any request that was made to him, especially by a Lady: But he thought he ought in conscience and honour to forbear giving the shadow of an expectation that might be improved into hope, where none was intended to be given. Heaven, he said, had, for laudable ends, implanted such a regard in the Sexes towards each other, that both man and woman who hoped to be innocent, could not be too circumspect in relation to the friendships they were so ready to contract with each other. He thought he had gone a great way, in recommending an intimacy between her and his sisters, considering her views, her spirit, her perseverance, and the free avowal of her regard for him, and her menaces on his supposed neglect of her. And yet, as she *had* come over, and he was obliged to leave England so soon after her arrival; he thought he could not do less: And he hoped his sisters, from whose example she might be benefited, would, while she behaved prudently, cultivate her acquaintance.

The doctor tells me, that now Lady Olivia is so unexpectedly come hither in person, he thinks it best to decline giving me, as he had once intended, her history at large; but will leave so much of it as may satisfy my curiosity, to be gathered from my own observation; and not only from the violence and haughtiness of her temper, but from the freedom of her declarations. He is sure, he said, that his patron will be best pleased, that a veil should be thrown over the weaker part of her conduct; which, were it known, would indeed be glorious to Sir Charles, but not so to the Lady; who, however, never was suspected, even by her enemies, of giving any other man reason to tax her with a thought that was not strictly virtuous: And she had engaged his Pity and Esteem, for the sake of her other fine qualities, tho' she could not his Love. Before she saw him (which, it seems, was at the opera at Florence for the first time, when he had an opportunity to pay her some slight civilities) she set all men at defiance.

To-morrow morning Sir Charles is to breakfast with *me*. My cousins and I are to dine at Lord L.'s. The Earl and Lady Gertrude are also to be there. Lord W. has been prevailed upon to stay, and be there also, as it is his nephew's last day in England.—'Last day in England!' O my Lucy! What words are those!—Lady L. has invited Lady Olivia and her aunt, at her own motion, Sir Charles (his time being so short) not disapproving.

I thank my grandmamma and aunt for their kind summons. I will soon set my day: I will, my dear, soon set my day.

LETTER XXII

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Friday Noon, Apr. 14*

NOT five hours in bed; not one hour's rest, for many uneasy nights before. I was stupid till Sir Charles came: I then was better. He enquired, with tender looks and voice, after my health; as if he thought I did not look well.

We had some talk about Lord and Lady G. He was anxious for their happiness. He complimented me with hopes from my advice to her. Lord G. he said, was a good-natured honest man. If he thought his sister would make him unhappy, he should himself be so.

I told him, that I dared to answer for her heart. My Lord must bear with some innocent foibles, and all would be well.

We then talked of Lady Olivia. *He* began the subject, by asking me my opinion of her. I said she was a very fine woman in her person; and that she had an air of grandeur in her mien.

And she has good qualities, said he; but she is violent in her passions. I am frequently grieved for her. She is a fine creature in danger of being lost, by being made too soon her own mistress.

He said not one word of his departure to-morrow morning: I could not begin it; my heart would not let me; my spirits were not high: And I am afraid, if that key had been touched, I should have been too visibly affected. My cousins forbore, upon the same apprehension.

He was excessively tender and soothing to me, in his air, his voice, his manner. I thought of what Emily said; that his voice, when he spoke of me, was the voice of Love. Dear flattering girl!—But *why* did she flatter me?

We talked of *her* next. He spoke of her with the tenderness of a father. He besought me to love her. He praised her heart.

Emily, said I, venerates her guardian. She never will do any-thing contrary to his advice.

She is very young, replied he. She will be happy, madam, in yours. She both loves and reverences you.

I greatly love the dear Emily, Sir. She and I shall be always sisters.

How happy am I, in your goodness to her! Permit me, madam, to enumerate to you my own felicities in that of my dearest friends.

Mr. Beauchamp is now in the agreeable situation I have long wished him to be in. His prudence and obliging behaviour to his mother-in-law, have won her. His father grants him every-thing through her; and she, by this means, finds that power enlarged which she was afraid would be lessened, if the son were allowed to come over. How just is this reward of his filial duty!

Thus, Lucy, did he give up the merit to his Beauchamp, which was solely due to himself.

Lord W. he hoped, would be soon one of the happiest men in England: And the whole Mansfield family had now fair prospects opening before them.

Emily [Not *he*, you see] had made it the interest of her mother to be quiet.

Lord and Lady L. gave him pleasure whenever he saw them, or thought of them.

Dr. Bartlett was in Heaven, while on earth. He would retire to his beloved Grandison-hall, and employ himself in distributing, as objects offered, at least a thousand pounds of the three thousand bequeathed to charitable uses by his late friend Mr. Danby. His sister's fortune was paid. His estates in both kingdoms were improving—See, madam, said he, how like the friend of my Soul I claim your attention to affairs that are of consequence to myself; and in some of which your generosity of heart has interested you.

I bowed. Had I spoken, I had burst into tears. I had something arose in my throat, I know not what. Still, thought I, excellent man, you are not yourself happy!—O pity! pity! Yet, Lucy, he plainly had been enumerating all these things, to take off from my mind that impression which I am afraid he too well knows it is affected with, from his difficult situation.

And now, madam, resumed he, how are all my dear and good friends, whom you more particularly call yours?—I hope to have the honour of a personal knowlege of them. When heard you from our good Mr. Deane? He is well, I hope.

Very well, Sir.

Your grandmamma Shirley, that ornament of advanced years?

I bowed: I dared not to trust my voice.

Your excellent aunt Selby?

I bowed again.

Your uncle, your Lucy, your Nancy: Happy family! All harmony! all love!—How do they?

I wiped my eyes.

Is there any service in my power to do them, or any of them? Command me, good Miss Byron, if there be: My Lord W. and I are one. Our influence is not small.—Make me still *more* happy, in the power of serving any one favoured by you.

You oppress me, Sir, by your goodness!—I cannot speak my grateful sensibilities.

Will you, my dear Mr. Reeves, Will you, madam, (to my cousin) employ me in any way that I can be of use to you, either abroad or at home? Your acquaintance has given me great pleasure. To what a family of worthies has this excellent young Lady introduced me!

O Sir! said Mrs. Reeves, tears running down her cheeks, that you were not to leave people whom you have made so happy in the knowlege of the best of men!

Indispensable calls must be obeyed, my dear Mrs. Reeves. If we cannot be as happy as we wish, we will rejoice in the happiness we *can* have. We must not be our own carvers.¹—But I make you all serious. I was enumerating, as I told you, my present felicities: I was rejoicing in your friendships. I *have* joy; and, I presume to say, I *will* have joy. There is a bright side in every event; I will not lose sight of it: And there is a dark one; but I will endeavour to see it only with the eye of prudence, that I may not be involved by it at unawares. Who that is not reproached by his own heart, and is blessed with health, can grieve for inevitable evils; evils that can be only evils as we make them so? Forgive my seriousness: My dear friends, you *make* me grave. Favour me, I beseech you, my good Miss Byron, with one lesson: We shall be too much engaged, perhaps, by-and-by.

He led me (I thought it was with a *chearful* air; but my cousins both say, his eyes glistened) to the harpsichord: He sung unasked, but with a low voice; and my mind was calmed. O Lucy! How can I part with such a man? How can I take my leave of him?—But perhaps he has taken his leave of me already, as to the solemnity of it, in the manner I have recited.

LETTER XXIII

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Saturday Morning, Apr. 15

O LUCY, Sir Charles Grandison is gone! Gone indeed! He sat out at three this morning; on purpose, no doubt, to spare his sisters, and the two brothers-in-law, and Lord W. as well as himself, concern. We broke not up till after two. Were I in the writing humour which I have never known to fail me till now, I could dwell upon an hundred things, some of which I can now only briefly mention.

Dinner-time yesterday passed with tolerable *chearfulness*: Every one *tried* to be *chearful*. O what pain attends loving too well, and being too well beloved! He must have pain, as well as we.

Lady Olivia was the most thoughtful, at dinner-time; yet poor Emily! Ah the poor Emily! she went out four or five times to weep; tho' only I perceived it.

Nobody was chearful after dinner but Sir Charles. He seemed to exert himself to be so. He prevailed on me to give them a lesson on the harpsichord. Lady L. played: Lady G. played: We *tried* to play, I should rather say. He himself took the violin, and afterwards sat down to the harpsichord, for one short lesson. He was not known to be such a master: But he was long in Italy. Lady Olivia indeed knew him to be so. She was induced to play upon the harpsichord: She surpassed every-body. Italy is the land of harmony.

About seven at night he singled me out, and surprised me greatly by what he said. He told me, that Lady D. had made him a visit. I was before low: I was then ready to sink. She has asked me questions, madam.

Sir, Sir! was all I could say.

He himself trembled as he spoke—Alas! my dear, he surely loves me! Hear how solemnly he spoke—God Almighty be your director, my dear Miss Byron! I wish not more happiness to my own Soul, than I do to you.—In discharge of a promise made, I mention this visit to you: I might otherwise have spared you, and myself—

He stopt there—Then resumed; for I was silent—I could not speak—Your friends will be entreated for a man that loves you; a very worthy young nobleman.—I give you emotion, madam.—Forgive me.—I have performed my promise. He turned from me with a seeming chearful air. How *could* he appear to be chearful!

We made parties at cards. I knew not what I played. Emily sighed, and tears stole down her cheeks, as she played. O how she loves her guardian! Emily, I say—I don't know what I write!

At supper we were all very melancholy. Mr. Beauchamp was urgent to go abroad with him. He changed the subject, and gave him an *indirect* denial, as I may call it, by recommending the two Italian Ladies to his best services.

Sir Charles, kind, good, excellent! wished to Lord L. to have seen Mr. Grandison!—Unworthy as that man has made himself of his attention.

He was a few moments in private with Lady Olivia. She returned to company with red eyes.

Poor Emily watched an opportunity to be spoken to by him alone—So diligently!—He led her to the window—About one o'clock it was—He held both her hands. He called her, she says, *his* Emily. He charged her to write to him.

She could not speak; she could only sob; yet thought she had a thousand things to say to him.

He contradicted not the hope his sisters and their Lords had of his breakfasting with them. They invited me; they invited the Italian Ladies: Lady L. Lord L. did go, in expectation: But Lady

G. when she found him gone, sent me and the Italian Ladies word, that he was. It would have been cruel, if she had not. How *could* he steal away so! I find, that he intended that his morning visit to me (as indeed I half-suspected) should be a taking leave of my cousins, and your Harriet. How many things did he say then—How many questions ask—In tender woe—He wanted to do us all service—He seemed not to know what to say—Surely he hates not your poor Harriet—What struggles in his noble bosom!—But a man cannot complain: A man cannot ask for compassion, as a woman can. But surely his is the gentlest of manly minds!

When we broke up, he handed my cousin Reeves into her coach. He handed me. Mr. Reeves said, We see you again, Sir Charles, in the morning? He bowed. At handing me in, he sighed—He pressed my hand—I think he did—That was all.—He saluted nobody.—He will not meet his Clementina as he parted with us.

But, I doubt not, Dr. Bartlett was in the secret.

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He was. He has just been here. He found my eyes swelled. I had had no rest; yet knew not, till seven o'clock, that he was gone.

It was very good of the doctor to come: His visit soothed me: Yet he took no notice of my red eyes. Nay, for that matter, Mrs. Reeves's eyes were swelled, as well as mine. Angel of a man! How is he beloved!

The doctor says, that his Sisters, their Lords, Lord W. are in as much grief as if he were departed for ever—And who knows—But I will not torment myself with supposing the worst: I will endeavour to bear in mind what he said yesterday morning to us, no doubt for an instruction, that he *would* have joy.

And did he then think that I should be so much grieved as to want such an instruction?—And therefore did he vouchsafe to give it?—But, vanity, be quiet—Lie down, hope—Hopelessness, take place!—Clementina shall be his. He shall be hers.

Yet his emotion, Lucy, at mentioning Lady D.'s visit—O! but that was only owing to his humanity. He saw *my* emotion; and acknowledged the tenderest friendship for me! Ought I not to be satisfied with that? I *am*. I *will be* satisfied. Does he not love me with the love of mind? The poor Olivia has not this to comfort herself with. The poor Olivia! If I see her sad and afflicted, how I shall pity her! All her expectations frustrated; the expectations that engaged her to combat difficulties, to travel, to cross many waters, and to come to England—to come just time enough to take leave of him; he hastening on the wings of Love and Compassion to a dearer, a *deservedly* dearer object, in the country she had quitted, on purpose

to visit him in his—Is not hers a more grievous situation than mine?—It is. Why, then, do I lament?

But here, Lucy, let me in confidence hint, what I have gathered from several intimations from Dr. Bartlett, tho' as tenderly made by him as possible, that had Sir Charles Grandison been a man capable of taking advantage of the violence of a Lady's passion for him, the unhappy Olivia would not have scrupled, great, haughty, and noble, as she is, by birth and fortune, to have been his, without conditions, if she could not have been so with: The Italian world is of this opinion, at least. Had Sir Charles been a Rinaldo, Olivia had been an Armida.¹

O that I could hope, for the honour of the Sex, and of the Lady who is so fine a woman, that the Italian world is mistaken!—I will presume that it is.

My good Dr. Bartlett, will you allow me to accuse you of a virtue too rigorous? That is sometimes the fault of very good people. You own that Sir Charles has not, even to *you*, revealed a secret so disgraceful to her. You own, that he has only blamed her for having too little regard for her reputation, and for the violence of her temper: Yet how patiently, for one of such a temper, has she taken his departure, almost on the day of her arrival! *He* could not have given her an *opportunity* to indicate to him a concession so criminal: *She* could not, if he *had*, have made the overture. Wicked, wicked world! I will not believe you! And the less credit shall you have with me, Italian world, as I have *seen* the Lady. The innocent heart will be a charitable one. Lady Olivia is only too intrepid. Prosperity, as Sir Charles observed, has been a snare to her, and set her above a proper regard to her reputation.—Merciless world! I do not love you. Dear Dr. Bartlett, you are not yet absolutely perfect! These hints of yours against Olivia, gathered from the malevolence of the envious, are proofs (the first indeed that I have met with) of *your* imperfection!

Excuse me, Lucy: How have I run on! Disappointment has mortified me, and made me good-natured.—I will welcome adversity, if it enlarge my charity!

The doctor tells me, that Emily, with her half-broken heart, will be here presently. If I can be of comfort to her—But I want it myself, from the same cause. We shall only weep over each other.

As I told you, the doctor, and the doctor only, knew of his setting out so early. He took leave of him. Happy Dr. Bartlett!—Yet I see by his eyes, that this parting cost him some paternal tears.

Never father better loved a son than this good man loves Sir Charles Grandison.

Sir Charles, it seems, had settled all his affairs three days before. His servants were appointed. Richard Saunders is one of the three

he has taken with him. Happy servants! to be every day in the presence of such a master.

The doctor tells me, that he had last week presented the elder Mr. Oldham with a pair of colours, which he had purchased for him. Nobody had heard of this.

Lord W. he says, is preparing for Windsor; Mr. Beauchamp for Hampshire, for a few days; and then he returns to attend the commands of the noble Italians. Lady Olivia will soon have her equipage ready. She will make a great appearance.—But Sir CHARLES GRANDISON will not be with her. What is grandeur to a disturbed heart? The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude are setting out for Hertfordshire. Lord and Lady L. talk of retiring, for a few weeks, to Colnebrooke: The Doctor is preparing for Grandison-hall; your poor Harriet for Northamptonshire—Bless me, my dear, what a dispersion!—But Lord W.'s nuptials will collect some of them together at Windsor.

Emily, the dear weeping girl! is just come. She is with my cousins. She expects my permission for coming up to me. Imagine us weeping over each other; praying for, blessing the guardian of us both. Your imagination cannot form a scene too tender. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XXIV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Sunday, April 16

O WHAT a blank, my dear!—But I need not say what I was going to say. Poor Emily!—But to mention her grief, is to paint my own.

Lord W. went to Windsor yesterday.

A very odd behaviour of Lady Olivia. Mr. Beauchamp went yesterday, and offered to attend her to any of the public places, at her pleasure; in pursuance of Sir Charles's reference to him, to do all in his power to make England agreeable to her: And she thought fit to tell him before her aunt, that she thanked him for his civility; but she should not trouble him during her stay in England. She had *gentlemen* in her train; and one of them had been in England before—He left her in disgust.

Lady L. making her a visit in the evening, she told her of Mr. Beauchamp's offer, and of her answer. The gentleman, said she, is a polite and very agreeable man; and *this* made me treat his kind offer with abruptness: For I can hardly doubt your brother's view in it.

I *scorn* his view: And if I were sure of it, perhaps I should find a way to make him repent of the indignity. Lady L. was sure, she said, that neither her brother, nor Mr. Beauchamp, had any other views than to make England as agreeable to her as possible.

Be this as it may, madam, said she, I have no service for Mr. Beauchamp: But if your Ladyship, your sister, and your two Lords, will allow me to cultivate your friendship, you will do me honour. Dr. Bartlett's company will be very agreeable to me likewise, as often as he will give it me. To Miss Jervois I lay some little claim. I would have had her for my companion in Italy; but your cruel brother—No more, however, of him. Your English beauty too, I admire her: But, poor young creature, I admire her the more, because I can pity *her*. I should think myself very happy to be better acquainted with her.

Lady L. made her a very polite answer for herself and her sister, and their Lords: But told her, that I was very soon to set out for my own abode in Northamptonshire; and that Dr. Bartlett had some commissions, which would oblige him, in a day or two, to go to Sir Charles's seat in the country. She herself offered to attend her to Windsor, and to every other place, at her command.

Lady L. took notice of her wrist being bound round with a broad black ribband, and asked, If it were hurt? A kind of sprain, said she. But you little imagine how it came; and must not ask.

This made Lady L. curious. And Olivia requesting that Emily might be allowed to breakfast with her as this morning; she has bid the dear girl endeavour to know how it came, if it fell in her way: For Olivia reddened, and looked up, with a kind of consciousness, to Lady L. when she told her that she must not ask questions about it.

Lady G. is very earnest with me to give into the town-diversions for a month to come: But I have now no desire in my heart so strong, as to throw myself at the feet of my grandmamma and aunt; and to be embraced by my Lucy and Nancy, and all my Northamptonshire Loves. I am only afraid of my uncle. He will railly his Harriet; yet only, I know, in hopes to divert her, and us all: But my jesting days are over: My situation will not bear it. Yet if it will divert himself, let him railly.

I shall be so much importuned to stay longer than I ought, or *will* stay, that I may as well fix a peremptory¹ day at once. Will you, my ever indulgent friends, allow me to set out for Selby-house on Friday next? Not on a Sunday, as Lady Betty Williams advises, for fear of the *odious waggons*. But I have been in a different school. Sir

Charles Grandison, I find, makes it a *tacit* rule with him, Never to *begin* a journey on a Sunday; nor, except when in pursuit of works of mercy or necessity, to travel in time of Divine Service. And this rule he observed last Sunday, tho' he reached us here in the evening. O my grandmamma! How much is he, what you all are, and ever have been!—But he is now pursuing a work of mercy. God succeed to him the end of his pursuit!

But why *tacit*? you will ask. Is Sir Charles Grandison ashamed to make an open appearance in behalf of his Christian duties? He is not. For instance; I have never seen him sit down at his own table, in the absence of Dr. Bartlett, or some other clergyman, but he himself says grace; and that with such an easy dignity, as commands every one's reverence; and which is succeeded by a cheerfulness that looks as if he were the better pleased for having shewn a thankful heart.

Dr. Bartlett has also told me, that he begins and ends every day, either in his Chamber, or in his Study, in a manner worthy of one who is in earnest in his Christian profession. But he never frights gay company with grave maxims. I remember, one day, Mr. Grandison asked him, in his absurd way, Why he did not preach to his company now-and-then? Faith, Sir Charles, said he, if you did, you would reform many a poor ignorant sinner of us; since you could do it with more weight, and more certainty of attention, than any parson in Christendom.

It would be an affront, said Sir Charles, to the understanding, as well as education, of a man who took rank above a peasant, in such a country as this, to seem to question whether he *knew* his general duties, or not, and the necessity of practising what he knew of them. If he should be at a loss, he *may* once a week be reminded, and his heart kept warm. Let you and me, cousin Everard, shew our conviction by our practice; and not invade the clergyman's province.

I remember, that Mr. Grandison shewed his conviction by his blushes; and by repeating the three little words, *You and me!* Sir Charles.

Sunday Evening

O my dear friends! I have a strange, a shocking piece of intelligence to give you! Emily has just been with me in tears: She begged to speak with me in private. When we were alone, she threw her arms about my neck: Ah, madam! said she, I am come to tell you, that there is a person in the world that I hate, and must and will hate, as long as I live. It is Lady Olivia.—Take me down with you into Northamptonshire, and never let me see her more.

I was surprised.

O madam! I have found out, that she would, on Thursday last, have killed my guardian.

I was astonished, Lucy.

They retired together, you know, madam: My guardian came from her, his face in a glow; and he sent in his sister to her, and went not in himself till afterwards. She would have had him put off his journey. She was enraged because he would not; and they were high together; and at last she pulled out of her stays, in fury, a poniard, and vowed to plunge it into his heart. He should never, she said, see his Clementina more. He went to her. Her heart failed her. Well it might, you know, madam. He seized her hand. He took it from her. She struggled, and in struggling her wrist was hurt; that's the meaning of the broad black ribband!—Wicked creature! to have such a thought in her heart!—He only said, when he had got it from her, Unhappy, violent woman, I return not this instrument of mischief! You will have no use for it in England—And would not let her have it again.

I shuddered. O my dear, said I, he has been a sufferer, we are told, by good women; but this is *not* a good woman. But can it be true? Who informed you of it?

Lady Maffei herself. She thought that Sir Charles must have spoken of it: And when she found he had not, she was sorry she *had*, and begged I would not tell any-body: But I could not keep it from you. And she says, that Lady Olivia is grieved on the remembrance of it; and arraigns herself, and her wicked passion; and the more, for his noble forgiveness of her on the spot, and recommending her afterwards to the civilities of his sisters, and their Lords. But I hate her, for all that.

Poor unhappy Olivia! said I. But what, my Emily, are we women, who should be the meekest and tenderest of the whole animal creation, when we give way to passion! But if she is so penitent, let not the shocking attempt be known to his sisters, or their Lords. I may take the liberty of mentioning it, in *strict confidence* [Observe that, Lucy] to those from whom I keep not any secret: But let it not be divulged to any of the relations of Sir Charles. Their detestation of her, which must follow, would not be concealed; and the unhappy creature, made desperate, might—Who knows what she might do?

The dear girl ran on upon what might have been the consequence, and what a loss the world would have had, if the horrid fact had been perpetrated. Lady Maffei told her, however, that had not her heart relented, she might have done him mischief; for he was too rash in approaching her. She fell down on her knees to him, as soon as he had wrested the poniard from her. I forgive, and pity you, madam, said he, with an air that had, as Olivia and her aunt have recollected since, both majesty and compassion in it: But he would withdraw. Yet, at her request, sent in Lady L. to her; and, going into his Study, told not even Dr. Bartlett of it, tho' he went to him there immediately.

From the consciousness of this violence, perhaps, the Lady was more temperate afterwards, even to the very time of his departure.

Lord bless me, What shall I do? Lady D. has sent a card to let me know, that she will wait upon Mrs. Reeves and me to-morrow to breakfast. She comes, no doubt, to tell me, that Sir Charles having no thoughts of Harriet Byron, Lord D. may have hopes of succeeding with her: And perhaps her Ladyship will plead Sir Charles's recommendation and interest in Lord D.'s favour. But should this plea be made, good Heaven give me patience! I am afraid I shall be uncivil to this excellent woman.

LETTER XXV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Monday, April 17
THE Countess is just gone.

Mr. Reeves was engaged before to breakfast with Lady Betty Williams; and we were only Mrs. Reeves, Lady D. and I.

My heart aaked at her entrance; and every moment still more, as we were at breakfast. Her looks, I thought, had such particular kindness and meaning in them, as seemed to express, 'You have no hopes, Miss Byron, any-where else; and I will have you to be mine.'

But my suspense was over the moment the tea-table was removed. I see your confusion, my dear, said the Countess [Mrs. Reeves, you must not leave us]; and I have sat in pain for you, as I saw it increase. By this I know that Sir Charles Grandison has been as good as his word. Indeed I doubted not but he would. I don't wonder, my dear, that you love him. He is the finest man in his manners, as well as person, that I ever saw. A woman of virtue and honour cannot *but* love him. But I need not praise him to you; nor to *you*, neither, Mrs. Reeves; I see that.

Now you must know, proceeded she, that there is an alliance proposed for my son, of which I think very well; but still should have thought better, had I never seen you, my dear. I have talked to my Lord about it: You know I am very desirous to have him married. His answer was; I never can think of any proposal of this nature, while I have any hope that I can make myself acceptable to Miss Byron.

What think you, my Lord, said I, if I should directly apply to Sir Charles Grandison, to know his intentions; and whether he has any hopes of obtaining her favour? He is said to be the most

unreserved of men. He knows our characters to be as unexceptionable as his own; and that our alliance cannot be thought a discredit to the first family in the kingdom. It is a free question, I own; as I am unacquainted with him by person: But he is such a man, that methinks I can take pleasure in addressing myself to him on *any* subject.

My Lord smiled at the freedom of my motion; but not disapproving it, I directly went to Sir Charles, and, after due compliments, told him my business.

The Countess stopt. She is very penetrating. She looked at us both.

Well, madam, said my cousin, with an air of curiosity—Pray, your Ladyship—

I could not speak for very impatience—

I never heard in my life, said the Countess, such a fine character of any mortal, as he gave you. He told me of his engagements to go abroad as the very next day. He highly extolled the Lady for whose sake, principally, he was obliged to go abroad; and he spoke as highly of a brother of hers, whom he loved as if he were his own brother; and mentioned very affectionately the young Lady's whole family.

'God only knows, said he, what may be *my* destiny!—As generosity, as justice, or rather as Providence, leads, I will follow.'

After he had generously opened his heart, proceeded the Countess, I asked him, If he had any hope, should the foreign Lady recover her *health*, of her being his?

I can promise myself nothing, said he. I go over without one selfish hope. If the Lady recover *her* health, and her brother can be amended in *his*, by the assistance I shall carry over with me, I shall have joy inexpressible. To Providence I leave the rest. The result cannot be in my *own* power.'

Then, Sir, proceeded the Countess, you cannot in honour be under any engagements to Miss Byron?

I arose from my seat. Whither, my dear?—I have *done*, if I oppress you. I moved my chair behind hers, but so close to hers, that I leaned on the back of it, my face hid, and my eyes running over. She stood up. Sit down again, madam, said I, and proceed—Pray proceed. You have excited my curiosity. Only let me sit here, *unheeded*, behind you.

Pray, madam, said Mrs. Reeves (burning also with curiosity, as she has since owned) go on; and indulge my cousin in her present seat. What answer did Sir Charles return?

My dear Love, said the Countess (sitting down, as I had requested) let me first be answered one question. I would not do mischief.

You cannot do mischief, madam, replied I. What is your Ladyship's question?

Has Sir Charles Grandison ever directly made his addresses to you, my dear?

Never, madam.

It is not for want of love, I dare aver, that he has not. But thus he answered my question: 'I should have thought myself the unworthiest of men, knowing the difficulties of my own situation, how great soever were the temptation from Miss Byron's merit, if I had sought to engage her affections.'

[O, Lucy! How nobly is his whole conduct towards me justified!]

'She has, madam (proceeded the Countess in his words) 'a prudence that I never knew equalled in a woman so young. With a frankness of mind, to which hardly ever young Lady before her had pretensions, she has such a command of her affections, that no man, I dare say, will ever have a share in them, till he has courted her favour by assiduities which shall convince her that he has no heart but for *her*.'

O my Lucy! What an honour to me would these sentiments be, if I deserved them! And *can* Sir Charles Grandison think I *do*?—I hope so. But if he does, how much am I indebted to his favourable, his generous opinion! Who knows but I have reason to rejoice, rather than to regret, as I used to do, his frequent absences from Colnebrooke?

The Countess proceeded.

Then, Sir, you will not take it amiss, if my son, by *his* assiduities, can prevail upon Miss Byron to think that he *has* merit, and that his heart is *wholly* devoted to her.

'Amiss, madam!—No!—In justice, in honour, I cannot. May Miss Byron be, as she deserves to be, one of the happiest women on earth in her nuptials. I have heard a great character of Lord D. He has a very large estate. He may boast of his mother—God forbid, that I, a man *divided in myself*, not knowing what I *can* do, hardly sometimes what I *ought* to do, should seek to involve in my own uncertainties the friend I revere; the woman I so greatly admire: Her beauty so attracting; so proper therefore for her to engage a generous protector in the married state!'

Generous man! thought I. O how my tears ran down my cheeks, as I hid my face behind the Countess's chair!

But will you allow me, Sir, proceeded the Countess, to ask you, Were you freed from all your uncertainties—

'Permit me, madam, interrupted he, to spare you the question you were going to put. Miss Byron may come to hear the substance of a conversation that is of a very delicate nature—As I know not

what will be the result of my journey abroad, I should think myself a very *selfish* man, and a very dishonourable one to *two* Ladies of equal delicacy and worthiness, if I sought to involve, as I hinted before, in my own uncertainties, a young Lady whose prudence and great qualities must make herself and *any* man happy, whom she shall favour with her hand.

'To be still more explicit, proceeded he, With what face could I look up to a woman of honour and delicacy, such a one as the Lady before whom I now stand, if I could own a wish, that, while my honour has laid me under obligation to *one* Lady, if she shall be permitted to accept of me, I should presume to hope, that *another*, no less worthy, would hold her favour for me suspended, till she saw what would be the issue of the first obligation? No, madam; I could sooner die, than offer such indignity to BOTH! I am fettered, added he; but Miss Byron is free: And so is the Lady abroad. My attendance on her at this time, is indispensable; but I make not any conditions for myself—My reward will be in the consciousness of having discharged the obligations that I think myself under, as a man of honour.'

The countess's voice changed in repeating this speech of his: And she stopt to praise him; and then went on.

You are *THE* man, indeed, Sir!—But then give me leave to ask you, As I think it very likely that you will be married before your return to England, Whether now that you have been so good as to speak favourably of my son, and that you call Miss Byron Sister, you will oblige him with a recommendation to that sister?

'The Countess of D. shews, by this request, her value for a young Lady who deserves it; and the *more*, for its being, I think (Excuse me, madam) a pretty extraordinary one. But what a presumption would it be in me, to suppose that I had SUCH an interest with Miss Byron, when she has relations as worthy of *her*, as she is of *them*?

You may guess, my dear, said the Countess, that I should not have put this question, but as a trial of his heart. However, I asked his pardon; and told him, that I would not believe he gave it me, except he would promise to mention to Miss Byron, that I had made him a visit on this subject [Methinks, Lucy, I should have been glad that he had not let *me* know that he was so forgiving!].

And now, my dear, said the Lady, let me turn about.—She did; and put one arm round my neck, and with my own handkerchief wiped my eyes, and kissed my cheek; and when she saw me a little recovered, she addressed me as follows:

Now, my good young creature, [O that you would let me call you daughter in my own way! for I think I must always call you so, whether you do, or not] let me ask you, as if I were your real mother, 'Have you any expectation that Sir Charles Grandison will be yours?'

Dear madam, Is not this as hard a question to be put to me, as that which you put to him?

Yes, my dear—full as hard. And I am as ready to ask your pardon, as I was his, if you are really displeased with me for putting it. Are you, Miss Byron? Excuse me, Mrs. Reeves, for thus urging your lovely cousin: I am at least entitled to the excuse Sir Charles Grandison made for me, that it is a demonstration of my value for her.

I have declared, madam, returned I, and it is from my heart, that I think he ought to be the husband of the Lady abroad: And tho' I prefer him to all the men I ever saw, yet I have resolved, if possible, to conquer the particular regard I have for him. He has in a very noble manner offered me his friendship, so long as it may be accepted without interfering with any other attachments on my part: And I will be satisfied with that.

A friendship so pure, replied the Countess, as that of such a man, is consistent with *any other* attachments. My Lord D. will, with his whole Soul, contribute all in his power to strengthen it: He admires Sir Charles Grandison: He would think it a double honour to be acquainted with him through you. Dearest Miss Byron, take another worthy young man into your friendship, but with a tenderer name: I shall then claim a fourth place in it for myself. O my dear! What a quadruple knot will you tie!

Your Ladyship does me too much honour, was all I could just then reply.

I *must* have an answer, my dear: I will not take up with a compliment.

This, then, madam, is my answer—I hope I am an honest creature: I have *not* a heart to give.

Then you have expectations, my dear.—Well, I will call you *mine*, if I *can*. Never did I think that I could have made the proposal, that I am going to make you: But in my eyes, as well as in my Lord's, you are an incomparable young woman.—This is it—We will not think of the alliance proposed to us (It is yet *but* a proposal, and to which we have not returned any answer) till we see what turn the affair Sir Charles is gone upon, takes. You once said, you could prefer my son to any of the men that had hitherto applied to you for your favour. Your affections to Sir Charles were engaged before you knew us. Will you allow my son this preference, which will be the *first* preference, if Sir Charles engages himself abroad?

Your Ladyship surprises me: Shall I not improve by the example you have just now set before me? Who was it that said, and a *man* too? 'With what face could I look up to a woman of honour and delicacy, such a one as the Lady before whom I now stand, if I

could own a wish, that, while' my heart leaned to one person, I should think of keeping another in suspense till I saw whether I could or could not be the other's? 'No, madam, I would sooner die,' as Sir Charles said, 'than offer such an indignity to *both*.' But I know, madam, that you only made this proposal, as you did another to Sir Charles Grandison, as a *trial of my heart*.

Upon my word, my dear, I should, I think, be glad to be entitled to such an excuse: But I was really in earnest; and now take a little shame to myself.

What charming ingenuousness' in this Lady!

She clasped her arms about me, and kissed my cheek again. I have but one plea to make for myself; I could not have fallen into such an error (the example so recently given to the contrary) had I not wished you to be, before any woman in the world, Countess of D.—Noble creature! No title can give you dignity. May your own wishes be granted!

My cousin's eyes ran over with pleasure.

The Countess asked, When I returned to Northamptonshire? I told her my intention. She charged me to see her first. But I can tell you, said she, my Lord shall not be present when you come: Not once more will I trust him in your company; and if he should steal a visit, unknown to me, let not your cousin see him, Mrs. Reeves. He does *indeed* admire you, Love, looking at me.

I acknowledged, with a grateful heart, her goodness to me. She engaged me to correspond with her when I got home. Her commands were an honour done me, that I could not refuse myself. Her son, she smilingly told me, should no more see my Letters, than my Person.

At her going away—I will tell you one thing, said she: I never before, in a business which my heart was set upon, was so effectually silenced by a precedent produced by myself in the same conversation. I came with an assurance of success. When our *hearts* are engaged in a hope, we are apt to think every step we take for the promoting it, reasonable: Our passions, my dear, will evermore run away with our judgment. But now I think of it, I must, when I say *our*, make two exceptions; one for you, and one for Sir Charles Grandison.

But, Lucy, tell me—May I, do you think, explain the meaning of the word SELFISH used by Sir Charles in the conclusion of the Library-conference at Colnebrooke (and which puzzled me then to make out) by his disclaiming of *selfishness* in the conversation with the Countess above-recited? If I may, what an opening of his heart does that word give in my favour, were he at liberty? Does it not look, my dear, as if his *Honour* checked him, when his *Love* would have prompted him to wish me to preserve my heart disengaged till

his return from abroad? Nor let it be said, that it was dishonourable in him to have such a thought, as it was *checked* and *overcome*; and as it was succeeded by such an emotion, that he was obliged to depart abruptly from me.—Let me repeat the words—You may not have my Letter at hand which relates that affecting address to me; and it is impossible for me, while I have memory, to forget them. He had just concluded his brief history of Clementina—‘And now, madam, what can I say?—Honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous, *selfish*!’—If I may flatter myself, Lucy, that he did love me when he said this, and that he had a conflict in his noble heart between the Love on one side so *hopeless* (for I could not forgive him, if he did not *love*, as well as *pity*, Clementina), and on the other *not so* hopeless, were there to have been no bar between—Shall we not pity him for the arduous struggle? Shall we not see that honour carried it, even in favour of the *hopeless* against the *hopeful*, and applaud him the more for being able to overcome? How shall we call virtue by its name, if it be not tried; and if it hath no contest with inclination?

If I am a vain self-flatterer, tell me, chide me, Lucy; but allow me, however, at the same time, this praise, if I can make good my claim to it, that *my* conquest of my passion is at least as glorious for me, as *his* is for him, were he to love me ever so well; since I can most sincerely, however painfully, subscribe to the preference which Honour, Love, Compassion, unitedly, give to CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Monday Night

MY cousins and I, by invitation, supp'd with Lady G. this evening. Lord and Lady L. were there; Lady Olivia also, and Lady Maffei.

I have set them all into a consternation, as they expressed themselves, by my declaration of leaving London on my return home early on Friday morning next. I knew, that were I to pass the whole summer here, I must be peremptory at last. The two sisters vow, that I shall not go so soon. They say, that I have seen so few of the town diversions—Town-diversions, Lucy!—I have had diversion enough, of one sort!—But in your arms, my dear friends, I shall have consolation.—And I want it.

I have great regrets, and shall have hourly more, as the day approaches, on the leaving of such dear and obliging friends: But I am determined.

My cousin's coach will convey me to Dunstable; and there, I know, I shall meet with my indulgent uncle, or your brother. I would not have it publicly known, because of the officious gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Bartlett intended to set out for Grandison-hall to-morrow: But from the natural kindness of his heart he has suspended his journey to Thursday next. No consideration, therefore, shall detain me, if I am well.

My cousins are grieved: They did not expect that I would be a word and a blow, as they phrase it.

Lady Olivia expressed herself concerned, that she, in particular, was to lose me. She had proposed great pleasure, she said, in the parties she should make in my company. But, after what Emily told me, she appears to me as a Medusa; and were I to be thought by her a formidable rival, I might have as much reason to be afraid of the potion, as the man she loves of the poniard. Emily has kept the secret from every-body but me. And I rely on the inviolable secrecy of all you, my friends.

Lord and Lady L. had designed to go to Colnebrooke to-morrow, or at my day, having hopes of getting me with them: But now, they say, they will stay in town till they can see whether I am to be prevailed upon, or will be *obdurate*.

Lady Olivia enquired after the distance of Northamptonshire. She will make the tour of England, she says, and visit me there. I was obliged to say I should take her visit as an honour.

Wicked Politeness! Of how many falshoods dost thou make the people, who are called *polite*, guilty!

But there is one man in the world, who is remarkable for his truth, yet is unquestionably polite. He censures not others for complying with fashions established by custom; but he gives not in to them. He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for instance, suffers his servants to deny him, when he is at home.¹ If he is busy, he just finds time to say he is, to unexpected visitors; and if they will stay, he turns them over to his Sisters, to Dr. Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them. But then he has *always* done so. Every one knows that he lives to his own heart, and they *expect* it of him; and when they *can* have his company, they have double joy in the ease and chearfulness that attend his leisure: They then have him *wholly*. And he can be the more polite, as the company then is all his business.

Sir Charles might the better do so, as he came over so few months ago, after so long an absence; and his reputation for politeness was so well established, that people rather looked for rules from him, than a conformity to theirs.

His denials of complimenting Lady Olivia (tho' she was but just arrived in his native country, where she never was before) with the suspending of his departure for one week, or but for one day—Who but he could have given them? But he was convinced, that it was right to hasten away, for the sake of Clementina and his Jeronymo; and that it would have been wrong to shew Olivia, even for her *own* sake, that in *such* a competition she had consequence with him; and all her entreaties, all her menaces, the detested poniard in her hand, could not shake his steady soul, and make him delay his well-settled purpose.

LETTER XXVII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Tuesday Morning, April 18

THIS naughty Lady G.—She is excessively to blame. Lord L. is out of patience with her. So is Lady L. Emily says, she loves her dearly; but she does not love her ways. Lord G. as Emily tells me, talks of coming to me; the cause of quarrel supposed to be not great: But trifles, insisted upon, make frequently the widest breaches. Whatever it be, it is between themselves; and neither cares to tell: But Lord and Lady L. are angry with her, for the ludicrous manner in which she treats him.

The misunderstanding happened after my cousin and I left them last night. I was not in spirits, and declined staying to cards. Lady Olivia and her aunt went away at the same time. Whist was the game. Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett and Emily, were cast in. In the midst of their play, Lady G. came hurrying down stairs to them, warbling an air: Lord G. followed her, much disturbed. Madam, I must tell you, said he—Why *MUST*, my Lord? I don't bid you.

Sit still, child, said she to Emily; and took her seat behind her—Who wins? Who loses?

Lord G. walked about the room—Lord and Lady L. were unwilling to take notice, hoping it would go off; for there had been a few livelinesses on her side at dinner-time, tho' all was serene at supper.

Dr. Bartlett offered her his cards. She refused them—No, doctor, said she, I will play my own cards: I shall have enough to do to play *them* well.

As you manage it, so you will, madam, said Lord G.

Don't expose yourself, my Lord: We are before company. Lady L. you have nothing but trumps in your hand.

Let me say a word or two to you, madam, said Lord G. to her.
I am all obedience, my Lord.

She arose. He would have taken her hand: She put it behind her.
Not your *hand*, madam?

I can't spare it.

He flung from her, and went out of the room.

Lord bless me, said she, returning to the card-table with a gay
unconcern, What strange passionate creatures are these men!

Charlotte, said Lady L. I *wonder* at you.

Then I give you joy—

What do you mean, sister?—

We women love wonder, and the wonder-ful!

Surely, Lady G. said Lord L. you are wrong.

I give your Lordship joy, too.

On what?

That my sister is always right.

Indeed, madam, were I Lord G. I should have no patience.

A good hint for you, Lady L. I hope you will take this for a
warning, and be good.

When I behave as you do, Charlotte—

I understand you, Lady L. you need not speak out—Every one
in their way.

You would not behave thus, were my brother—

Perhaps not.

Dear Charlotte, you are excessively wrong!

So I think, returned she.

Why then do you not—

Mend, Lady L.? All in good time.

Her woman came in with a message, expressing her Lord's desire
to see her.—The duce is in these men! They will neither be satisfied
with us, nor without us. But I am all obedience: No *vow* will I
break—And out she went.

Lord G. not returning presently, and Lord and Lady L.'s chariot
being come, they both took this opportunity, in order to shew their
displeasure, to go away without taking leave of their sister. Dr.
Bartlett retired to his apartment. And when Lady G. came down,
she was surprised, and a little vexed, to find only Emily there. Lord
G. came in at another door—Upon my word, my Lord, this is
strange behaviour in you: You fright away, with your husband-like
airs, all one's company.

Good God!—I am astonished at you, madam.

What *signifies* your astonishment?—when you have scared every-
body out of the house.

I, madam!

You, Sir! Yes, You!—Did you not lord it over me in my dressing-room?—To be easy and quiet, Did I not fly to our company in the drawing-room? Did you not follow me there—with looks—Very pretty looks for a new-married man, I assure you! Then did you want to take me aside—Would not anybody have supposed it was to express your sorrow for your odd behaviour? Was I not all obedience?—Did you not, with very *mannish* airs, slight me for my compliance, and fly out of the room? All the company could witness the calmness with which I returned to them, that they might not be grieved for me; nor think our misunderstanding a deep one. Well, then, when your stomach came down, as I supposed, you sent for me out: No doubt, thought I, to express his concern now.—I was all obedience again.

And did I not beseech you, madam—

Beseech me, my Lord!—Yes—But with such looks!—I married, Sir, let me tell you, a man with another face—See, see, Emily—He is gone again.—

My Lord flew out of the room in a rage—O these men, my dear! said she to Emily.

I know, said Emily, what I could have answered, if I dared: But it is ill meddling, as I have heard say, between man and wife.

Emily says, the quarrel was not made up; but was carried higher still in the morning.

She had but just finished her tale, when the following billet was brought me, from Lady G.

Harriet,

Tuesday Morning

If you love me, if you pity me, come hither this instant: I have great need of your counsel. I am resolved to be unmarried; and therefore subscribe myself by the beloved name of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON

I instantly dispatched the following:

I KNOW no such person as Charlotte Grandison. I love Lady G. but can pity only her Lord. I will not come near you. I have no counsel to give you, but that you will not jest away your own happiness.

HARRIET BYRON

In half an hour after, came a servant from Lady G. with the following Letter:

So, then, I have made a blessed hand of wedlock, My brother gone: My man excessive unruly: Lord and Lady L. on his side, without

enquiring into merits, or demerits: Lectured by Dr. Bartlett's grave face: Emily standing aloof; her finger in her eye: And now my Harriet renouncing me: And all in one week!

What can I do?—War seems to be declared: And will you not turn mediatrix?—You won't, you say. Let it alone. Nevertheless, I will lay the whole matter before you.

It was last night, the week from the wedding-day not completed, that Lord G. thought fit to break into my retirement without my leave—By the way, he was a little impertinent at dinner-time; but that I passed over.—

What boldness is this, said I!—Pray, Sir, begone—Why leave you your company below?

I come, my dearest life, to make a request to you.

The man began with civility enough, had he had a little less of his odious rapture; for he flung his arms about me, Jenny in presence. A husband's fondness is enough to ruin these girls. Don't you think, Harriet, that there is an immorality in it, before them?

I refuse your request, be it what it will. How dare you invade me in my retirement?—You may believe, that I intended not to stay long above, my sister below. Does the ceremony, so lately past, authorize want of breeding?

Want of breeding, madam!—And he did so stare!

Leave me, this instant—I looked good-natured, I suppose, in my anger; for he declared he would not; and again throwing his arms about me as I sat, joined his sharp face to mine, and presumed to kiss me; Jenny still in the room.

Now, Harriet, you never will desert me in a point of delicacy, I am sure. You cannot defend these odious freedoms in a matrimony so young, unless you would be willing to be served so yourself.

You may suppose, that then I let loose my indignation upon him. And he stole out, daring to mutter, and be displeased. The word *devil* was in his mouth.

Did he call *me* devil, Jenny?

No, indeed, madam, said the wench—And, Harriet, see the ill example of such a free behaviour before her: She presumed to prate in favour of the man's fit of fondness; yet, at other times, is a prude of a girl.

Before my anger was gone down, in again [It is truth, Harriet] came the bold wretch. I will not, said he, as you are not *particularly* employed, leave you—Upon my soul, madam, you don't use me well. But if you will oblige me with your company to-morrow morning—

No-where, Sir—

Only to breakfast with Miss Byron, my *dear*—As a mark of your obligingness, I request it.

His dear!—Now I hate a hypocrite, of all things. I knew that he had a design to make a shew of his bride, as his property, at another place; and seeing me angry, thought he would name a visit agreeable to me, and which at the same time would give him a merit with you, and preserve to himself the consequence of being obliged by his obedient wife, at the word of authority.

From this foolish beginning arose our mighty quarrel. What vexed me was, the *art* of the man, and the evident design he had to get you of his side. He, in the course of it, threatened me with appealing to you.—To intend to ruin me in the Love of my dearest friend! Who, that valued that friend, could forgive it? You may believe, that if he had not proposed it, and after such accumulated offences, it was the very visit that I should have been delighted with.

Indeed, Sir—Upon my word, my Lord—I do assure you, Sir,—with a moderate degree of haughtiness—was what the quarrel arose to, on my side—And, at last, to a declaration of rebellion—I *won't*.

On his side, Upon my soul, madam—Let me perish, if—and then hesitating—You use me ill, madam. I have not deserved—And give me leave to say—I *insist* upon being obliged, madam.

There was no bearing of this, Harriet.—It was a cool evening; but I took up my fan—Hey-day! said I, What language is this?—You *insist upon it*, my Lord!—I think I am married; Am I not?—And I took my watch, Half an hour after ten on Monday night—the—What day of the month is this?—Please the Lord, I will note down this beginning moment of your authoritative demeanour.

My dear Lady G. [The wretch called me by his own name, perhaps farther to insult me] if I could bear this treatment, it is impossible for me to love you as I do.

So it is in *Love* to me, that you are to put on already all the husband!—Jenny! [Do you see, my Lord, affecting a whisper, how you dash the poor wench? How like a fool she looks at our folly!] Remember, Jenny, that to-morrow morning you carry my wedding-suits to Mrs. Arnold; and tell her, she has forgot the hanging-sleeves to the gowns. Let her put them on out of hand.

I was proceeding—But he rudely, gravely, and even with an air of scorn [There was no bearing *that*, you know] admonished me; A little less wit, madam, and a little more discretion, would perhaps better become you.

This was too *true* to be forgiven. *You'll* say it, Harriet, if *I* don't. And to come from a man that was not overburdened with either—But I had too great a command of myself to say so. My dependence, my Lord [This I did say] is upon your *judgment*: That will always be a balance to my *wit*; and, with the assistance of your *reproving Love*, will in time teach me *discretion*.

Now, my dear, was not this a high compliment to him? Ought he not to have taken it as such? Especially as I looked grave, and dropt him a very fine courtesy. But either his conscience or his ill-nature (perhaps you'll say both) made him take it as a reflexion [True as you are alive, Harriet!]. He bit his lip. Jenny, begone, said he—Jenny, don't go, said I.—Jenny knew not which to obey. Upon my word, Harriet, I began to think the man would have cuff'd me.—And while he was in his airs of mock-majesty, I stept to the door, and whipt down to my company.

As married people are not to expose themselves to their friends (who I once heard you sagely remark, would remember disagreeable things, when the honest pair had forgot them) I was determined to be prudent. You would have been charmed with me, my dear, for my discretion. I will cheat by-standers, thought I; I will make my Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, whom I had before set in at cards, think we are egregiously happy—And down I sat, intending, with a lamblike peaceableness, to make observations on the play. But soon after, in whipt my indiscreet Lord, his colour heightened, his features working: And tho' I cautioned him not to expose himself, yet he assumed airs that were the occasion, as you shall hear, of frightening away my company. He withdrew, *in consequence of those airs*; and, after a little while (repenting, as I hoped) he sent for me out. Some wives would have played the queen Vashti on their tyrant, and refused to go.¹ But I, all obedience (my vow, so recently made, in my head) obeyed, at the very first word: Yet you must think that I (meek as I am naturally) could not help recriminating. He was too lordly to be expostulated with.—There was, 'I tell you, madam,' and 'I won't be told, Sir;' and when I broke from the passionate creature, and hoped to find my company, behold! they were all gone! None but Emily left. And thus might poor Lady L. be sent home, weeping, perhaps, for such an early marriage-tyranny exerted on her meek sister.

Well, and don't you think that we looked like a couple of fools at each other, when we saw ourselves left alone, as I may say, to fight it out? I did expostulate with him as mildly as I could: He would have made it up with me afterwards; but, no! there was no doing that, as a girl of your nice notions may believe, after he had, by his violent airs, exposed us both before so many witnesses. In *decency*, therefore, I was obliged to keep it up: And now our misunderstanding blazes, and is at such a comfortable height, that if we meet by accident, we run away from each other by design. We have already made two breakfast-tables: Yet I am meek; he is sullen: I make courtesies; he returns not bows.—Sullen creature, and a rustic!—I go to my harpsichord; melody enrages him. He is worse

than Saul; for Saul could be gloomily pleased with the music even of the man he hated.¹

I would have got *you* to come to us: That I thought was *tending* to a compliance; for it would have been condescending *too much*, as he is so *very* perverse, if I had accompanied him to you. He has a great mind to appeal to you; but I have half raillied him out of his purpose. I sent to you. What an answer did you return me!—Cruel Harriet! to deny your requested mediation in a difference that has arisen between man and wife.—But let the fire glow. If it spares the house, and only blazes in the chimney, I can bear it.

Cross creature, adieu! If you know not such a woman as *Grandison*, Heaven grant that I *may*; and that my wishes may be answered as to the *person*; and then I will not know a *Byron*.

See, Lucy, how high this dear flighty creature bribes! But I will not be influenced, by her bribery, to take her part.

LETTER XXVIII

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Tuesday Night

I AM just returned from St. James's Square.

But, first, I should tell you, that I had a visit from Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei. Our conversation was in Italian and French. Lady Olivia and I had a quarter of an hour's discourse in private: You may guess at our subject. She is not without that tenderness of heart which is the indispensable characteristic of a woman. She lamented the violence of her temper, in a manner so affecting, that I cannot help pitying her, tho' at the instant I had in my head a certain attempt that makes me shudder whenever I think of it. She regrets my going to Northamptonshire so soon. I have promised to return her visit to-morrow in the afternoon.

She sets out on Friday next for Oxford. She wished I could accompany her. She resolves to see all that is worth seeing in the western circuit, as I may call it. She observes, she says, that Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, and their Lords, are very particularly engaged at present; and are in expectation of a call to Windsor, to attend Lord W's nuptials: She will therefore, having attendants enough, and two men of consideration in her train, one of whom is not unacquainted with England, take cursory tours over the kingdom; having a taste for travelling, and finding it a great relief to her spirits: And when Lady L. and Lady G. are more disengaged, will review

the seats and places which she shall think worthy of a second visit, in their company.

She professed to like the people here, and the face of the country; and talked favourably of the religion of it: But, poor woman! she likes all those the better, I doubt not, for the sake of one Englishman. Love, Lucy, gilds every object which bears a relation to the person beloved.

Lady Maffei was very free in blaming her niece for this excursion. She took her chiding patiently; but yet, like a person that thought it too much in her *power* to gratify the person blaming her, to pay much regard to what she said.

I took a chair to Lady G's. Emily ran to meet me in the hall. She threw her arms about me: I rejoice you are come, said she. Did you not meet the house in the square?—What means my Emily?—Why, it has been flung out of the windows, as the saying is.¹ Ah madam! we are all to pieces. One *so* careless, the other *so* passionate!—But, hush! Here comes Lady G.—

Take, Lucy, in the dialogue-way, particulars.

Lady G. Then you are come, at last, Harriet. You wrote, that you would not come near me.

Harriet. I did; but I could not stay away. Ah, Lady G. you will destroy your own happiness!

Lady G. So you wrote. Not one word, on the subject you hint at, that you have ever said or written before. I hate repetitions, child.

Harriet. Then I must be silent upon it.

Lady G. Not of necessity. You can say new things upon old subjects.—But hush! Here comes the man.—She ran to her harpsichord—Is this it, Harriet? and touched the keys—repeating

*Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon she sooth'd—*²

Enter Lord G.

Lord G. Miss Byron, I am your most obedient servant. The sight of you rejoices my soul.—Madam (to his Lady) you have not been long enough together to begin a tune. I know what this is for—

Lady G. Harmony! harmony! is a charming thing! But I, poor I! know not any but what this simple instrument affords me.

Lord G. lifting up his hands. Harmony, madam! God is my witness—But I will lay every-thing before Miss Byron.

Lady G. You need not, my Lord: She knows as much as she can know, already; except the fine colourings be added to the woeful tale, that your unbridled spirit can give it.—Have you my long Letter about you, Harriet?

Lord G. And could you, madam, have the *heart* to write—

Lady G. Why, my Lord, do you mince the matter? For *Heart*, read *Courage*. You may speak as plain in Miss Byron's presence, as you did before she came: I know what you mean.

Lord G. Let it be *Courage*, then.

Harriet. And my Lord will ask yours, for mistaking you.—For run! If I understand the matter right, you have both, like children, been at play, till you have fallen out.

Lord G. If, Miss Byron, you know the truth, and can blame me—

Harriet. I blame you only, my Lord, for being in a passion. You see, my Lady is serene: She keeps her temper: She looks as if she wanted to be friends with you.

Lord G. O that cursed serenity!—When my soul is torn by a whirlwind—

Lady G. A good tragedy rant!—But, Harriet, you are mistaken: My Lord G. is a very passionate man. So humble, so—what shall I call it? before marriage—Did not the man see what a creature I was?—To bear with me, when he had no obligation to me; and not now, when he has the highest—A miserable sinking!—O Harriet! Harriet! Never, never marry!

Harriet. Dear Lady G. you know in your own heart you are wrong—*Indeed* you are wrong—

Lord G. God for ever reward you, madam!—I will tell you how it began—

Lady G. 'Began!' She knows that already, I tell you, my Lord. But what has passed within these *four hours*, she knows not: You may entertain her with that, if you please.—It was just about the time this day is a week, that we were all together, mighty comfortably, at St. George's, Hanover-Square—

Lord G. Every tittle of what you promised there, madam—

Lady G. And I, my Lord, could be your echo in this, were I not resolved to keep my temper, as you cannot but say I have done, all along.

Lord G. You could not, madam, if you did not despise me.

Lady G. You are wrong, my Lord, to think so: But you don't believe yourself: If you did, the pride of your heart ought not to permit you to own it.

Lord G. Miss Byron, give me leave—

Lady G. Lord bless me! that people are so fond of exposing themselves! Had you taken my advice, when you pursued me out of my dressing-room into company—My Lord, said I, as mildly as I now speak, *Don't* expose yourself. But he was not at all the wiser for my advice.

Lord G. Miss Byron, you see—But I had not come down but to

make my compliments to you. He bowed, and was about to withdraw.

I took him by the sleeve—My Lord, you must not go. Lady G. if your own heart justifies you for your part in this misunderstanding, say so; I challenge you to say so.—She was silent.

Harriet. If otherwise, own your fault, promise amendment—Ask excuse.

Lady G. Hey-day!—

Harriet. And my Lord will ask yours, for mistaking you.—For being too easily provoked—

Lord G. Too easily, madam—

Harriet. What generous man would not smile at the foibles of a woman whose heart is only gay with prosperity and lively youth; but has not the least malice in it? Has not she made choice of your Lordship in preference of any other man? She raillies every one; she can't help it: She is to blame.—Indeed, Lady G. you are. Your brother felt your edge; he once smarted by it, and was angry with you.—But afterwards, observing that it was her way, my Lord; that it was a kind of constitutional gaiety of heart, and exercised on those she loved best; he forgave, raillied her again, and turned her own weapons upon her; and every one in company was delighted with the spirit of *both*.—You love her, my Lord.—

Lord G. Never man more loved a woman. I am not an ill-natured man—

Lady G. But a captious, a passionate one, Lord G.—Who'd have thought it?

Lord G. Never was there, my dear Miss Byron, such a strangely-aggravating creature! She could not be so, if she did not despise me.

Lady G. Fiddle-faddle, silly man! And so you said before. If you thought so, you take the way (don't you?) to mend the matter, by dancing and capering about, and putting yourself into all manner of disagreeable attitudes; and even sometimes being ready to foam at the mouth?—I told him, Miss Byron, There he stands, let him deny it, if he can; that I married a man with another face. Would not any other man have taken this for a compliment to his natural undistorted face, and instantly have pulled off the ugly mask of passion, and shewn his own?—

Lord G. You see, you see, the air, Miss Byron!—How ludicrously does she now, even now—

Lady G. See, Miss Byron!—How captious!—Lord G. ought to have a termagant wife: One who could return rage for rage. Meekness is *my* crime.—I cannot be put out of temper.—Meekness was never before attributed to woman as a fault.

Lord G. Good God!—Meekness!—Good God!

Lady G. But, Harriet, do you judge on which side the grievance

lies.—Lord G. presents me with a face for his, that I never saw him wear before marriage: He has cheated me, therefore. I shew him the same face that I ever wore, and treat him pretty much in the same manner (or I am mistaken) that I ever did: And what reason can he give, that will not demonstrate him to be the most ungrateful of men, for the airs he gives himself? Airs that he would not have presumed to put on eight days ago. Who then, Harriet, has reason to complain of grievance; my Lord, or I?

Lord G. You see, Miss Byron—Can there be any arguing with a woman who knows herself to be in jest, in all she says?

Harriet. Why then, my Lord, make a jest of it. What will not bear an argument, will not be worth one's anger.

Lord G. I leave it to Miss Byron, Lady G. to decide between us, as she pleases.

Lady G. You'd better leave it to me, Sir.

Harriet. Do, my Lord.

Lord G. Well, madam!—And what is your decree?

Lady G. You, Miss Byron, had best be Lady Chancellor, after all. I should not bear to have any decree disputed, after it is pronounced.

Harriet. If I must, my decree is this:—You, Lady G. shall own yourself at fault; and promise amendment. My Lord shall forgive you; and promise that he will, for the future, endeavour to distinguish between your good and your ill-nature: That he will sit down to jest with your jest, and never be disturbed at what you say, when he sees it accompanied with that archness of eye and lip which you put on to your brother, and to every one whom you best love, when you are disposed to be teasingly facetious.

Lady G. Why, Harriet, you have given Lord G. a clue to find me out, and spoil all my sport.

Harriet. What say *you*, my Lord?

Lord G. Will Lady G. own herself in fault, as you propose?

Lady G. Odious recrimination!—I leave you together. I never was in fault in my life. Am I not a *woman*? If my Lord will ask pardon for his froppishness, as we say of children—'

She stopt, and pretended to be going—

Harriet. That my Lord shall *not* do, Charlotte. You have carried the jest too far already. My Lord shall preserve his dignity for his *wife's* sake. My Lord, you will not permit Lady G. to leave us, however?

He took her hand, and pressed it with his lips: For God's sake, madam, let us be happy: It is in your power to make us both so: It ever *shall* be in your power. If I have been in fault, impute it to my Love. I cannot bear your contempt; and I never will deserve it.

Lady G. Why could not this have been said some hours ago?—Why, slighting my early caution, would you *expose* yourself?

I took her aside. Be generous, Lady G. Let not your *husband* be the only person to whom you are not so.

Lady G. (whispering) Our quarrel has not run half its length. If we make up here, we shall make up clumsily. One of the silliest things in the world is, a quarrel that ends not, as a coachman after a journey comes in, with a spirit. We shall certainly renew it.

Harriet. Take the caution you gave to my Lord: Don't *expose* yourself. And another; That you cannot more effectually do so, than by exposing your husband. I am more than half-ashamed of you. You are not the Charlotte I once thought you were. Let me see, if you have any regard to my good opinion of you, that you can own an error with some grace.

Lady G. I am a meek, humble, docible creature. She turned to me, and made me a rustic courtesy, her hands before her: I'll try for it; tell me, if I am right. Then stepping towards my Lord, who was with his back to us looking out at the window—and he turning about to her bowing—My Lord, said she, Miss Byron has been telling me more than I knew before of my duty. She proposes herself one day to make a won-der-ful obedient wife. It would have been well for you, perhaps, had I had *her* example to walk by. She seems to say, that, now I am married, I must be grave, sage, and passive: That *smiles* will hardly become me: That I must be prim and formal, and reverence my husband.—If you think this behaviour will become a married woman, and expect it from me, pray, my Lord, put me right by your *frowns*, whenever I shall be wrong. For the future, if I ever find myself disposed to be very light-hearted, I will ask your leave before I give way to it. And now, what is next to be done? humorously courtesying, her hands before her.

He clasped her in his arms: Dear provoking creature! This, this is next to be done—I ask you but to love me half as much as I love you, and I shall be the happiest man on earth.

My Lord, said I, you ruin all by this condescension on a speech and air so ungracious. If this is all you get by it, never, never, my Lord, fall out again. O Charlotte! If you are not generous, you come off much, *much* too easily.

Well now, my Lord, said she, holding out her hand, as if threatening me, let you and me, man and wife like, join against the interposer in our quarrels.—Harriet, I will not forgive you, for this last part of your lecture.

And thus was this idle quarrel made up. All that vexes me on the occasion is, that it was not made up with dignity on my Lord's part. His honest heart so overflowed with joy at his lips, that the naughty creature, by her arch leers, every now-and-then, shewed, that she was sensible of her consequence to his happiness. But, Lucy, don't let her sink *too* low in your esteem: She has many fine qualities.

They prevailed on me to stay supper. Emily rejoiced in the reconciliation: Her heart was, as I may say, visible in her joy. *Can I love her better than I do? If I could, she would, every time I see her, give me reason for it.*

LETTER XXIX

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Wedn. Noon, Apr. 19

IT would puzzle you to guess at a visiter I had this morning.—Honest Mr. Fowler. I was very glad to see him. He brought me a Letter from his worthy uncle. Good Sir Rowland! I had a joy that I thought I should not have had while I stay'd in London, on its being put into my hand, tho' the contents gave me sensible pain. I inclose it. It is dated from Caermarthen. Be pleased to read it here.

Caermarthen, April 11

How shall I, in fit manner, inscribe my Letter to the loveliest of women! I don't mean *because* of your loveliness; but whether as *daughter* or not, as you did me the honour to call yourself. Really, and truly, I must say, that I had rather call you by *another* name, tho' a little more remote as to consanguinity. Lord have mercy upon me, how have I talked of you! How many of our fine Caermarthen girls have I filled with envy of your peerless perfections!

Here am I settled to my heart's content, could I but obtain—You know whom I mean.—A town of gentry: A fine country round us—A fine estate of our own. Esteemed, nay, for that matter, *beloved*, by all our neighbours and tenants. Who so happy as Rowland Meredith, if his poor boy could be happy!—Ah, madam!—And can't it be so? I am *afraid* of asking. Yet I understand, that, notwithstanding all the Jack-a-dandies' that have been fluttering about you, you are what you were when I left town. Some whispers have gone out of a fine gentleman, indeed, who had a great kindness for you; but yet that something was in the way between you. The Lord bless and prosper my dear *daughter*, as I must then call you, and not *niece*, if you have any kindness for him. And if as how you have, it would be wonderfully gracious if you would but give half a hint of it to my nephew, or if so be you will not to him, to me, your *father* you know, under your own precious hand. The Lord be good unto me! But I shall never see the She that will strike my fancy, as you have done. But what a dreadful thing would it be, if you, who are so much courted and admired by many fine gallants, should at last be taken with a

man who could not be yours! God forbid that such a disastrous thing should happen! I profess to you, madam, that a tear or two have strayed down my cheeks at the thoughts of it. For why? Because you play'd no tricks with any man: You never were a coquet, as they call 'em. You dealt plainly, sincerely, and tenderly too, to all men; of which my nephew and I can bear witness.

Well, but what now is the end of my writing?—Lord love you, cannot, cannot you at last give comfort to two honest hearts? Honester you never knew! And yet, if you could, I dare say you would. Well, then, and if you can't, we must sit down as contented as we can; that's all we have for it.—But, poor young man! Look at him, if you read this before him. *Strangely* altered! Poor young man!—And if as how you cannot, why then, God bless my *daughter*; that's all. And I do assure you, that you have our prayers every Lord's day, from the bottom of our hearts.

And now, if you will keep a secret, I will tell it you; and yet, when I began, I did not intend it: The poor youth must not know it. It is done in the singleness of our hearts; and if you think we mean to gain your Love for us by it, I do assure you, that you wrong us.—My nephew declares, that he never will marry, if it be not *Somebody*: And he has made his will, and so have I his uncle; and, let me tell you, that if as how I cannot have a *niece*, my *daughter* shall be the better for having known, and treated as kindly, as power was lent her,

*Her true Friend, loving Father,
and obedient Servant,*

ROWLAND MEREDITH

Love and Service to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and all friends who enquire after me. Farewel. God bless you! Amen.

Have you, could you, Lucy, read this Letter with dry eyes? Generous, worthy, honest men! I read but half way before Mr. Fowler—Glad I was, that I read no further. I should not have been able to have kept his uncle's secret, if I had; had it been but to disclaim the acceptance of the generous purpose. The carrying it into effect would exceedingly distress me, besides the pain the demise of the honest man would give me; and the more, as I bespoke the fatherly relation from him myself. If such a thing were to be, Sir Charles Grandison's generosity to the Danbys should be my example.

Do you know, Mr. Fowler, said I, the contents of the Letter you have put into my hand?

No farther than that my uncle told me, it contained professions of

fatherly love; and with *wishes* only—But without so much as expressing his *hopes*.

Sir Rowland is a good man, said I: I have not read above half his Letter. There seems to be too much of the *father* in it, for me to read further, before my *brother*. God bless my *brother* Fowler, and reward the *fatherly* love of Sir Rowland to his *daughter* Byron! I must write to him.

Mr. Fowler, poor man! profoundly sighed; bowed; with *such* a look of respectful acquiescence—Bless me, my dear, how am I to be distressed on all sides! by *good* men too; as Sir Charles could say by good women.

Is there nothing less than giving myself to either, that I can do to shew Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler my true value for them?

Poor Mr. Fowler!—Indeed he looks to be, as Sir Rowland hints, not well.—Such a modest, such an humble, such a silent Lover!—He cost me tears at parting: I could not hide them. He heaped praises and blessings upon me, and hurried away at last, to hide his emotion, with a sentence unfinished—God preserve you, dear and worthy Sir! was all I could *try* to say. The last words stuck in my throat, till he was out of hearing; and then I prayed for blessings upon him and his uncle: And repeated them, with fresh tears, on reading the rest of the affecting Letter.

Mr. Fowler told Mr. Reeves, before I saw him, that he is to go to Caermarthen for the benefit of his native air, in a week. He let him know where he lodged in town. He had been riding for his health and diversion about the country, ever since his uncle went; and has not been yet at Caermarthen.

I wish Mr. Fowler had once, if *but* once, called me *sister*: It would have been such a *kind* acquiescence, as would have given me some little pleasure on recollection. Methinks I don't know how to have done writing of Sir Rowland and Mr. Fowler.

I sat down, however, while the uncle and nephew filled my thoughts, and wrote to the former. I have enclosed the copy of my Letter. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XXX

Miss BYRON, To Sir ROWLAND MEREDITH

Wedn. Apr. 19

It was with great pleasure that I received, this day, the kindest Letter that ever was written by a real Father to his dearest Child. I was resolved that I would not go to rest till I had acknowledged the favour.

How sweet is the name of *father* to a young person who, out of near one-and-twenty years of life, has for more than half the time been bereaved of hers; and who was also one of the best of men!

You gave me an additional pleasure in causing this remembrance of your promised paternal goodness to be given me by Mr. Fowler in person. Till I knew you and him, I had no father, no brother.

How good you are in your apprehensions that there may be a man on whom your daughter has cast her eye, and who cannot look upon *her* with the same distinction—O that I had been near you when you wrote that sweetly-compassionating, that indulgent passage! I would have wiped the tears from your eyes myself, and revered you as my true father.

You demand of me, as my father, a hint, or half a hint, as you call it, to be given to my brother Fowler; or if not to him, to you. To him, whom I call father, I *mean* all the duty of a child. I call him not father *nominally* only: I will, irksome as the subject is, own, without reserve, the truth to you (In tenderness to my brother, how could I to him?)—There is a man whom, and whom only, I could love as a good wife ought to love her husband. He is the best of men. O my good Sir Rowland Meredith! if you knew him, you would love him yourself, and own him for your son. I will not conceal his name from my Father: Sir Charles Grandison is the man. Enquire about him. His character will rise upon you from every mouth. He engaged first all your daughter's gratitude, by rescuing her from a great danger and oppression; for he is as brave as he is good: And how could she help suffering a tenderness to spring up from her gratitude, of which she was never before sensible to any man in the world? There *is* something in the way, my good Sir; but not that proceeds from his slights or contempts. Your daughter could not live, if it were so. A glorious creature is in the way! who has suffered for him, who *does* suffer for him: He ought to be hers, and only hers; and if she can be recovered from a fearful malady that has seized her mind, he probably will. My daily prayers are, that God will restore her!

But yet, my dear Sir, my Friend, my Father! my esteem for this noblest of men is of such a nature, that I cannot give my hand to any other: My Father Meredith would not wish me to give a hand without a heart.

This, Sir, is the case. Let it, I beseech you, rest within your own breast, and my brother Fowler's. How few minds are there delicate and candid enough to see circumstances of this kind in the light they ought to appear in! And pray for me, my good Sir Rowland; not that the way may be smoothed to what once would have crowned my wishes as to this life; but that Sir Charles Grandison may be happy with the Lady that is, and ought to be, dearest to his heart;

and that your daughter may be enabled to rejoice in their felicity. What, my good Sir, is this span of life, that a passenger through it should seek to overturn the interests of others to establish her own? And can the single life be a grievance? Can it be destitute of the noblest tendernesses? No, Sir. You that have lived to an advanced age, in a fair fame, surrounded with comforts, and as tender to a worthy nephew, as the most indulgent father could be to the worthiest of sons, can testify for me, that it is not.

But now, Sir, one word—I disclaim, but yet in all thankfulness, the acceptance of the favour signified to be intended me in the latter part of the paternal Letter before me. Our acquaintance began with a hope, on your side, that I could not encourage. As I could not, Shall I accept of the benefit from you, to which I could only have been entitled (and that as I had behaved) had I been able to oblige you?—No, Sir! I will not, in this case, be benefited, when I cannot benefit. Put me not therefore, I beseech you, Sir, if such an event (deplored by me, as it would be!) should happen, upon the necessity of enquiring after your other relations and friends. Sir Rowland Meredith my Father, and Mr. Fowler my Brother, are all to me of the family they distinguish by their relation, that I know at present. Let me not be made known to the rest by a distinction that would be unjust to them, and to yourself, as it must deprive you of the grace of obliging those who have more than a stranger's claim; and must, in the event, lay them under the appearance of an obligation to that stranger for doing them common justice.

I use the word *stranger* with reference to those of your family and friends to whom I must really appear in that light. But, laying these considerations aside, in which I am determined not to interfere with *them*, I am, with the tenderest regard, dear and good Sir,

*Your ever-dutiful and
affectionate Daughter;*

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXI

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY

Wedn. April 19

I SHALL dispatch this by your Gibson early in the morning. It was kind in you to bid him call, in his way down; for now I shall be almost sure of meeting (if not my uncle) your brother, and who knows, but my Lucy herself, at Dunstable? Where, barring accidents, I shall be on Friday night.

You will see some of the worthiest people in the world, my dear, if you come, all prepared to love you; but let not any-body be put to inconvenience to meet me at Dunstable. My noble friends here will proceed with me to Stratford, or even to Northampton, they say; but they will see me safe in the protection of Somebody I love, and whom they must love for my sake.

I don't wonder that Sir Charles Grandison loves Mr. Beauchamp: He is a very worthy and sensible man. He, as every-body else, idolizes Sir Charles. It is some pleasure to me, Lucy, that I stand high in his esteem. To be respected by the worthy, is one of the greatest felicities in this life; for it is to be ranked as one of them. Sir Harry and his Lady are come to town. All, it seems, is harmony in that family. They cannot bear Mr. Beauchamp's absence from them for three days together. All the neighbouring gentlemen are in love with him. His manners are so gentle; his temper so even; so desirous to oblige; so genteel in his person; so pleasing in his address; he must undoubtedly make a good woman very happy.

But Emily, poor girl! sees only Sir Charles Grandison with eyes of Love. Mr. Beauchamp is, however, greatly pleased with Emily. He told Lady G. that he thought her a fine young creature; and that her mind was still more amiable than her person. But his behaviour to her is extremely prudent. He says finer things *of* her, than *to* her: Yet surely I am mistaken if he meditates not in her, his future wife. Mr. Beauchamp will be one of my escorte.

Emily, at her own request, is to go to Colnebrooke with Lady L. after I am gone.

Mr. Reeves will ride. Lord L. and Lord G. will also oblige me with their company on horseback.

In my cousin's coach will be Lady L. Lady G. Emily, and I. My cousin Reeves is forbidden to venture.

I shall take leave of Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to-morrow morning; when they will set out for their projected tour. To-morrow we and the whole Grandison family are to dine together at Lord L.'s, for the last time. It will be a mournful dining-time, on that account.

Lady Betty Williams, her daughter, and Miss Clements, supp'd with us this night, and took leave of me in the tenderest manner. They greatly regret my going down so soon, as they call it.

As to the public diversions, which they wish me to stay and give into, to be sure I should have been glad to have been better qualified to have entertained you with the performances of this or that actor, this or that musician, and the like: But, frightened by the vile plot upon me at a masquerade, I was thrown out of that course of diversion, and indeed into more affecting, more interesting engagements;

into the knowlege of a family that had no need to look out of itself for entertainments: And, besides, Are not all the company we see, as visitors or guests, full of these things! I have seen the principal performers, in every way, often enough to give me a notion of their performances, tho' I have not troubled you with such common things as *révolve* every season.

You know I am far from slighting the innocent pleasures in which others delight—It would have been happier for me, perhaps, had I had more leisure to attend those amusements, than I have found. Yet I am not sure, neither: For methinks, with all the pangs that my suspenses have cost me, I would not but have known Sir Charles Grandison, his Sisters, his Emily, and Dr. Bartlett.

I could only have wished to have been spared Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's vile attempt: Then, if I had come acquainted with this family, it would have been as I came acquainted with others: My gratitude had not been engaged so deeply.

Well—But what signify all these If's—What has been, has; what must be, must. Only love me, my dear friends, as you *used* to love me. If I was a good girl when I left you, I hope I am not a bad one now, that I am returning to you. My morals, I bless God, are unhurt: My heart is not corrupted by the vanities of the great town: I have a little more experience than I had: And if I have severely paid for it, it is not at the price of my reputation. And I hope, if nobody has benefited by me, since I have been in town, that no one has suffered by me. Poor Mr. Fowler!—I could not help it, you know. Had I, by little snares, follies, coquetries, sought to draw him on, and entangle him, his future welfare would with reason, be more the subject of my solicitude, than it is now *necessary* it should be; tho' indeed I cannot *help* making it a good deal so.

Thursday Morning

Dr. Bartlett has just now taken leave of me, in my own dressing-room. The parting scene between us was tender.

I have not given you my opinion of Miss Williams. Had I seen her at my first coming to town, I should have taken as much notice of her, in my Letters to you, as I did of the two Miss Brambers, Miss Darlington, Miss Cantillon, Miss Allestree, and others of my own Sex; and of Mr. Somner, Mr. Barnet, Mr. Walden, of the other; who took my first notice, as they fell early in my way, and with whom it is possible, as well as with the town-diversions, I had been more intimate, had not Sir Hargrave's vile attempt carried me out of their acquaintance into a much higher; which of necessity, as well as choice, entirely engrossed my attention. But *now* how insipid would any new characters appear to you, if they were but of a like

cast with those I have mentioned, were I to make such the subjects of my pen, and had I time before me; which I cannot have, to write again, before I embrace you all, my dear, my ever-dear and indulgent friends!

I will only say, that Miss Williams is a genteel girl; but will hardly be more than one of the *better* sort of modern women of condition; and that she is to be classed so high, will be owing more to Miss Clements's lessons, than, I am afraid, to her mother's example.

Is it, Lucy, that I have more experience and discernment now, or less charity and good-nature, than when I first came to town? for then I thought well, in the main, of Lady Betty Williams. But tho' she is a good-natur'd, obliging woman; she is so immersed in the love of public diversions! so fond of routs, drums, hurricanes!—Bless me, my dear! how learned should I have been in all the gaieties of the modern life; what a fine Lady, possibly; had I not been carried into more rational (however to me they have been more painful) scenes; and had I followed the lead of this Lady, as she (kindly, as to her intention) had designed I should!

In the afternoon Mr. Beauchamp is to introduce Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp, on their first visit to the two sisters.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that my cousins and I are to attend the good Countess of D. for one half hour, after we have taken leave of Lady Olivia and her aunt.

And now, my Lucy, do I shut up my correspondence with you from London. My heart beats high with the hope of being as indulgently received by all you, my dearest friends, as I used to be after a shorter absence: For I am, and ever will be,

The grateful, dutiful, and affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXII

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Selby-house, Monday April 24

THO' the kind friends with whom I parted at Dunstable were pleased, one and all, to allow, that the correspondence which is to pass between my dear Lady G. and their Harriet, should answer the just expectations of each upon her, in the writing way; and tho' (at *your* motion, remember, not at mine) they promised to be contented with hearing read to them such parts of my Letters as you should think proper to communicate; yet cannot I dispense with my duty to Lady L. my Emily, my cousin Reeves, and Dr. Bartlett. Accord-

ingly, I write to them by this post; and I charge *you*, my dear, with my sincere and thankful compliments to your Lord, and to Mr. Beauchamp, for their favours.

What an agreeable night, in the main, was Friday night! Had we not been so separate next morning, it would have been an agreeable one indeed!

Is not my aunt Selby an excellent woman? But you all admired her. She admires you all. I will tell you, another time, what she said of you, my dear, in particular.

My cousin Lucy, too—*is* she not an amiable creature?—Indeed you all were delighted with her. But I take pleasure in recollecting your approbations of one I so dearly love. She is as prudent as Lady L. and, now our Nancy is so well recovered, as chearful as Lady G. You said, you would provide a good husband for her: Don't forget. The man, whoever he be, cannot be too good for my Lucy. Nancy is such another good girl: But so I told you.

Well, and pray, Did you ever meet with so pleasant a man as my uncle Selby? What should we have done, when we talked of your brother, when we talked of our parting, had it not been for him? You looked upon me every now-and-then, when he returned your smartness upon him, as if you thought I had let him know some of your perversenesses to Lord G.—And do you think I did not? Indeed I did. Can you imagine that your frank-hearted Harriet, who hides not from her friends her own faults, should conceal yours?—But what a particular character is yours! Every-body blames you, that knows of your over-livelinesses; yet every-body loves you—I think, for your very faults. Had it not been so, do you imagine I could ever have loved you, after you had led Lady L. to join with you, on a certain teasing occasion?—My uncle dotes upon you!

But don't tell Emily that my cousin James Selby is in Love with her. That he may not, on the score of the dear girl's fortune, be thought presumptuous, let me tell you, that he is almost of age; and, when he is, comes into possession of an handsome estate. He has many good qualities. I have, in short, a very great value for him; but not enough, tho' he is my relation, to wish him my still more beloved Emily. Dear creature! methinks I still feel her parting tears on my cheek!

You charge me to be as minute, in the Letters I write to you, as I used to be to my friends here: And you promise to be as circumstantial in yours. I will set you the example: Do you be sure to follow it.

We baited at Stony-Stratford. I was *afraid* how it would be: There were the two bold creatures, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Fenwick, ready to receive us. A handsome collation, as at our setting out, so now,

bespoke by them, was set on the table. How they came by their intelligence, nobody knows: We were all concerned to see them. They seemed half-mad for joy. My cousin James had alighted to hand us out; but Mr. Greville was so earnest to offer his hand, that tho' my cousin was equally ready, I thought I could not deny to his solicitude for the poor favour, such a mark of civility. Besides, if I had, it would have been distinguishing him for more than a common neighbour, you know. Mr. Fenwick took the other hand, when I had stepped out of the coach, and then (with so much pride, as made me ashamed of myself) they hurried me between them, thro' the inn-yard, and into the room they had engaged for us; blessing themselves, all the way, for my coming down Harriet Byron.

I looked about as if for the dear friends I had parted with at Dunstable. This is not, thought I, so delightful an inn as they made that—Now *they*, thought I, are just got to Barnet, in their way to London, as we are here in ours to Northampton.—But ah! where, where is Sir Charles Grandison at this time? And I sighed! But don't read this, and such strokes as this, to any-body but Lord and Lady L.—You won't, you say—Thank you, Charlotte.—I will call you *Charlotte*, when I think of it, as you commanded me.

The joy we had at Dunstable, was easy, serene, deep, full, as I may say; it was the joy of sensible people: But the joy here was made by the two gentlemen, mad, loud, and even noisy. They hardly were able to contain themselves; and my uncle, and cousin James, were forced to be loud, to be heard.

Mr. Orme, good Mr. Orme, when we came near his park, was on the highway-side, perhaps near the very spot where he stood to see me pass to London so many weeks ago—Poor man!—When I first saw him (which was before the coach came near, for I looked out only, as thinking I would mark the place where I last beheld him) he looked with so *disconsolate* an air, and so fixed, that I compassionately said to myself, Surely the worthy man has not been there ever since.

I twitched the string just in time: The coach stopt. Mr. Orme, said I, How do you? Well, I hope?—How does Miss Orme?

I had my hand on the coach-door. He snatched it. It was not an unwilling hand. He pressed it with his lips. God be praised, said he (with a countenance, O how altered for the better!) for permitting me once more to behold that face—that *angelic* face, he said.

God bless you, Mr. Orme! said I: I am glad to see you. Adieu.

The coach drove on. Poor Mr. Orme! said my aunt.

Mr. Orme, Lucy, said I, don't look so ill as you wrote he was.

His joy to see you, said she—But Mr. Orme is in a declining way.

Mr. Greville, on the coach stopping, rode back just as it was going

on again—And with a loud laugh—How the d—l came Orme to know of your coming, madam!—Poor fellow! It was very kind of you to stop your coach to speak to the statue. And he laughed again. —Nonsensical! At what?—

My grandmamma Shirley, dearest of parents! her youth, as she was pleased to say, renewed by the expectation of so soon seeing her darling child, came (as my aunt told us, you know) on Thursday night to Selby-house, to charge her and Lucy with her blessing to me; and resolving to stay there to receive me. Our beloved Nancy was also to be there; so were two other cousins, Kitty and Patty Holles, *good* young creatures; who, in my absence, had attended my grandmamma at every convenient opportunity, and whom I also found here.

When we came within sight of this house, Now, Harriet, said Lucy, I see the same kind of emotions beginning to arise in your face and bosom, as Lady G. told us you shewed when you first saw your aunt at Dunstable. My grandmamma! said I, I am in sight of the dear house that holds her: I hope she is here. But I will not surprise her with my joy to see her. Lie still, throbbing impatience! speaking to my heart.

But when the coach (attended by many neighbours and friends, who, like a gathering snowball, had got together, within a few miles of Selby-house) set us down at the inner-gate, there, in the outward-hall, sat my blessed grandmamma. The moment I beheld her, my intended caution forsook me: I sprang by my aunt, and, before the foot-step could be put down, flew, as it were, out of the coach, and threw myself at her feet, wrapping my arms about her: Bless, bless, said I, your Harriet! I could not, at the moment, say another word.

Great God! said the pious parent, her hands and eyes lifted up, Great God! I thank thee! Then folding her arms about my neck, she kissed my forehead, my cheek, my lips—God bless my Love! Pride of my life! the most precious of a hundred daughters! How does my Child—My Harriet—O my Love!—After such dangers, such trials, such harassings—Once more, God be praised that I clasp to my fond heart, my Harriet!

Separate them, separate them, said my facetious uncle (yet he had tears in his eyes) before they grow together!—Madam, to my grandmamma, she is *our* Harriet, as well as *yours*: Let us welcome the *saucy* girl, on her re-entrance into these doors!—Saucy, I suppose, I shall soon find her.

My grandmamma withdrew her fond arms: Take her, take her, said she, each in turn: But I think I never can part with her again.

My uncle saluted me, and bid me very kindly welcome home: So did my aunt: So did Lucy—My equally-beloved Nancy—So did every one.

How can I return the obligations which the love of all my friends lays upon me? To be good, to be grateful, is not enough; since *that* one ought to be for one's own sake. What a sweet thing is it to be beloved by worthy neighbours! I had several visiters last night, and compliments without number, on my arrival:—Compliments, for what? For having lost the better half of my heart? Don't you think I look silly to myself? You bid me be free in my confessions. You promise to look my Letters over before you read them to any-body; and to mark passages proper to be kept to yourself—Pray do.

Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick were here separately, an hour ago: I thanked them for their civility on the road, and not *ungraciously*, as Mr. Greville told my uncle, as to him. He was not, he said, without hopes, yet; since I knew not how to be ungrateful. Mr. Greville builds, as he always did, a merit on his civility; and by that means sinks, in the narrower Lover, the claim he might otherwise make to the title of the generous neighbour.

Miss Orme has just been here. She could not help throwing in a word for her brother.

You will guess, my dear Lady G. at the subject of our conversations here, and what they *will be*, morning, noon, and night, for a week to come. My grandmamma is better in health than I have known her for a year or two past. The health of people in years *can* mend but slowly; and they are slow to acknowledge it in their own favour. My grandmamma, however, allows that she is better within these few days past; but attributes the amendment to her Harriet's return.

How do they all bless, revere, extol, your noble brother!—How do they wish—And how do they regret—You know what—Yet how ready are they to applaud your Harriet, if she can hold her magnanimity, in preferring the happiness of Clementina to her own!—My grandmamma and aunt are of opinion, that I *should*; and they praise me for the generosity of my effort, whether the superior merits of the man will or will not allow me to succeed in it. But my uncle, my Lucy, and my Nancy, from their unbounded love of me, think a little, and but a little, narrower; and, believing it will go hard with me, say, It *is* hard. My uncle, in particular, says, the very pretension is flight and nonsense: But, however, if the girl, added he, can *parade* away her passion for an object so worthy; with all my heart: It will be but just, that the romancing elevations, which so often drive headstrong girls into difficulties, should now-and-then help a more discreet one out of them.

Adieu, my beloved Lady G. *Repeated* compliments, love, thanks,

to my Lord and Lady L. to my Emily, to Dr. Bartlett, to Mr. Beauchamp, and particularly to my Lord G. Dear, dear Charlotte, be good! Let me beseech you be good! If you are *not*, you will have every one of *my* friends who met you at Dunstable, and, from *their* report, my grandmamma and Nancy, against you; for they find but one fault in my Lord: It is, that he seems too fond of a Lady, who, by her archness of looks, and half-saucy turns upon him, even before *them*, evidently shewed—Shall I say what? But I stand up for you, my dear. Your gratitude, your generosity, your honour, I say, (and why should I not add your *duty*?) will certainly make you one of the most affectionate of husbands.

My uncle says, He hopes so: But tho' he adores you for a friend, and the companion of a lively hour; yet he does not know but his *Dame* Selby is *still* the woman whom a man should prefer for a wife: And she, said he, is full as saucy as a wife need to be; tho' I think, Harriet, that she has not been the less dutiful of late for *your* absence.

Once more, adieu, my dear Lady G. and continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXIII

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Thursday, April 27

EVERY one of the Dunstable party say, that you are a grateful and good girl. Beauchamp can talk of nobody else of our Sex: I believe in my conscience he is in Love with you. I think all the unprovided-for young women where-ever you come must hate you. Was you never by surprize carried into the chamber of a friend labouring with the Smallpox, in the infectious stage of it?—O but I think you once said you had had that distemper. But your mind, Harriet, were your face to be ruined, would make you admirers. The fellows who could think of preferring even such a face to such a heart, may be turned over to the class of insignificants.

Is not your aunt Selby, you ask, an excellent woman?—She is. I admire her. But I am very angry with you for deferring to another time, acquainting me with what she said of me. When we are taken with any-body, we love they should be taken with us. Teazing Harriet! You know what an immoderate quantity of curiosity I have. Never serve me so again!

I am in Love with your cousin Lucy. Were either Fenwick or Greville good enough—But they are not. I think she shall have Mr. Orme. Nancy, you say, is such another good girl. I don't doubt it.

Is she not your cousin, and Lucy's sister? But I cannot undertake for every good girl who wants a husband. I wish I had seen Lucy a fortnight ago: Then Nancy might have had Mr. Orme, and Lucy should have had Lord G. He admires her greatly. And do you think that a man who at that time professed for me so much Love and Service, and all that, would have scrupled to oblige me, had I (as I easily should) proved to him, that he would have been a much happier man than he could hope to be with Somebody else?

Your uncle is a pleasant man: But tell him I say, that the man would be out of his wits, that did not make the preference he does in favour of his *Dame* Selby, as he calls her. Tell him also, if you please, in return for his plain dealing, that I say, he *studies* too much for his pleasantries: He is continually hunting for occasions to be smart. I have heard my father say, that this was the fault of some wits of his acquaintance, whom he ranked among the wit-lings for it. If you think it will mortify him more, you may tell him (for I am very revengeful when I think myself affronted) that were I at liberty, which, God help me, I am not! I would sooner choose for a husband the man I *have* (poor soul, as I now-and-then think him) than such a teasing creature as himself, were *both* in my power, and both of an age. And I should have this good reason for my preference: Your uncle and I should have been too much alike, and so been jealous of each other's wit; whereas I can make my honest Lord G. look about him, and admire me strangely, whenever I please.

But I am, it seems, a person of a particular character. Every one, you say, loves me, yet blames me. Odd characters, my dear, are needful to make even characters shine. You good girls would not be valued as you are, if there were not bad ones. Have you not heard it said, That all human excellence is but comparative? Pray allow of the contrast. You, I am sure, ought. You are an ungrateful creature, if, whenever you think of my over-livelinesses, as you call 'em, you don't drop a courtesy, and say, You are obliged to me.

But still the attack made upon you in your dressing-room at Colnebrooke, by my sister and me, sticks in your stomach—And why so? We were willing to shew you, that we were *not* the silly people you must have thought us, had we not been able to distinguish light from darkness. You, who ever were, I believe, one of the frankest-hearted girls in Britain, and admired for the ease and dignity given you by that frankness, were growing awkward, nay dishonest. Your gratitude! your gratitude! was the dust you wanted to throw into our eyes, that we might not see that you were governed by a stronger motive. You called us your friends, your sisters, but treated us not as either; and this man, and that, and t'other, you could refuse; and why? No reason given for it; and we were to be

popt off with your gratitude, truly!—We were to believe just what you said, and no more; nay, not so much as you said. But we were not so implicit. Nor would *you*, in our case, have been so.

But 'you, perhaps, would not have violently broken in upon a poor thing, who thought *we* were blind, because she was not willing we should see.'—May be not: But then, in that case, we were honester than you would have been; that's all. Here, said I, Lady L. is this poor girl awkwardly struggling to conceal what every-body sees; and, seeing, applauds her for, the man considered (Yes, Harriet, the man considered; be pleased to take that in): Let us, in pity, relieve her. She is thought to be frank, open-hearted, communicative; nay, she passes herself upon us in those characters: She sees we keep nothing from her. She has been acquainted with *your* Love before Wedlock; with *my* Folly, in relation to Anderson: She has carried her head above a score or two of men not contemptible. She sits enthroned among *us*, while *we* make but common figures at her footstool: She calls us sisters, friends, and twenty pretty names. Let us acquaint her, that we see into her heart; and why Lord D. and others are so indifferent with her. If she is ingenuous, let us spare her; if not, leave *me* to punish her—Yet we will keep up her punctilio as to our brother; we will leave him to make his own discoveries. She may confide in his politeness; and the result will be happier for her; because she will then be under no restraint to us, and her native freedom of heart may again take its course.

Agreed, agreed, said Lady L.—And arm in arm, we entered your dressing-room, dismissed the maid, and began the attack—And, O Harriet! how you hesitated, paraded, fooled on with us, before you came to confession! Indeed you deserved not the mercy we shewed you—So, child, you had better to have let this part of your story sleep in peace.

You bid me not tell Emily that your cousin is in Love with her: But I think I will. Girls begin very early to look out for admirers. It is better, in order to stay her stomach,¹ to find out one for her, than that she should find out one for herself; especially when the man is among ourselves, as I may say, and both are in our own management, and at distance from each other. Emily is a good girl; but she has susceptibilities already: And tho' I would not encourage her, as yet, to look out of herself for happiness; yet I would give her consequence with herself, and at the same time let her see, that there could be no mention made of any-thing that related to *her*, but what she should be acquainted with. Dear girl! I love her as well as you; and I pity her too: For she, as well as Somebody else, will have difficulties to contend with, which she will not know easily how to get over; tho' she can, in a flame so young, generously prefer the

interest of a more excellent woman to her own.—There, Harriet, is a grave paragraph: You'll like me for it.

You are a very reflecting girl, in mentioning to me so particularly, your behaviour to your Grevilles, Fenwicks, and Ormes. What is that but saying, See, Charlotte! I am a much more complaisant creature to the men, no one of which I intend to have, than you are to your husband!

What a pious woman, indeed, must be your grandmamma, that she could suspend her joy, her long-absent darling at her feet, till she had first thank'd God for restoring her to her arms! But, in this instance, we see the force of habitual piety. Tho' not so good as I should be myself, I revere those who are so; and that I hope you will own is no bad sign.

Well, but now for ourselves, and those about us.

Lady Olivia has written Lady L. a Letter from Windsor. It is in French; extremely polite. She promises to write to me from Oxford.

Lady Anne S. made me a visit this morning. She was more concerned than I wished to see her, on my confirming the report she had heard of my brother's being gone abroad. I raillied her a little too freely, as it was before Lord G. and Lord L. I never was better rebuked than by her; for she took out her pencil, and on the cover of a Letter wrote these lines from Shakespeare, and slid them into my hand:

*And will you rend our ancient Love asunder,
To join with Men, in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly:
Our Sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Tho' I alone do feel the injury.'*

I never, my dear, told you how freely this Lady and I had talked of Love: But freely as we had talked, I was not aware that the matter lay so deep in her heart. I knew not how to tell her that my brother had said, *It could not be*. I could have wept over her when I read this paper; and I owned myself by a whisper justly rebuked. She charged me not to let any man see this; particularly not either of those present: And do *you*, Harriet, keep what I have written of Lady Anne to yourself.

My aunt Eleanor has written a congratulatory Letter to me from York. Sir Charles, it seems, had acquainted her with Lord G.'s day [Not my day, Harriet! that is not the phrase, I hope!] as soon as he knew it himself; and she writes, supposing that I was actually *offered* on it. Women are victims on these occasions: I hope you'll allow me that. My brother has made it a point of duty to acquaint his father's sister with every matter of consequence to the family;

and now, she says, that both her nieces are so well disposed of, she will come to town very quickly to see her new relations and us; and desires we will make room for her. And yet she owns, that my brother has informed her of his being obliged to go abroad; and she supposes him gone. As he is the beloved of her heart, I wonder she thinks of making this visit now he is absent: But we shall all be glad to see my aunt Nell. She is a good creature, tho' an old maid. I hope the old Lady has not utterly lost either her invention, or memory; and then, between both, I shall be entertained with a great number of Love-stories of the last age; and perhaps of some dangers and escapes; which may serve for warnings for Emily. Alas! alas! they will come too late for your Charlotte!

I have written already the longest Letter that I ever wrote in my life: Yet it is prating; and to you, to whom I love to prate. I have not near done.

You bid me be good; and you threaten me, if I am not, with the ill opinion of all your friends: But I have such an unaccountable biass for roguery, or what shall I call it? that I believe it is impossible for me to take your advice. I have been examining myself. What a duce is the matter with me, that I cannot see my honest man in the same advantageous light in which he appears to every-body else? Yet I do not, in my heart, dislike him. On the contrary, I know not, were I to look about me, far and wide, the man I would have wished to have called mine, rather than him. But he is so important about trifles; so nimble, yet so slow: He is so sensible of his own *intention* to please, and has so many antic motions in his obligingness; that I cannot forbear laughing at the very time that I ought perhaps to reward him with a gracious approbation.

I must fool on a little while longer, I believe: Permit me, Harriet, so to do, as occasions arise.

An instance, an instance in point, Harriet. Let me laugh as I write. I did at the time.—What do you laugh at, Charlotte?—Why this poor man, or, as I should rather say, this Lord and Master of mine, has just left me. He has been making me both a compliment, and a present. And what do you think the compliment is? Why, if I please, he will give away to a virtuoso friend, his collection of Moths and Butterflies: I once, he remembered, raillied him upon them. And by what study, thought I, wilt thou, honest man, supply their place? If thou hast a talent this way, pursue it; since perhaps thou wilt not shine in any other. And the *best* any-thing, you know, Harriet, carries with it the appearance of excellence. Nay, he would also part with his collection of Shells, if I had no objection.

To whom, my Lord?—He had not resolved.—Why then, only as Emily is too little of a child, or you might give them to her. ‘Too little of a child, madam!’ and a great deal of bustle and importance took possession of his features—Let me tell you, madam—I *won’t* let you, my Lord; and I laughed.

Well, madam, I hope here is something coming up that you will not disdain to accept of yourself.

Up came groaning under the weight, or rather under the *care*, two servants with baskets: A fine set of old Japan China with brown edges,¹ believe me. They sat down their baskets, and withdrew.

Would you not have been delighted, Harriet, to see my Lord busying himself with taking out, and putting in the windows, one at a time, the cups, plates, jars, and saucers, rejoicing and parading over them, and shewing his connoisseurship to his motionless admiring wife, in commending this and the other piece as a beauty? And, when he had done, taking the *liberty*, as he phrased it, half fearful, half resolute, to salute his bride for his reward; and then pacing backwards several steps, with such a strut and a crow—I see him yet!—Indulge me, Harriet!—I burst into a hearty laugh; I could not help it: And he, reddening, looked round himself, and round himself, to see if anything was amiss in his garb. The man, the man! honest friend, I could have said, but had too much reverence for my husband, is the oddity! Nothing amiss in the garb.

O Harriet! Why did you beseech me to be good? I think in my heart I have the stronger inclination to be bad for it! You call me *perverse*: If you think me so, bid me be saucy, bid me be bad; and I may then, like other good wives, take the contrary course for the sake of dear contradiction.

Shew not, however, (I in turn beseech *you*) to your grandmamma and aunt, such parts of this Letter as would make them despise me. You say, you stand up for me; I have need of your advocateship: Never let me want it. And do I not, after all, do a greater credit to my good man, when I can so heartily laugh in the wedded state, than if I were to sit down with my finger in my eye?

I have taken your advice, and presented my sister with my half of the jewels. I desired her to accept them, as they were my mother’s, and for her sake. This gave them a value with her, more than equal with their worth: But Lord L. is uneasy, and declares he will not suffer Lady L. long to lie under the obligation. Were every one of family in South Britain and North Britain to be as generous and disinterested as Lord L. and our family, the union of the two parts of the island would be complete.

Lord help this poor obliging man! I wish I don’t love him, at last.

He has taken my hint, and has presented his collection of Shells (a very fine one, he says, it is) to Emily; and they two are actually busied (and will be for an hour or two, I doubt not) in admiring them; the one strutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the present; the other courtesying ten times in a minute, to shew her gratitude. Poor man! When his virtuoso friend has got his Butterflies and Moths, I am afraid he must set up a turner's shop, for employment. If he loved reading, I could, when our visiting hurries are over, set him to read to me the new things that come out, while I knit¹ or work; and, if he loved writing, to copy the Letters which pass between you and me, and those for you which I expect with so much impatience from my brother by means of Dr. Bartlett. I think he spells pretty well, for a Lord.

I have no more to say, at present, but compliments, without number or measure, to all you so deservedly love and honour; as well those I have not seen, as those I have.

Only one thing: Reveal to me all the secrets of your heart, and how that heart is from time to time affected; that I may know whether you are capable of that greatness of mind in a Love-case, that you shew in all others. We will all allow you to love Sir Charles Grandison. Those who do, give honour to themselves, if their eyes stop not at person, *his* having so many advantages. For the same reason, I make no apologies, and never did, for praising my brother, as any other lover of him might do.

Let me know every thing how and about your fellows, too. Ah! Harriet, you make not the use of power that I would have done in your situation. I was half-sorry when my hurrying brother made me dismiss Sir Walter; and yet, to have but two dangles after one, are poor doings for a fine Lady. Poorer still, to have but one!

Here's a Letter as long as my arm. Adieu. I was loth to come to the name: But defer it ever so long, I must subscribe, at last,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXIV

Miss JERVOIS, To Miss BYRON (a)

Monday, May 1

O MY dearest, my honoured Miss Byron, how you have shamed your Emily by sending a Letter to her; such a sweet Letter too! before I have paid my duty to you, in a Letter of thanks for all your love to

(a) The Letter to which this is an answer, as well as those written by Miss Byron to her cousin Reeves, Lady L. &c. and theirs in return; are omitted.

me, and for all your kind instructions. But I began once, twice, and thrice, and wrote a great deal each time, but could not please myself: You, madam, are *such* a writer, and I am such a *poor thing* at my pen!—But I know you will accept the heart. And so my very diffidence shews pride; since it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer: And yet this very Letter, I foresee, will be the worse for my diffidence, and not the better: For I don't like this beginning, neither.—But come, it shall go. Am I not used to your goodness? And do you not bid me prattle to you, in my Letters, as I used to do in your dressing-room? O what sweet advice have you, and do you return for my silly prate! And so I will begin.

And was you grieved at parting with your Emily on Saturday morning? I am sure I was very much concerned at parting with you. I could not help crying all the way to town; and Lady G. shed tears as well as I, and so did Lady L. several times; and said, You were the loveliest, best young Lady in the world. And we all praised likewise your aunt, your cousin Lucy, and young Mr. Selby. How good are all your relations! They must be good! And Lord L. and Lord G. for *men*, were as much concerned as we, at parting with you. Mr. Reeves was so dull all the way! poor Mr. Reeves, he was very dull. And Mr. Beauchamp, he praised you to the very skies; and in such a pretty manner too! Next to my guardian, I think Mr. Beauchamp is a very agreeable man. I fancy these noble sisters, if the truth were known, don't like him so well as their brother does: Perhaps that may be the reason, out of jealousy, as I may say, if there be any-thing in my observation. But they are vastly civil to him, nevertheless; yet they never praise him when his back is turned, as they do others, who can't say half the good things that he says.

Well, but enough of Mr. Beauchamp. My guardian! my gracious, my kind, my indulgent guardian! who, that thinks of him, can praise any-body else?

O madam! Where is he now? God protect and guide my guardian where-ever he goes! This is my prayer, first and last, and I can't tell how often in the day. I look for him in every place I have seen him in (And pray tell me, madam, Did not you do so when he had left us?); and when I can't find him, I do *so* sigh!—What a pleasure, yet what a pain, is there in sighing, when I think of him! Yet I know I am an innocent girl. And this I am sure of, that I wish him to be the husband of but one woman in the whole world; and that is you. But then my next wish is—You know what—Ah my Miss Byron! you must let me live with you and my guardian, if you should ever be Lady Grandison.

But here, madam, are sad doings sometimes, between Lord and Lady G. I am very angry at her often in my heart; yet I cannot help

laughing, now-and-then, at her out-of-the-way sayings. Is not her character a very new one? Or are there more such young wives? I could not do as she does, were I to be queen of the globe. Every-body blames her. She will make my Lord not love her, at last. Don't you think so? And then what will she get by her wit?

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Just this moment she came into my closet—Writing, Emily? said she: To whom?—I told her.—Don't tell tales out of school, Emily.—I was *so* afraid that she would have asked to see what I had written: But she did not. To be sure she is very polite, and knows what belongs to herself, and every-body else: To be ungenerous, as you once said, to her husband only, that is a very sad thing to think of.

Well, and I would give any-thing to know if you think what I have written tolerable, before I go any farther: But I will go on in this way, since I cannot do better. Bad is my best; but you shall have quantity, I warrant, since you bid me write long Letters.

But I have seen my mother: It was but yesterday. She was in a mercer's shop in Covent-Garden. I was in Lord L.'s chariot; only Anne was with me. Anne saw her first. I alighted, and asked her blessing in the shop: I am sure I did right. She blessed me, and called me dear love. I stay'd till she had bought what she wanted, and then I slid down the money, as if it were her own doing; and glad I was I had so much about me: It came but to four guineas. I begged her, speaking low, to forgive me for so doing: And finding she was to go home as far as Soho, and had thoughts of having a hackney coach called; I gave Anne money for a coach for herself, and waited on my mother to her own lodgings; and it being Lord L.'s chariot, she was so good as to dispense with my alighting.

She blessed my guardian all the way, and blessed me. She said, she would not ask me to come to see her, because it might not be thought proper, as my guardian was abroad: But she hoped, she might be allowed to come and see me sometimes.—Was she not very good, madam? But my guardian's goodness makes every-body good.—O that my mamma had been always the same! I should have been but too happy!

God bless my guardian, for putting me on enlarging her power to live handsomely. Only as a coach brings on other charges, and people must live accordingly, or be discredited, instead of credited, by it; or I should hope the additional Two hundred a year might afford them one. Yet one does not know but Mr. O-Hara may have been in debt before he married her; and I fancy he has people who hang upon him. But if it pleases God, I will not, when I am at age, and have a coach of my own, suffer my mother to walk on foot. What a

blessing is it, to have a guardian that will second every good purpose of one's heart!

Lady Olivia is rambling about; and I suppose she will wait here in England till Sir Charles's return: But I am sure he never will have her. A wicked wretch, with her poniards! Yet it is pity! She is a fine woman. But I hate her for her expectation, as well as for her poniard. And a woman to leave her own country, to seek for a husband! I could die before I could do so; tho' to such a man as my guardian. Yet once I thought I could have liked to have lived with her at Florence. She has some good qualities, and is very generous, and in the main well esteemed in her own country; every-body knew she loved my guardian: But I don't know how it is; nobody blamed her for it, vast as the difference in fortune then was. But that is the glory of being a virtuous man; to love him is a credit, instead of a shame. O madam! Who would not be virtuous? And that not only for their own, but for their friends sakes, if they loved their friends, and wished them to be well thought of?

Lord W. is very desirous to hasten his wedding.

Mr. Beauchamp says, that all the Mansfields (He knows them) bless my guardian every day of their lives; and their enemies tremble. He has commissions from my guardian to enquire and act in their cause, that no time may be lost to do them service, against his return.

We have had another visit from Lady Beauchamp, and have returned it. She is very much pleased with us: You see I say *us*. Indeed my two dear Ladies are very good to me; but I have no merit: It is all for their brother's sake.

Mr. Beauchamp tells us, just now, that his mother-in-law has joined with his father, at her own motion, to settle 1000*l.* a year upon him. I am glad of it, with all my heart: Are not you? He is all gratitude upon it. He says, that he will redouble his endeavours to oblige her; and that his gratitude to her, as well as his duty to his father, will engage his utmost regard for her.

Mr. Beauchamp, Sir Harry himself, and my Lady, are continually blessing my guardian: Every-body, in short, blesses him.—But, ah! madam, Where is he, at this moment? O that I were a bird! that I might hover over his head, and sometimes bring tidings to his friends of his motions and good deeds. I would often flap my wings, dear Miss Byron, at your chamber-window, as a signal of his welfare, and then fly back again, and perch as near him as I could.

I am very happy, as I said before, in the favour of Lady and Lord L. and Lady and Lord G.; but I never shall be so happy, as when I had the addition of your charming company. I miss you and my guardian: O how I miss you both! But, dearest Miss Byron, love me not the less, tho' now I have put pen to paper, and you see what a

poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in conversation; but when they are so silly as to put pen to paper, they expose themselves; as I have done, in this long piece of scribble. But accept it, nevertheless, for the true love I bear you; and a truer love never flamed in any bosom, to any one the most dearly beloved, than does in mine for you.

I am afraid I have written arrant nonsense, because I knew not how to express half the love that is in the heart of

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

EMILY JERVOIS

LETTER XXXV

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Tuesday, May 2

I HAVE no patience with you, Lady G. You are ungenerously playful! Thank Heaven, if this be wit, that I have none of it. But what signifies expostulating with one who knows herself to be faulty, and will not amend? How many *stripes*, Charlotte, do you deserve?—But you never spared any-body, not even your brother, when the humour was upon you. So make haste; and since you will lay in stores for repentance, fill up your measure as fast as you can.

‘Reveal to you the state of my heart!’—Ah, my dear! it is an unmanageable one. ‘Greatness of mind!’—I don’t know what it is!—All his excellencies, his greatness, his goodness, his modesty, his cheerfulness under such afflictions as would weigh down every other heart that had but half the compassion in it with which his overflows—Must not all other men appear little, and, less than little, nothing, in my eyes?—It is an instance of patience in me, that I can endure any of them who pretend to regard me out of my own family.

I thought, that when I got down to my dear friends here, I should be better enabled, by their prudent counsels, to attain the desirable frame of mind which I had promised myself: But I find myself mistaken. My grandmamma and aunt are such admirers of him, take such a share in the disappointment, that their advice has not the effect I had hoped it would have. Lucy, Nancy, are perpetually calling upon me to tell them something of Sir Charles Grandison; and when I begin, I know not how to leave off. My uncle raillies me, laughs at me, sometimes reminds me of what he calls my former brags. I did not brag, my dear: I only hoped, that respecting as I did *every* man according to his merit, I should never be greatly taken with *any* one, before duty added force to the inclination. Methinks

the company of the friends I am with, does not satisfy me; yet they never were dearer to me than they now are. I want to have Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. Dr. Bartlett, my Emily, with me. To lose you all at once!—is hard! There seems to be a strange void in my heart—And so much, at present, for the state of that heart.

I always had reason to think myself greatly obliged to my friends and neighbours all around us; but never, till my return, after these few months absence, knew how much. So many kind visitors; such unaffected expressions of joy on my return; that had I not a very great counterbalance on my heart, would be enough to make me proud.

My grandmamma went to Shirley manor on Saturday; on Monday I was with her all day: But she would have it that I should be melancholy if I staid with her. And she is *so* self-denyingly careful of her Harriet! There never was a more noble heart in woman. But her *solitary* moments, as my uncle calls them, are her moments of joy. And why? Because she then divests herself of all that is either painful or pleasurable to her in this life: For she says, that her cares for her Harriet, and especially *now*, are at least a balance for the delight she takes in her.

You command me to acquaint you with what passes between me and the gentlemen in my neighbourhood; in your stile, *my fellows*.

Mr. Fenwick invited himself to breakfast with my aunt Selby yesterday morning. I would not avoid him.

I will not trouble you with the particulars: You know well enough what men will say on the subject upon which you will suppose he wanted to talk to me. He was extremely earnest. I besought him to accept my thanks for his good opinion of me, as all the return I could make him for it; and this in so very serious a manner, that my heart was fretted, when he declared, with warmth, his determined perseverance.

Mr. Greville made us a tea-visit in the afternoon. My uncle and he joined to railly us poor women, as usual. I left the defence of the Sex to my aunt and Lucy. How poor appears to me every conversation now with these men!—But hold, saucy Harriet, was not your uncle Selby one of the railliers?—But he does not believe all he says; and therefore cannot wish to be so much regarded, on this topic, as he ought to be by me, on others.

After the run of raillery was over, in which Mr. Greville made exceptions favourable to the women present, he applied to every one for their interest with me, and to me to countenance his address. He set forth his pretensions very pompously, and mentioned a very considerable increase of his fortune; which before was a very handsome one. He offered our own terms. He declared his Love for me

above all women, and made his happiness in the next world, as well as in this, depend upon my favour to him.

It was easy to answer all he said; and is equally so for you to guess in what manner I answered him: And he, finding me determined, began to grow vehement, and even affrontive. He hinted to me, that he knew what had made me so very resolute. He threw out threatenings against the man, be he whom he would, that should stand in the way of his success with me; at the same time intimating saucily, as I may say (for his manner had insult in it) that it was impossible a certain event could ever take place.

My uncle was angry with him; so was my aunt: Lucy was still more angry than they: But I, standing up, said, Pray, my dear friends, take nothing amiss that Mr. Greville has said.—He once told me, that he would set spies upon my conduct in town. If, Sir, your spies have been just, I fear nothing they can say. But the hints you have thrown out, shew such a total want of all delicacy of mind, that you must not wonder if my *heart* rejects you. Yet I am not angry: I reproach you not: Every one has his peculiar way. All that is left to say or to do, is to thank you for your favourable opinion of me, as I have thanked Mr. Fenwick; and to desire that you will allow me to look upon you as my neighbour, and *only* as my neighbour.

I courtesied to him, and withdrew.

But my great difficulty had been before with Mr. Orme. His sister had desired that I would see her brother. He and she were invited by my aunt to dinner on Tuesday. They came. Poor man! He is not well! I am sorry for it. Poor Mr. Orme is not well! He made me such *honest* compliments, as I may say: His *heart* was too much in his civilities to raise them above the civilities that justice and truth might warrant in favour of a person highly esteemed. Mine was filled with compassion for him; and that compassion would have shewn itself in tokens of tenderness, more than once, had I not restrained myself for *his* sake. How you, my dear Lady G. can delight in giving pain to an honest heart, I cannot imagine. I would make all God Almighty's creatures happy, if I could; and so would your noble brother. Is he not crossing dangerous seas, and ascending, through almost perpetual snows, those dreadful Alps which I have heard described with such terror, for the generous end of relieving distress?

I made Mr. Orme sit next me. I was assiduous to help him, and to do him all the little offices which I thought would light up pleasure in his modest countenance; and he was quite another man. It gave delight to his sister, and to all my friends, to see him smile, and look happy. I think, my dear Lady G. that when Mr. Orme looks pleasant,

and at ease, he resembles a little the good-natured Lord G.—O that you would take half the pains to oblige him, that I do to relieve Mr. Orme!—*Half the pains*, did I say? That you would not take pains to *dis-oblige* him; and he would be, of course, obliged. Don't be afraid, my dear, that, in such a world as this, things will not happen to make you uneasy, without your studying for them. Excuse my seriousness: I am indeed *too* serious, at times.

But when Mr. Orme requested a few minutes audience of me, as he called it, and I walked with him into the cedar parlour, which you have heard me mention, and with which I hope you will be one day acquainted; he paid, poor man! for his too transient pleasure. Why would he urge a denial that he could not but know I must give?

His sister and I had afterwards a conference. She pleaded too strongly her brother's health, and even his life; both which, she would have it, depended on my favour to him. I was greatly affected; and at last besought her, if she valued my friendship as I did hers, never more to mention to me a subject which gave me a pain too sensible for my peace.

She requested me to assure her, that neither Mr. Greville, nor Mr. Fenwick, might be the man. They both took upon them, she said, to ridicule her brother for the profound respect, even to reverence, that he bore me; which, if he knew, might be attended with consequences: For that her brother, mild and gentle as was his passion for me, had courage to resent any indignities that might be cast upon him by spirits boistrous as were those of the two gentlemen she had named. She never, therefore, told her brother of their scoffs. But it would go to her heart, if either of them should succeed, or have reason but for a distant hope.

I made her heart easy, on that score.

I have just now heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is come from abroad already. What can be the meaning of it? He is so low-minded, so malicious a man, and I have suffered so much from him—What can be the meaning of his sudden return? I am told, that he is actually in London. Pray, my dear Lady G. inform yourself about him; and whether he thinks of coming into these parts.

Mr. Greville, when he met us at Stony-Stratford, threw out menaces against Sir Hargrave, on my account; and said, It was well he was gone abroad. I told him then, that he had no business, even were Sir Hargrave present, to engage himself in my quarrels.

Mr. Greville is an impetuous man; a man of rough manners; and makes many people afraid of him. He has, I believe, *indeed*, had his spies about me; for he seems to know every-thing that has befallen me in my absence from Selby-house.

He has dared also to threaten Somebody else. Insolent wretch!

But he hinted to me yesterday, that he was exceedingly pleased with the news, that a certain gentleman was gone abroad, in order to prosecute a *former amour*, was the light wretch's as light expression. If my indignant eyes could have killed him, he would have fallen dead at my feet.

Let the constant and true respects of all my friends to you and yours, and to my beloved Emily, be always, for the future, considered as very affectionately expressed, whether the variety of other subjects leaves room for a particular expression of them, or not, by, my dearest Lady G.

Your faithful, and ever-obliged

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXVI

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Saturday, May 6

I THANK you, Harriet, for yours. What must your fellows think of you? In this gross age, your delicacy must astonish them. There used to be more of it formerly. But how should men know any-thing of it, when women have forgot it? Lord be thanked, we females, since we have been admitted into so constant a share of the public diversions, want not courage. We can give the men stare for stare where-ever we meet them. The next age, nay, the rising generation, must surely be all heroes and heroines. But whither has this word *delicacy* carried me? Me, who, it seems, have faults to be corrected for of another sort; and who want not the *courage* for which I congratulate others?

But to other subjects. I could write a vast deal of stuff about my Lord and Self, and Lord and Lady L. who assume parts which I know not how to allow them: And sometimes they threaten me with my brother's resentments, sometimes with my Harriet's; so that I must really have leading-strings fastened to my shoulders. O my dear! a fond husband is a surfeiting thing; and yet I believe most women love to be made monkeys of.

But all other subjects must now give way. We have heard *of*, tho' not *from*, my brother. A particular friend of Mr. Lowther was here with a Letter from that gentleman, acquainting us, that Sir Charles and he were arrived at Paris.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when Mr. Lowther's friend came.

He borrowed the Letter on account of the extraordinary adventure mentioned in it.

Make your heart easy, in the first place, about Sir Hargrave. He is indeed in town; but very ill. He was frighted into England, and intends not ever again to quit it. In all probability, he owes it to my brother that he exists.

Mr. Beauchamp went directly to Cavendish Square, and informed himself there of other particulars relating to the affair, from the very servant who was present and acting in it; and from those particulars, and Mr. Lowther's Letter, wrote one for Dr. Bartlett. Mr. Beauchamp obliged me with the perusal of what he wrote; whence I have extracted the following account: For his Letter is long and circumstantial; and I did not ask his leave to take a copy, as he seemed desirous to hasten it to the doctor.

On Wednesday, the 19/30 of April, in the evening, as my brother was pursuing his journey to Paris, and was within two miles of that capital, a servant-man rode up, in visible terror, to his post-chaise, in which were Mr. Lowther and himself, and besought them to hear his dreadful tale. The gentlemen stopt, and he told them, that his master, who was an Englishman, and his friend of the same nation, had been but a little while before attacked, and forced out of the road in their post-chaise, as he doubted not, to be murdered, by no less than seven armed horsemen; and he pointed to a hill, at distance, called Mont Martre, behind which they were, at that moment, perpetrating their bloody purpose. He had just before, he said, addressed himself to two other gentlemen, and their retinue, who drove on the faster for it.

The servant's great coat was open; and Sir Charles observing his livery, asked him, If he were not a servant of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? and was answered in the affirmative.

There are, it seems, trees planted on each side the road from St. Denis to Paris, but which, as France is an open and uninclosed country, would not, but for the hill, have hindered the seeing a great way off, the scuffling of so many men on horseback. There is also a ditch on either hand; but places left for owners to come at their grounds, with their carts, and other carriages. Sir Charles ordered the post-boy to drive to one of those passages; saying, He could not forgive himself, if he did not endeavour to save Sir Hargrave, and his friend, whose name the man told him was Merceda.

His own servants were three in number, besides one of Mr. Lowther. My brother made Mr. Lowther's servant dismount; and, getting himself on his horse, ordered the others to follow him. He begged Mr. Lowther to continue in the chaise, bidding the dis-

mounted servant stay, and attend his master, and galloped away towards the hill. His ears were soon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches; and presently he saw two men on horseback holding the horses of four others, who had under them the two gentlemen, struggling, groaning, and crying out for mercy.

On the approach of Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his servants, he calling out to spare the gentlemen, and bending his course to relieve the prostrate sufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horsemen, and advanced to meet Sir Charles, with a shew of supporting the two men on foot in their violence; who continued laying on the wretches, with the but-ends of their whips, unmercifully.

As the assailants offered not to fly, and as they had more than time enough to execute their purpose, had it been robbery and murder; Sir Charles concluded, it was likely that these men were actuated by a private revenge. He was confirmed in this surmise, when the four men on horseback, tho' each had his pistol ready drawn, as Sir Charles also had his, demanded a conference; warning Sir Charles how he provoked his fate by his rashness; and declaring, that he was a dead man if he fired.

Forbear, then, said Sir Charles, all further violences to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to say.

He then put his pistol into his holster; and one of his servants being come up, and the two others at hand (to whom he called out, not to fire till they had his orders), he gave him his horse's reins; bidding him have an eye to the holsters of both, and leapt down; and, drawing his sword, made towards the two men who were so cruelly exercising their whips; and who, on his approach, retired to some little distance, drawing their hangers.¹

The four men on horseback joined the two on foot, just as they were quitting the objects of their fury; and one of them said, Forbear, for the present, further violence, brother; the gentleman shall be told the cause of all this.—Murder, Sir, said he, is not intended; nor are we robbers: The men whom you are solicitous to save from our vengeance, are villains.

Be the cause what it will, answered Sir Charles, you are in a country noted for doing *speedy* justice, upon proper application to the magistrates. In the same instant he raised first one groaning man, then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were so much bruised, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which lay near them; nor put them on without Sir Charles's help.

The men on foot by this time had mounted their horses, and all six stood upon their defence; but one of them was so furious, crying

out, that his vengeance should be yet more complete, that two of the others could hardly restrain him.

Sir Charles asked Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda, Whether they had reason to look upon themselves as injured men, or injurers? One of the assailants answered, That they both knew themselves to be villains.

Either from consciousness, or terror, perhaps from both, they could not speak for themselves, but by groans; nor could either of them stand or sit upright.

Just then came up, in the chaise, Mr. Lowther and his servant, each a pistol in his hand. He quitted the chaise, when he came near the suffering men; and Sir Charles desired him instantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerously hurt, or not.

The most enraged of the assailants, having slipt by the two who were earnest to restrain him, would again have attacked Mr. Merceda; offering a stroke at him with his hanger: But Sir Charles (his drawn sword still in his hand) caught hold of his bridle; and, turning his horse's head aside, diverted a stroke, which, in all probability, would otherwise have been a finishing one.

They all came about Sir Charles, bidding him, at his peril, use his sword upon their friend: And Sir Charles's servants were coming up to their master's support, had there been occasion. At that instant Mr. Lowther, assisted by his own servant, was examining the wounds and bruises of the two terrified men, who had yet no reason to think themselves safe from further violence.

Sir Charles repeatedly commanded his servants not to fire, nor approach nearer, without his orders. The persons, said he, to the assailants, whom you have so cruelly used, are Englishmen of condition. I will protect them. Be the provocation what it will, you must know that your attempt upon them is a criminal one; and if my friend last come up, who is a very skilful surgeon, shall pronounce them in danger, you shall find it so. Still he held the horse of the furious one; and three of them, who seemed to be principals, were beginning to express some resentment at this cavalier treatment, when Mr. Lowther gave his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death: And then Sir Charles, quitting the man's bridle, and putting himself between the assailants and sufferers, said, That as they had not either offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himself, his friend, or servants; he was afraid they had some reason to think themselves ill used by the gentlemen. But, however, as they could not suppose they were at liberty, in a civilized country, to take their revenge on the persons of those who were intitled to the protection of that country; he should expect, that they would hold themselves to be personally answerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

The villains, one of the men said, knew who they were, and what the provocation was; which had merited a worse treatment than they had hitherto met with. You, Sir, proceeded he, seem to be a man of honour, and temper: We are men of honour, as well as you. Our design, as we told you, was not to kill the miscreants; but to give them reason to remember their villainy as long as they lived; and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt, continued he, on a Lady's honour at Abbeville; and, finding themselves detected, and in danger, had taken round-about ways, and shifted from one vehicle to another, to escape the vengeance of her friends. The gentleman whose horse you held, and who has reason to be in a passion, is the husband of the Lady [A Spanish husband, surely, Harriet; not a French one, according to our notions]. *That* gentleman, and *that*, are her brothers. We have been in pursuit of them two days; for they gave out, in order, no doubt, to put us on a wrong scent, that they were to go to Antwerp.

And it seems, my dear, that Sir Hargrave and his colleague had actually sent some of their servants that way; which was the reason that they were themselves attended but by one.

The gentleman told Sir Charles that there was a third villain in their plot. They had hopes, he said, that he would not escape the close pursuit of a manufacturer at Abbeville, whose daughter, a lovely young creature, he had seduced, under promises of marriage. Their government, he observed, were great countenancers of the manufacturers at Abbeville; and he would have reason, if he were laid hold of, to think himself happy, if he came off with being obliged to perform his promises.

This third wretch must be Mr. Bagenhall. The Lord grant, say I, that he may be laid hold of; and obliged to make a ruined girl an *honest woman*, as they phrase it in LANCASHIRE. Don't *you* wish so, my dear? And let me add, that had the relations of the injured Lady completed their intended vengeance on those two Libertines (A very proper punishment, I ween, for all Libertines), it might have helped them to pass the rest of their lives with great tranquillity; and honest girls might, for any contrivances of theirs, have passed to and from *masquerades* without molestation.

Sir Hargrave and his companion intended, it seems, at first, to make some resistance; four only, of the seven, stopping the chaise: But when the other three came up, and they saw who they were, and knew their own guilt, their courage failed them.

The seventh man was set over the post-boy, whom he had led about half a mile from the spot they had chosen as a convenient one for their purpose.

Sir Hargrave's servant was secured by them at their first attack;

but after they had disarmed him and his masters, he found an opportunity to slip from them, and made the best of his way to the road, in hopes of procuring assistance for them.

While Sir Charles was busy in helping the bruised wretches on their feet, the seventh man came up to the others, followed by Sir Hargrave's chaise. The assailants had retired to some distance, and, after a consultation together, they all advanced towards Sir Charles; who, bidding his servants be on their guard, leapt on his horse, with that agility and presence of mind, for which, Mr. Beauchamp says, he excels most men; and leading towards them, Do you advance, gentlemen, said he, as friends, or otherwise?—Mr. Lowther took a pistol in each hand, and held himself ready to support him; and the servants disposed themselves to obey their master's orders.

Our enmity, answered one of them, is only to these two *inhospitable* villains: Murder, as we told you, was not our design. They know where we are to be found; and that they are the vilest of men, and have not been punished equal to their demerits. Let them on their knees ask this gentleman's pardon; pointing to the husband of the insulted Lady. We insist upon this satisfaction; and upon their promise, that they never more will come within two leagues of Abbeville; and we will leave them to your protection.

I fancy, Harriet, that these women-frightening heroes needed not to have been urged to make this promise.

Sir Charles, turning towards them, said, If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to scruple asking pardon. If you know yourselves to be innocent, tho' I should be loth to risque the lives of my friend and servants, yet shall not my countrymen make so undue a submission.

The wretches kneeled; and the seven men, civilly saluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther, rode off; to the joy of the two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth blessings upon the man whose life, so lately, one of them sought; and whose preservation he had now so much reason to rejoice in, for the sake of his own safety.

My brother himself could not but be well pleased that he was not obliged to come to extremities, which might have ended fatally on both sides.

By this time Sir Hargrave's post-chaise was come up. He and his colleague were with difficulty lifted into it. My brother and Mr. Lowther went into theirs; and being but a small distance from Paris, they proceeded thither in company; the poor wretches blessing them all the way; and at Paris found their other servants waiting for them.

Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther saw them in bed in the lodgings that had been taken for them. They were so stiff with the bastinado they

had met with, that they were unable to help themselves. Mr. Merceda had been more severely (I cannot call it more cruelly) treated than the other; for he, it seems, was the greatest malefactor in the attempt made upon the Lady: And he had, besides, two or three gashes, which, but for his struggles, would have been but one.

As you, my dear, always turn pale when the word *Masquerade* is mentioned; so, I warrant, will ABBEVILLE be a word of terror to these wretches, as long as they live.

Their enemies, it seems, carried off their arms; perhaps, in the true spirit of French chivalry, with a view to lay them, as so many trophies, at the feet of the insulted Lady.

Mr. Lowther writes, that my brother and he are lodged in the Hôtel of a man of quality, a dear friend of the late Mr. Danby, and one of the three whom he has remembered in his will; and that Sir Charles is extremely busy in relation to the executorship; and, having not a moment to spare, desired Mr. Lowther to engage his friend, to whom he wrote, to let us know as much; and that he was hastening everything for his journey onwards.

Mr. Beauchamp's narrative of this affair, is, as I told you, very circumstantial. I thought to have shortened it more than I have done. I wish I have not made my abstract confused, in several material places: But I have not time to clear it up. Adieu, my dear.

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXVII

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Sunday, May 7

I BELIEVE I shall become as arrant a scribbler as Somebody else. I begin to like writing. A great compliment to you, I assure you. I see one may bring one's mind to any-thing—I thought I must have had recourse, when you and my brother left us, and when I was married, to the public amusements, to fill up my leisure: And as I have seen every-thing worth seeing of those, many times over (masquerades excepted, and them I despise); time, you know, in that case, would have passed a little heavily, after having shewn myself, and, by seeing Who and Who were together, laid in a little store of the right sort of conversation for the tea-table. For you know, Harriet, that among us modern fine people, the company, and not the entertainment, is the principal part of the Raree-show. Pretty enough! to *make* the entertainment, and *pay* for it too, to the

honest fellows, who have nothing to do, but to project schemes to get us together.

I don't know what to do with this man. I little thought that I was to be considered as such a Doll, such a Toy, as he would make me. I want to drive him out of the house without me, were it but to purvey for me news and scandal. What are your fine gentlemen fit for else? You know, that, with all my faults, I have a domestic and managing turn. A man should encourage that in a wife, and not be perpetually teasing her for her company abroad, unless he did it with a view to keep her at home. Our Sex don't love to be prescribed to, even in the things to which they are not naturally averse: And for *this* very reason, perhaps, because it *becomes* us to submit to prescription. Human nature, Harriet, is a perverse thing. I believe, if my good man wished me to stay at home, I should torture my brain, as other good wives do, for inventions to go abroad.

It was but yesterday, that, in order to give him a hint, I pinned my apron¹ to his coat, without considering who was likely to be a sufferer by it; and he, getting up, in his usual nimble way, gave it a rent, and then looked behind him with *so* much apprehension—Hands folded, eyes goggling, bag² in motion from shoulder to shoulder. I was vexed too much to make the use of the trick which I had designed, and huffed³ him. He made excuses, and looked pitifully; bringing in his Soul, to testify that he knew not how it could be—How it could be! Wretch! When you are always squatting upon one's cloaths, in defiance of hoop,⁴ or distance.

He went out directly, and brought me in two aprons, either of which was worth twenty of that he so carelessly rent. Who could be angry with him?—I was, indeed, thinking to chide him for *this*—As if I were not to be trusted to buy my own cloaths: And it was just at my tongue's end, to ask him, What the milaner could think of a man buying linen for a woman; but he looked at me with so good-natured an eye, that I relented, and accepted, with a bow of graciousness, his present; only calling him an odd creature—And that he *is*, you know, my dear.

We live very whimsically, in the main: Not above four quarrels, however, and as many more chidings, in a day. What does the man stay at home for then so much, when I am at home?—Married people, by frequent absences, may have a chance for a little happiness. How many debates, if not direct quarrels, are saved by the good man's and his meek wife's seeing each other but once or twice a week! In what can men and women, who are much together, employ themselves, but in proving and defending, quarrelling and making-up? Especially if they both chance to marry for Love (which, thank Heaven, is not altogether my case); for then both honest souls,

having promised more happiness to each other than they can possibly meet with, have nothing to do but reproach each other, at least tacitly, for their disappointment.—A great deal of Freemasonry in Love, my dear, believe me! The secret, like that, when found out, is hardly worth the knowing.

Well, but what silly rattle is this, Charlotte! methinks you say, and put on one of your wisest looks.

No matter, Harriet! There may be some wisdom in much folly. Every one speaks not out so plainly as I do. But when the novelty of an acquisition or change of condition is over, be the change or the acquisition what it will, the principal pleasure is over, and other novelties are hunted after, to keep the pool of life from stagnating.

This is a *serious* truth, my dear, and I expect you to praise me for it. You are very sparing of your praise to poor me; and yet I had rather have your good word, than any woman's in the world: Or man's either, I was going to say; but I should then have forgot my *brother*. As for Lord G. were I to accustom him to obligingness, I should destroy my own consequence: For then it would be no novelty; and he would be hunting after a new folly—Very true, Harriet.

Well, but we have had a good serious falling-out; and it still subsists. It began on Friday night; *present* Lord and Lady L. and Emily. I was very angry with him for bringing it on before them. The man has no discretion, my dear; none at all. And what about? Why, we have not made our *appearance at court*, forsooth.

A very confident thing, this same appearance, I think! A compliment made to fine cloaths and jewels, at the expence of modesty. Lord G. pleads decorum—Decorum against modesty, my dear!—But if by decorum is meant fashion, I have in a hundred instances found decorum beat modesty out of the house. And as my brother, who would have been our principal honour on such an occasion, is gone abroad; and as *ours* is an *elderly novelty*, as I may say; (our *fineries* were not ready, you know, before my brother went) I was fervent against it.

'I was the only woman of condition, in England, who would be against it.'

I told my Lord, that was a reflexion on my Sex: But Lord and Lady L. who had been spoken to, I believe, by Lady Gertrude, were both on his side [I shall have this man utterly ruined for a husband among you]—When there were three to one, it would have looked cowardly to yield, you know. I was brave. But it being proposed for Sunday, and that being at a little distance, it was not doubted but I would comply. So the night past off, with prayings, hopings, and a little *mutteration* [Allow me that word, or find me a better.] The

entreaty was renewed in the morning; but, no!—‘I was ashamed of him,’ he said. I asked him, If he really thought so?—‘He *should* think so, if I refused him.’ Heaven forbid, my Lord, that I, who contend for the liberty of acting, should hinder you from the liberty of thinking! Only one piece of advice, honest friend, said I: Don’t imagine the worst against yourself: And another, If you have a mind to carry a point with me, don’t bring on the cause before any-body else: For that would be to doubt either my duty, or your own reasonableness.

As sure as you are alive, Harriet, the man made an exception against being called *honest friend*; as if, as I told him, either of the words were incompatible with *quality*. So, once, he was as froppish as a child, on my calling him *the man*; a higher distinction, I think, than if I had called him a king, or a prince. THE MAN!—Strange creature! To except to a distinction that implies, that he is the Man of Men!—You see what a captious mortal I have been forced to call My Lord. But *Lord* and *Master* do not always go together; tho’ they do *too* often, for the happiness of many a meek soul of our Sex.

Well, this debate seemed suspended, by my telling him, that if I were presented at court, I would not have either the Earl or Lady Gertrude go with us, the very people who *were* most desirous to be there—But I *might* not think of that, at the time, you know.—I would not be thought *very* perverse; only a little whimsical, or so. And I wanted not an excellent reason for excluding them—‘Are their *consents* to our past affair *doubted*, my Lord, said I, that you think it necessary for them to appear to justify us?’

He could say nothing to this, you know. And I should never forgive the husband, as I told him, on another occasion, who would pretend to argue, when he had nothing to say.

Then (for the baby will be always craving something) he wanted me to go abroad with him—I forget whither—But to some place that he supposed (poor man!) I should *like* to visit. I told him, I dared to say, he wished to be thought a *modern* husband, and a *fashionable* man; and he would get a bad name, if he could never stir out without his wife. *Neither* could he answer *that*, you know.

Well, we went on, mutter, mutter, grumble, grumble, the thunder rolling at a distance; a little impatience now-and-then, however, portending, that it would come nearer. But, as yet, it was only, Pray, my dear, oblige me; and, Pray, my Lord, excuse me; till this morning, when he had the assurance to be pretty peremptory; hinting, that the Lord in waiting had been spoke to. A fine time of it would a wife have, if she were not at liberty to dress herself as she pleases. Were I to choose again, I do assure you, my dear, it should not be a man, who by his taste for Moths and Butterflies, Shells, China, and

such-like trifles, would give me warning, that he would presume to dress his baby,¹ and when he had done, would perhaps admire his own fancy more than her person. I believe, my Harriet, I shall make you afraid of Matrimony: But I will pursue my subject, for all that.—

When the Insolent saw that I did not dress, as he would have had me; he drew out his face, glouting, to half the length of my arm; but was silent. Soon after Lady L. sending to know whether her Lord and she were to attend us to the Drawing-room, and I returning for answer, that I should be glad of their company at dinner; he was in violent wrath. True, as you are alive! and dressing himself in a great hurry, left the house, without saying, By your leave, With your leave, or Whether he would return to dinner, or not. Very pretty doings, Harriet!

Lord and Lady L. came to dinner, however. I thought they were very kind, and, till they opened their lips, was going to thank them: For then, it was all *elder* Sister, and insolent Brother-in-law, I do assure you. Upon my word, Harriet, they took upon them.

Lady L. told me, I might be the happiest creature in the world, if—and there was so good as to stop.

One of the happiest only, Lady L.! Who can be happier than you?

But I, said she, should neither *be* so, nor *deserve* to be so, *if*—Good of her again; to stop at *if*.

We can't be all of one mind, replied I. I shall be wiser, in time.

Where was poor Lord G. gone?

Poor Lord G. is gone to seek his fortune, I believe.

What did I mean?

I told them the airs he had given himself; and that he was gone without leave, or notice of return.

He had served me right, *ab*-solutely right, Lord L. said.

I believed so myself. Lord G. was a very good sort of man, and ought not to bear with me so much as he had done: But it would be kind in them, not to tell him what I had owned.

The Earl lifted up one hand; the Countess both. They had not come to dine with me, they said, after the answer I had returned, but as they were afraid something was wrong between us.

Mediators are not to be of one side only, I said: And as they had been so kindly free in blaming me, I hoped they would be as free with him, when they saw him.

And then it was, For *God's* sake, Charlotte; and, Let me *entreat* you, Lady G. And let *me*, too, *beseech* you, madam, said Emily, with tears stealing down her cheeks.

You are both very good: You are a sweet girl, Emily. I have a too-playful heart. It will give me some pain, and some pleasure; but if I had not more pleasure than pain from my play, I should not be so silly.

My Lord not coming in, and the dinner being ready, I ordered it to be served.—Won't you wait a little longer for Lord G.?—No. I hope he is safe, and well. He is his own master, as well as mine (I sighed, I believe!); and, no doubt, has a paramount pleasure in pursuing his own choice.

They raved. I begged that they would let us eat our dinner with *comfort*. My Lord, I hoped, would come in with a keen appetite, and Nelthorpe should get a supper for him that he liked.

When we had dined, and retired into the adjoining drawing-room, I had another schooling-bout: Emily was even saucy. But I took it all: Yet, in my heart, was vexed at Lord G.'s perverseness.

At last, in came the *honest* man. He does not read this, and so cannot take exceptions, and I hope *you* will not, at the word *honest*.

So lordly! so stiff! so solemn!—Upon my word!—Had it not been Sunday, I would have gone to my harpsichord directly. He bowed to Lord and Lady L. and to Emily, very obligingly; to me he nodded.—I nodded again; but, like a good-natured fool, smiled. He stalked to the chimney; turned his back towards it, buttoned up his mouth, held up his glowing face, as if he were disposed to crow; yet had not won the battle.—One hand in his bosom; the other under the skirt of his waistcoat, and his posture firmer than his mind.—Yet was my heart so devoid of malice, that I thought his attitude very genteel; and, had we not been man and wife, agreeable.

We hoped to have found your Lordship at home, said Lord L. or we should not have dined here.

If Lord G. is as polite a *husband* as a *man*, said I, he will not thank your Lordship for this compliment to his wife.

Lord G. swelled, and reared himself up. His complexion, which was before in a glow, was heightened.

Poor man! thought I.—But why should my tender heart pity obstinate people?—Yet I could not help being dutiful.—Have you dined, my Lord? said I, with a sweet smile, and very courteous.

He stalked to the window, and never a word answered he.

Pray, Lady L. be so good as to ask my Lord G. If he has dined? Was not this very condescending, on such a behaviour?

Lady L. *asked* him, and as gently-voiced as if she were asking the same question of her own Lord. Lady L. is a kind-hearted soul, Harriet: She is *my* Sister.

I have *not*, madam, to Lady L. turning rudely from me, and, not very civilly, from her. Ah! thought I, these men! The more they are courted!—Wretches! to find their consequence in a woman's meekness.—Yet, I could not forbear shewing mine.—Nature, Harriet! Who can resist constitution?

What stiff airs are these! approaching him.—I do assure you, my

Lord, I shall not take this behaviour well; and put my hand on his arm.

I was served right. Would you believe it? The man shook off my condescending hand, by raising his elbow scornfully. He really did!

Nay, then!—I left him, and retired to my former seat. I was vexed that it was Sunday: I wanted a little harmony.

Lord and Lady L. both blamed me, by their looks; and my Lady took my hand, and was leading me towards him. I shewed a little reluctance: And, would you have thought it? out of the drawing-room whipt my nimble Lord, as if on purpose to avoid being moved by my concession.

I took my place again.

I beg of you, Charlotte, said Lady L. go to my Lord. You have used him ill.

When I think so, I will follow your advice, Lady L.

And *don't* you think so, Lady G.? said Lord L.

What! for taking my own option how I would be dressed to-day? —*What!* for deferring—That moment in came my bluff Lord—Have I not, proceeded I, been forced to dine without him to-day? Did he let me know what account I could give of his absence? Or when he would return?—And see, *now*, how angry he looks?

He traversed the room—I went on—Did he not shake off my hand, when I laid it, smiling, on his arm? Would he answer me a question, which I kindly put to him, fearing he had not dined, and might be sick for want of eating? Was I not forced to apply to Lady L. for an answer to my *careful* question, on his scornfully turning from me in silence?—Might we not, if he had not gone out so abruptly, nobody knows where, have made the *appearance* his heart is so set upon?—But now, indeed, it is too late.

Oons, madam! said he, and he kemboed his arms, and strutted up to me. Now for a cuff, thought I. I was half afraid of it: But out of the room again capered he.

Lord bless me, said I, What a passionate creature is this!

Lord and Lady L. both turned from me with indignation. But no wonder if *one*, that they *both* did. They are a silly pair; and I believe have agreed to keep each other in countenance in all they do.

But Emily affected me. She sat before in one corner of the room, weeping; and just then ran to me, and, wrapping her arms about me, Dear, dear Lady G. said she, for Heaven's sake, think of what our Miss Byron said; 'Don't jest away your own happiness.' I don't say who is in fault: But, my dear Lady, do *you* condescend. It looks pretty in a woman to condescend. Forgive me; I will run to my Lord, and I will beg of him—

Away she ran, without waiting for an answer—and, bringing in

the passionate wretch, hanging on his arm—You must not, my Lord, *indeed* you must not be so passionate. Why, my Lord, you frightened *me*; indeed you did. Such a word I never heard from your Lordship's mouth—

Ay, my Lord, said I, you give yourself pretty airs! Don't you? and use pretty words; that a child shall be terrified at them! But come, come, ask my pardon, for leaving me to *dine without* you.

Was not that tender?—Yet out went Lord and Lady L. To be sure they did right, if they withdrew in hopes these kind words would have been received as reconciliatory ones; and not in displeasure with me, as I am half-afraid they did: For their good-nature, worthy souls! does sometimes lead them into misapprehensions. I kindly laid my hand on his arm again.—He was ungracious.—Nay, my Lord, don't once more reject me with disdain—If you do—I then smiled most courteously. Carry not your absurdities, my Lord, too far: And I took his hand [There, Harriet, was condescension!]: I protest, Sir, if you give yourself any more of these airs, you will not find me so condescending.—Come, come, tell me you are sorry, and I will forgive you.

Sorry! madam; *sorry!*—I am indeed sorry, for your provoking airs!

Why that's not ill said—But kemboed arms, my Lord! are you not sorry for such an air? And *Oons!* are you not sorry for such a word? and for such looks too? and for quarreling with your dinner?—I protest, my Lord, you make one of us look like a child who flings away his bread and butter because it has not glass windows upon it.—¹

Not for one moment forbear, madam!—

Pr'ythee, pr'ythee—[I profess I had like to have said *honest friend*] No more of these airs; and, I tell you, I will forgive you.

But, madam, I cannot, I will not—

Hush, hush; no more in that strain, and so loud, as if we had lost each other in a wood!—If you will let us be friends, say so—In an instant—If *not*, I am gone—gone this moment—casting off from him, as I may say, intending to mount up-stairs.

Angel, or Demon, shall I call you? said he.—Yet I receive your hand, as offered. But, for God's sake, madam, let us be happy! And he kissed my hand, but not so cordially as it became him to do; and in came Lord and Lady L. with countenances a little ungracious.

I took my seat next my own man, with an air of officiousness, hoping to oblige him by it; and he *was* obliged: And another day, not yet quite agreed upon, this parade is to be made.

And thus began, proceeded, and ended, this doughty quarrel. And who knows, but before the day is absolutely resolved upon, we may

have half a score more? Four, five, six days, as it may happen, is a great space of time for people to agree, who are so much together; and one of whom is playful, and the other will not be played with. But these kembo and oons airs, Harriet, stick a little in my stomach; and the man seems not to be quite come to neither. He is sullen and gloomy, and don't prate away as he used to do, when we have made up before.

But I will sing him a song to-morrow: I will please the *honest* man, if I can. But he really should not have had for a wife a woman of so sweet a temper as

Your CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXVIII

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Monday, May 8

MY Lord and I have had another little—*Tiff*, shall I call it? It came not up to a quarrel. Married people would have enough to do, if they were to trouble their friends every time they misunderstood one another. And now a word or two of other people: Not always scribbling of ourselves.

We have just heard, that our cousin Everard has added another fool of our Sex to the number of the weak ones who disgrace it: A sorry fellow! He has been seen with her, by one whom he would not know, at Cuper's Gardens,¹ dressed like a Sea-officer, and skulking, like a thief, into the privatest walks of the place. When he is tired of the poor wretch, he will want to accommodate with us by promises of penitence and reformation, as once or twice before. Rakes are not only odious, but they are despicable fellows. You will the more clearly see this, when I assure you, from those who know, that this silly creature our cousin is looked upon, among his brother Libertines, and Smarts,² as a man of *first* consideration!

He has also been seen, in a gayer habit, at a certain Gaming-table, near Covent-Garden;³ where he did not content himself with being an idle spectator. Colonel Winwood, our informant, shook his head, but made no other answer, to some of our enquiries. May he suffer! say I.—A sorry fellow!—

Preparations are going on, all *so-fast* at Windsor. We are all invited. God grant that Miss Mansfield may be as happy a Lady W. as we all conclude she will be! But I never was fond of matches between sober young women, and battered old rakes. Much good may do the adventurers, drawn in by gewgaw and title!—Poor

things!—But convenience, when that's the motive, whatever foolish girls think, will hold out its comforts, while a gratified Love quickly evaporates.

Beauchamp, who is acquainted with the Mansfields, is entrusted by my brother, in his absence, with the management of the Law-affairs. He hopes, he says, to give a good account of them. The base steward of the uncle Calvert, who lived as a husband with the woman who had been forced upon his superannuated master in a doting fit, has been brought, by the death of one of the children born in Mr. Calvert's life-time, and by the precarious health of the posthumous one, to make overtures of accommodation. A new hearing of the cause between them and the Keelings, is granted; and great things are expected from it, in their favour, from some new lights thrown in upon that suit. The Keelings are frightened out of their wits, it seems; and are applying to Sir John Lambton, a disinterested neighbour; to offer himself as a mediator between them. The Mansfields will so soon be related to us, that I make no apology for interesting you in their affairs.

Be sure you chide me for my whimsical behaviour to Lord G. I know you will. But don't blame my *heart*: My *head* only is wrong.

A little more from fresh informations of this sorry varlet Everard. I wished him to suffer; but I wished him not to be so very great a sufferer as it seems he is. Sharpers have bit his head off, quite close to his shoulders: They have not left it him to carry under his arm, as the honest patron of France did his.¹ They lend it him, however, now-and-then, to repent with, and curse himself. The creature he attended to Cuper's Gardens, instead of a country Innocent, as he expected her to be, comes out to be a cast mistress, experienced in all the arts of such, and acting under the secret influences of a man of quality; who, wanting to get rid of her, supports her in a prosecution commenced against him (poor devil!) for performance of covenants. He was extremely mortified, on finding my brother gone abroad: He intends to apply to him for his pity and help. Sorry fellow! He boasted to us, on our expectation of our brother's arrival from abroad, that he would enter his cousin Charles into the ways of the town. Now he wants to avail himself against the practices of the sons of that town by his cousin's character and consequence.

A combination of sharpers, it seems, had long set him as a man of fortune: But, on his taking refuge with my brother, gave over, for a time, their designs upon him, till he threw himself again in their way.

The worthless fellow had been often liberal of his promises of marriage to young creatures of more innocence than *this*; and thinks it very hard that he should be prosecuted for a crime which he had

so frequently committed, with impunity. Can you pity him? I cannot, I assure you. The man who can betray and ruin an innocent woman, who loves him, ought to be abhorred by *men*. Would he scruple to betray and ruin *them*, if he were not afraid of the Law?—Yet there are women, who can forgive such wretches, and herd with them.—

My aunt Eleanor is arrived: A good, plump, bonny-faced old virgin. She has chosen her apartment. At present we are most prodigiously civil to each other: But already I suspect she likes Lord G. better than I would have her. She will perhaps, if a party should be formed against your poor Charlotte, make one of it.

Will you think it time thrown away, to read a further account of what is come to hand about the wretches who lately, in the double sense of the word, were *overtaken* between St. Denis and Paris?

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, it seems, still keeps his chamber: He is thought not to be out of danger from some inward hurt, which often makes him bring up blood in quantities. He is miserably oppressed by lowness of spirits; and when he is a little better in that respect, his impatience makes his friends apprehensive for his head. But has *he* intellects strong enough to give apprehensions of that nature? Fool and madman we often join as terms of reproach; but I believe, fools seldom run really mad.

Merceda is in a still more dangerous way. Besides his bruises, and a fractured skull, he has, it seems, a wound in his thigh, which, in the delirium he was thrown into by the fracture, was not duly attended to; and which, but for his *valiant* struggles against the knife which gave the wound, was designed for a still greater mischief. His recovery is despaired of; and the poor wretch is continually offering up vows of penitence and reformation, if his life may be spared.

Bagenhall *was* the person who had seduced, by promises of marriage, and fled for it, the manufacturer's daughter of Abbeville. He was overtaken by his pursuers at Douay. The incensed father, and friends of the young woman, would not be otherwise pacified than by his performing his promise; which, with infinite reluctance, he complied with, principally thro' the threats of the brother, who is noted for his fierceness and resolution; and who once made the sorry creature feel an argument which greatly terrified him. Bagenhall is at present at Abbeville, living as well as he can with his new wife, cursing his fate, no doubt, in secret. He is obliged to appear fond of her before her brother and father; the latter being also a sour man, a Gascon, always boasting of his family, and valuing himself upon a *de*, affixed by *himself* to his name, and jealous of indignity offered to it. The fierce brother is resolved to accompany his sister to England, when Bagenhall goes thither, in order, as he declares, to secure

to her good usage, and see her owned and visited by all Bagenhall's friends and relations. And thus much of these fine gentlemen.

How different a man is Beauchamp! But it is injuring him, to think of those wretches and him at the same time. He certainly has an eye to Emily, but behaves with great prudence towards her: Yet everybody but *she* sees his regard for her: Nobody but her guardian runs in her head; and the more, as she really thinks it is a glory to love him, because of his goodness. Every-body, she says, has the *same* admiration of him, that she has.

Mrs. Reeves desires me to acquaint you, that Miss Clements having, by the death of her mother and aunt, come into a pretty fortune, is addressed to by a Yorkshire gentleman of easy circumstances, and is preparing to go down thither to reside; but that she intends to write to you before she goes, and to beg you to favour her with now-and-then a Letter.

I think Miss Clements is a good sort of young woman: But I imagined she would have been one of those Nuns at large, who need not make vows of living and dying Aunt Eleanors, or Lady Gertrudes; all three of them good honest souls! chaste, pious, and plain. It is a charming situation, when a woman is arrived at such a height of perfection, as to be above giving or receiving temptation. Sweet innocents! They have my reverence, if not my love. How would they be affronted, if I were to say *pity!*—I think only of my two good Aunts, at the present writing. Miss Clements, you know, is a *youngish* woman; and I respect her much. One would not jest upon the unsightliness of person, or plainness of feature: But think you she will not be one of those, who twenty years hence may put in a boast of her quondam beauty?

How I run on! I think I ought to be ashamed of myself.

'Very true, Charlotte.'

And so it is, Harriet. I have done—Adieu!—Lord G. will be silly again, I doubt; but I am prepared. I wish he had half my patience.

'Be quiet, Lord G.! What a fool you are!'—The man, my dear, under pretence of being friends, run his sharp nose in my eye. No bearing his fondness: It is *worse* than insolence. How my eye waters!—I can tell him—But I will tell *him*, and not *you*.—Adieu, once more.

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXIX¹

*Mr. LOWTHER, To JOHN ARNOLD, Esq;
(his Brother-in-Law) in London*

Bologna, May 5-16

I WILL now, my dear Brother, give you a circumstantial account of our short, but flying journey. The 20th of April, O. S.² early in the morning, we left Paris, and reached Lyons the 24th, at night.

Resting but a few hours, we set out for Pont Beauvoisin, where we arrived the following evening: There we bid adieu to France, and found ourselves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed it was a total change of the scene. We had left behind us a blooming spring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges on the road we passed, and the meadows already smiled with flowers. The chearful inhabitants were busy in adjusting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields: But when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I must own, that my spirits were great sufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and snow, notwithstanding the advanced season, the rigid winter, in frozen majesty, still preserving its domains: And arriving at St. Jean de Maurienne the night of the 26th, the snow seemed as if it would dispute with us our passage; and horrible was the force of the boistrous winds, which sat full in our faces.

Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unseasonable coldness of the weather, and the sight of one of the worst countries under Heaven, still cloathed in snow, and deformed by continual hurricanes; I was here taken ill. Sir Charles was greatly concerned for my indisposition, which was increased by a great lowness of spirits. He attended upon me in person; and never had man a more kind and indulgent friend. Here we stayed two days; and then, my illness being principally owing to fatigue, I found myself enabled to proceed. At two of the clock in the morning of the 28th, we prosecuted our journey, in palpable darkness, and dismal weather, tho' the winds were somewhat laid, and reaching the foot of Mount Cenis by break of day, arrived at Lanebourg, a poor little village, so environed by high mountains, that, for three months in the twelve, it is hardly visited by the chearing rays of the sun. Every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable. The people are generally of an olive complexion, with wens under their chins; some so monstrous, especially women, as quite disfigure them.

Here it is usual to unscrew and take in pieces the chaises, in order

to carry them on mules over the mountain; and to put them together on the other side: For the Savoy side of the mountain is much more difficult to pass than the other. But Sir Charles chose not to lose time; and therefore left the chaise to the care of the inn-keeper; proceeding, with all expedition, to gain the top of the hill.

The way we were carried, was as follows: A kind of horse, as it is called with you,¹ with two poles, like those of chairmen, was the vehicle; on which is secured a sort of elbow chair, in which the traveller sits. A man before, another behind, carry this open machine with so much swiftness, that they are continually running and skipping, like wild goats, from rock to rock, the four miles of that ascent. If a traveller were not prepossessed that these mountaineers are the surest-footed carriers in the universe, he would be in continual apprehensions of being overturned. I, who never undertook this journey before, must own, that I could not be so fearless, on this occasion, as Sir Charles was, tho' he had very exactly described to me how every-thing would be. Then, tho' the sky was clear when we passed this mountain, yet the cold wind blew quantities of frozen snow in our faces; insomuch that it seemed to me just as if people were employed, all the time we were passing, to wound us with the sharpest needles. They indeed call the wind that brings this sharp-pointed snow, *The Tormenta*.

An adventure, which any-where else might have appeared ridiculous, I was afraid would have proved fatal to one of our chairmen, as I will call them. I had slapt down my hat to screen my eyes from the fury of that deluge of sharp-pointed frozen snow; and it was blown off my head, by a sudden gust, down the precipices: I gave it for lost, and was about to bind a handkerchief over the woollen cap, which those people provide to tie under the chin; when one of the assistant carriers (for they are always six in number to every chair, in order to relieve one another) undertook to recover it. I thought it impossible to be done; the passage being, as I imagined, only practicable for birds: However, I promised him a crown reward, if he did. Never could the leaps of the most dextrous of rope-dancers be compared to those of this daring fellow: I saw him sometimes jumping from rock to rock, sometimes rolling down a declivity of snow like a ninepin, sometimes running, sometimes hopping, skipping; in short, he descended like lightning to the verge of a torrent, where he found the hat. He came up almost as quick, and appeared as little fatigued, as if he had never left us.

We arrived at the top in two hours, from Lanebourg; and the sun was pretty high above the horizon. Out of a hut, half-buried in snow, came some mountaineers, with two poor sledges, drawn by mules, to carry us through the *Plain of Mount Cenis*, as it is called,

which is about four Italian miles in length, to the descent of the Italian side of the mountain. These sledges are not much different from the chairs, or sedans, or horse, we then quitted; only the two under-poles¹ are flat, and not so long as the others, and turning up a little at the end, to hinder them from sticking fast in the snow. To the fore-ends of the poles are fixed two round sticks, about two feet and a half long, which serve for a support and help to the man who guides the mule, who, running on the snow between the mule and the sledge, holds the sticks with each hand.

It was diverting to see the two sledgemen striving to out-run each other. Encouraged by Sir Charles's generosity, we arrived at the other end of the plain in less than two hours: The man who walked, or rather run, between the sledge and the mule, made a continual noise; hallooing and beating the stubborn beast with his fists, which otherwise would be very slow in its motion.

At the end of this plain we found such another hut as that on the Lanebourg side: Here they took off the smoking mules from the sledges, to give them rest.

And now began the most extraordinary way of travelling that can be imagined. The descent of the mountain from the top of this side, to a small village called Novalesa, is four Italian miles. When the snow has filled up all the inequalities of the mountain, it looks, in many parts, as smooth and equal as a sugar-loaf. It is on the brink of this rapid descent that they put the sledge. The man who is to guide it, sits between the feet of the traveller, who is seated in the elbow chair, with his legs at the outside of the sticks fixed at the fore-ends of the flat poles, and holds the two sticks with his hands; and when the sledge has gained the declivity, its own weight carries it down with surprising celerity. But as the immense irregular rocks under the snow make now-and-then some edges in the declivity, which, if not avoided, would overturn the sledge; the guide, who foresees the danger, by putting his foot strongly and dextrously in the snow next to the precipice, turns the machine, by help of the above-mentioned sticks, the contrary way, and, by way of zig-zag, goes to the bottom. Such was the velocity of this motion, that we dispatched these four miles in less than five minutes; and, when we arrived at Novalesa, hearing that the snow was very deep most of the way to Susa, and being pleased with our way of travelling, we had some mules put again to the sledges, and ran all the way to the very gates of that city, which is seven miles distant from Mount Cenis.

In our way we had a cursory view of the impregnable fortress of Brunetta, the greatest part of which is cut out of the solid rock, and commands that important pass.

We rested all night at Susa; and, having bought a very commodious post-chaise, we proceeded to Turin, where we dined; and from thence, the evening of May 2. O. S. got to Parma by way of Alexandria and Placentia, having purposely avoided the high road through Milan, as it would have cost us a few hours more time.

Sir Charles observed to me, when we were on the plain or flat top of Mount Cenis, that, had not the winter been particularly long and severe, we should have had, instead of this terrible appearance of snow there, flowers starting up, as it were, under our feet, of various kinds, which are hardly to be met with anywhere else. One of the greatest dangers, he told me, in passing this mount in winter, arises from a ball of snow, which is blown down from the top by the wind, or falls down by some other accident; which, gathering all the way in its descent, becomes instantly of such a prodigious bigness, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beast, and smothered in it. One of these balls we saw rolling down; but as it took another course than ours, we had no apprehensions of danger from it.

At Parma we found expecting us, the Bishop of Nocera, and a very Reverend Father, Marescotti by name; who expressed the utmost joy at the arrival of Sir Charles Grandison, and received me, at his recommendation, with a politeness which seems natural to them. I will not repeat what I have written before of this excellent young gentleman: Intrepidity, bravery, discretion, as well as generosity, are conspicuous parts of his character. He is studious to avoid danger; but is unappalled in it. For humanity, benevolence, providence for others, to his very servants, I never met with his equal.

My reception from the noble family to which he has introduced me; the patient's case (a very unhappy one!); and a description of this noble city, and the fine country about it; shall be the subject of my next. Assure all my friends of my health, and good wishes for them; and, my dear Arnold, believe me to be

Ever Yours, &c.

LETTER XL

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Bologna, Wednesday, May 10-21

I TOLD you, my dear and reverend friend, that I should hardly write to you till I arrived in this city.

The affair of my executorship obliged me to stay a day longer at Paris than I intended; but I have put every-thing relating to that trust in such a way, as to answer all my wishes.

Mr. Lowther wrote to Mr. Arnold, a friend of his in London, the particulars of the extraordinary affair we were engaged in between St. Denis and Paris; with desire that he would inform my friends of our arrival at that capital. *THE ROMAN*

We were obliged to stop two days at St. Jean de Maurienne: The expedition we travelled with was too much for Mr. Lowther; and I expected, and was not disappointed, from the unusual backwardness of the season, to find the passage over Mount Cenis less agreeable than it usually is in the beginning of May.

The Bishop of Nocera had offered to meet me anywhere on his side of the mountains. I wrote to him from Lyons, that I hoped to see him at Parma, on or about the very day that I was so fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of Belvedere in that city; where I found, that he and Father Marescotti had arrived the evening before. They, as well as the Count, expressed great joy to see me; and when I presented Mr. Lowther to them, with the praises due to his skill, and let them know the consultations I had had with eminent physicians of my own country, on Lady Clementina's case, they invoked blessings upon us both, and would not be interrupted in them by my eager questions after the health and state of mind of the two dearest persons of their family—Unhappy! *very* unhappy! said the Bishop. Let us give you some refreshment, before we come to particulars.

To my repeated enquiries, Jeronymo, poor Jeronymo! said the Bishop, is living, and that is all we can say.—The sight of you will be a cordial to his heart. Clementina is on her journey to Bologna from Naples. You desired to find her with us, and not at Naples. She is weak; is obliged to travel slowly. She will rest at Urbino two or three days. Dear creature! What has she not suffered from the cruelty of her cousin Laurana, as well as from her malady! The General has been, and is, indulgent to her. He is married to a Lady of great merit, quality, and fortune. He has, at length, consented that we shall try this last experiment, as the hearts of my mother and now lately of my father, as well as mine, are in it. His Lady would not be denied accompanying my sister; and as my brother could not bear being absent from her, he travels with them. I wish he had stay'd at Naples. I hope, however, he will be as ready, as you will find us all, to acknowledge the favour of this visit, and the fatigue and trouble you have given yourself on our account.

As to my sister's bodily health, proceeded he, it is greatly impaired. We are almost hopeless, with regard to the state of her mind. She speaks not; she answers not any questions. Camilla is with her. She seems regardless of any-body else. She has been told, that the General is married. His Lady makes great court to her; but she

heeds her not. We are in hopes, that my mother, on her return to Bologna, will engage her attention. She never yet was so bad as to forget her duty, either to God, or her Parents. Sometimes Camilla thinks she pays some little attention to your name; but then she instantly starts, as in terror; looks round her with fear; puts her finger to her lips, as if she dreaded her cruel cousin Laurana should be told of her having heard it mentioned.

The Bishop and Father both regretted that she had been denied the requested interview. They were now, they said, convinced, that if that had been granted, and she had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, a happy issue might have been hoped for: But *now*, said the Bishop—Then sighed, and was silent.

I dispatched Saunders, early the next morning, to Bologna, to procure convenient lodgings for me, and Mr. Lowther.

In the afternoon we set out for that city. The Count of Belvedere found an opportunity to let me know his unabated passion for Clementina, and that he had lately made overtures to marry her, notwithstanding her malady; having been advised, he said, by proper persons, that as it was not an hereditary, but an accidental disorder, it might be, in time, cureable. He accompanied us about half way in our journey; and, at parting, Remember, Chevalier, whispered he, that Clementina is the Soul of my hope: I cannot forego that hope. No other woman will I ever call mine.

I heard him in silence: I admired him for his attachment: I pitied him. He said, he would tell me more of his mind at Bologna.

We reached Bologna on the 15th, N. S. Saunders had engaged for me the lodgings I had before.

Our conversation on the road turned chiefly on the case of Signor Jeronymo. The Bishop and Father were highly pleased with the skill, founded on practice, which evidently appeared in all that Mr. Lowther said on the subject: And the Bishop once intimated, that, be the event what it would, his journey to Italy should be made the most beneficial affair to him he had ever engaged in. Mr. Lowther replied, that as he was neither a necessitous nor a mean-spirited man, and had reason to be entirely satisfied with the terms I had already secured to him; he should take it unkindly, if any other reward were offered him.

Think, my dear Dr. Bartlett, what emotions I must have on entering, once more, the gates of the Porretta palace, tho' Clementina was not there.

I hastened up to my Jeronymo, who had been apprized of my arrival. The moment he saw me, Do I once more, said he, behold my friend, my Grandison? Let me embrace the dearest of men. Now, now, have I lived long enough. He bowed his head upon his

pillow, and meditated me,¹ his countenance shining with pleasure, in defiance of pain.

The Bishop entered: He could not be present at our first interview.

My Lord, said Jeronymo, make it your care that my dear friend be treated, by every soul of our family, with the gratitude and respect which are due to his goodness. Methinks I am easier and happier, this moment, than I have been for the tedious space of time since I last saw him. He named that space of time to the day, and to the very hour of the day.

The Marquis and Marchioness signifying their pleasure to see me, the Bishop led me to them. My reception from the Marquis was kind; from his Lady it was as that of a mother to a long-absent son. I had ever been, she was pleased to say, a fourth son in her eye; and now, that she had been informed that I had brought over with me a surgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent physicians of my country, the obligations I had laid on their whole family, whatever were the success, were unreturnable.

I asked leave to introduce Mr. Lowther to them. They received him with great politeness, and recommended their Jeronymo to his best skill. Mr. Lowther's honest heart was engaged, by a reception so kind. He never, he told me afterwards, beheld so much pleasure and pain struggling in the same countenance, as in that of the Lady; so fixed a melancholy, as in that of the Marquis. Mr. Lowther is a man of spirit, tho' a modest man. He is, as on every *proper* occasion I found, a man of piety; and has a heart tender as manly. Such a man, heart and hand, is qualified for a profession which is the most useful and certain in the art of healing. He is a man of sense and learning *out* of his profession, and happy in his address.

The two surgeons who now attend Signor Jeronymo, are both of this country. They were sent for. With the approbation, and at the request, of the family, I presented Mr. Lowther to them; but first gave them his character, as a modest man, as a man of skill, and experience; and told them, that he had quitted business, and wanted not either fame or fortune.

They acquainted him with the case, and their methods of proceeding. Mr. Lowther assisted in the dressings that very evening. Jeronymo would have me to be present. Mr. Lowther suggested an alteration in their method, but in so easy and gentle a manner, as if he doubted not, but *such* was their intention when the state of the wounds would admit of that method of treatment, that the gentlemen came readily into it. A great deal of matter had been collected, by means of the wrong methods pursued; and he proposed, if the patient's strength would bear it, to make an aperture below the

principal wound, in order to discharge the matter downward; and he suggested the dressing with hollow tents¹ and bandage, and to dismiss the large tents, with which they had been accustomed to distend the wound, to the extreme anguish of the patient, on pretence of keeping it open, to assist the discharge.

Let me now give you, my dear friend, a brief history of my Jeronymo's case, and of the circumstances which have attended it; by which you will be able to account for the difficulties of it, and how it has happened, that, in such a space of time, either the cure was not effected, or that the patient yielded not to the common destiny.

In lingering cases, patients or their friends are sometimes too apt to blame their physicians, and to listen to new recommendations. The surgeons attending this unhappy case, had been more than once changed. Signor Jeronymo, it seems, was unskilfully treated by the young surgeon of Cremona, who was first engaged: He neglected the most dangerous wound; and, when he attended to it, managed it wrong, for want of experience. He was therefore very properly dismissed.

The unhappy man had at first three wounds: One in his breast, which had been for some time healed; one in his shoulder, which, through his own impatience, having been too suddenly healed up, was obliged to be laid open again; the other, which is the most dangerous, in the hip-joint.

A surgeon of this place, and another of Padua, were next employed. The cure not advancing, a surgeon of eminence, from Paris, was sent for.

Mr. Lowther tells me, that this man's method was by far the most eligible; but that he undertook too much; since, from the first, there could not be any hope, from the nature of the wound in the hip-joint, that the patient could ever walk, without sticks or crutches: And of this opinion were the other two surgeons: But the French gentleman was so very pragmatical, that he would neither draw with them, nor give reasons for what he did; regarding them only as his assistants. They could not long bear this usage, and gave up to him in disgust.

How cruel is punctilio, among men of this science, in cases of difficulty and danger!

The present operators, when the two others had given up, were not, but by leave of the French gentleman, called in. He valuing himself on his practice in the Royal Hospital of Invalids at Paris, looked upon them as *Theorists* only; and treated them with as little ceremony as he had shewn the others: So that at last, from their frequent differences, it became necessary to part with either him, or

them. His pride, when he knew that this question was a subject of debate, would not allow him to leave the family an option. He made his demand: It was complied with; and he returned to Paris.

From what this gentleman threw out at parting, to the disparagement of the two others, Signor Jeronymo suspected their skill; and from a hint of this suspicion, as soon as I knew I should be welcome myself, I procured the favour of Mr. Lowther's attendance.

All Mr. Lowther's fear is, that Signor Jeronymo has been kept too long in hand by the different managements of the several operators; and that he will sink under the necessary process, through weakness of habit. But, however, he is of opinion, that it is requisite to confine him to a strict diet, and to deny him wine and fermented liquors, in which he has hitherto been indulged, against the opinion of his own operators, who have been too complaisant to his appetite.

An operation somewhat severe was performed on his shoulder yesterday morning. The Italian surgeons complimented Mr. Lowther with the lancet. They both praised his dexterity; and Signor Jeronymo, who will be consulted on every-thing that he is to suffer, blessed his gentle hand.

At Mr. Lowther's request, a physician was yesterday consulted; who advised some gentle aperitives, as his strength will bear it; and some balsamics, to sweeten the blood and juices.

Mr. Lowther told me just now, that the fault of the gentlemen who have now the care of him, has not been want of skill, but of *critical* courage, and a too great solicitude to oblige their patient; which, by their own account, had made them forego several opportunities which had offered to assist nature. In short, Sir, said he, your friend knows too much of his own case to be ruled, and too little to qualify him to direct what is to be done, especially as symptoms must have been frequently changing.

Mr. Lowther doubts not, he says, but he shall soon convince Jeronymo that he merits his confidence, and then he will exact it from him; and, in so doing, shall not only give weight to his own endeavours to serve him, but rid the other two gentlemen of embarrassments which have often given them diffidencies, when resolution was necessary.

Mean time the Marquis, his Lady, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, are delighted with Mr. Lowther. They *will* flatter themselves, they say, with hopes of their Jeronymo's recovery; which however Mr. Lowther, for fear of disappointment, does not encourage. Jeronymo himself owns, that his spirits are much revived; and we all know the power that the mind has over the body.

Thus have I given you, my reverend friend, a general notion of Jeronymo's case, as I understand it from Mr. Lowther's *as* general representation of it.

The family have prevailed upon him to accept of an apartment adjoining to that of his patient. Jeronymo said, that when he knows he has so skilful a friend near him, he shall go to rest with confidence; and good rest is of the highest consequence to him.

What a happiness, my dear Dr. Bartlett, will fall to my share, if I may be an humble instrument, in the hand of Providence, to heal this brother; and if his recovery shall lead the way to the restoration of his sister; each so known a lover of the other, that the world is more ready to attribute her malady to his misfortune and danger, than to any other cause! But how early days are these, on which my love and my compassion for persons so meritorious, embolden me to build hopes so forward!

Lady Clementina is now impatiently expected by every one. She is at Urbino. The General and his Lady are with her. His haughty spirit cannot bear to think she should see me, or that my attendance on her should be thought of so much importance to her.

The Marchioness, in a conversation that I have just now had with her, hinted this to me, and besought me to keep my temper, if his high notion of family and female honour should carry him out of his usual politeness.

I will give you, my dear friend, the particulars of this conversation.

She began with saying, that she did not, for her part, now think, that her beloved daughter, whom once she believed hardly any private man could deserve, was worthy of me, even were she to recover her reason.

I could not but guess the meaning of so high a compliment. What answer could I return that would not, on one hand, be capable of being thought *cool*; on the other, of being supposed *interested*, and as if I were looking forward to a reward that some of the family still think too high? But while I knew my own motives, I could not be displeased with a Lady who was not at liberty to act, in this point, according to her own will.

I only said (and it was with truth) That the calamity of the noble Lady had endeared her to me, more than it was possible the most prosperous fortune could have done.

I, my good Chevalier, may say any-thing to you. We are undetermined about every-thing. We know not what to propose, what to consent to. Your journey, on the first motion, tho' but from some of us, the dear creature continuing ill; you in possession of a considerable estate, exercising yourself in doing good in your native country [You must think we took all opportunities of enquiring after the man once so likely to be one of us]; the first fortune in Italy, Olivia, tho' she is not a Clementina, pursuing you in hopes of calling herself yours (for to England we hear she went, and there you own

she is) What obligations have you laid upon us!—What *can* we determine upon? What can we *wish*?

Providence and you, madam, shall direct my steps. I am in yours and your Lord's power. The same uncertainty, from the same unhappy cause, leaves me not the *thought*, because not the *power* of determination. The recovery of Lady Clementina and her brother, without a view to my own interest, fills up, at present, all the wishes of my heart.

Let me ask, said the Lady (it is for my own private satisfaction) Were such a happy event, as to Clementina, to take place, could you, would you, think yourself bound by your former offers?

When I made those offers, madam, the situation on your side was the same that it is now: Lady Clementina was unhappy in her mind. My fortune, it is true, is higher: It is indeed as high as I wish it to be. I *then* declared, That if you would give me your Clementina, without insisting on one hard, on one indispensable article, I would renounce her fortune, and trust to my father's goodness to me for a provision. Shall my accession to the estate of my ancestors alter me?—No! madam: I never yet made an offer, that I receded from, the circumstances continuing the same. If, in the article of residence, the Marquis, and you, and Clementina, would relax; I would acknowledge myself indebted to your goodness, but without conditioning for it.

I told you, said she, that I put this question only for my own private satisfaction: And I told you truth. I never will deceive or mislead you. Whenever I speak to you, it shall be as if, even in your own concerns, I spoke to a third person; and I shall not doubt but you will have the generosity to advise, as *such*, tho' against yourself.

May I be enabled to act worthy of your good opinion! I, madam, look upon myself as bound: You and yours are free.

What a pleasure is it, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to the proud heart of your friend, that I *could* say this!—Had I sought, in pursuance of my own *inclinations*, to engage the affections of the admirable Miss Byron, as I might with honour have endeavoured to do, had not the woes of this noble family, and the unhappy state of mind of their Clementina, so deeply affected me; I might have involved myself, and that loveliest of women, in difficulties which would have made such a heart as mine still more unhappy than it is.

Let me know, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that Miss Byron is happy. I rejoice, whatever be my own destiny, that I have not involved her in my uncertainties. The Countess of D. is a worthy woman: The Earl, her son, is a good young man: Miss Byron merits such a mother; the Countess such a daughter. How dear, how important, is her welfare to me!—You know your Grandison, my good

Dr. Bartlett. Her friendship I presumed to ask: I dared not to wish to correspond with her. I rejoice, for her sake, that I trusted not my heart with such a proposal. What difficulties, my dear friend, have I had to encounter with!—God be praised, that I have nothing, with regard to these two incomparable women, to reproach myself with. I am persuaded that our prudence, if rashly we throw not ourselves into difficulties, and if we will exert it, and make a reliance on the proper assistance, is generally proportioned to our trials.

I asked the Marchioness after Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana; and whether they were at Milan?

You have heard, no doubt, answered she, the cruel treatment that my poor child met with from her cousin Laurana. Lady Sforza justifies her in it. We are upon extreme bad terms, on that account. They are both at Milan. The General has vowed, that he never will see them more, if he can avoid it. The Bishop, only as a Christian, can forgive them. You, Chevalier, know the reason why we cannot allow our Clementina to take the veil.

The particular reasons I have not, madam, been inquisitive about; but have always understood them to be family ones, grounded on the dying request of one of her grandfathers.

Our daughter, Sir, is intitled to a considerable estate which joins to our own domains. It was purchased for her by her two grandfathers; who vied with each other in demonstrating their love of her by solid effects. One of them (my father) was, in his youth, deeply in Love with a young Lady of great merit; and she was thought to love him: But, in a fit of *pious bravery*, as he used to call it, when everything between themselves, and between the friends on both sides, was concluded on, she threw herself into a Convent; and, passing steadily through the probationary forms, took the veil; but afterwards repented, and took pains to let it be known that she was unhappy. This gave him a disgust against the sequestered life, tho' he was, in other respects, a zealous Catholic. And Clementina having always a serious turn; in order to deter her from embracing it (both grandfathers being desirous of strengthening their house, as well in the female as male line) they inserted a clause in each of their wills, by which they gave the estate designed for her, in case she took the veil, to Laurana, and her descendants; Laurana to enter into possession of it on the day that Clementina should be professed. But if Clementina married, Laurana was then to be intitled only to a handsome legacy, that she might not be entirely disappointed: For the reversion, in case Clementina had no children, was to go to our eldest son; who, however, has been always generously solicitous to have his sister marry.

Both grandfathers were rich. Our son Giacomo, on my father's

death, as he had willed, entered upon a considerable estate in the kingdom of Naples, which had for ages been in my family: He is therefore, and will be, greatly provided for. Our second son has great prospects before him, in the church: But you know he cannot marry. Poor Jeronymo! We had not, *before* his misfortune, any great hopes of strengthening the family by his means: He, alas! (as *you* well know, who took such laudable pains to reclaim him, before we knew you) with great qualities, imbibed free notions from bad company, and declared himself a despiser of marriage. This the two grandfathers knew, and often deplored; for Jeronymo and Clementina were equally their favourites. To him and the Bishop they bequeathed great legacies.

We suspected not, till very lately, that Laurana was deeply in Love with the Count of Belvedere; and that her mother and she had views to drive our sweet child into a convent, that Laurana might enjoy the estate; which they hoped would be an inducement to the Count to marry her. Cruel Laurana! Cruel Lady Sforza! So much love as they both pretended to our child; and, I believe, *had*, till the temptation, strengthened by power, became *too* strong for them. Unhappy the day that we put her into their hands!

Besides the estate so bequeathed to Clementina, we can do great things for her: Few Italian families are so rich as ours. Her brothers forget their own interest, when it comes into competition with hers: She is as generous as they. Our four children never knew what a contention was, but who should give up an advantage to the other. This child, this sweet child, was ever the delight of us all, and likewise of our brother the Conte della Porretta. What joy would her recovery and nuptials give us!—Dear creature! We have sometimes thought, that she is the fonder of the sequestered life, as it is that which we wish her not to embrace—But can Clementina be perverse? She cannot. Yet *that* was the life of her choice, when she *had* a choice, her grandfathers wishes notwithstanding.

Will you now wonder, Chevalier, that neither our sons nor we can allow Clementina to take the veil? Can we so reward Laurana for her cruelty? Especially now, that we suspect the motives for her barbarity? Could I have thought that my sister Sforza—But what will not Love and Avarice do, their powers united to compass the same end; the one reigning in the bosom of the mother, the other in that of the daughter? Alas! alas! they have, between them, broken the spirit of my Clementina. The *very* name of Laurana gives her terror—*So* far is she sensible. But, O Sir, her sensibility appears only when she is harshly treated! To tenderness she had been too much accustomed, to make her think an indulgent treatment new, or unusual.

I dread, my dear Dr. Bartlett, yet am impatient, to see the unhappy Lady. I wish the General were not to accompany her. I am afraid I shall want temper, if he forget his. My own heart, when it tells me, that I have not deserved ill usage (from my equals and superiors in rank, especially) bids me not bear it. I am ashamed to own to you, my reverend friend, *that* pride of spirit, which, knowing it to be my fault, I ought long ago to have subdued.

Make my compliments to every one I love. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are of the number.

Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If she is not, it must be her own fault. Let her know, that I will not allow, when my love to both sisters is equal, that she shall give me cause to say, that Lady L. is my best sister.

Lady Olivia gives me uneasiness. I am ashamed, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that a woman of a rank so considerable, and who has some great qualities, should lay herself under obligation to the compassion of a man who can *only* pity her. When a woman gets over that delicacy, which is the test or bulwark, as I may say, of modesty—Modesty itself may soon lie at the mercy of an enemy.

Tell my Emily, that she is never out of my mind; and that, among the other excellent examples she has before her, Miss Byron's must never be out of hers.

Lord L. and Lord G. are in full possession of my brotherly love.

I shall not at present write to my Beauchamp. In writing to you, I write to him.

You know all my heart. If in this, or my future Letters, any-thing should fall from my pen, that would possibly in your opinion affect or give uneasiness to any one I love and honour, were it to be communicated; I depend upon your known and unquestionable discretion to keep it to yourself.

I shall be glad you will enable yourself to inform me of the way Sir Hargrave and his friends are in. They were very ill at Paris; and, it was thought, too weak, and too much bruised, to be soon carried over to England. Men! Englishmen! thus to disgrace themselves, and their country!—I am concerned for them!

I expect large packets by the next mails from my friends. England, which was *always* dear to me, never was half so dear as *now*, to

Your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON

LETTER XLI

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Bologna, May 11-22

THE Bishop set out yesterday for Urbino, in order to inform himself of his sister's state of health, and perhaps to qualify the General to meet me with temper and politeness. Were I sure the good prelate thought this necessary, my pride would be excited.

The Count of Belvedere arrived here yesterday. He made it his first business to see me. He acquainted me, but in confidence, that proposals of marriage with Lady Laurana had actually been made him: To which he had returned answer, that his heart, however hopelessly, was engaged; and that he never could think of any other woman than Lady Clementina.

He made no scruple, he said, of returning so short an answer, because he had been apprised of the cruelty with which one of the noblest young women in Italy had been treated, by the proposers; and with their motives for it.

You see, Chevalier, said he, that I am open and unreserved to you. You will oblige me, if you will let me know what it is you propose to your-self in the present situation?—But, first, I should be glad to hear from your own mouth, what passed between you and Clementina, and the family, before you quitted Italy the last time. I have had *their* account.

I gave him a very faithful relation of it. He was pleased with it. Exactly as it has been represented to me! said he. Were Clementina and you of one religion, there could have been no hope for any other man. I adore her for her piety, and for her attachment to *hers*; and am not so narrow-minded a man, but I can admire you for *yours*. As her malady is accidental, I never would think of any other woman, could I flatter myself that she would not, if restored, be unhappy with me.—But now tell me; I am earnest to know; Are you come over to us (I *know* you are invited) with an expectation to call her yours, in case of her recovery?

I answered him as I had done the Marchioness.

He seemed as much pleased with me as I am with him. He is gone back to Parma.

Friday, May 12-23

The Bishop is returned. Lady Clementina has been very ill: A fever. How has she been hurried about! He tells me, that the General and his Lady, and also the Conte della Porretta, acknowlege them-

selves and their whole family obliged to me for the trouble I have been at to serve their Jeronymo.

The fever having left Lady Clementina, she will set out in a day or two. The Count and Signor Sebastiano, as well as the General and his Lady, will attend her. I am impatient to see her. Yet how greatly will the sight of her afflict me! The Bishop says, she is the picture of silent woe: Yet, tho' greatly emaciated, *looks herself*, were his words. They told her, that Jeronymo was better than he had been. Your dear Jeronymo, said the General to her. The sweet echo repeated—Jeronymo—and was again silent.

They afterwards proposed to name me to her. They did. She looked quick about her, as if for Somebody. Laura, her maid, was occasionally called upon. She started, and threw her arms about Camilla, as terrified; looking wildly. Camilla doubts not, but by the name Laura, she apprehended the savage Laurana to be at hand.

How must she have suffered from her barbarity!—Sweet Innocent! She, who even in her resveries thought not but of good to the *Soul* of the man whom she honoured with her regard—She, who bore offence without resentment; and by meekness only sought to calm the violence for which she had not given the least cause!

But when Camilla and she had retired, she spoke to her. The Bishop gave me the following dialogue between them, as he had it from Camilla:

Did they not name to me the Chevalier Grandison? said she.

They did, madam.

See! see! said she, before I name him again, if my cruel cousin hearken not at the door.

Your cruel cousin, madam, is at many miles distance.

She may hear what I say, for all that.

My dear Lady Clementina, she cannot hear. She shall never more come near you.

So you say.

Did I ever deceive you, madam?

I can't remember: My memory is gone; quite gone, Camilla.

She then looked earnestly at Camilla, and screamed.

What ails you, my dearest young Lady?

Recovering herself—Ah, my own Camilla! It is you. I thought, by the cast of your eye, you were become Laurana.—Do not, do not give me such another look!

Camilla was not sensible of any particularity in her looks.

Here you have me again upon a journey, Camilla: But how do I know that I am not to be carried to my cruel cousin?

You are really going to your father's palace at Bologna, madam.

Is my mother there?

She is.

Who else?

The Chevalier, madam.

What Chevalier?

Grandison.

Impossible! Is he not in proud England?

He is come over, madam.

What for?

With a skilful English surgeon, in hopes to cure Signor Jeronymo—

Poor Jeronymo!

And to pay his compliments to you, madam.

Flatterer! How many hundred times have I been told so?

Should you wish to see him, madam?

See whom?

The Chevalier Grandison.

Once I should; and sighed.

And not now, madam?

No: I have lost all I had to say to him. Yet I wish I were allowed to go to that England. We poor women are not suffered to go any-whither; while men—

There she stopt; and Camilla could not make her say any more.

The Bishop was fond of repeating these particulars; as she had not, for some time, talked so much, and so sensibly.

Friday Evening

I pass more than half my time with Signor Jeronymo; but (that I may not fatigue his spirits) at different hours of the day. The Italian surgeons and Mr. Lowther happily agree in all their measures: They applaud him when his back is turned; and he speaks well of them in their absence. This mutual return of good offices, which they hear of, unites them. The patient declares, that he had not for months been so easy as now. Every-body attributes a great deal to his heart's being revived by my frequent visits. To-morrow it is proposed to make an opening below the most difficult wound. Mr. Lowther says, he will not flatter us, till he sees the success of this operation.

The Marquis and his Lady are inexpressibly obliging to me. I had yesterday a visit from both, on an indisposition that confined me to my chamber; occasioned, I believe, by a hurry of spirits; by fatigue; by my apprehensions for Jeronymo; my concern for Clementina; and by my too great anxiety for the dear friends I had so lately left in England.

You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a heart too susceptible for my own peace, tho' I endeavour to *conceal* from *others* those painful sensibilities, which they cannot relieve. The poor Olivia was ever to

be my disturbance. Miss Byron must be happy in the rectitude of her own heart. I am ready to think, that she will not be able to resist the warm instances of the Countess of D. in favour of her son, who is certainly one of the best young men among the nobility. She will be the happiest woman in the world, as she is one of the most deserving, if she be as happy as I wish her.

Emily takes up a large portion of my thoughts.

Our Beauchamp I know must be happy: So must my Lord W.; my Sisters; and their Lords.—Why then shall I not think myself so? God restore Jeronymo, and his Sister, and I must, I *will*; for you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, are so: And then I will subscribe myself a partaker of the happiness of all my friends; and particularly

Your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON

LETTER XLII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Bologna, Monday, May 15-26

LAST night arrived Lady Clementina, the General, his Lady, the Count, and Signor Sebastiano.

I had left Jeronymo about an hour. He had had in the morning the intended opening made by Mr. Lowther. He would have me present.

The operation was happily performed: But, thro' weakness of body, he was several times in the day troubled with faintings.

I left him tolerably chearful in the evening; and rejoicing in expectation of his sister's arrival; and, as the Bishop had assured him of the General's grateful disposition, he longed, he said, to see that affectionate brother and his Lady once more. He had never but once seen her before, and then was so ill, that he could hardly compliment her on the honour she had done their family.

The Bishop sent to tell me that his sister was arrived; but that being fatigued and unhappy, Camilla should acquaint me in the morning with the way in which she should then be.

I slept not half an hour the whole night. You, my dear friend, will easily account for my restlessness.

I sent, as usual, early in the morning, to know how Jeronymo rested. The answer was favourable; returned by Mr. Lowther, who sat up with him that night, at his own motion: He knew not but something critical might happen.

Camilla came. The good woman was so full of her own joy to see me once more in Italy, that I could not presently get a word from her, of what my heart throbbed with impatience to know.

At last, You will, said she, have the General and the Bishop with you. Ah, Sir! my poor young Lady! What has she suffered since you left us! You will not know her. We are not sure she will know you. Who shall be able to bear the first interview? She has now but few intervals. It is all one gloomy confusion with her. She cares not to speak to anybody. Every stranger she sees, terrifies her. O the vile, thrice vile Lady Laurana!—

In this manner ran on Camilla: Nor would she enter into any other particulars than the unhappy ones she left me to collect from the broken hints and exclamations thus thrown out. Alas! thought I, the calamities of Clementina have affected the head of the poor Camilla! She hurried away, lest she should be wanted, and lest the General should find her with me.

The two brothers came soon after. The General took my hand, with a kind of forced politeness: We are all obliged to you, Sir, said he, for your Mr. Lowther. Are the surgeons of England so famous? But the people of your nation have been accustomed to *give* wounds: They should therefore furnish operators to *heal* them. We are obliged to you also, for the trouble you have given yourself in coming over to us in person. Jeronymo has found a revival of spirits upon it: God grant they may not subside! But, alas! our sister!—Poor Clementina!—She is lost!

Would to God, said the Bishop, we had left her to the care of Mrs. Beaumont.

The General himself, having taken her from Florence, would not join in this wish. There was a middle course, he said, that ought to have been taken. But Laurana is a daughter of the devil, said he; and Lady Sforza ought to be detested for upholding her.

The General expressed himself with coldness on my coming over; but said, that now I was on the spot, and as his sister had been *formerly* desirous of seeing me, an interview might be permitted, in order to satisfy those of the family who had given me the invitation, which it was very good of me to accept; especially as I had the Lady Olivia in England attending my motions: But otherwise he had no opinion—There he stopt.

I looked upon him with indignation, mingled with contempt: And directing myself to the Bishop, You remember, my Lord, said I, the story of Naaman the Syrian (a).¹

What is that, my Lord? said he to the Bishop.

Far be it from me, continued I, still directing myself to the Bishop, to presume upon my own consequence in the application of the story: But your Lordship will judge how far the comparison will hold. Would to God it might *throughout*!

(a) 2 Kings v.

A happy allusion, said the Bishop. I say, Amen.

I know not who this Naaman is, said the General, nor what is meant by your allusion, Chevalier: But by your looks I should imagine, that you mean *me* contempt.

My looks, my Lord, generally indicate my heart. You may make light of my intention; and so will I of the trouble I have been at, if your Lordship make not light of *me*. But were I, my Lord, in your own palace at Naples, I would tell you, that you seem not to know, in my case, what graciousness is. Yet I ask not for favour from you, but as much for your own sake, as mine.

Dear Grandison, said the Bishop—My Lord, to his brother—Did you not promise me—Why did you mention Olivia to the Chevalier?

Does that disturb you, Sir? said the General to me. I cannot make light of a man of your consequence; especially with Ladies, Sir—in a scornful manner.

The General, you see, my Lord, said I, turning to the Bishop, has an insuperable ill-will to me. I found, when I attended him at Naples, that he had harboured surmises that were as injurious to his sister, as to me. I was in hopes that I had obviated them; but a rooted malevolence will recur. However, satisfied as I am with my own innocence, he shall, for *many* *sakes*, find it very difficult to provoke me.

For *my own* sake, among the rest, Chevalier? with an air of drollery.

You are at liberty, returned I, to make your own constructions. Allow me, my Lords, to attend you to Signor Jeronymo.

Not till you are cordial friends, said the Bishop—Brother, give me your hand, offering to take it—Chevalier, yours—

Dispose of mine as you please, my Lord, said I, holding it out.

He took it, and the General's at the same time, and would have joined them.

Come, my Lord, said I, to the General, and snatched his reluctant hand, accept of a friendly offer, from a heart as friendly. Let me honour you, from my *own knowledge*, for those great qualities which the world gives you. I demand your favour, from a consciousness that I deserve it; and *that* I could not, were I to submit to be treated with indignity by any man. I should be sorry to look little in *your* eyes; but I will not in *my own*.

Who can bear the superiority this man assumes, brother?

You *oblige* me, my Lord, to assert myself.

The Chevalier speaks nobly, my Lord. His character is well known. Let me lead you both friends to our Jeronymo. But say, Brother—Say, Chevalier, that you are so.

I cannot bear, said the General, that the Chevalier Grandison should imagine himself of so much consequence to my sister, as some of you seem to think him.

You know me not, my Lord. I have at present no wish but for the recovery of your sister, and Signor Jeronymo. Were I able to be of service to them, that service would be my reward. But, my Lord, if it will make you easy, and induce you to treat me, as my own heart tells me I *ought* to be treated; I will give you my honour, and let me say, that it never yet was forfeited, that whatever turn your sister's malady may take, I will not accept of the highest favour that can be done me, but with the joint consent of the three brothers, as well as of your father and mother. Permit me to add, that I will not enter into any family that shall think meanly of me; nor subject the woman I love to the contempt of her own relations.

This indeed is nobly said, replied the General. Give me your hand upon it, and I am your friend for ever.

Proud man! He could not bear to think, that a simple English gentleman, as he looks upon me to be, should ally with their family; improbable as it is, in his own opinion, that the unhappy Lady should ever recover her reason: But he greatly loves the Count of Belvedere; and all the family was fond of an alliance with that deserving nobleman.

The Bishop rejoiced to find us at last in a better way of understanding each other, than we had hitherto been in; and it was easier for me to allow for this haughty man, as Mrs. Beaumont had let me know what the behaviour was that I had to expect from him: And indeed, his father, mother, and two brothers, were very apprehensive of it: It will therefore be a pleasure to them, that I have so easily overcome his prejudices.

They both advised me to suspend my visit to their brother till the afternoon, that they might have the more time to consult with one another, and to prepare and dispose their sister to see me.

At taking leave, the General snatched my hand, and, with an air of pleasantry, said, I have a wife, Grandison. I wished him joy. You need not, said he; for I *have* it: One of the best of women. She longs to see you. I think I need not be apprehensive, because *she* is generous, and *I* ever must be grateful: But take care, take care, Grandison! I shall watch every turn of your eye. Admire her, if you will: You will not be able to help it. But I am glad she saw you not before she was mine.

I rejoice, said the Bishop, that a meeting, which, notwithstanding your *promises*, brother, gave me apprehensions as we came, is followed by so pleasant a parting: Henceforth we are four Brothers again.

Ay, and remember, Chevalier, that my *Sister* has also four Brothers.

May the number Four not be lessened by the death of my

Jeronymo; and may Clementina be restored; and Providence dispose as it pleases of me! I am now going to the palace of Porretta; with what agitations of mind, you, Dr. Bartlett, can better imagine, than I describe.

END OF VOLUME IV





THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

VOLUME V

LETTER I

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Bologna, Monday Night, May 15-26

I AM just returned. You will expect me to be particular.

I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might pass half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture so lately made: But Mr. Lowther gives us hopes from it.

When we were alone, They will not let me see my sister, said he; I am sure she must be very bad. But I understand, that you are to be allowed that favour, by-and-by. O my Grandison! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours!—But what have you done to the General? He assures me, that he admires and loves you; and the Bishop has been congratulating *me* upon it. He knew it would give me pleasure. My dear Grandison, you subdue every-body; yet in your own way; for they both admire your spirit.

Just then came in the General. He saluted me in so kind a manner, that Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he said, Blessed be God, that I have lived to see you two, dearest of men to me, so friendly together.

This sweet girl! said the General:—How, Grandison, will you bear to see her?

The Bishop entered: O Chevalier! my sister is insensible to everything, and every-body. Camilla is nobody with her to-day.

They had forgot Jeronymo, tho' in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible sensibilities, they comforted him; and withdrew with me into Mr. Lowther's apartment; while Mr. Lowther went to his patient.

The Marchioness joined us in tears. This dear child knows me not; heeds me not: She never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier Grandison: She regards not your name. O this affecting silence!—Camilla has told her, that she is to see you. My daughter-in-law has told her so. O Chevalier! she has quite, quite lost her understanding. Nay, we were barbarous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as she used to be, with that.

Camilla came in with a face of joy: Lady Clementina has just spoken! I told her, she must prepare to see the Chevalier Grandison in all his glory, and that every-body, the General in particular, admired him. Go, naughty Camilla, said she, tapping my hand; you are a wicked deceiver. I have been told this story too often, to credit it. This was all I could get her to say.

Hence it was concluded, that she would take some notice of me when she saw me; and I was led by the General, followed by the rest, into the Marchioness's drawing-room.

Father Marescotti had given me an advantageous character of the General's Lady, whom I had not yet seen. The Bishop had told me, that she was such another excellent woman as his mother, and, like her, had the Italian reserve softened by a polite French education. The Marquis, the Count, Father Marescotti, and this real fine Lady, were in the drawing-room. The General presented me to her. I do not, madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandison: But I forgive you if you do; because you will not be able to do otherwise.

My Lord, said she, you told me an hour ago, that I must: And now, that I see the Chevalier, you will have no cause to reproach me with disobedience.

I bowed on her hand. Father Marescotti, madam, said I, bid me expect from the Lady of the young Marchese della Porretta everything that was condescending and good. Your compassionate Love for an unhappy new sister, who deserves every-one's Love, exalts your character.

Father Marescotti came in. We took our places. It was designed, I found, to try to revive the young Lady's attention, by introducing her in full assembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear asking the Marchioness, If Lady Clementina would not be too much startled at so much company?

I wish, said the Marquis, sighing, that she *may* be startled.

We meet, as only on a conversation-visit, said the Marchioness. We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.

We are all near relations, said the Bishop.

And want to make our observations, said the General.

She has been bid to expect you among us, resumed the Marchioness. We shall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.

Just then entered the sweet Lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was slow and solemn. Her eyes were cast on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gauze half covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at that moment, was my emotion! I arose from my seat, sat down, and arose again, irresolute, not knowing what I did, or what *to do*!

She stopt in the middle of the floor, and made some motion, in silence, to Camilla, who adjusted her veil: But she looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; observed no-body.

On her stopping, I was advancing towards her; but the General took my hand: Sit still, sit still, dear Grandison, said he: Yet I am charmed with your sensibility. She comes! She moves towards us!

She approached the table round which we sat, her eyes more than half closed, and cast down. She turned to go towards the window. Here, here, madam, said Camilla, leading her to an elbow-chair that had been placed for her, between the two Marchionesses. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and sat down. Her mother wept. The young Marchioness wept. Her father sobbed; and looked from her. Her mother took her hand: My Love, said she, look around you.

Pray, sister, said the Count, her uncle, leave her to her own observation.

She was regardless of what either said; her eyes were cast down, and half closed. Camilla stood at the back of her chair.

The General, grieved and impatient, arose, and stepping to her, My dearest sister, said he, hanging over her shoulder, look upon us all. Do not *scorn* us, do not *despise* us: See your father, your mother, your sister, and every-body, in tears. If you love us, smile upon us. He took the hand which her mother had quitted, to attend her own emotions.

She reared up her eyes to him, and, sweetly condescending, tried to smile; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that she only could shew her obligingness, by the effort. Her smile was a smile of woe. And, still further to shew her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her brother, she looked on either side of her; and seeing which was her mother, she, with both hands, took hers, and bowed her head upon it.

The Marquis arose from his seat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature! said he, never, never let me again see such a smile as that. It is *here*, putting his hand to his breast.

Camilla offered her a glass of limonade; she accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.

Obliging sister! you do not scorn us, said the General. See, Father Marescotti is in tears [The reverend man sat next me]: Pity his grey hairs! See, my Lord, your own father too—Comfort your father. *His grief for your silence.*—

She cast her eyes that way. She saw me. Saw me greatly affected. She started. She looked again; again started; and, quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, she arose, and threw her arms about her Camilla—O Camilla! was all she said; a violent burst of tears wounding, yet giving some ease to every heart. I was springing to her, and should have clasped her in my arms before them all; but the General taking my hand, as I reached her chair, Dear Grandison, said he, pronouncing in her ear my name, keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will bid you welcome once more to Bologna.—O Camilla, said she, faithful, good Camilla! Now, at last, have you told me truth! It is, it is he!—And her tears *would* flow, as she hid her face in Camilla's bosom.

The General's native pride again shewed itself. He took me aside. I see, Grandison, the consequence you are of to this unhappy girl: Every one sees it. But I depend upon your honour: You remember what you said this morning—

Good God! said I, with some emotion: I stopt—And resuming, with pride equal to his own, Know, Sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himself a man of honour; and you, as well as the rest of the world, shall find him so.

He seemed a little abashed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for *him*, but for the rest of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.

We, however, took the Bishop's eye. He came to us.

I left the General; and the Bishop led him out, in order to enquire into the occasion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, supported by the two Marchionesses, and attended by Camilla, just by me, passing towards the door, in order, it seems, at *her* motion, to withdraw. She stopt. Ah, Chevalier! said she; and reclining her head on her mother's bosom, seemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifelessly extended (her mother held the other); and, kneeling, pressed it with my lips—Forgive me, Ladies; forgive me, Lady Clementina!—My soul overflowed with tenderness, tho' the

moment before it was in a tumult of another kind; for she cast down her eyes upon me with a benignity, that for a long time they all afterwards owned they had not beheld. I could not say more. I arose. She moved on to the door; and when there, turned her head, straining her neck to look after me, till she was out of the room. I was a statue for a few moments; till the Count, snatching my hand, and Father Marescotti's, who stood nearest him, We see to what the malady is owing—Father, you must join their hands!—Chevalier! you will be a Catholic!—Will you not?—O that you would! said the Father—Why, why, joined in the Count, did we refuse the so earnestly requested interview, a year and half ago?

The young Marchioness returned, weeping—They will not permit me to stay. My sister, my dear sister, is in fits!—O Sir, turning graciously to me, you *are*—I will not say *what* you are—But I shall not be in danger of disobeying my Lord, on your account.

Just then entered the General, led in by the Bishop. Now, brother, said the latter, if you will not be generous, be, however, just—Chevalier, Were you not a little hasty?

I *was*, my Lord. But surely the General was unseasonable.

Perhaps I was.

There is as great a triumph, my Lord, said I, in a due acknowledgement, as in a victory. Know me, my Lords, as a man incapable of meanness; who will assert himself; but who, from the knowlege he has of his own heart, wishes at his soul to be received as the unquestionably disinterested friend of this whole family. Excuse me, my Lords, I am obliged to talk greatly, because I would not wish to act petulantly. But my soul is wounded by those distresses, which had not, I am sorry to say it, a little while ago, a first place in *your* heart.

Do you reproach me, Grandison?

I need not, my Lord, if you *feel* it as such. But indeed you either know not me, or forget yourself. And now, having spoken all my mind, I am ready to ask your pardon for any-thing that may have offended you in the manner. I snatched his hand so suddenly, I hope not rudely, but rather fervently, that he started—Receive me, my Lord, as a friend. I will *deserve* your friendship.

Tell me, brother, said he to the Bishop, what I shall say to this strange man? Shall I be angry or pleased?

Be pleased, my Lord, replied the Prelate.

The General embraced me—Well, Grandison, you have overcome. I *was* unseasonable. You were passionate. Let us forgive each other.

His Lady stood suspended, not being able to guess at the occasion of this behaviour, and renewed friendship. The Count was equally surprised. Father Marescotti seemed also at a loss. The Marquis had withdrawn.

We sat down, and reasoned variously on what had passed, with regard to the unhappy Lady, according to the hopes and fears which actuated the bosoms of each. But I cannot help thinking, that had this interview been allowed to pass with less surprize to her, she might have been spared those fits, with the affecting description of which the young Marchioness alarmed us, till Camilla came in with the happy news, that she was recovering from them; and that her mother was promising her another visit from me, in hopes it would oblige her; tho' it was not what she required.

I took this opportunity to put into the hands of the young Marchioness, sealed up, the opinions of the physicians I had consulted in England, on the case of Clementina; requesting that she would give it to her mother, in order to have it considered.

The Bishop withdrew, to acquaint Jeronymo, in the way he thought best, with what had passed in this first interview with his sister; resolving not to take any notice of the little sally of warmth between the General and me.

I hope to make the pride and passion of this young nobleman of use to myself, by way of caution: For am I not naturally too much inclined to the same fault? O Dr. Bartlett! how have I regretted the passion I suffered myself to be betray'd into, by the foolish violence of O'Hara and Salmonet, in my own house, when it would have better become me, to have had them shewed out of it by my servants!

And yet, were I to receive affronts with tameness from those haughty spirits, who think themselves of a rank superior to me, and from men of the sword, I, who make it a principle not to draw mine but in my own defence, should be subjected to insults, that would be continually involving me in the difficulties I am solicitous to avoid.

I attended the General and his Lady to Jeronymo. The generous youth forgot his own weak state, in the hopes he flatter'd himself with, of a happy result to his sister's malady, from the change of symptoms which had already taken place; tho' violent hysterics disordered and shook her before-wounded frame.

The General said, that if she could overcome this first shock, perhaps it was the best method that could have been taken to rouse her out of that stupidity and inattention which had been for some weeks so disturbing to them all.

There were no hopes of seeing the unhappy Lady again that evening. The General would have accompanied me to the Casino; (a)

(a) The Casino at Bologna is a fine apartment; illuminated every night, for the entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies of the city, and whomever they please to introduce. There are card-tables; and waiters attend with chocolate, coffee, ice. The whole expence is defray'd by twelve men of the first quality, each in turn taking his month.

saying, that we might both be diverted by an hour passed there: But I excused myself. My heart was full of anxiety, for the welfare of a brother and sister, both so much endeared to me by their calamities: and I retired to my lodgings.

LETTER II

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr. BARTLETT*

Bologna, Tuesday, May 16-27

I HAD a very restless night; and found myself so much indisposed in the morning, with a feverish disorder, that I thought of contenting myself with sending to know how the brother and sister rested, and of staying within, at least till the afternoon, to give my hurried spirits some little repose: But my messenger returned with a request from the Marchioness, to see me presently.

I obeyed. Clementina had asked, Whether she had really seen me, or had only dreamed so. They took this for a favourable indication; and therefore sent the above request.

I met the General in Jeronymo's apartment. He took notice that I was not very well. Mr. Lowther proposed to bleed me. I consented. I afterwards saw my friend's wounds dressed. The three surgeons pronounced appearances not to be unfavourable.

We all then retired into Mr. Lowther's apartment. The Bishop introduced to us two of the faculty. The prescriptions of the English physicians were considered; and some of the methods approved, and agreed to be pursued.

Clementina, when I came, was retired to her own apartment with Camilla. Her terrors on Laurana's cruelty had again got possession of her imagination; and they thought it not advisable that I should be admitted into her presence, till the hurries¹ she was in, on that account, had subsided.

But by this time, being a little more composed, her mother led her into her dressing-room. The General, and his Lady, were both present; and, by their desire, I was asked to walk in.

Clementina, when I entered, was sitting close to Camilla; her head leaning on her bosom, silent, and, seemingly, thoughtful. I bowed to her, to the two Marchionesses, to the General. She raised her head, and looked towards me; and, clasping her arms about Camilla's neck, hid her face in her bosom for a few moments; then, looking as bashful towards me, she loosed her hands, stood up, and looked steadily at me, and at Camilla, by turns, several times, as irresolute. At last, quitting Camilla, she moved towards me with a

stealing pace; but when near me, turning short, hurried to her mother; and putting one arm about her neck, the other held up, she looked at me, as if she were doubtful whom she saw. She seemed to whisper to her mother, but not to be understood. She went then by her sister-in-law, who took her hand as she passed her, with both hers, and kissed it; and coming to the General, who sat still nearer me, and who had desired me to attend to her motions, she stood by him, and looked at me with a sweet irresolution.

As she had stolen such advances towards me, I could no longer restrain myself. I arose, and, taking her hand, Behold the man, said I, with a bent knee, whom once you honour'd with the name of tutor, your English tutor!—Know you not the grateful Grandison, whom all your family have honoured with their regard?

O yes!—Yes,—I think I do.—They rejoiced to hear her speak.—But where have you been all this time?

In England, madam—But returned, *lately* returned, to visit you and your Jeronymo.

Jeronymo! one hand held up; the other not withdrawn. Poor Jeronymo!

God be praised! said the General: Some faint hopes. The two Marchionesses wept for joy.

Your Jeronymo, madam, and my Jeronymo, is, we hope, in a happy way. Do you love Jeronymo?

Do I!—But what of Jeronymo? I don't understand you.

Jeronymo, now you are well, will be happy.

Am I well? Ah, Sir!—But save me, save me, Chevalier!—faintly screaming, and looking about her, with a countenance of woe and terror.

I *will* save you, madam. The General will also protect you. Of whom are you afraid?

O the cruel, cruel Laurana!—She withdrew her hand in a hurry, and lifted up the sleeve of the other arm—You shall see—O I have been cruelly used—But you will protect me. Forbearing to shew her arm, as she seemed to intend.

Laurana shall never more come near you.

But don't hurt her!—Come, sit down by me, and I will tell you all I have suffered.

She hurried to her former seat; and sat down by her weeping Camilla. I followed her. She motioned to me to sit down by her.

Why, you must know, Chevalier—She paused—Ah my head! putting her hand to it—Well, but, now you must leave me. Something is wrong—Leave me—I don't know myself—

Then looking with a face of averted terror at me—You are not the same man I talked to just now!—Who *are* you, Sir?—She again

faintly shrieked, and threw her arms about Camilla's neck, once more hiding her face in her bosom.

I could not bear this. Not very well before, it was too much for me. I withdrew.

Don't withdraw, Chevalier, said the General, drying his eyes.

I withdrew, however, to Mr. Lowther's chamber. He not being there, I shut the door upon myself—So oppressed! my dear Dr. Bartlett, I was greatly oppressed.

Recovering myself in a few moments, I went to Jeronymo. I had but just entered his chamber, when the General, who seemed unable to speak, took my hand, and in silence led me to his mother's dressing-room. As we entered it, She enquires after you, Chevalier, said he, and laments your departure. She thinks she has offended you. Thank God, she has recollection!

When I went in, she was in her mother's arms; her mother soothing her, and weeping over her.

See, see, my child, the Chevalier! you have *not* offended him.

She quitted her mother's arms. I approached her. I thought it was not *you* that sat by me, a while ago. But when you went away from me, I saw it could be nobody but you. Why did you go away? Was you angry?

I could not be angry, madam. You bid me leave you: And I obeyed.

Well, but now what shall I say to him, madam? I don't know what I would say. You, madam, stepping with a hasty motion towards her sister-in-law, will not tell Laurana any-thing against me?

Unhappy hour, said her mother, speaking to the General, that I ever yielded to her going to the cruel Laurana!

The Marchioness took her hand; I hate Laurana, my dear; I love nobody but you.

Don't hate her, however—Chevalier, whisperingly, Who is this Lady?

The General rejoiced at the question; for this was the first time she had ever taken any particular notice of his Lady, or enquired who she was, notwithstanding her generous tenderness to her.

That Lady is your sister, your brother Signor Giacomo's wife—

My sister! how can that be?—Where has she been all this time?

Your sister by marriage: Your elder brother's wife.

I don't understand it. But why, madam, did you not tell me so before? I wish you happy. Laurana would not let me be *her* cousin. Will *you* own me?

The young Marchioness clasped her arms about her. My sister, my friend, my dear Clementina! Call me your sister, and I shall be happy!

What strange things have come to pass?

How did these dawnings of reason rejoice every one!

Sir, turning to the General, let me speak with you.

She led him by the hand to the other end of the room—Let nobody hear us, said she: Yet spoke not low. What had I to say?—I had something to say to you very earnestly. I don't know what—

Well, don't puzzle yourself, my dear, to recollect it, said the General. Your new sister loves you. She is the best of women. She is the joy of my life. Love your new sister, my Clementina.

So I will. Don't I love every-body?

But you must love her better than any other woman, the best of mothers excepted. She is *my* wife, and *your* sister; and she loves both you, and our dear Jeronymo.

And no-body else? Does she love no-body else?

Whom else would you have her love?

I don't know. But every-body, I think; for I do.

Whomever you love, she will love. She is all goodness.

Why that's well. I will love her, now I know who she is. But, Sir, I have some notion—

Of what, my dear?

I don't know. But pray, Sir, What brings the Chevalier over hither again?

To comfort you, your father, mother, Jeronymo: To comfort us all. To make us all well, and happy in each other.

Why that's very good. Don't *you* think so? But he was always good. Are you, brother, happy?

I am, and should be more so, if you and Jeronymo were.

But that can never, never be.

God forbid! my sister. The Chevalier has brought over with him a skilful man, who hopes to cure our Jeronymo—

Has the Chevalier done this? Why did he not do so before?

The General was a little disconcerted; but generously said, We were wrong; we took not right methods. I, for my part, wish we had followed his advice in every-thing.

Bless me!—holding up one hand. How came all these things about! Sir, Sir, with quickness—I will come again presently—And was making for the door.

Camilla stepped to her—Whither, whither, my dear young Lady?—O! Camilla will do as well—Camilla, laying her hand upon her shoulder, go to Father Marescotti—Tell him—There she stopt: Then proceeding, Tell him, I have seen a vision—He shall pray for us all.

Then stepping to her mother, and taking her passive hand, she kissed it, and stroked her own forehead and cheek with it—Love

me, madam, love your child. *You* don't know, neither do I, what ails my poor head. Heal it! Heal it! with your gentle hand! Again stroking her forehead with it; then putting it to her heart.

The Marchioness, kissing her forehead, made her face wet with her tears.

Shall I, said Camilla, go to Father Marescotti?

No, said the General, except she repeats her commands. Perhaps she has forgot him already.—She said no more of Father Marescotti.

The Marchioness thinks that she had some confused notions of the former enmity of the General and Father to me; and finding the former reconciled, wanted the Father to be so too, and to pray for us all.

I was willing, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to give you minutely the workings of the poor Lady's mind on our two first interviews. Every-body is rejoiced at so hopeful an alteration already.

We all thought it best, now, that she had so surprisingly taken a turn, from observing a profound silence, to free talking, and shewn herself able, with very little incoherence, to pursue a discourse, that she should not exhaust herself; and Camilla was directed to court her into her own dressing-room, and endeavour to engage her on some indifferent subjects. I asked her leave to withdraw: She gave it me readily, with these words, I shall see you again, I hope, before you go to England.

Often, I hope, very often, answered the General for me.

That is very good, said she; and, courtesying to me, went up with Camilla.

We all went into Jeronymo's apartment; and the young Marchioness rejoiced him with the relation of what had passed. That generous friend was for ascribing to my presence the hoped-for happy alteration; while the General declared, that he never would have her contradicted for the future, in any reasonable request she should make.

The Count her uncle, and Signor Sebastiano his eldest Son, are set out for Urbino. They took leave of me at my lodgings. He hoped, he said, that all would be happy; and that I would be a Catholic.

I have received a large packet of Letters from England.

I approve of all you propose, my dear Dr. Bartlett. You shall not, you say, be easy, except I will inspect your accounts. Don't refuse to give your own worthy heart any satisfaction that it can receive, by consulting your true friend: But otherwise, you need not ask my consent to any-thing you shall think fit to do. Of one thing, methinks, I could be glad, that only such children of the poor, as shew a peculiar ingenuity, have any great pains taken with them in their *books*.

Husbandry and labour are what are most wanting to be encouraged among the lower class of people. Providence has given to men different genius's and capacities, for different ends; and that all might become useful links of the same great chain.¹ Let us apply those talents to Labour, those to Learning, those to Trade, to Mechanics, in their different branches, which point out the different pursuits, and then no person will be unuseful; on the contrary, every one may be eminent in some way or other. Learning, of itself, never made any man happy. The ploughman makes fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than the scholar, because the sphere in which he moves is a more contracted one. But if a genius arises, let us encourage it: There will be rustics enough to do the common services for the finer spirits, and to carry on the business of the world, if we do not, by our own indiscriminate good offices, contribute to their misapplication.

I will write to congratulate Lord W. and his Lady. I rejoice exceedingly in their happiness.

I will also write to my Beauchamp, and to Lady Beauchamp, to give her joy on her enlarged heart. Surely, Dr. Bartlett, human nature is not so bad a thing, as some disgracers of their own species have imagined. I have, on many occasions, found, that it is but applying properly to the passions of persons, who, tho' they have not been very remarkable for benevolence, may yet be induced to do right things in *some* manner, if not always in the *most graceful*. But as it is an observation, that the miser's feast is often the most splendid,² so may we say, as in the cases of Lord W. and Lady Beauchamp, the one to her son-in-law, the other to his Lady and nieces, that when such persons are brought to taste the sweets of a generous and beneficent action, they are able to behave greatly. We should not too soon, and without making *proper* applications, give up persons of ability or power, upon conceptions of their general characters; and then, with the herd, set our faces against them, as if we knew them to be invincible. How many ways are there to overcome persons, who may not, however, be naturally beneficent! Policy, a regard for outward appearances, ostentation, love of praise, will sometimes have great influences: And not seldom is the requester of a favour himself in fault, who perhaps shews as much *self* in the application, as the refuser does in the denial.

Let Charlotte know, that I will write to her when *she gives me a subject*.

I will write to Lord and Lady L. by the next mail. To write to either, is to write to both.

I have already answered Emily's favour. I am very glad that her mother, and her mother's husband, are so wise as to persue their

own interests in their behaviour to that good girl, and their happiness in their conduct to each other.

My poor cousin Grandison—I am concerned for him. I have a very affecting Letter from him. But I see the proud man in it, valuing himself on his knowledge of the world, and rather vexed to be overreached by the common artifices of some of the worst people in it, than from right principles. I know not what I can do for him, except I were on the spot. I am grieved that he has not profited by other mens wisdom: I wish he may by his own experience. I will write to him; yet neither to reproach him, nor to extenuate his folly, tho' I wish to free him from the consequences of it.

I write to my aunt Eleanor, to congratulate and welcome her to London. I hope to find her there on my return from Italy.

The unhappy Sir Hargrave! The still unhappier Merceda! What sport have they made of their health, in the prime of their days; and with their reputation! How poor would have been their triumph, had they escaped, by a flight so ignominious, the due reward of their iniquitous contrivances! But to meet with such a disgraceful punishment, and so narrowly to escape a still *more* disgraceful one—Tell me, Can the poor men look out into open day?

But poor Bagenhall! sunk as he is, almost beneath pity, what can be said of him?

We see, Dr. Bartlett, in the behaviour, and sordid acquiescence with insults, of these three men, that offensive spirits cannot be true ones.

If you have any call or inclination to go to London, I am sure you will look in upon the little Oldhams, and their mother.

My compliments to the young officer. I am glad he is pleased with what has been done for him.

I have Letters from Paris. I am greatly pleased with what is done, and doing there, in pursuance of my directions, relating to the moiety of 3000*l.* left by the good Mr. Danby, to be disposed of at the discretion of his executor, either in France or England. As he gained a great part of his considerable fortune in France, I think it would have been agreeable to him, to find out there half of the objects of his benevolence: Why else named he France in his Will?

The *intention* of the bequeather, in doubtful cases, ought always to be considered. And another case has offered, which, I think, as there is a large surplus in my hands, after having done by his relations more than they expected, and full as much as is necessary, to put them in a flourishing way, I ought to consider in that light.

Mr. Danby, at his setting out in life, owed great obligations to a particular family, then in affluent circumstances. This family fell, by unavoidable accidents, into decay. Its descendants were numer-

ous. Mr. Danby used to confer on no less than six grand-daughters, and four grandsons, of this family, an annual bounty, which kept them just above want. And he had put them in hopes, that he would cause it to be continued to them, as long as they were unprovided for: The elder girls were in services; the younger were brought up to be qualified for the same useful way of life: The sons were neither idle nor vicious. I cannot but think, that it was his *intention* to continue his bounty to them by his last will, had he not forgot them when he gave orders for drawing it up; which was not till he thought himself in a dying way.

Proper enquiries have been made; and this affair is settled. The numerous family think themselves happy. And the supposed intention of my deceased friend is fully answered; and no Legatee a sufferer.

You kindly, my dear Dr. Bartlett, regret the distance we are at from each other. I am the loser by it, and not you; since I give you, by pen and ink, almost as minute an account of my proceedings, as I could do were we conversing together: Such are your expectations upon, and such is the obedience of,

Your ever-affectionate and filial Friend,

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER III

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation

June 12-23

WE have now, thank God, some hopes of our Jeronymo. The opening made below the great wound answers happily its intention; and that in the shoulder is once more in a fine way.

Lady Clementina has been made to understand, that he is better; and this good news, and the method she is treated with, partly in pursuance of the advice of the English physicians, leave us not without hopes of her recovery.

The General and his Lady are gone to Naples, in much higher spirits than when they left that city. His Lady seconding his earnest invitation, I was not able to deny them the promise of a visit there.

Every one endeavours to sooth and humour Lady Clementina; and the whole family is now satisfied, that this was the method which always ought to have been taken with her; and lay to the charge of Lady Sforza and Laurana, perhaps much deeper views than they had at first; tho' they might enlarge them afterwards, and certainly did extend them, when the poor Lady was deemed irrecoverable.

Let me account to you, my dear friend, for my silence of near a month since the date of my last.

For a fortnight together, I was every day once with Lady Clementina. She took no small pleasure in seeing me. She was very various all that time in her absences; sometimes she had sensible intervals, but they were not durable. She generally rambled much; and was very incoherent. Sometimes she fell into her silent fits: But they seldom lasted long when I came. Sometimes she aimed to speak to me in English: But her ideas were too much unfixed, and her memory too much shattered, to make herself understood for a sentence together, in the tongue she had so lately learned, and for some time disused. Yet, on the whole, her reason seemed to gather strength. It was a heavy fortnight to me; and the heavier, as I was not very well myself—Yet I was loth to forbear my daily visits.

Mrs. Beaumont, at the fortnight's end, made the family and me a visit of three days. In that space, Lady Clementina's absences were stronger, but less frequent than before.

I had, by Letter, been all this time preparing the persons who had the management of Mr. Jervois's affairs, to adjust, finally, the account relating to his estate, which remained unsettled; and they let me know, that they were quite ready to put the last hand to them. It was necessary for me to attend those gentlemen in person: And as Mrs. Beaumont could not conveniently stay any longer than the three days, I acquainted the Marchioness, that I should do myself the honour of attending her to Florence.

As well Mrs. Beaumont, as the Marchioness, and the Bishop, thought I should communicate my intention, and the necessity of pursuing it, to Lady Clementina; lest, on her missing me, she should be impatient, and we should lose the ground we had gained.

I laid before the young Lady, in presence of her mother and Mrs. Beaumont, in a plain and simple manner, my obligation to leave her for a few days, and the reason for it. To Florence, said she? Does not Lady Olivia live at Florence?—She does, usually, answered Mrs. Beaumont: But she is abroad on her travels.

Well, Sir, it is not for me to detain you, if you have business: But what will become of my poor Jeronymo in the mean time?—But, before I could answer, What a silly question is that? I will be his comforter.

Father Marescotti just then entered—O Father! rambled the poor Lady, you have not prayed with me for a long time. O, Sir, I am an undone creature! I am a lost soul!—She fell on her knees, and with tears bemoaned herself.

She endeavoured, after this, to recollect what she had been talking of before. We make it a rule not to suffer her, if we can help it, to

puzzle and perplex herself, by aiming at recollection; and therefore I told her what was our subject. She fell into it again with cheerfulness—Well, Sir, and when may Jeronymo expect you again?—In about ten days, I told her. And taking her hint, I added, that I doubted not but she would comfort Signor Jeronymo in my absence. She promised she would; and wished me happy.

I attended Mrs. Beaumont accordingly. I concluded, to my satisfaction, all that remained unadjusted of my Emily's affairs, in two days after my arrival at Florence. I had a happy two days more with Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies her friends; and I stole a visit out of the ten days to the Count of Belvedere, at Parma.

This excursion was of benefit to my health; and having had a Letter from Mr. Lowther, as I had desired, at Modena, in my way to Parma, with very favourable news, in relation both to the sister and brother, I returned to Bologna, and met with a joyful reception from the Marquis, his Lady, the Bishop, and Jeronymo; who all joined to give me a share in the merit that was principally due to Mr. Lowther, and his assistants, with regard to the brother's amendment, and to their own soothing methods of treating the beloved sister; who followed strictly the prescriptions of her physicians.

I was introduced to Lady Clementina by her mother, attended only by Camilla. The young Lady met me at the entrance of her antechamber, with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her in her happier days. You are welcome, Chevalier, said she: But you kept not your time. I have set it down; pulling out her pocket-book—Ten days, madam: I told you ten days. I am exactly to my time—You shall see that: I cannot be mistaken, smiling. But her smiles were not quite her own.

She referred me to her book. You have reckoned two days twice over, madam. See here—

Is it possible?—I once, Sir, was a better accomptant. Well, but we will not stand upon two days in so many. I have taken great care of Jeronymo in your absence. I have attended him several times; and would have seen him oftener; but they told me there was no need.

I thanked her for her care of my friend—

That's good enough, said she, to thank me for the care of myself. Jeronymo is myself.

Signor Jeronymo, replied I, cannot be dearer to his sister than he is to me.

You are a good man, returned she; and laid her hand upon my arm; I always said so. But, Chevalier, I have quite forgot my English. I shall never recover it. What happy times were those, when I was innocent, and was learning English!

My beloved young Lady, said Camilla, was always innocent.

No, Camilla!—No!—And then she began to ramble—And taking Camilla under the arm, whispering, Let us go together, to that corner of the room, and pray to God to forgive us. You, Camilla, have been wicked as well as I.

She went and kneeled down, and held up her hands in silence: Then rising, she came to her mother, and kneeled to her, her hands lifted up—Forgive me, forgive your poor child, my mamma!

God bless my child! Rise, my Love!—I do forgive you!—But do you forgive me, tears trickling down her cheeks, for ever suffering you to go out of my own sight? for delivering you into the management of less kind, and less indulgent relations?

And God forgive *them* too, rising. Some of them made me crasy, and then upbraided me with being so. God forgive them! I do.

She then came to me; and, to my great surprize, dropt down on one knee. I could not, for a few moments, tell what to do, or what to say to her. Her hands held up, her fine eyes supplicating—Pray, Sir, forgive me!

Humour, humour the dear creature, Chevalier, said her mother, sobbing.

Forgive you, madam!—Forgive you, dear Lady! for what?—You have not offended! You could not offend.

I raised her; and, taking her hand, pressed it with my lips! Now, madam, forgive *me*—For this freedom forgive me!

O Sir, I have given you, I have given every-body trouble!—I am an unhappy creature; and God and you are angry with me—And you will not say you forgive me?

Humour her, Chevalier.

I do, I do forgive you, most excellent of women.

She hesitated a little; then turned round to Camilla, who stood at distance, weeping; and running to her, cast herself into her arms, hiding her face in her bosom—Hide me, hide me, Camilla! What have I done!—I have kneeled to a man!—She put her arm under Camilla's, and hurried out of the room with her.

Her mother seeing me in some confusion; Rejoice with me, Chevalier, said she, yet weeping, that we see, tho' her reason is imperfect, such happy symptoms. Our child will, I trust in God, be once more our own. And you will be the happy instrument of restoring her to us.

The Marquis, and the Bishop, were informed of what had passed. They also rejoiced, in these further day-breaks, as I may call them, of their Clementina's reason, accompanied with that delicacy, that never, in so innocent a mind, can be separated from it.

You will observe, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that I only aim to give

you an account of the greater and more visible changes that happen in the mind of this unhappy Lady; omitting those conversations between her and her friends, in which her situation varied but little from those before described. By this means, you will be able to trace the steps to that recovery of her reason, which we presume to hope will be the return to our fervent prayers, and humble endeavours.

LETTER IV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation

Bologna, June 13-24

THE Conte della Porretta, and the two young Lords Sebastiano and Giuliano, came hither yesterday, to rejoice on the hopeful prospects before us.

I thought I saw a little shiness and reserve sit upon the brow of the Marchioness, which I had not observed till the arrival of the Count. A complaisance that was too civil for friendship; for *our* friendship. I never permit a cloud to hang for one hour upon the brow of a friend, without examining into the reason of it, in hopes it may be in my power to dispel it. An abatement in the freedom of one I love, is a charge of unworthiness upon me, that I must endeavour to obviate the moment I suspect it. I desired a private audience of the good Lady.

She favoured me with it at the first word. But as soon as I had opened my heart to her, she asked, If Father Marescotti, who loved me, she said, as if I were his own son, might be allowed to be present at our conversation? I was a little startled at the question; but answered, By all means.

The Father was sent to, and came. Tender concern and reserve were both apparent in his countenance. This shewed that he was apprised of the occasion of the Marchioness's reserve; and expected to be called upon, or employed in the explanation, had I not demanded it.

I repeated, before him, what I had said to the Marchioness, of the reserve that I had thought I saw since yesterday in one of the most benign countenances in the world.

Chevalier, said she, if you think that every one of our family, as well those of Urbino and Naples, as those of this place, do not love you as one of their own family, you do not do us justice.

She then enumerated and exaggerated their obligations to me. I truly told her, that I could not do less than I had done, and answer it to my own heart.

Leave *us*, replied she, to judge for ourselves on this subject. And,

for God's sake, do not think us capable of ingratitude. We begin with pleasure to see the poor child, after a course of sufferings and distresses, that few young creatures have gone thro', reviving to our hopes. She must in gratitude, in honour, in justice, be yours, if you require her of us, and upon the terms you have formerly proposed.

I think so, said the Father.

What can I say? proceeded she: We are all distressed. I am put upon a task that grieves me. Ease my heart, Chevalier, by sparing my speech.

Explain yourself no further, madam: I fully understand you. I will *not* impute ingratitude to any heart in this family. Tell me, Father Marescotti, if you can allow for *me*, as I could for *you*, were you in my circumstances (and you cannot be better satisfied in your religion, than I am in mine) tell me, by what you *could do*, what I *ought*.

There is no answering a case so strongly put, replied the Father. But can a false religion, an heresy, persuade an ingenuous mind as strongly as the true?

Dear Father Marescotti, you know you have said nothing: It would sound harshly to repeat your own question to you; yet that is all I need to do. But let us continue our prayers, that the desirable work may be perfected: That Lady Clementina may be quite recovered. You have seen, madam, that I have not offered to give myself consequence with her. You see the distance I have observed to her: You see nothing in her, not even in her most afflicting resveries, that can induce you to think she has marriage in view. As I told your Ladyship at first, I have but one wish at present; and that is, her perfect recovery.

What, Father, can we say? resumed the Marchioness. Advise us, Chevalier. You know our situation. But do not, do not impute ingratitude to us. Our child's salvation, in our own opinion, is at stake—If she be yours, she will not be long a Catholic—Once more, advise us.

You generously, I know, madam, think you speak in time, both for the young Lady's sake and mine. You say she shall be mine upon the terms I formerly offered, if I insist upon it. I have told the General, that I will have the consent of all three brothers, as well as yours, madam, and your good Lord's, or I will not hope for the honour of your alliance: And I have declared to you, that I look upon myself as bound; upon you all, as free. If you think that the sense of supposed obligation, as Lady Clementina advances in her health, may engage her further than you wish, let me decline my visits by degrees, in order to leave her as disengaged as possible in her own mind; and that I may not be thought of consequence to

her recovery. In the first place, I will make my promised visit to the General. You see she was not the worse, but, perhaps, the better, for my absence of ten days. I will pass twenty, if you please, at Rome, and at Naples; holding myself in readiness to return post, at the first call. Let us determine nothing in the interim. Depend upon the honour of a man, who once more assures you, that he looks upon himself as bound, and the Lady free; and who will act accordingly by her, and all your family.

They were both silent, and looked upon each other.

What *say* you madam, to this proposal? What *say you*, Father Marescotti? Could I think of a more disinterested one, I would ~~make it~~.

I say, you are a wonderful man.

I have not words, resumed the Lady—She wept. Hard, hard fate! The man, that of all men—

There she stopt. The Father was present, or, perhaps, she had said more.

Shall we, said she, acquaint Jeronymo with this conversation?

It may disturb him, replied I. You know, madam, his generous attachment to me. I have promised the General a visit. Signor Jeronymo was as much pleased with the promise, as with the invitation. The performance will add to his pleasure. He may get more strength: Lady Clementina may be still better: And you will, from events so happy, be able to resolve. Still be pleased to remember, that I hold myself bound, yourselves to be free.

Yet I thought at the time, with a concern, that, perhaps, was too visible, When, when shall I meet with the returns, which my proud heart challenges as its due? But then my pride (shall I call it?) came in to my relief—Great God! I thank thee, thought I, that thou enablest me to do what my conscience, what humanity tells me, is fit and right to be done, without taking my measures of right and wrong from any other standard.

Father Marescotti saw me affected. Tears stood in his eyes. He withdrew, to conceal his emotion. The Marchioness was still more concerned. She called me the most generous of men. I took a respectful leave, and withdrew to Jeronymo.

As I was intending to return to my lodgings, in order to try to calm there my disturbed mind, the Marquis and his Brother, and the Bishop, sent for me into the Marchioness's drawing-room, where were she and Father Marescotti; who had acquainted them with what had passed between her, himself, and me.

The Bishop arose, and embraced me—Dear Grandison, said he, how I admire you!—Why, why will you not let me call you brother?—Were a prince your competitor, and you would be a Catholic—

O that you would! said the Marchioness; her hands and eyes lifted up.

And will you not? Can you not? said the Count.

That, my Lord, is a question kindly put, as it shews your regard for me—But it is not to be answered now.

The Marquis took my hand. He applauded the disinterestedness of my behaviour to his family. He approved of my proposal of absence; but said, that I must myself undertake to manage that part, not only with their Clementina, but with Jeronymo; whose grateful heart would otherwise be uneasy, on a surmise, that the motion came not from myself, but them.

We will not resolve upon any measures, said he. God continue and improve our prospects; and the result we will leave to his providence.

I went from them directly to Jeronymo; and told him my intention of setting out for Rome and Naples, in discharge of my promise to the General and his Lady.

He asked me, What would become of Clementina in the meantime? Was there not too great a danger that she would go back again?

I told him I would not go, but with her approbation. I pleaded my last absence of ten days, in favour of my intention. Her recovery, said I, must be a work of time. If I am of the consequence your friendship for me supposes, her attention will, probably, be more engaged by short absences, and the expectations raised by them, than by daily visits. I remember not, my dear Jeronymo, continued I, a single instance, that could induce any one to imagine, that your Clementina's regard for the man you favour was a personal one. Friendship never lighted up a purer flame in a human heart, than in that of your sister. Was not the future happiness of the man she esteemed, the constant, I may say, the *only* object of her cares? In the height of her malady, Did she not declare, that were that great article but probably secured, she would resign her life with pleasure?

True, very true: Clementina is an excellent creature: She ever was. And you only can deserve her. O that she could be now worthy of you! But are my father, mother, brother, willing to part with you? Do they not, for Clementina's sake, make objections?

The last absence sitting so easy on her mind, they doubt not but frequent absences may excite her attention.

Well, well, I acquiesce. The General and his Lady will rejoice to see you. I must not be too selfish. God preserve you, where-ever you go!—Only let not the gentle heart of Clementina be wounded by your absence. Don't let her miss you.

To-morrow, replied I, I will consult her. She shall determine for me.

LETTER V

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation**June 14-25*

HAVING the honour of an invitation to a conversation-visit, to the Cardinal Legate, and to meet there the Gonfalonier, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning.

After sitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted to the presence of Lady Clementina. Her father, mother, and the Bishop, were with her. Clementina, Chevalier, said her mother, was enquiring for you. She is desirous to recover her English. Are you willing, Sir, to undertake your pupil again?

Ay, Chevalier, said the young Lady, those were happy times, and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then.

You have not been very well, madam: And is it not better to defer our lectures for some days, till you are quite established in your health?

Why, that is the thing. I know I have been very ill: I know that I am not yet quite well; and I *want* to be so: And that is the reason that I would recover my English.

You will soon recover it, madam, when you begin. But at present, the thought, the memory, it would require you to exert, would perplex you. I am afraid the study would rather retard, than forward your recovery.

Why, now, I did not expect this from you, Sir. My mamma has consented.

I did, my dear, because I would deny you nothing, that your heart was set upon: But the Chevalier has given you such good reasons to suspend his lectures, that I wish you would not be earnest in your request.

But I can't help it, madam. I want to be happy.

Well, madam, let us begin now. What English book have you at hand?

I don't know. But I will fetch one.

She stepped out, Camilla after her; and, poor Lady, forgetting her purpose, brought down some of her own work, the first thing that came to hand, out of a drawer that she pulled out, in her dressing-room; instead of looking into her book-case. It is an unfinished piece of Noah's ark, and the rising deluge; the execution admirable. And, coming to me, I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of womens works, Chevalier?

She went to the table—Come hither, and sit down by me. I did. Madam, to her mother; my Lord, to her brother (for the Marquis

withdrew, in grief, upon this instance of her wandering); come, and sit down by the Chevalier and me. They did. She spread it on the table, and, in an attentive posture, her elbow on the table, her head on one hand, pointing with the finger of the other—Now tell me your opinion of this work.

I praised, as it deserved, the admirable finger of the workwoman. Do you know, that's *mine*, Sir? said she: But tell me; every-body can praise; Do you see no fault?—I think *that* is one, said I; and pointed to a disproportion that was pretty obvious—Why so it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer.

Men, who can find faults more gracefully, said the Bishop, than others praise, need not flatter. Why that's true, said she. She sighed; I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after—after—I forget the painter—But you think it tolerable—Do you?

I think it, upon the whole, very fine. If you could rectify that one fault, it would be a master-piece.

Well, I think I'll try, since *you* like it. She rolled it up—Camilla, let it be put on my toilette. I am glad the Chevalier likes it. But, Sir, if I am not at a loss; for my head is not as it should be—

Poor Lady! She lost what she was going to say—She paused as if she would recollect it—Do you know, at last, said she, what is the matter with my head? putting her hand to her forehead—Such a strange confusion just here! And so stupid! She shut her eyes. She laid her head on her mother's shoulder; who dropt an involuntary tear on her forehead.

The Bishop was affected. Can you, can you, Chevalier, whispered he, suppose this dear creature's reason in your power, and yet withhold it from her?

Ah, my Lord, said I, how cruel!—

She raised her head; and, taking her mother's and Camilla's offered salts, smelt to them in turn—I think I am a little better. Were you, Chevalier, ever in such a strange way?—I hope not—God preserve all people from being as I have been!—Why now you are all affected. Why do you all weep? What have I said? God forbid, that I should afflict any-body—Ah! Chevalier! and laid her hand upon my arm, God will bless you. I always said, you were a tender-hearted man. God will pity him, that can pity another!—But, brother, my Lord, I have not been at church of a long time: Have I? How long is it?—Where is the General? Where is my Uncle?—Laurana! poor Laurana! God forgive her. She is gone to answer for all her unkindness!—And she said she was sorry; Did she?

Thus rambled the poor Lady! What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can be more affecting than these absences, these resveries, of a mind once so sound and sensible!

She withdrew at her own motion, with Camilla; and we had no thoughts of communicating to her, at that time, my intentional absence. But as I was about taking my leave for the day, Camilla came into Jeronymo's chamber, where I was; and told me, that her young Lady was very sedate, and desired to see me, if I were not gone.

She led me into Clementina's dressing-room, where was present her mother only; who said, she thought I might apprise her daughter of my proposed journey to Naples; and she herself began the subject.

My dear, said she, the Chevalier has been acquainting my Lord and me with an engagement he is under to visit your brother Giacomo, and his Lady, at Naples.

That is a vast journey; said she.

Not for the Chevalier, my dear. He is used to travel.

Only for a visit!—Is it not better, Sir, for you to stay here, where every-body loves you?

The General, my dear, and his Lady, love the Chevalier.

May be so. But did you promise them, Sir?

I did, madam.

Why then you must perform your promise. But it was not kind in them to engage you.

Why so, my dear? asked her mother.

Why so! Why what will poor Jeronymo do for his friend?

Jeronymo has consented, my dear. He thinks the journey will do the Chevalier good.

Nay, then—Will the journey do you good, Sir? If it will, I am sure Jeronymo would not, for the world, detain you.

Are you willing, my dear, that the Chevalier should go?

Yes, surely, madam, if it will do him good. I would lay down my life to do him good. Can we ever requite him for his goodness to us?

Grateful heart! said her mother; tears in her eyes.

Gratitude, piety, sincerity, and every duty of the social life, are constitutional virtues in this Lady. No disturbance of mind can weaken, much less efface them.

Shall you not want to see him in his absence?

Perhaps I may: But what then? If it be for his good, you know—

Suppose, my dear, we could obtain the favour of Mrs. Beaumont's company, while the Chevalier is gone?

I should be glad.

Mrs. Beaumont is all goodness, said I. I will endeavour to engage her. I can go by sea to Naples; and then Florence will be in my way.

Florence! Ay, and then you may see Olivia too, you know.

Olivia is not in Italy, madam. She is on her travels.

Nay, I am not against you seeing Olivia, if it will do you good to see her.

You don't love Olivia, my dear, said her mother.

Why, not much—But will you send Mrs. Beaumont to keep me company?

I hope, madam, I may be able to engage her.

And how long shall you be gone?

If I go by sea, I shall return by the way of Rome: And shall make my absence longer or shorter, as I shall hear how my Jeronymo does, or as he will or will not dispense with it.

That is very good of you—But, but—Suppose—(a sweet blush overspread her face)—I don't know what I would say—But, for Jeronymo's sake, don't stay longer than will do you good. No need of *that*, you know.

Sweet creature! said the mother.

Did you call *me* so, madam? wrapping her arms about her, and hiding her faintly-blushing face in her bosom. Then raising it up, her arms still folded about her mother: As long as I have my mamma with me, I am happy. Don't let me be sent away from you again, my mamma. I will do every-thing you bid me do. I never was disobedient—Was I? Fie upon me, if I was!

No, never, never, my dearest Life.

So I hoped. For when I knew nothing, this I used to say over my beads; Gracious Father! let me never forget my duty to thee, and to my parents! I was afraid I *might*, as I remembred nothing—But that was partly owing to Laurana. Poor Laurana! She has now answered for it. I would pray her out of her pains, if I could. Yet she *did* torment me.

She has entertained a notion, that Laurana is dead: And as it has removed that terror which she used to have, at her very name, they intend not to undeceive her. But, Dr. Bartlett, well or ill, did you ever know a more excellent creature!

Well, Sir, and so you *must* go—She quitted her mother, and with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her, she turned to me; and gracefully waving one hand, while she held up the other—God preserve you where-ever you go! You *must* go from friend to friend, were it all the world over. You will let Jeronymo hear often from you—Won't you?—Pray do. And I will, in every visit I make to him, enquire when he heard from his friend. Adieu, Sir: Adieu.

I had not intended then to take my leave of her; but, as she anticipated me, I thought it right to do so; and, respectfully bowing on her hand, withdrew, followed by her eyes and her blessings.

I went to Jeronymo. The Marchioness came to me there; and was of opinion with me, that I should take this as a farewell visit to her

Clementina; and to-morrow (sooner by two days than I intended) I propose to set out for Florence, in hopes to engage for them Mrs. Beaumont's company; of which they are all extremely desirous.

I took my leave of the whole family, and Mr. Lowther; who will write to me at all opportunities: And, perhaps, you will not, for some weeks, hear further from

Your ever-affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER VI

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Thursday, May 11

I WRITE on purpose to acquaint you, that I have had a visit from Lady Olivia. She dined with me; and is just set out for Northampton. We all joined, in the most cordial manner, to entreat her to favour us with her company till morning: But she was not to be prevailed upon. Every one of us equally admires, and pities her. Indeed she is a finer woman, than you, Lady G. would allow her to be, in the debate between us in town, on that subject.

After dinner, she desired a quarter of an hour's discourse with me alone. We retired into the cedar parlour.

She opened, as she said, her *whole* heart to me. What an hatred has she to the noble Lady Clementina! She sometimes frightened me by her threatenings—Poor unwomanly Lady!

I took the liberty to blame her. I told her, she must excuse me; it was ever my way with those I respected.

She would fain have got me to own, that I loved Sir Charles Grandison. I acknowledged gratitude and esteem—But as there are no prospects (*hopes* I had like to have said), I would go no further. But she was sure it was so. I *did* say, and I am in earnest, that I never could be satisfied with a divided heart. She clasped me in her arms upon this, and put her cheek to my forehead.

She told me, that she admired him for his virtue. She knew he had resisted the greatest temptations that ever man was tried with. I hope, poor woman, that none of them were from her!—For her own sake (notwithstanding what Dr. Bartlett once whispered, and, good man as he is) I hope so!—The Chevalier, she said, was superior to all attempts that were not grounded on honour and conscience. She had heard of women who had spread their snares for him in his early youth: But women, in her country, of slight fame, she said, had no way to come at *him*: And women of virtue were secure from

his attempts. Yet would you not have thought, asked she, that beauty might have marked him for its own? Such an air, such an address, so much personal bravery, accustomed to shine in the upper life; all that a woman can value in a man, is the Chevalier Grandison!

She, at last, declared, that she wished him to be mine, rather than any woman's on earth.

I was very frank, very unreserved. She seemed delighted with me; and went away, professing to every one, as well as to me, that she admired me for my behaviour, my sincerity, my prudence (she was pleased to say) and my artlessness, above all the women she had ever conversed with.

May her future conduct be such, as may do credit to her birth, to her high fortune, to her sex, and I shall then forgive her for an attempt (as it was frustrated) that I thought she ought never to be forgiven for; and which made me, as we sat, often look upon her with terror, and *deprecation*, may I say?

In answer to your kind enquiries about my health—I only say, What must be, will—Sometimes better than at others. If I could hear you were good, I should be better, I believe. Adieu, my dear Lady G.: Adieu.

LETTER VII

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

[On Sir Charles's first Letter from Bologna, Vol. IV.

Letter XL. p. 448.]

Wednesday, May 31*

I AM greatly obliged to you, my dear Lady G. for dispatching to me, in so extraordinary a way, the first Letter of your brother to Dr. Bartlett. I thank God for his safe arrival at the destined place; and for the faint hopes given in it of his friend's life. The Almighty will do his own work, and in his own way. And that must be best.

You ask me for my opinion of the contents of this Letter, at large—What can I say?—Thus much I must say—

I admire, more and more, your brother: I pity the family he is gone to comfort and relieve: And I pray for Clementina and Jeronimo; and this as well for your brother's sake as theirs.

He generously rejoices, that he did not pursue his own INCLINATIONS—I am very happy in what he says of your Harriet. Indeed,

* Several Letters of Miss Byron, Lady G. Lady L. and Miss Jervois, which were written between the date of the preceding Letter and the present, are omitted.

my dear, I am. Tho' we may be conscious of not deserving the praises bestowed upon us, yet are we fond of standing high in the opinion of those we love. Two paragraphs I have got by heart. I need not tell you which they are. But, alas! his greatly favour'd friend is not so free, as he hoped she was. It is a pleasure to me, however, because it is such to him, that it is not his fault, but her own, that she is not.

The Countess, whom he so justly praises, writes to me; and I answer—But to what purpose? I am afraid, that a very important observation of his comes not in time to do me service; since if my prudence is proportion'd to my trials, I ought to have endeavour'd to exert it sooner.

But, it seems, there is an insuperable objection against the poor Lady's going into a Nunnery. I never heard of that before. It seems right to the Marchioness, that the young Lady, who is intitled to a great share of this world's goods, should not be dedicated to heaven. This *may* be so in the family eye, for ought I know: But I am persuaded, that if there is any one of it, who would *not* have pleaded this obstacle to a divine dedication, it would be Clementina herself. And yet I own, I can allow of their regret, that the cruel Laurana should be a gainer by Clementina's being lost, as I may say, to the world.

Your brother's kind remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, is an honour done to me, as well as to them. I *must* take it so, Lady G. And what he says of me in the paragraph in which he mentions Emily, adds to the pride he had raised in me before.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging, in not offering to with-hold any passage in your brother's Letters from us. I have let him know, that I think him so; and have begged him not to spare any-thing out of tenderness to me, on a supposition that I may be affected, or made uneasy, by what your brother shall write to him. This is speaking very plainly, my dear: But it is to Dr. Bartlett; and he signified to us, more than once, that he could not be a stranger to the heart of your Harriet.

And now, my dear Lady G. let me ask you, in my turn, What you think of one passage in your brother's Letter, of which you have not taken the least notice in yours to me? "Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If she be not, it must be her own fault."

You have honestly owned in your last (yet too roguishly for a true penitent) that it was evidently so in the debate about being presented. *Miss Grandison* used to like the drawing-room¹ well enough. Her brother has owned, in my hearing, as well as in yours, that had he not been so long out of England, and, since his return to it; so seldom in town, he would have made it a part of his duty, to pay his attendance there, at proper times. But *Lady G.* forsooth, dis-

dained to appear as the property [Reflect but, my dear, how absurd] of a worthy man, to whom she had vowed love, honour, and obedience.

I should not remind you thus of past flippancies, did not new ones seem to spring up every day.

For heaven's sake, my dear Lady G. let it not be carried from England to Italy, that Lord G. is not so happy with a sister of Sir Charles Grandison, as might be expected; lest it be asked, Whether that sister, and this brother, had the same mother. I have written before all that I could possibly say on this subject. You know yourself to be wrong. It would be impertinence to expostulate further on a duty so known, and acknowledged: No more, therefore, on this head (authorize me to say) for ever!

As to my health—I would fain be well. I am more sorry, that I am not, for the sake of my friends (who are incessantly grieving for me) than for my own. I have not, I *think* I have not, any-thing to reproach myself with; nor yet any-body to reproach me. To whom have I given cause of triumph over me, by my ill usage, or insolence to him? I yield to an event to which I ought to submit: And to a woman, not *less*, but *more* worthy than myself; and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandison have the satisfaction, and the merit with the family, of being the means of restoring to reason (a greater restoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whose soul ought, in that case, to be devoted to GOD, and to him! Methinks I have at present but one wish; it is, that I may live to see this Lady, if she *is* to be the happy woman. Could I, do you think, Lady G. if I were to have this honour, cordially congratulate her as Lady Grandison? Heaven only knows! But it would be my glory, if I could; for then I should not scruple to put myself in a rank with Clementina; and to demand her hand, as that of my sister.

But, poor Olivia!—Shall I not pity the unhappy woman, who, I am afraid, is too short-sighted to look forward to that only consolation which can weaken the force of worldly disappointments.

My cousin Reeves, in a joyful Letter, just now received, acquaints me with the birth of the fine boy his wife has presented to him: An event that exceedingly rejoices us all. He tells me in it, how good you are. Continue to them, my dear Lady G. your affectionate regards. They ever loved you: Even for your very faults, so bewitchingly lively are you. But I have told Mr. Reeves, that his partiality for you shews that he feels not for Lord G. as he would for himself, were *his* wife a Lady G.

I will write to my other friends. Dear creature! Don't let me say, that I love Lord G. better than I do Lady G.: Yet, were the aggres-

sor in a quarrel my own sister, endeared to me by a thousand generous offices, I would, I *must* love the sufferer best; at least, while he is a sufferer. Witness,

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER VIII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Thursday, June 1

THANKS an hundred times repeated, to you, my dear Lady G. and to good Dr. Bartlett, for the favour of Sir Charles's Letters, of May 22. 23. 26. and 27. N. S. all following so quick, that which you favour'd me with of the 10th-21st, upon which I wrote to you yesterday. I dispatch them to you for the Doctor, all together.

I cannot, my dear, have much to say to the contents of these.

They *have* met: Had more interviews than one.

Why cannot the Count of Belvedere—But no more of that. I don't like this General. The whole family (the two noble sufferers Jeronymo and Clementina excepted) seem to me to have more pride than gratitude—Ay, mother and all, my dear!

But you see Sir Charles has been indisposed. No wonder. Visited by the Marquis and Marchioness, you see: Not a slight illness, therefore, you may believe. God preserve him, and restore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me—But, my dear, I think the Doctor and you must forbear obliging me with any more of his Letters—His goodness, his tenderness, his delicacy, his strict honour, but adds—Yet can any new instances add to a character so uniformly good?—But the chief reason of my self-denial, if you were to take me at my word, as to these communications, is, that his affecting descriptions and narratives of Lady Clementina's resveries (poor, poor Lady!) will break my heart! Yet you must send them to

Your ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER IX

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

My dear Creature!

Monday, June 5

YOU must not, you shall not be ill. What signify your *Heroics*, child, if they only give you placid looks, and make an hypocrite of the

sincerest girl in England? In other words, if they are only a cover for a despairing heart? Be better: Be less affected; or I can tell you, the Doctor and I, and Lady L. shall all think it but right to take you at your first word, and send you no more of my brother's Letters. Yet we are all of us as greatly affected by the contents of them, as our dear Harriet can be. I am sure you will allow us to be so, for the poor Lady. But to subjects less interesting.

The Doctor is with us. Aunt Nell is in love with him. He ordered his matters, and came to town at Lady L's request and mine, and Beauchamp's, that we might the sooner come at my brother's Letters—Very obliging!—Beauchamp worships the good man. He would have been with him at Grandison-Hall, but that Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp knew not how to part with him: and I fancy another slier reason with-held him, half unknown to himself. Love is certainly creeping into his heart. This Emily! a little rogue! has already (yet suspects it not) made a conquest. He deserves her better than any man I know: She him, had she not already a great hole in her heart, thro' which one may run one's head. But does not Beauchamp love the same person as much as she can do? And does he not know, that the girl is innocent, and the man virtuous, even, as I believe, to chastity?—Dear Harriet! Don't let the Ladies around you, nor the Gentlemen neither, hear this grace supposed to be my brother's. Nobody about us shall for *me*. I would not have my brother made the jest of one Sex; and the aversion of the other; and be thought so singular a young man.

Beauchamp says nothing to any-body of his regard to Emily: But he lays himself out in so many unaffected assiduities to her, that one cannot but see it. She likes his company and his conversation. But why? because he is always launching out in the praises of his and her beloved friend. He says, there is not, he believes, such another innocent and undesigning heart in the world, except one in Northamptonshire—There's for you, Harriet!—So he praises not *mine*. That is the wickedest thing of these *felons* of men: Poverty compels them tho'—Poverty of genius!—They cannot praise one woman, but by robbing the rest. Different, however, from all men, is my brother. I will engage he could find attributes for fifty different woman, yet do justice to them all: Because, tho' he sees every one with favour, he is above flattering any.

Well, but, Harriet, I expected Letters six times as long as these you sent me. Upon my word, if you are so very heavenly-minded, as you appear to be in the first (for the second is hardly a Letter) I will have you to town, and nun you up with aunt Nell. The Doctor is one of the most pious men in England: But she will tire him with praying, and *expounding*, as she calls it. Do you know that the good

creature was a Methodist in Yorkshire? These *overdoers*, my dear, are wicked wretches. What do they, but make religion look unlovely, and put *underdoers* out of heart? My brother is *The Man*. You know I must always bring in my brother, tho' I am a little out of humour with him, at present: And am I not justified by the many? Since it is always the way of those who intend not to mend, to set their hearts against their correctors—My brother professes not the one half of what he practises. He uses the fashion, without abusing it, or himself, by following it. Some such words in a sacred book rumble in my mad head; but I know I have not them right.

It is impossible, say what you will, Harriet, to be long upon terms with *this man*—Lord G. I mean. He was once half in the right, to be sure; but you should not have reproached me with *that*. The bride was shewn, the jewels were shewn, the whole family paraded it together; and Emily wrote you all how-and-about it. But never fear for your poor friend. The honest man will put *himself* in the wrong next, to save her credit. He has been long careless, and now he is, at times, *imperious*, as well as careless. Very true! Nay it was but yesterday, that he attempted to hum a tune of contempt, upon my warbling an Italian air. An opera couple, we! Is it not charming to sing *at* (I cannot say *to*) each other, when we have a mind to be spiteful? But he has a miserable voice. He cannot sing so fine a song as I can. He should not attempt it. Besides, I can play to my song; that cannot he. Such a foe to melody, that he hates the very sight of my harpsichord. He flies out of the room, if I but move towards it.

He has every-body of his side; Lord and Lady L., Emily, nay, Dr. Bartlett and aunt Nell. This sets him up. No such thing as managing one's own husband, when so many wise heads join together, to uphold him. *Ut-ter-ly* ruined for a husband, is Lord G.; I once had some hopes for him. But now, every good-natur'd jest is turned into earnest by these mediators and mediatrices.

A few days ago, in a fond fit, I would have stroked his cheek; tho' he was not in a very good humour neither—*So, then! So, then!* said I, as I had seen Beauchamp do an hour before by his prancing nag; and it was construed as a contempt, and his bristles got up upon it. Bless me, thought I, this man is not so sensible of a favour as Beauchamp's horse; and yet I have known the time, when he has thought it an honour to be admitted to press the same fair hand with his lips, on one knee.

Hark! He is now, at this very instant, complaining to aunt Nell. Little do they think, that I am in her closet. She hears all he has to say, with greedy ears—These antiquated souls are happy, when they can find reasons from the disagreement of honest people in matrimony, to make a virtue of a necessity. "Thank the Lord, I am not

married! If these be the fruits of matrimony!"—Ah! Lord, my dear! Now these *last* words have slipt me—The man—between you and me, has been a villain to me! Can I forgive him? could *you* in my circumstances? Yet I hope it is *not* so. If it should, and Lady Gertrude and aunt Nell (spiteful old souls!) should find their perpetual curiosity answered as they wish, I will have my own will in every-thing.

And how came I, you will wonder, in aunt Nell's closet? I will tell you. She had got my pen and ink: And I went to fetch it myself: The scribbling fit was strong upon me; so I sat down in her closet to write: And they both came into her chamber together, to have their own talk—Hark, I say!—They are really talking of me—Complaining!—Abominable!—This wicked aunt of mine—"I tell you, nephew, that you are too ready to make up with her."—Could you have believed this of one's own aunt? No wonder that he is so refractory at times. But, hush!—Why don't he speak louder? He can't be in earnest hurt, if he does not raise his voice. Creeping soul, and whiner!—I can't hear a word he says. I have enough against *her*!—But I want something against *him*—Duce take them both! I can't hear more than the sound of her broken-toothed voice, mumbling; and his plaintive hum-drum, whimpering. I will go out in full majesty. I will lighten upon them with airs imperial. How the poor souls will start at my appearance! How will their consciences fly in their faces! The complainer and adviser both detected in the very fact, as I may say: And yet perhaps you, Harriet, will think them less blameable than their conscience-striker.

Hem!—Three hems in anger!—And now I burst upon them.

O Harriet! what a triumph was mine!

Aunt Nell, who has naturally a good blowzing^t north-country complexion, turned as pale as ashes. Her chin, nose, and lips, were all in motion. My nimble Lord gave a jump, and three leaps, to the other side of the room. He had not the courage to look directly at me. His face, as sharp as a new moon in a frosty night, and his sides so gaunt—As if he wanted to shrink into himself. They could not in their hearts but accuse themselves of all they had said, as if I had heard every word of it.

While I (what a charming thing is innocence!) half a foot taller than usual, stalked along between them, casting a look of indignation upon aunt Nell; of haughtiness on Lord G. My with-held breath raised my complexion, and swelled my features; and when I got to the door, I pulled it after me with an air, that I hope made them both tremble.

LETTER X

Lady G. In Continuation

WELL, my dear—Aunt Nell and I have made up. I have been pacified by her apologies, and promises never again to interfere between man and wife. As I told the forlorn soul, You maiden Ladies, tho' you have lived a *great while* in the world, cannot know what strange creatures these husbands are, and how many causes (that cannot be mentioned by the poor wife to her friends) a woman may have to be displeased with her man, in order to keep the creature in some little decorum—Indeed, madam—There I stopt—This excited her prudery; and she made out the rest, and, perhaps, a great deal more than the rest. She looked down, to shew she was sensible, tried for a blush; and, I verily believe, had she been a young woman, would have succeeded. “Why, truly, niece, I believe you are right. These men are *odious creatures!*”—And then she shuddered, as if she had said, Lord defend me from them!—a prayer, that, being a good creature, she need not doubt will be answered.

But for Lord G. there lies no forgiveness. To complain of his wife to her aunt! A married man to submit matrimonial squabbles (and every honest pair has *some*) to others! to an old maid, especially! and to authorize her to sit in judgment on his wife's little whimsies, when the good woman wants to make herself important to him; and thereby endeavour to destroy the wife's significance; there's no bearing of that. He had made Lord L. and Lady L. judges over me before. Nay, this infant Emily has taken her seat on the same bench; and, in her pretty manner, has, by beseeching me to be good, supposed me bad. And to some one of them (who knows but to the tell-tale himself, tho' he denies it?) my brother's hint is owing, on which you so sagely expostulate: My reputation, therefore, as an obedient wife, with all those whose good opinion was worth courting, is gone: And is not this enough to make one careless?

Bless me, my dear! This man of errors has committed, if possible, a still worse fault. He regards me not as any-body. The Earl and he have been long uneasy, it seems, that we live at the expence of my brother, to whom there is no making returns; and a house offering in Grosvenor-square, he has actually contracted for it, without consulting me. I must own, that I cannot in my heart disapprove either of the motive, or the house, as I have the latter described to me: But his doing it of his own head, is an insolent act of prerogative. Don't you in conscience think so? Does he not, by this step, make me his

chattels, a piece of furniture only, to be removed as any other piece of furniture, or picture, or cabinet, at his pleasure?¹

He came to me—I hope, madam, in a reproaching accent, I have done something now that will please you: Ought his stiff air, and the reflecting word NOW, to have gone unpunish'd? Hast thou found out any other old maid, to sit in judgment on the behaviour of thy wife? But what hast thou done?—I was astonished when the man told me.

And who is to be thy housekeeper? Is this done, in hope I'll follow thee? Or dost thou intend to exclude from thy habitation the poor woman who met thee at church a few weeks ago?

Just then came in Lady L. I asked her, What she thought of this step?

Had she vindicated him, I never would have regarded a word she said between us. But she owned, that she thought I *should* have been consulted. And then he began to see that he had done a wrong thing. I acquainted her with his former fault, unatoned for as it was—Why, as to *that*, she did not know what to say; only, that it became *my* character, and good sense, so to behave, as that Lord G. should have no reason to complain of me to *any*-body. A hard thing, Harriet, to be reflected upon by an own sister!

Lady L. prevailed upon me, unknown to Lord G. to go with her to see this house. 'Tis a handsome house. I have but the one afore-said objection to it—But let me ask you again: Is not the slight he has put upon me, in taking it without consulting me, an inexcusable thing?—I know you will say it is. But I'll tell you how I think to do—I will make him give up the contract; and when he has done so, unknown to him, take the same house myself. This will be returning the compliment. His excuse is, He was sure I should like the house and the terms. If he is sure of my liking it, and has chosen it himself, the duce is in it, if I may not be sure of his—Would *he* dislike it, because *I* liked it?—Say so, if you dare Harriet; and suppose *me* blameable.

O my dear! What shall I do with this passionate man? I could not, you know, forgive him for the two unatoned-for steps which he had taken, without *some* contrition: And do you think he would shew any?—Not he!—I said something that set him up;² something bordering upon the whimsical—No matter what. He pranced upon it. I, with my usual meekness, calmly rebuked him; and then went to my harpsichord: And, what do you think? How shall I tell it? Yet to you I may—Why then he whisked his hat from under his arm

(he was going out); and silenced, broke, demolished, my poor harpsichord.

I was surprized: But instantly recovering myself; You are a violent wretch, Lord G. said I, quite calmly: How could you do so?—Suppose (and I took the wicked hat) I should throw it into the fire? But I gave it to him, and made him a fine courtesy. There was command of temper! I thought, at the instant, of Epictetus and his snapt leg.¹ Was I not as great a Philosopher?

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He is gone out. Dinner is ready; and no Lord G. Aunt Nell is upon the fret: But she remembers her late act of delinquency; so is obliged to be silent. I have her under my thumb.

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The man came in after we had dined. I went to him, as if nothing had been the matter between us. You look vexed, my Lord!—It *was* a very violent action: It vexed *me* at first: But you see how soon I recovered my temper. I wish you would learn patience of me. But come, I forgive you; I will not be angry with you, for an evil that a little money will repair. I see you are vexed.

So I am, madam, at my very soul! But it is not—

Now to be helped—True, my Lord, and I forgive you—

But curse me, if I forgive you, madam—

O fie! that's wickedly said: But I know you *will*, when I ask you.

Aunt Nell sat by the window; her eyes half shut; her mouth as firmly closed, as if her lips were glewed together.

Madam, addressing himself to her, I shall set out to-morrow for Windsor.

Windsor, my Lord? said I.—He answered me not.

Ask my good Lord G. madam, said I, in a sweet humble voice, how long he shall stay at Windsor?

How long, my Lord? mumbled out aunt Nell—

From Windsor I shall go to Oxford.

Ask him, madam, how long he shall be before he returns?

How long, my Lord, shall you be absent from us?

When I find I can return, and not be the jest of my own wife—I *may*, perhaps—There he stopt, and looked stately.

Tell my Lord, that he is too serious, madam. Tell him, that hardly any other man but would see I was at play with him, and would play again.

You hear what my niece says, my Lord.

I regard nothing she says.

Ask him, madam, who is to be of his party.

Who, my Lord, is to be of your party?

Nobody; turning himself half round, that he might not be thought to answer *me*, but *her*.

Ask him, madam, whether it be business or pleasure, that engages him to take this solitary tour?

She *looked* the question to him.

Neither, madam, to her. I left my pleasure some weeks ago, at St. George's Church. I have never found it since.

A strange forgetful man! and as ungrateful as forgetful. And I stept to him, and looked in his face, *so* courteously! and with such a *sweet* smile!

He sullenly turned from me, and to aunt Nell.

Ask my Lord, If he takes this journey, thinking to oblige me?

Ask him your own questions, niece.

My Lord won't answer me.

He strutted, and bit his lip with vexation.

Come, I'll try once more if you think me worth answering—I think, my Lord, if you shall be gone a *month* or *two*, I may take a little trip to Northamptonshire. Emily shall go with me. The girl is very uneasy to see Miss Byron: And Miss Byron will rejoice to see us both. A visit from us will do her good.

He took it, that I was not desirous of a short absence. And he pouched his mouth, and reared himself up, and swelled; but answered me not.

See, madam, my Lord is sullen; he won't answer me. I must get *you* to ask my questions. I think it my duty to ask leave to go. My Lord may go where he pleases, without my leave—Very fit he should. He is a *man*. I once could have done so; high-ho! but I have vowed obedience and vassalage. I will not break my vow. Ask him, If I have his consent for a visit to Miss Byron, of a month or two? Ask him, madam, If he can make himself happy in my absence? I should otherwise be loth to go for so long a time.

I should be as welcome, said he, to Miss Byron, as *her*—

As her! As she! you should say, I believe, if you won't say *As you*, madam, and bow to me—I believe so, my Lord. Miss Byron would rejoice to see any of *my* friends. Miss Byron is very good.

Would to God—

That somebody were half as good, interrupted I. Somebody understands you, my Lord, and wishes so too—Pray, madam, ask my Lord, If I may go?—His *new house* will be putting in order mean time—

I will ask none of your questions for you—*New house*, niece! You harp too much on one string.

I mean not offence. I have done with that subject. My Lord, to be sure, has dominion over his bird. He can choose her cage. She

has nothing to do, but sit and sing in it—when her instrument is mended, and in tune—He has but one fault. He is *too good-natured* to his bird. But would he take *your* advice, madam—

Now, tho' this may sound to you, Harriet, a little recriminating; yet, I do assure you, I spoke it in a very sweet accent: Yet up got aunt Nell, in a passion: My Lord too was all alive. I put myself between her and the door; and throwing my arms about her, You shan't go, madam—Smiling sweetly in her glowing face. Upon my honour you shan't.

Wicked trifler! she called me, as I led her to a chair. Perverse girl! and two or three other names;—apropos enough: My character is not difficult to hit; that's the beauty of it.

My Lord withdrew in wrath; and then the old Lady said, she would now tell me a piece of her mind: And she made me sit down by her; and thus she addressed me:

Niece, it is my opinion, that you might be, if you *would*, one of the happiest women in the world.

You don't hear *me* complain, madam.

Well, if Lord G. *did* complain to me; it *was* to *me*: And you should be sorry for the occasion, and not for the complaint.

I may be sorry for both, madam.

Well, but Lord G. is one of the best-natured men in the world—

The man's well enough. Passionate men, they say, *are* good-natured.

Why won't you be happy, niece?

I will. I am not now *un*-happy.

More shame for you then, that you will not make Lord G. happy.

He is captious. I am playful. That's all.

What do you think your brother would say—

He would blame me, as you do.

Dear creature, be good. Dear creature, make Lord G. happy.

I am like a builder, madam. I am digging for a foundation. There is a good deal of rubbishy humours to remove; a little swampiness of soil: And I am only removing it, and digging deeper, to make my foundation sure.

Take care, take care, niece: You may dig too deep. There may be springs: You may open, and never be able to stop them, till they have sapped your foundation. Take care, niece.

Thank you, madam, for your caution. Pity you had not been a builder yourself!

Had such a fellow-labourer as Lord G. offered, I should not have refused a partnership with him, I do assure you.

Fairly answered, aunt Nell! thought I. I was pleased with her.

Don't you think Lord G. loves you dearly?

As to *dearly*, I can't say: But I believe he loves me as well as most husbands love their wives.

Are you not ungrateful then?

No. I am only at play with him. I don't hate him.

Hate him! Dreadful if you did! But he thinks you despise him.

That is one of the rubbishy notions I want to remove. He would have it that I did, when he could have helped himself. But he injures me now, if he thinks so. I can't say I have a very profound reverence for him. *He* and my *brother* should not have been allied. But had I despised him in my heart, I should have thought myself a very bad creature for going to church with him.

That's well said. I love you now. Your brother, is, indeed, enough to put all other men down with one. But may I tell Lord G. that you love him?

No, madam.

No! I am sorry for that.

Let him find it out. But he ought to know so much of human nature, and of my sincerity, as to gather from my behaviour to him, that had I either hated or despised him, I would not have been his; and it would have been impossible for me to be so playful with him; to be so domestic, and he so much at home with me. Am I fond of seeking occasions to carry myself from him? What delights, what diversions, what public entertainments, do I hunt after?—None. Is not he, are not all my friends, sure of finding me at home, whenever they visit me?

So far, so good, said aunt Eleanor.

I will open my heart to you, madam. You are my father's sister. You have a right to my sincerity. But you must keep my secret.

Proceed, my dear.

I know my own heart, madam. If I thought I could not trust it (and I wish Lord G. had a good opinion of it) I would not dance thus, as you suppose, on the edge of danger.

Good creature!—I shall call you good creature by-and-by. Let me call Lord G. to us.

I was silent. I contradicted her not. She rang. She bid the servant tell Lord G. that she desired his company. Lord G. was pranced out. She regretted (I was not glad) that he was.

I will tell you what, my dear, said she. I have heard it suggested, by a friend of yours, that you would much rather have had Mr. Beauchamp—

Not a word more of such a suggestion, madam. I should hate myself, were I capable of treating Lord G. meanly, or contemptibly, with a thought of preference to any man breathing, now I am his. I have a great opinion of Mr. Beauchamp. He deserves it. But I

never had the shadow of a wish, that I had been his. I never should have spoken of my brother's excellencies, as outshining those of Lord G. had he not been my *brother*, and therefore could not be more to me; and had they not been so conspicuous, that no other man could be disgraced by giving place to him. No, madam, let me assure you, once for all, that I am so far from despising my Lord G. that, were any misfortune to befall him, I should be a miserable woman.

She embraced me. Why then—

I know your inference, madam. It is a just one. I am afraid I think as *well* of my own understanding as I do of Lord G's. I love to jest, to play, to make him look about him. I dislike not even his petulance. You see I bear all the flings and throws, and peevishness, which he returns to my sauciness. I think I *ought*. His complaints of me to you, to Lord and Lady L. which bring upon me their and your grave lecturings, and even anger, I can forgive him for; and this I shew, by making those complaints matter of pleasantry rather than resentment. I know he intended well, in taking the house, tho' he consulted me not first. It was surely wrong in him; yet I am not mortally offended with him for it. His violence to my poor harpsichord startled me; but I recollected myself; and had he buffeted *me* instead of *that*, as I was afraid he would, I should have thought I *ought* to have borne it, whether I *could* or *not*, and to have returned him his hat with a courtesy. Believe me, madam, I am not a bad, I am only a whimsical creature. I tried my brother once. I set him up. I was afraid of *him*, indeed. But I tried him again. Then he called it constitution, and laughed at me, and run me out of breath in my own way. So I let *him* alone. Lord L. Lady L. had it in turn. Lord G. has a little more than his turn perhaps: And why? because he is for ever fitting the cap to his head; and because I don't love him less than those I am less free with. Come, madam, let me demand your kind thoughts. I *will* deserve them. Contradiction and opposition, mediators and mediatrices, have carried my playfulness further than it would otherwise have gone. But henceforth *your* precepts, my *brother's*, and Miss *Byron's*, shall not want their weight with me, whether I may shew it or not at the instant. My reign, I am afraid, will be but short. Let the man bear with me a little now-and-then. I am not absolutely ungenerous. If he can but shew his love by his forbearance, I will endeavour to reward his forbearance with my love.

She embraced me, and said, That now she attributed to the gaiety of my spirits, and not to perverseness, my *till-now* unaccountable behaviour. I was sure, said she, that you were more your mother's, that your father's daughter. Let me, when my Lord comes in, see an instance of the behaviour you bid me hope for.

I will try, said I, what can be done—We parted. I went up to my pen; and scribbled down to this place.

This moment my Lord is come in. Into my brother's study is he directly gone. Not a question asked about me. Sullen! I warrant. He used to pay his duty to me, and ask blessing the moment he came in, if *admissible* [Is that a word, Harriet?]: But times are altered. Ah, Harriet! when I know I am saucy, I can bear negligence and slight: But when I intend to be good, knowing my own heart to be right, I shall be quite saucy if he is sullen. Is not the duty of wedded people reciprocal?—Aunt Eleanor and he are talking together. She is endeavouring, I suppose, to make a Philosopher of him. "Promise nothing for me, aunt Nell. I will have the whole merit of my own reformation."

LETTER XI

Lady G. In Continuation

PREPARE, Harriet, to hear strange and wonderful things.

My Lord sent up his compliments, and desired to know, if he might attend me. I was in my dressing-room. He was not always so polite. I wish, thought I, since displeasure produces respect, that familiarity does not spoil this man. But I'll try him.

I shall be glad to see my Lord, was the answer I returned.

Up he came, one leg dragg'd after the other. Not alert, as he used to be on admission to his Charlotte. The last eight stairs his steps sounded, I, go, up, with, an, hea-vy, heart. He entered; bowed: Were the words yours, You should be glad to see me, madam?

They *were*, my Lord.

Would to God you said truth!

I did. I *am* glad to see you. I wanted to talk with you—About this Northamptonshire visit?

Are you in earnest, madam, to make that visit?

I am. Miss Byron is not well. Emily pines to see her as much as I. You have no objection?

He was silent.

Do you set out, to-morrow, Sir, for Windsor and Oxford?

He sighed. I think so, madam.

Shall you visit Lord W.?

I shall.

And complain to him of me, my Lord?—He shook his grave head, as if there were wisdom in it—Be quiet, Harriet—Not good all at once—That would not be to hold it.

No, madam, I have done complaining to *any-body*. You will one

day see you have not acted generously by the man who loves you as his own soul.

This, and his eyes glistening, moved me—Have we not been *both* wrong, my Lord?

Perhaps we have, madam: But here is the difference—I have been wrong, with a *right intention*: You have been wrong, and *studied* to be so.

Prettily said—Repeat it, my Lord—How was it? And I took his hand, and looked very graciously.

I cannot bear these airs of contempt.

If you call them so, you are wrong, my Lord, tho', perhaps, *intending to be right*.

He did not see how good I was disposed to be. As I said, a change all at once would have been unnatural.

Very well, madam! and turned from me with an air half-grieved, half-angry.

Only answer me, my Lord; Are you willing I should go to Northamptonshire?

If you choose to go, I have no objection. Miss Byron is an angel.

Now, don't be perverse, Lord G. Don't praise Miss Byron at the expence of somebody else.

Would to heaven, madam—

I wish so too—And I put my hand before his mouth—*So* kindly!

He held it there with both his, and kissed it. I was not offended. But do you actually set out for Windsor and Oxford to-morrow, my Lord?

Not, madam, if you have any commands for me.

Why, now, that's well said. Has your Lordship any-thing to propose to me?

I could not be so welcome as your *escorte*, as I am sure I should be to Miss Byron and her friends, as her *guest*.

You *could* not! How can you say so, my Lord? You would do me both honour and pleasure.

What would I give, that you mean what you say!

I *do* mean it, my Lord—My hand upon it—I held out my hand for his. He snatched it; and I thought would have devoured it.

We will take the coach, my Lord, that I may have your company all the way.

You equally astonish and delight me, madam! Is it possible that you are—

Yes, yes, don't, in policy, make it such a wonder, that I am disposed to be what I *ought* to be.

I shall be too, too, too happy! sobbed the man.

No, no! I'll take care of that. Married folks, brought up differently,

of different humours, inclinations, and so-forth, never can be too happy. Now I intend to put up all our little quarrels in my work-bag [You know I am a worker: Not quite so bad, at worst, as some modern wives]: There they shall lie, till we get to Miss Byron's—I revere the character of Mrs. Shirley, my Harriet's grandmother: Mrs. Selby you have seen: Harriet, and you, and I, and the two sages I have named, will get together in some happy hour. Then I will open my work-bag, and take out our quarrels one by one, and lay them on the table before us; and we will be determined by their judgments.

My dear Lady G. if you think there is any-thing amiss in your behaviour to me, or in mine to you, let us spread the faults on your toilette now; and we shall go down to Northamptonshire all love and harmony, and delight those excellent—

Always prescribing, my Lord!—O these men!—Why will you not let me have my own way?—Have not all these good folks heard of our folly? And shall they not be witnesses of our wisdom? If they are not at the agreement, they will wonder how it came about.—I tell you, Sir, that they shall have an opportunity to laugh at us both; at *me*, for my flippancy; at *you*, for your petulance. I will be sorry, you shall be ashamed, that quarrels so easily made up, and where the heart of either is not bad, should subsist a quarter of an hour, and be perpetually renewing. I *will* have my own way, I tell you.

Don't make me look like a fool, madam, before such Ladies as those, if we do visit them.

I must have my jest, my Lord. You know (for have you not try'd it?) that I can have patience—Let me see—Is that the hat that you pulled off with an air so lately?—Pish! How your countenance falls! I am *not* angry with you. But don't do so again, if you can help it—I must have my jest, I say: But assure yourself of the first place in my heart—What more would the man have?

O madam! nothing, nothing more! And he kissed my hand on one knee, with a rapture, that he never could have known, had we always been quiet, easy, and drowsy, like some married folks, whom the world calls happy.

But then the man came out with his gew-gaw japan-china taste. Why, why is it the privilege of people of quality now, to be educated in such a way, that their time can hardly ever be worthily filled up; and as if it were a disgrace to be either manly or useful? He began to talk of equipage, and such nonsense; but I cut him short, by telling him, that I must have my whole way on this occasion—Our visit is to be a private one, said I. We will have only the coach. Jenny shall attend on Emily and me. No other female servant. Two men: We will have no more. I will not have so much as your French-
s.c.g.—40

horn. We go to the land of harmony. Kings sometimes travel incog. We will ape kings, when they put off royalty. Will not this thought gratify your pride?—You, my Lord, have some foibles to be cured of, as well as I.—We shall be wonderfully amended, both of us, by this excursion.

Poor man! His heart was as light as a *feather*. Upon my word, my dear, I begin to think, that if my Lord and Master had been a wise man, I should not have known what to do with him. Yet I will not forgive any one but myself, who finds him out to be *other-wise*.

He told me, in raptures of joy, that I should direct every-thing as I pleased. God grant that I might not change my mind, as to the visit! He hoped I was in earnest; and looked now-and-then at me, as if he questioned it.

But what do you think the man did? He retired; came back presently; called me his dearest life; and said, That it was possible I might want to have an opportunity given me to make some presents, or to furnish myself with trinkets of one nature or other, against I set out;¹ and he should be very sorry, if, by his inattention, I were obliged to ask him for the means to shew the natural liberality of my spirit in the way I thought best to exert it; and then he begged me to accept of that note, putting into my hand a bank note of 500*l*.

I stept to my closet, and *as* instantly returned. This, my Lord, said I, is a most cruel reflexion upon me. It looks as if I were to be bribed to do my duty—There, my Lord! Take back your present. I will endeavour to be good without it—And as a proof that I *will*, you must not only receive back your favour (tho' I look upon it as such, and from my heart thank you for it) but take, as your right, this note which Lord W. presented to me on the day you received me as yours.

He held back both hands, gratefully reluctant.

You must, you *shall*, take *both* notes, my Lord. I only wanted a fit opportunity to put Lord W's note into your hands before. It was owing to my flippant folly, and not to your want of affection, that I had not that opportunity sooner. Bear with me now-and-then, if I should be silly again. Complain of me only to myself. My heart, I re-assure you, is yours, and yours *only*. I was not willing that you should owe to any other person's interposition, my declarations of affection and regard to you, not even to Miss Byron (tho' I talked of my work-bag) whom I love as my own sister.

The worthy man was in ecstasies. He could not express in words the joy of his heart. He kneeled, and wrapt his arms about my waist; and sobbed his request to me to forgive his petulance, and the offences he had ever given me, by any acts of passion, or words of anger.

You have not offended me, my Lord. Forgive my past follies, and my future failures. When you were most angry, I wondered at your patience. Had I been you, I should not have borne what you bore with me.

For God's sake, madam, take back both notes. We can have but one interest. You will make me easier, when I know that you have power in your hands to gratify every wish of your heart.

You *must*, you *shall*, my Lord, take these notes. I will apply to you whenever I have occasion, and receive your favours, as such. I wish not to be independent of you. I have a handsome sum by me, the moiety of the money that was my mother's, which my brother divided between my sister and me, when he first came over. Is not the settlement made upon me more than my brother asked, or thought I *should* expect? Did he not oppose so large an annuity for pin-money,¹ as your father, Lady Gertrude, and you, would have me accept of, because he thought that such a large allowance might make a wife independent of her husband, and put it out of his power, with discretion, to oblige her? My brother, in an instance glorious to him, said, That he would not be a richer man than he ought to be. In such instances I will be his sister.

Aunt Nell joined us. My Lord, in transports, told her what had passed. The good old soul took the merit of the reformation to herself. She wept over us. She rejoiced to her of our intended journey to Northamptonshire. My Lord proposed to have the house he had taken fitted up to my liking, while we were away. At his desire, I promised to see it in his company, and give my opinion of his designed alterations. But as I know he has judgment in nick-nackatories, and even as much as I wish him in what is called *taste*,² I intend to compliment him with leaving all to him; and resolve to be satisfied with whatever he does.

And now is the good man *so* busy, *so* pleased, *so* important! Bless me, my dear! Who would rob the honest man of any part of his merit; or even divide it with him?

And what, Harriet, do you say to me *now*?—In a week's time I shall be with you. Be sure be chearful, and well; or I shall be ready to question my welcome.

This moment, having let Dr. Bartlett into our intended visit, he has offered to accompany us. Now shall we, I know, be doubly welcome. The Doctor, Emily, my Lord G. and your Charlotte, will be happy in one coach. The Doctor is prodigiously pleased with me. *What is the text? More joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just persons, who need it not.*³

I long to see you, and every one of the family, so deservedly dear to you! God give you health; and us no worse news from Italy than

we have yet had; and how happy shall we be!—Lord and Lady L. wish they could be of the party. They are in love with me now. Emily says, she dotes upon me. I begin to think that there is almost as much pleasure in being good, as in teasing. Yet a little roguery rises now-and-then in the heart of

June 8

Your CHARLOTTE G.

The Doctor has been so good (I believe because I am good) as to allow me to take a copy of a Letter of my brother's to that wretch Everard; but for your perusal only. I inclose it, therefore, under that restriction. Let it speak its own praises.

We are actually preparing to be your guests. You will only have time to forbid us, if we shall not be welcome.

Merciful! what a pacquet!

LETTER XII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Mr. GRANDISON

Bologna, June 4. N. S.

WHAT can I do for my cousin? Why would he oppress me with so circumstantial an account of the heavy evil that has befallen him, and not point out a way by which I could comfort or relieve him? Don't be afraid of what you call the severity of my virtue. I should be ready to question the rectitude of my own heart, if, on examination, I had not reason to hope, that charity is the principal of those virtues which you attribute to me. You recriminate enough upon yourself. In what way I can extricate or assist you, is now my only question?

You ask my advice, in relation to the payment of the debts which the world call debts of honour; and for which you have asked, and are granted three months time. Have you not, Sir, strengthened your engagement by your request? And have not they intitled themselves to the performance, by their compliance with it? The obligation which rashness, and, perhaps, surprize, laid you under, your deliberation has confirmed.

You say, that your new creditors are men of the town, sharpers, and gamesters. But, my cousin, how came you among such? They came not to you. I say not this to upbraid you: But I must not have you deceive yourself. Who but a man's self is to suffer by his rashness or inconsideration? They are reputed to have been possessed of fortunes, however they came by them, which would have enabled them to answer the stakes they played for, had they been the losers: And would you not have exacted payment from them, had you been

the winner? Did you at the *time* suspect loaded dice, or foul play? You are not, Sir, a novice in the ways of the town. If you had good *proof* of what, from the ill success you seem only to *suspect*, I should not account the debts incurred *debts of honour*; and should hardly scruple, had I not indirectly promised payment, by asking time for it, or had they refused to give it, to call in to my aid the laws of my country; and the rather, as the appeal to those laws would be a security to me, against ever again being seen in such company.

Adversity is the trial of principle: Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is an honest man. Two things my cousin, in his present difficulties, must guard against; the one, that he do not suffer himself to be prevailed upon, in hopes to retrieve his losses, to *frequent* the tables by which he has suffered; and so become one of the very men he has so much reason to wish he had avoided [Who would not rather be the sufferer than the defrauder? What must be the nature of that man, who, having himself been ruined, will endeavour to draw in other innocent men to their ruin?].

The other, that he do not permit prior and worthier creditors (creditors from valuable considerations) to suffer by the distresses in which he has involved himself.

It is a hard decision: But were I my cousin, I would divest myself of my whole estate (were it necessary) for the satisfaction of my creditors; and leave it to their generosity, to allow me what pittance they pleased for subsistence; and within that pittance would I live, not only for justice sake, but (were my difficulties owing to my own inconsideration) as a just punishment for not being satisfied with my own ampler fortune, and for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a share in the property of others. Excuse me, my dear Everard; I mean not particular reflexion; but only to give you my notion of general justice in cases of this nature.

Acquit yourself worthily of these difficulties. I consider you as my brother: And you shall be welcome to take with me a brother's part of my estate, till you can be restored to a competency.

But with regard to the woman whom the infamous Lord B. would impose upon you as a wife, that is an imposition to which you must not submit. Had she been the poorest honest girl in Britain, and you had seduced her, by promises of marriage, I must have made it the condition of our continual friendship, that you had married her. But a kept-woman!—Let not *HER*, Let not the *bad man*, have such a triumph. I know his character well: I know his dependence on the skill of his arm. And I know his litigious spirit, and the use he is capable of making of his privilege. But regard not these: Let me advise you, Sir, after you have secured to your creditors the payment of their just debts, to come over to me: The sooner the better.

By this means you will be out of the way of being disturbed by the menaces of this Lord, and the machinations of this woman. We will return together. I will make your cause my own. Both the courage, and the quality, of the man who can be unjust, are to be despised. Is not Lord B. an unjust man in *every* article of his dealings with men? Do not you, my dear cousin, be so in *any-one*; and you will ever command the true fraternal love of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XIII

Lady G. To Lady L.

Selby-house, Friday, June 16

HERE we are, my Caroline: And the happiest people in the world should we be, if Harriet were but well, my brother in England, and you and Lord L. with us.

Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy, Harriet, met us at Stony-Stratford, escorted by uncle Selby, and his kinsman James.

My Lord and I were Dear, Love, and Life, all the journey. I was the *sweetest*-tempered creature!—Joyful people are not always wise ones. When the heart is open, silly things will be said; any-thing, in short, that comes uppermost. I kindly allowed for my Lord's joy, on twenty occasions. I smiled when he smiled, laughed-out when he laughed-out, did not talk to any-body else when he directed his discourse to me; so that the honest man crowed all the way. It is a charming thing, thought I, several times, to be on a foot of good understanding with each other; for now I can call him *honest man*, or any names, that lately would have made him prance and caper; and he takes every-thing kindly: Nay, two or three times he called me *honest woman*; but laughed and looked round him at the time, as if he were conscious that he had made a *bold*, as well as *witty* retort.

Let me tell you, Lady L. that I intend to give him signs when he exceeds, and other signs when he is right and clever; and I will accept of signs from him, that he may not be affronted. I am confident that we shall be in time an amazing happy couple.

Emily was rejoiced to see her equally beloved and revered Miss Byron. Miss Byron embraced Emily with the affection of a sister. My honest man kissed Miss Byron's hand on one knee, in the fervour of his love and gratitude; for I had let him know, that he owed much of his present happiness to her. She congratulated him whisperingly, in my hearing, on my being good.

James Selby almost wept for love over Emily's hand; while Emily

looked as sleek and as shy as a bird new-caught, for fear of being thought to give him encouragement, after what you may remember passed between them at Dunstable.

Aunt Selby, Lucy, Nancy, were all rapture to see us: We to see them. We were *mother* and *sisters* the moment we were seated. Uncle Selby began to crack his jokes upon me in the first half-hour. I spared him not: And Lord G. will fare the better for him; since I must have somebody to play the rogue with. Dr. Bartlett was the revered of every heart. By the way, I am in high credit with that good man, for my behaviour to my Lord.

Miss Byron received him with open arms, and even, as her father, with an offered cheek: And the modest man was so much affected by her filial regard for him, that I was obliged, for our own sakes, to whisper her, to rein-in her joy to see him, that we might have the pleasure of hearing him talk.

When we arrived at Selby-house, our joy was renewed, as if we had not seen each other at Stratford.

O, I should have told you, that in our journey from Stratford hither, aunt Selby, Harriet, Emily, and I, were in one coach: And I had, as we went on, a great deal of good instruction insinuated to me, by way of felicitation, on my being so very kind and obliging to Lord G. And, as if I had been a child (corrected for being untoward) they endeavoured to coax me into a perseverance in what they called my duty. Aunt Selby, on this occasion, performed the maternal part with so much good sense, and her praise and her cautions were so delicately insinuated, that I began to think, it was almost as pretty to be good as to be saucy.

Upon the whole, I really believe Lord G. will have reason to rejoice, as long as he lives, that he was ruled by his wife, in changing his Windsor and Oxford journey for this of Northamptonshire. So *right* a thing is it for men to be governable; and, perhaps, you'll add, for women to keep good company.

Lord L. thinks you, my sage sister, so good already, that you need not be better, or I would wish him to send you down to Selby-house.

Well may Harriet revere her grandmother. That venerable woman is good in every sense of the word. She is pious, charitable, benevolent, affectionate, condescending to the very foibles of youth; chearful, wise, patient under the infirmities of age, having outlived all her wishes but one; which is, to see her Harriet happily married: And then, she says, she hopes to be soon released. Never could she be so much admired in her blooming youth, tho' she was then, it seems, deservedly celebrated, both for her mind and person, as she is now in her declining age.

You have seen and admire Mrs. Selby. She rises upon me every

hour. It gives one's heart joy, Lady L. to look forward, beyond the age of youth and flutter, when we see by these Ladies, that women in their advanced years may, to express myself in the stile of Sir Rowland Meredith, be good for something; or still better, that the matronly time of female life, is by far the most estimable of all the stages of it; if they make good wives, good mistresses, and good mothers: And, let me say, good *aunts*; were it but to keep in countenance aunt Gertrude and aunt Nell; who, good souls! will now hardly ever be *mothers*.

Lucy is an excellent young creature. Nancy, when Lucy is not present, is *as* excellent. Her cousins Kitty and Patty Holles are agreeable young women.

James Selby is a good sort of blundering well-meaning great boy; who, when he has lived a *few years longer*, may make much such a good sort of man, as my Lord G. There's for you, my once catechizing sister! Pray be as ready to praise, as you used to be to blame me. I find duty and love growing fast upon me. I shall get into a custom of bringing in Lord G. on every occasion that will do him credit: And then I shall be like Lady Betty Clemson; who is so perpetually dinning the ears of her guests with her domestic superlatives, that we are apt to suspect the truth of all she says.

But Harriet, our dear Harriet, is not at all well. She visibly falls away; and her fine complexion fades. Mr. Deane was here a week ago; and Lucy tells me, was so much startled at the alteration in her lovely countenance, that he broke from her, and shed tears to Lucy. This good girl and Nancy lament to each other the too-visible change: But when they are with the rest of the family, they all seem afraid to take notice of it to one another. She herself takes generous pains to be lively, chearful, and unapprehensive, for fear of giving concern to her grandmother and aunt; who will sometimes sit and contemplate the alteration, sigh, and, now-and-then, drop a silent tear, which, however, they endeavour to smile off, to avoid notice. I have already observed, that as these good Ladies sit in her company, they watch in silent love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they too well know to what to impute the inward malady, which has approached the best of hearts; and they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the physician. They, as *we* do, admire her voice, and her playing. They ask her for a song, for a lesson on her harpsichord. She plays, she sings, at the very first word. In no one act of chearfulness does she refuse to join. Her grandmother and her aunt Selby frequently give a private ball. The old Lady delights to see young people chearful and happy. She is always present, and directs the diversion; for she has a fine taste. We are often to have these Balls,

for our entertainment. Miss Byron, her cousins say, knowing the delight her grandmother takes in these amusements, for the sake of the young people, to whom she considers it as a healthful exercise, as well as diversion, is one of the alertest in them. She excuses not herself, nor encourages that supineness that creeps on, and invades a heart ill at ease. Yet every-one sees, that solitude and retirement are her choice; tho' she is very careful to have it supposed otherwise; and, on the first summons, hastens into company, and joins in the conversation. O she is a lovely, and beloved young creature! I think verily, that tho' she was the admiration of every-body, when she was with us, yet she is, if possible, more amiable at home, and among her own relations. Her uncle Selby raillies her sometimes. But respect, as well as love, are visible in his countenance, when he does: In her returns sweetness and reverence are mingled. She never forgets that the raillier is her uncle; yet her delicacy is not more apparent, than that she is mistress of fine talents in that way; but often restrains them, because she has far more superior ones to value herself upon. And is not this the case with my brother also?—Not so, I am afraid, with your Charlotte.

All her friends, however, rejoice in our visit to them, for her sake. They compliment me on my lively turn; and hope for a happy effect on Miss Byron from it.

I cannot accuse her of reserve to me. She owns her Love for our brother as frankly as she used to do, after we had torn the secret from her bosom at Colnebrooke. She acknowledges to me, that she glories in it, and will not try to conquer it; because she is sure the trial will be to no purpose; and excuse, by the way, that if the conquest be necessary, would better become the mouth of your Charlotte than that of our Harriet: And so I have told her.

She prays for the restoration of Lady Clementina, and recovery of Signor Jeronimo. She loves to talk of the whole Italian family; and yet seems fully assured that Clementina will be the happy woman. But, surely, Harriet must be our sister. She values herself upon my brother's so solemnly requesting and claiming her friendship. True Friendship, she but this morning argued with me, being disinterested, and more intellectual than personal, is nobler than Love. Love, she said, does not always ripen into Friendship, as is too frequently seen in wedlock.

But does not the dear creature refine too much when she argues thus? A calm and easy kind of esteem, is all I have to judge from in *my* matrimony. I know not what Love is. At the very highest, and when I was most a fool, my motive was *supposed* convenience (in order to be freed from the apprehended tyranny of a father); and that never carried me beyond liking. But you, Lady L. were an

adept in the passion. Pray tell me, if there *be* a difference between Love and Friendship, which is the noblest? Upon my opposing you and Lord L. (so truly one mind) to her argument, she said, That yours is Love mellowed into Friendship, upon full proof of the merit of each: But, that there *was* a time, that the flame was Love only, founded in *hope* of the merit; and the *proof* might have been wanting; as it often is, when the hope has been as strong, and seemingly as well founded, as in your courtship.

Harriet, possibly, may argue from her own situation, in order to make her heart easy; and my brother is so *unquestionably* worthy, that Love and Friendship may be one thing, in the bosom of a woman admiring him; since he will not enter into any obligation, that he cannot, that he *will* not, religiously perform. And if this refinement will make her heart easier, and enable her to allow his Love to be placed elsewhere, because of a prior claim, and of circumstances that call for generous compassion, while she can content herself with the offered Friendship, I think we ought to indulge her in her delicate notions.

Selby-house is a large, convenient, well-furnish'd habitation. Tomorrow we are to make a visit, with Lucy and Nancy, to their branch of the Selby Family. James is gone before. Those two girls are orphans: But their grandmother, by their mother's side (a good old Lady, mother-in-law to Mr. Selby) lives with them, or, rather, they with her; and loves them.

On our return, we are to have our first private Ball, at Shirley-monor; a fine old seat, which, already, the benevolent owner calls her Harriet's; with an estate of about 500*l.* a year round it.

Adieu, my dear Lady L.—My Lord and you, I hope, will own me now. Yet are you not sometimes surprised at the suddenness of my reformation? Shall I tell you how it came about? To own the truth, I began to find the man could be stout. "Charlotte, thought I, what are you about? You mean not to continue for ever your playful folly. You have no malice, no wickedness, in your sauciness; only a little levity: It may grow into habit:—Make your retreat while you can with honour; before you harden the man's heart, and find your reformation a matter of indifference to him. You have a few good qualities; are not a modern woman; have neither wings to your shoulders, nor gad-fly in your cap: You love home. At present the honest man loves you. He has no vices. Every one loves you; but all your friends are busy upon your conduct. You will estrange them from you. The man will not be a King Log—Be you a prudent Frog, lest you turn him into a Stork.¹ A weak man, if you suppose him weak, made a tyrant, will be an insupportable thing. I shall make him appear weak in the eyes of every-body else, when I have

so much grace left, as would make me rise against any one who should let me know they thought him so. My brother will be reflected upon for his solicitude to carry me to church with a man, whom I shall make the world think I despise. Harriet will renounce me. My wit will be thought folly. Does not the suckling Emily, does not the stale virgin, aunt Eleanor, think they have a right to blame, entreat, instruct me? I will be good of choice, and make my *duty* received as a *favour*. I have travelled a great way in the road of perverseness. I see briars, thorns, and a pathless track, before me. I may be benighted: The day is far gone. Serpents may be in the brakes. I will get home as fast as I can; and rejoice every one, who now only wonder what is become of me."

These, Lady L. were some of my reasonings. Make your advantage of them against me, if you can. You see that your grave wisdom had some weight with my light folly. Allow a little for constitution now-and-then; and you shall not have cause to be ashamed of your sister.

Let me conclude this subject, half one way, half t'other—that is to say, half serious, half roguish: If my Lord would but be cured of his taste for trifles and nick-knacks, I should, possibly, be induced to consider him as a man of better understanding than I once thought him: But who can forbear, sometimes, to think slightly of a man, who, by effeminacies, and a Shell and China taste, undervalues himself? I hope I shall cure him of these foibles; and, if I *can*, I shall consider him as a work of my own hands, and be proud of him, in compliment to myself.

Let my aunt Eleanor (no more Nell, if I can help it) know how good I *continue* to be. And now I will relieve you and myself, with the assurance that I am, and ever will be, notwithstanding yours and Lord L's past severity to me,

Your truly affectionate Sister,

CH. G.

LETTER XIV

Lady G. To Lady L.

*Selby-house, Monday, July 24**

LORD bless me, my dear, what shall we do! My brother, in all probability, may, by this time!—But I cannot, cannot tell how to suppose it!—Ah the poor Harriet! The three Letters from my brother,

* Several Letters, written in the space between the last date, June 16. and the present, which give an account of their diversions, visits, entertainments, at Selby-house, Shirley-manor, &c. are omitted.

which, by the permission of Dr. Bartlett, I inclose, will shew you, that the Italian affair is now at a crisis.

Read them in this place; and return them sealed up, and directed for the Doctor.

LETTER XV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Florence, Wednesday, July 5-16

THREE weeks have now past since the date of my last Letter to my paternal friend. Nor has it, in the main, been a disagreeable space of time; since within it I have had the pleasure of hearing from you and other of my friends in England; from those at Paris; and good news from Bologna, where-ever I moved, as well from the Bishop and Father Marescotti as from Mr. Lowther.

The Bishop particularly tells me, that they ascribe to the amendment of the brother, the hopes they now have of the sister's recovery.

I passed near a fortnight of this time at Naples and Portici. The General, and his Lady, who is one of the best of women, made it equally their study to oblige and amuse me.

The General, on my first arrival at Naples, entered into talk with me, on my expectations with regard to his sister. I answered him, as I had done his mother; and he was satisfied with what I said.

When we parted, he embraced me as his brother and friend; and apologized for the animosity he once had to me. If it pleased God to restore his sister, no more from him, he said, should her mind be endangered: But *her* choice should determine *him*. His Lady declared her esteem for me, without reserve; and said, That, next to the recovery of Clementina and Jeronymo, her wish was, to be intitled to call me Brother.

What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is, at last, to be my destiny! The greatest opposer of the alliance once in view, is overcome: But the Bishop, you will observe, by what I have told you, ascribes to another cause the merit which the General gives me; with a view, possibly, to abate my expectation. Be the event as it may, I will go on in the course I am in, and leave to Providence the issue.

Mrs. Beaumont returned from Bologna but yesterday.

She confirms the favourable account I had before received of the great alteration for the better that there is in the health both of brother and sister; and, because of that, in the whole family. Mr. Lowther, she says, is as highly, as deservedly, caressed by every one. Jeronymo is able to sit up two hours in a day. He has tried his pen, and finds it will be again in his power to give his friends pleasure with it.

Mrs. Beaumont tells me, that Clementina generally twice a day visits her beloved Jeronymo. She has taken once more to her needle-works, and often sits and works in her brother's room. This amuses her, and delights him.

She converses generally without much rambling; and seems to be very soon sensible of her misfortune, when she begins to talk incoherently: For at such times she immediately stops; not seldom sheds a tear; and either withdraws to her own closet, or is silent.

She several times directed her discourse to Mr. Lowther, when she met him in her brother's chamber. She observed great delicacy when she spoke of me to him; and dwelt not on the subject: But was very inquisitive about England, and the customs and manners of the people; particularly of the women.

Every-body has made it a rule (Jeronymo among the rest, and to which also Camilla strictly conforms) never to lead her to talk of me. She, however, asks often after me; and numbers the days of my absence.

At one time, seeking Mrs. Beaumont in her dressing-room, she thus accosted her: I come, madam, to ask you, Why every-body forbears to mention the Chevalier Grandison; and when *I* do, talks of somebody or something else? Camilla is as perverse in this way as any body: Nay, Jeronymo (I have tried him several times) does the very same. Can Jeronymo be ungrateful? Can Jeronymo be indifferent to his friend, who has done so much for him? I hope I am not looked upon as a silly, or as a forward creature, that am not to be trusted with hearing the name of the man mentioned, for whom I profess an high esteem and gratitude. Tell me, madam, have I, at any time, in my unhappy hours, behaved or spoken aught unworthy of my character, of my family, of the modesty of woman? — If I *have*, my heart renounces the guilt; I must, indeed, have been unhappy; I could not be Clementina della Porretta.

Mrs. Beaumont set her heart at ease on this subject.

Well, said she, it shall be seen, I hope so, that true modesty, and high gratitude, may properly have a place together in *this* heart, putting her hand to her bosom. Let me but own, that I esteem him; for I really do; and I hope my sincerity shall never mislead or betray me into indecorum: And now, madam, let us talk of him for one quarter of an hour, and no more. Here is my watch; it is an English watch; nobody knows that I bought it for that very reason. Don't *you* tell. She then, suspecting her head, dropt a tear; and withdrew in silence.

Mrs. Beaumont, my dear friend, knows the true state of my heart; and she pities me. She wishes that the Lady's reason may be established; she is afraid it should be risked by opposition: But

there is a man whom she wishes to be Clementina's. There is a woman—But—do thou, Providence, direct us both! All that thou orderest must be best.

Mrs. Beaumont thinks Lady Clementina is at times too solemn: And is the more apprehensive when she is so, as there is a greatness in her solemnity, which she is afraid will be too much for her. She has often her silent fits, in which she is regardless of what any-body but her mother says to her.

As she grows better, the fervor of her devotion, which in her highest delirium never went quite off, increases. Nor do they discourage, but indulge her in it, because in her, it seems, by the cheerfulness with which her ardent zeal is attended, to be owing to true piety, which they justly observe never makes a good mind sour, morose, or melancholy.

Mrs. Beaumont says, That for two days before she came away, she had shewn, on several occasions, that she began to expect my return—She broke silence in one of her dumb fits—"Twenty days, did he say Camilla?" and was silent again.

The day before Mrs. Beaumont set out, as she, the young Lady, and Marchioness, were sitting at work together, Camilla entered with unusual precipitation, with a message from the Bishop, desiring leave to attend them—And the Marchioness saying, By all means, pray let him come in, the young Lady, on hearing him approach, laid down her work, changed colour, and stood up with an air of dignity. But on the Bishop's entrance, sat down with a look of dissatisfaction, as if disappointed.

Adieu, my dear friend! I shall reach Bologna, I hope, to-morrow night. You will soon have another Letter from

Your truly-affectionate

GRANDISON

LETTER XVI

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation

Bologna, July 7-18

IT was late last night before I arrived at this place. I sent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. He was disposing himself to rise, that he might receive me up, in order to rejoice me on his ability to do so. I sat down by him, and received the overflowings of his grateful heart. Every-body, he told me, was amended both in health and spirits.

Camilla came in soon after, congratulating me on my arrival in the name of her young Lady. She let me know, that in less than a quarter of an hour she would be ready to receive my visit.

O Sir, said the good woman, miracles! miracles!—We are all joy and hope!

At going out, she whispered as she passed (I was then at the window) My young Lady is dressing in colours, to receive you. She will no more *appear* to you, she says, in black—Now, Sir, will you soon reap the reward of all your goodness; for the General has signified to my Lord his entire acquiescence with his sister's choice, and their determination.

The Bishop came in: Chevalier, said he, you are welcome, thrice welcome, to Bologna. You have subdued us all. Clementina commands her own destiny. The man whom she chooses to call hers, be he who he will, will have a treasure in her, in every sense of the word. The Marquis, the Count, Father Marescotti, all severally made me the highest compliments. The Count particularly taking my hand, said, From *us*, Chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make *you* happy: From *you*, there can be but one thing wanting to make *us* so.

The Marchioness entering, saved me any other return, than by bowing to each. Before I could speak to her, Welcome, Chevalier, said she: But you are not come before you were wished for. You will find, we have kept a more exact account of the days of your absence, than we did before. I hope her joy to see you will not be too much for her. Clementina ever had a grateful heart.

The Chevalier's prudence, said Father Marescotti, may be confided in. He knows how to moderate his own joy on his first address to her, on seeing her so greatly amended: And then Lady Clementina's natural delicacy will not have an *example* to carry her joy above her reason.

The Chevalier, madam, said the Bishop, smiling, will, at this rate, be *too* secure. We leave him not room for *professions*. But he cannot be ungenerous.

The Chevalier Grandison, said the kind Jeronymo, speaks by *action*: It is his way. His head, his heart, his lips, his hands, are governed by one motion, and directed by one spring. When he leaves no room for doubt, professions would depreciate his service.

He then ascribed an extraordinary merit to me, on my leaving my native country and friends, to attend them in person.

We may, perhaps, my reverend friend, be allowed to repeat the commendations given us by grateful and benevolent friends, when we cannot *otherwise* so well do justice to the generous warmth of such exalted spirits. The noble Jeronymo, I am confident, were he in my place, and I in his, would put a more moderate value on the

like services, done by himself. What is friendship, if, on the like calls, and blessed with power, it is not ready to exert itself in action?

Grandison, replied the Bishop, were he *one of us*, might expect canonization. In a better religion, we have but few young men, of quality and fortune so good as he; tho' I think none so bad, as many of the pretended Reformed, who travel, as if to copy our vices, and not to imitate our virtues.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude, on a reception so very generous and unreserved. Camilla came in seasonably with a message from the young Lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dressing-room.

The Marchioness withdrew just before. I followed Camilla. She told me, as we went, that she thought her not quite so sedate as she had been for some days past; which she supposed owing to her hurrying in dressing, and to her expectation of me.

The mother and daughter were together. They were talking, when I entered—Dear fanciful girl! I heard the mother say, disposing otherwise some flowers that she had in her bosom.¹

Clementina, when her mind was sound, used to be all unaffected elegance. I never saw but one woman who equalled her in that respect. Miss Byron seems conscious, that she may trust to her native charms; yet betrays no pride in her consciousness. Who ever spoke of her jewels, that beheld her face? For mingled dignity, and freedom of air and manner, these two Ladies excel amongst women.

Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely. But her fancifulness in the disposition of her ornaments, and the unusual lustre of her eyes, which every one was wont to admire for their *serene* brightness, shewed an imagination more disordered than I hoped to see; and gave me pain at my entrance.

The Chevalier, my Love! (said the Marchioness, turning round to me) Clementina, receive your friend.

She stood up, dignity and sweetness in her air. I approached her: She refused not her hand. The General, madam, and his Lady, salute you by me.

They received you, I am sure, as the friend of our family. But tell me, Sir, smiling, have you not exceeded your promised time?

Two or three days only.

Only, Sir!—Well, I upbraid you not. No wonder that a man so greatly valued, cannot always keep his time.

She hesitated, looked at her mother, at me, and on the floor, visibly at a loss. Then, as sensible of her wanderings, turned aside her head, and took out her handkerchief.

Mrs. Beaumont, madam, said I, to divert her chagrin, sends you her compliments.

Were you at Florence?—Mrs. Beaumont, said you!—Were you

at Florence! Then running to her mother, she threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her bosom—O, madam, conceal me! conceal me from myself. I am not well.

Be comforted, my best Love, wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kissing her forehead; you will be better presently.

I made a motion to withdraw. The Marchioness, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment.

She soon enquired for me, and, on notice from Camilla, I returned.

She sat with her head leaning on her mother's shoulder. She raised it—Excuse me, Sir, said she. I cannot be well, I see—But no matter! I am better, and I am worse, than I was: *Worse* because I am sensible of my calamity.

Her eyes had then lost all that lustre which had shewn a too raised imagination: But they were as much in the other extreme, overclouded with mistiness, dimness, vapours; swimming in tears.

I took her hand: Be not dishearten'd, madam. You will be soon well. These are usual turns of the malady you seem to be so sensible of, when it is changing to perfect health.

God grant it!—O Chevalier! what trouble have I given my friends!—my mamma here!—You, Sir!—Every-body! O that naughty Laurana! But for *her*!—But tell me—Is she dead?—Poor cruel creature! Is she no more?

Would you have her to be no more, my Love? said her mother.

O no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was she not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I *always* loved her. Say, Chevalier, is she living?

I looked at the Marchioness, as asking, if I should tell her she was; and receiving her approving nod, She is living, madam, answered I—and I hope will repent—

Is she, is she indeed, my mamma? interrupted she.

She is, my dear.

Thank God! rising from her seat, clasping her hands, and standing more erect than usual; then have I a triumph to come! said the noble creature! Excuse my pride! I will shew her that I can forgive her!—But I will talk of her when I am better. You say, Sir, I *shall* be better! You say that my malady is changing—What comfort you give me!

Then dropping down against her mother's chair, on her knees, her eyes and hands lifted up, Great and good God Almighty, heal, heal, I beseech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to restore to the most indulgent of parents, the happiness I have robbed them of. Join your prayers with mine, Sir! You are a good man—But you, madam, are a Catholic, The Chevalier is not—Do *you* pray for me. I shall be restored to *your* prayers. And may I *be* restored, as I shall

never more do any-thing, wilfully, to offend or disturb your tender heart.

God restore my child! sobbed the indulgent parent, raising her.

Camilla had not withdrawn. She stood weeping in a corner of the room. Camilla, said the young Lady, advancing towards her, lend me your arm. I will return to you again, Sir—Don't go—Excuse me, madam, for a few moments. I find, putting her hand to her forehead, I am not quite well—I will return presently.

The Marchioness and I were extremely affected by her great behaviour: But tho' we were grieved for the pain her sensibility gave her, yet we could not but console and congratulate ourselves upon it, as affording hopes of her perfect recovery.

She returned soon, attended by Camilla; who having been soothing her, appealed to me, whether I did not think she would soon be quite well.

I answered, That I had no question of it.

Look you there, now, my dear Lady.

I thought you said so, Chevalier; but I was not sure. God grant it! My affliction is great, my mamma. I must have been a wicked creature—Pray for me.

Her mother comforted her, praised her, and raised her dejected heart. And then Clementina looking down, a blush overspreading her face, and standing motionless, as if considering of something—What is in my child's thoughts? said the Marchioness, taking her hand. What is my Love thinking of?

Why, madam, in a low, but audible voice, I should be glad to talk with the Chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not desire it. In every-thing I will be governed by you: Yet I am ashamed. What can I have to say, that my mother may not hear?—Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, madam, is a part of yours.

My Love shall be indulged in every-thing. You and I, Camilla, will retire—Clementina was silent; and both withdrew.

She commanded me to sit down by her. I obeyed. It was not, in the situation I was in, for me to speak first. I attended her pleasure in silence.

She seemed at a loss. She looked round her; then at me; then on the floor. I could not then forbear speaking.

The mind of Lady Clementina, said I, seems to have something upon it, that she wishes to communicate. You have not, madam, a more sincere, a more faithful friend, than the man before you. Your happiness, and that of my Jeronymo, engross all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.

I had something to say: I had many questions to ask—But pity

me, Sir! my memory is gone: I have lost it all—But this I know, that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return: And I am uneasy under the sense of them.

What, madam, have I done, but answered to the call of friendship, which, in the like situation, not any one of your family but would have obeyed?—*H.*

This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, Sir, in what way we can express our gratitude, in what way I, in particular, can, and I shall be easy. Till we have done it, I never shall.

And can you, madam, think, that I am not highly rewarded, in the prospect of that success which opens to all our wishes?

It may be so in your opinion: But this leaves the debt still heavier upon us.

How could I avoid construing the hint in my favour? And yet I did not think the Lady, even had she not had *parents* in being, had she been absolutely independent, well enough to determine for herself in a situation so delicate. How then could I, in honour (all her friends expecting that I should be entirely governed by her motions, as they were resolved to be) take direct advantage of the gratitude which at that instant possessed her noble mind?

If, madam, answered I, you *will* suppose yourselves under obligations to be, and will not be *easy* till you have acknowledged them, the return must be a family act. Let me refer myself to your father, mother, brothers, and to yourself: What you and they determine upon must be right. *H.*

After a short silence—Well, Sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing: But *here* is my difficulty—You *cannot* be rewarded. I cannot reward you. But, Sir, the subject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions—My duty to God, and to my parents; my gratitude to you—But I have *begun* to write down all that has occurred to me on this important subject. I wish to act greatly! You, Sir, have set me the example. I will *continue* to write down my thoughts: I cannot trust to my memory—No, nor yet to my heart!—But no more on a subject that is at present too affecting to me. I will talk to my mother upon it first; but not just now; tho' I will ask for the honour of her presence.

She then went from me into the next room; and instantly returned, leading in the Marchioness. Don't, dear madam, be angry with me. I had many things to say to the Chevalier; which I thought I could best say, when I was alone with him; but I forget what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were such as I could not say before my mother.

My child cannot do any-thing that can make me displeased with

her. The Chevalier's generosity, and my Clementina's goodness of heart, can neither of them be doubted.

O, madam! What a deep sense have I of yours and of my father's indulgence to me! How shall I requite it!—How unworthy should I be of that returning reason, which sometimes seems to enliven my hope, if I were not to resolve, that it shall be wholly employed in my duty to God, and to you both! But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart, that never can be removed.

She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the Marchioness and me, in silence, looking upon each other, and admiring her. Camilla followed her; and instantly returning—My dear young Lady—Don't be frightened, madam—is not well. She seems to have exhausted her spirits by talking.

The Marchioness hastened in with Camilla. And while I was hesitating, whether to withdraw to Jeronymo, or to quit the palace, Camilla came to me—My young Lady asks for you, Sir.

I followed her to her closet. She was in her mother's arms, on a couch; just come out of a fit; but not a strong one. She held out her hand to me. I pressed it with my lips. I was affected with her nobleness of mind, and weakness of spirit—O Chevalier, said she, how unworthy am I of that tenderness which you express for me! O that I could be grateful!—But God will reward you. He *only* can.

She desired her mother and me to leave her to her Camilla. We both withdrew.

What can be done with this dear creature, Chevalier? She is going to be bad again!—O, Sir! Her behaviour is now different from what it ever was!

She seems, madam, to have something on her mind, that she has a difficulty to reveal. When she *has* revealed it, she will be easier. You will prevail upon her, madam, by your condescending goodness, to communicate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina, when she is a little recovered, will acquaint you with what passed between her and me.

I heard it all, replied she; and you are the most honourable of men. What man would, what man *could*, have acted as you acted, with regard to her, with regard to us; yet not slight the dear creature's manifest meaning; but refer it to us, and to her, to make it a family act? A family act it must, it *shall* be. Only, Sir, let me be assured, that my child's malady will not lessen your Love for her: And permit her to be a Catholic!—These are all the terms, I, for *my* part, have to make with you. The rest of us still wish, that *you* would be so, tho' but in appearance, for the sake of our alliances. But I will not expect an answer to the last. As to the first, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has suffered so much for her Love of you.

The Marquis and the Bishop entering the room, I leave it to you, madam, said I, to acquaint their Lordships with what has passed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments.

I went accordingly to his chamber; but being told, that he was disposed to rest, I withdrew with Mr. Lowther into his: And there Camilla coming to me, Mr. Lowther retiring, she told me, that her young Lady was pretty well recovered. It was evident to her, she said, that she never would be well till the marriage was solemnized. They are all, said she, in close conference together, I believe upon that subject. My young Lady is endeavouring to compose herself in her closet. The Marchioness hopes you will stay, and dine here.

I excused myself from dining; and desired her to tell her Lady, that I would attend them in the evening.

I am now preparing to do so.

LETTER XVII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation*

Bologna, July 7-18

Now, my dear friend, are matters here drawing to a crisis. I was conducted, as soon as I entered this palace, to the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness. The Marquis arose, and took my hand, with great, but solemn kindness, and led me to a chair placed between theirs. The Bishop, the Count, and Father Marescotti, enter'd; and took their places.

My dear said the Marquis, referring to his Lady—

After some little hesitation—We have no hope, Sir, said she, of our child's perfect restoration, but from—She stopt—

Our compliance with every wish of her heart, said the Bishop.

Ay, do you proceed, said the Marchioness to the Prelate.

It would be to no purpose, Chevalier, questioned the Bishop, to urge to you the topic so near to all our hearts?

I bowed my assent to what he said.

I am sorry for it, replied the Bishop.

I am *very* sorry for it, said the Count.

What security can we ask of you, Sir, said the Marquis, that our child shall not be perverted?—O Chevalier! It is a hard, hard trial!

Father Marescotti, answered I, shall prescribe the terms.

I cannot, in conscience, said the Father, consent to this marriage: Yet the merits of the Chevalier Grandison have taken from me the power of opposing it. Permit me to be silent.

Father Marescotti and I, said the Bishop, are in one situation, as to scruples of conscience. But I will forget the Prelate for the Brother. Dear Grandison, will you permit us to say to enquirers, that we *look* upon you as one of our church; and that prudential reasons, with regard to your country, and friends in it, deter you at present from declaring yourself?

Let not terms be proposed, my good Lord, that would lessen your opinion of me, should I comply with them. If I am to be honoured with an admission into this noble family, let me not in my own eyes appear unworthy of the honour: Were I to find myself capable of prevaricating in an article so important as religion, no one could hate me so much as I should hate myself, were even an imperial diadem with your Clementina, the noblest of women, to be the consideration.

You have the example of great princes, Chevalier, said Father Marescotti, Henry the Fourth of France, Augustus of Poland—¹

True, Father—But great Princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men. *They* might make the less scruple of changing their religion, as they were neither of them strict in the practice of it. They who can allow themselves in *some* deviations, may in *others*. I boast not of my own virtue; but it has been my aim to be uniform. I am too well satisfied with my own religion, to doubt: If I were not, it would be impossible but I must be influenced by the wishes of friends so dear to me; whose motives are the result of their own piety, and of the regard they have for my everlasting welfare.

The Chevalier and I, rejoined the Bishop, have carried this argument to its full extent before. My honoured Lord's question recurs; What security can we have, that my sister shall not be perverted? The Chevalier refers to Father Marescotti to propose it. The Father excuses himself. I, as the brother of Clementina, ask you, Chevalier, Will you promise never by yourself, or your English divines, to attempt to pervert her?—A confessor you *have* allowed her. Shall Father Marescotti be the man?

And will Father Marescotti—

I will, for the sake of preserving to Lady Clementina her faith; that faith by which only she can be saved; and, perhaps, in hope of converting the man who then will be dear to the whole family.

I not only comply with the proposal, but shall think Father Marescotti will do me a favour, in putting it into my power to shew him the regard I have for him. One request I have only to make; That Father Marescotti will prescribe his own conditions to me. And I assure you all, that they shall be exceeded, as to the consideration, be they ever so high.

You and I, Chevalier, replied the Father, shall have no difficulty, as to the terms.

None you can have, said the Marquis, as to those. Father Marescotti will be still *our* spiritual director.

Only one condition I will beg leave to make with Father Marescotti; that he will confine his pious cares to those only who are already of his own persuasion; and that no disputable points may ever be touched upon to servants, tenants, or neighbours, in a country where a different religion, from that to which he is a credit, is established. I might, perhaps, have safely left this to his own moderation and honour; yet, without such a previous engagement, his conscience might have been embarrassed; and had I not insisted on it, I should have behaved towards my country in a manner for which I could not answer to my own heart.

Your countrymen, Chevalier, said the Count, complain loudly of persecution from our church: Yet what disqualifications do Catholics lie under in England!

A great deal, my Lord, may be said on this subject. I think it sufficient to answer for myself, and my own conduct.

As to our child's servants, said the Marchioness, methinks I should hope, that Father Marescotti might have a small congregation about him, to keep their Lady in countenance, in a country where her religion will subject her to inconveniencies, perhaps to *more* than inconveniencies.

Her woman, and those servants, replied I, who will immediately attend her person, shall always be chosen by herself. If they behave well, I will consider them as *my* servants for their benefit. If they misbehave, I must be allowed to consider them also as my servants, as well as their Lady's. I must not be subject to the dominion of servants, the most intolerable of all dominion. Were they to know that they are independent of me, I should be disobeyed, perhaps insulted; and my resentment of their insolence would be thought a persecution on account of their religion.

This article bore some canvassing. If Camilla, at last, I said, were the woman; on her discretion I should have great dependence.

—And on Father Marescotti's you also may, Chevalier, said the Bishop, I should hope, that when my sister and you are in England together, you would not *scruple* to consult him on the misbehaviour of any of my sister's Catholic servants.

Indeed, my Lord, I *would*. I will myself be judge in my own house of the conduct and behaviour of all my servants. From the independence of such people upon me, disputes or uneasinesses might arise, that otherwise would never happen between their Lady and me. The power of dismissal, on any flagrant misbehaviour, must be in

me. My temper is not capricious: My charity is not confined: My consideration for people in a foreign country, and wholly in my power, will, I hope, be even generous. I perhaps may bear with them the more for having them in my power. But my wife's servants, were she a sovereign, must be mine.

Unhappy! said Father Marescotti, that you cannot be of one faith! But, Sir, you will allow, I hope, if the case will bear it, of expostulation from me?

Yes, Father: And should *generally*, I believe, be determined by your advice and mediation. But I would not *condition* to make the greatest saint, and the wisest man on earth, a judge in my own family over me.

There is reason in this, rejoined the Bishop: You, perhaps, would not scruple, Sir, to consult the Marchioness, before you dismissed such a considerable servant as a woman, if my sister did not agree to it?

The Marquis and Marchioness will be judges of my conduct, when I am in Italy. I should despise myself, were it not to be the same in England as at Bologna. I have in my travels been attended by Catholic Servants. They never had reason to complain of want of kindness, even to indulgence, from me. We Protestants confine not salvation within the pale of our own church. Catholics do; and have therefore an argument for their zeal in endeavouring to make proselytes, that we have not. Hence, generally speaking, may a Catholic servant live more happily with a Protestant master, than a Protestant servant with a Catholic master. Let my servants live but up to their own professions, and they shall be indulged with all reasonable opportunities of pursuing the dictates of their own consciences. A truly religious servant, of whatever persuasion, cannot be a bad one.

Well, as to this article, we must leave it, acquiesced the Bishop, to occasions as they may arise. Nine months in the year, I think you propose to reside in Italy—

That, my Lord, was on a supposition that Lady Clementina would not oblige me with her company to my native country any part of the year; in that case, I proposed to pass but three months in every year in my native country: Otherwise, I hoped that year and year, in turn, would be allowed me.

We can have no wish to separate man and wife, said the Marquis. Clementina will, no doubt, accompany her husband. We will stipulate only for year and year: But let ours be the first year: And we cannot doubt but the dear child will meet with all reasonable indulgence, for the sake of her tender health.

Not one request that you, my Lord, and you, madam, shall think reasonable, shall be denied to the dear Lady.

Let *me* propose one thing, Chevalier, said the Marchioness; that in the first year, which is to be ours, you endeavour to prevail upon your sisters, amiable women, as we have heard they are, to come over, and be of our acquaintance: Your Ward also, who may be looked upon as a little Italian. You love your sisters; and I should be glad, so would Clementina, I make no doubt, to be familiarized to the Ladies of your family before she goes to England.

My sisters, madam, are the most obliging of women, as their Lords are of men. I have no doubt of prevailing upon them, to attend you and Lady Clementina here. And as it will give them time to prepare for the visit, I believe, if it be made in the latter part of the first year, it will be most acceptable to them, and to you; since then they will not only have commenced a friendship with Lady Clementina, and obtained the honour of your good opinion; but will attend the dear Lady in her voyage to England.

They all approved of this. I added, that I hoped, when the second year arrived, I should have the honour of finding in the party some of this noble family (looking round me) which could not fail of giving delight, as well as affiance,¹ to the tender heart of their beloved Clementina.

My Lord and I, said the Marchioness, will probably, if well, be of the party. We shall not know how to part with a child so dear to us—But these seas—

Well, well, said the Bishop, this is a contingency, and must be left to time, and to the Chevalier and my sister, when they are one. As his is the strongest mind, it will, in all reasonable matters, yield to the weaker—Now, as to my sister's fortune—

It is a large one, said the Count. We shall all take pleasure in adding to it.

Should there be more sons than one by the marriage, rejoined the Bishop, as the estate of her two grandfathers will be an ample provision for one of them, and your English estate for another, I hope we may expect that the education of one of them may be left to us.

Every one said, this was a very reasonable expectation.

I cannot condition for this, my Lord. The education of the sons was to be left to me; that of the daughters, to the mother. I will consent, that the Italian estate shall be tied up for daughters portions; and that they shall be brought up under your own eyes, Italians. The sons shall have no benefit by the Italian estate—

Except they become Catholics, Chevalier, added the Bishop.

No, my Lord, replied I: That might be a temptation—Tho' I would leave posterity as free, as I myself am left, in the article of religion; yet would I not lay any snares for them. I am for having them absolutely secluded from any possibility of enjoying that estate,

as they will be Englishmen. Cannot this be done by the laws of your country, and the tenure by which these estates are held?

If Clementina marry, said the Marquis, whether there be issue or not, Laurana's claim ceases. But, Chevalier, can you think it just to deprive children unborn of their natural right?

I have a very good estate: It is improving. I have considerable expectations besides. That is not mine which I do not possess, and shall have no right to, but by marriage; and which, therefore, must and ought to be subject to marriage-articles. Riches never made men happy. If my descendants will not be so with a competence, they will not with a redundancy. I hope Signor Jeronymo may recover, and marry: Let the estate here, from the hour that I shall be honoured with the hand of your dear Clementina, be Jeronymo's, and his posterity's, for ever. If it shall be thought proper for him, on taking possession, to make his sister any brotherly acknowledgement, it shall be to her sole and separate use, and not subject to any controul of mine. If Signor Jeronymo marry not, or if he do, and die without issue, let the estate in question be the General's. He and his Lady deserve every-thing. The estate shall not, by my consent, go out of the name.

They looked upon each other—Brother, said the Count, I see not, but we may leave every-thing to the generosity of such a young man as this. He quite overcomes me.

A disinterested and generous man, rejoined the Bishop, is born a ruler; and he is, at the same time, the greatest of politicians, were policy only to be considered.

The most equitable medium, I think, resumed the Marchioness, is what the Chevalier hinted at—and most answerable to the intention of the dear child's grandfathers: It is, that the estate in question be secured to the daughters of the marriage. Our sons will be greatly provided for: And it will be rewarding, in some measure, the Chevalier for his generosity, that the sons of the marriage shall not have their patrimony lessened, by the provision to be made for daughters.

They all generously applauded the Marchioness; and proposing this expedient to me, I bowed my grateful assent—See, Chevalier, said Father Marescotti, what a generous family you are likely to be allied with! O that you could be subdued by a goodness so much like your own, and declare yourself a Catholic! His Holiness himself (my Lord the Bishop could engage) would receive you with blessings, at the footstool of this throne. You allow, Sir, that salvation may be obtained in our church: Out of it, *we* think it cannot. Rejoice us all. Rejoice, Lady Clementina—and let us know no bound in our joy.

What opinion, my dear Father Marescotti, would you all have of the man who could give up his conscience, tho' for the highest consideration on earth?—Did you, could you, think the better of the two princes mentioned to me, for the change of their religion? One of them was assassinated in the streets of his metropolis, by an ecclesiastic, who questioned the sincerity of his change.¹ Could the matter be of *indifference* to me—But, my dear Father Marescotti, let us leave this to be debated hereafter between you and me, as father and son. Your piety shall command my reverence: But pain not my heart, by putting me on denial of any-thing that shall be asked of me, by such respectable and generous persons, as those I am before; and when we are talking on a subject so delicate, and so important.

Father Marescotti, we must give up this point, said the Bishop. The Chevalier and I have discussed it heretofore. He is a determined man. If you hereafter can gain upon him, you will make us all happy. But now, my Lord, to the Marquis, let the Chevalier know, what he will have with my sister, besides the bequests of her Grand-fathers, from *your* bounty; and from *yours*, madam, to his mother, as a daughter of your house.

I beg, my Lord, one word, said I, to the Marquis, before you speak. Let not a syllable of this be mentioned to me now. Whatever you shall be pleased to do of this nature, let it be done annually, as my behaviour to your daughter may deserve. Do I not know the generosity of every one of this noble family? Let me be in your power. I have enough for her, and for me, or I do not know the noble Clementina. What-ever you do, for the sake of your own magnificence, that do: But let us leave particulars unmentioned.

What would Lady Sforza say, were she present? rejoined the Count. Averse as she is to the alliance, she would admire the man.

Are you earnest in your request, Chevalier, asked the Bishop, that particulars shall not be mentioned?

I *beg* they may not. I *earnestly* beg it.

Pray let the Chevalier be obliged, returned the Prelate—Sir, said he, and snatched my hand, brother, friend, what shall I call you?—We *will* oblige you; but not in doubt of your kind treatment of Clementina. She must, she *will*, deserve it; but that we may have it in our power to be revenged of you: Sir, we will take great revenge of you: And now let us rejoice Jeronymo's heart with an account of all that has passed. We might have held this conference before him. All that is further necessary to be said, may be said in his presence.

Who, said Father Marescotti, can hold out against the Chevalier Grandison? I will tell every one who shall question me on this alliance, zealous Catholics, with a Protestant so determined, what a

man he is; and then they will allow of this one particular exception to a general rule.

All we have now to do, said the Marquis, is to gain his Holiness's permission. That has not been refused in such cases, where either the sons or daughters of the marriage are to be brought up Catholics.

The Count then took the Marchioness's hand; the Marquis that of the Father. They whispered together as they walked; as I could hear, not to my disadvantage. The Bishop took mine, and we entered Jeronymo's chamber together. I stepped into Mr. Lowther's apartment, while they related to him all that had passed. He was impatient to see me. The Bishop led me in to him. He embraced me as his brother. Now, now, my dear Grandison, said he, I am indeed happy. This is the point to which I have long directed all my wishes. God grant that our dear Clementina's malady may be no drawback upon your felicities; and you must both then be happy.

I was sensible of a little abatement, on the Bishop's saying to his mother, not knowing I heard him, Ah, madam! the poor Count of Belvedere—How will *he* be affected!—But he will go to Madrid; and I hope make himself happy there with some Spanish Lady. The poor Count of Belvedere! returned the Marchioness, with a sigh—But he will not know how to blame us—

To-morrow morning I am to drink chocolate with Lady Clementina. We shall be left together, perhaps, or only with her mother or Camilla.

"What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, would I give, to be assured, that the most excellent of English-women could think herself happy with the Earl of D. the only man of all her admirers, who is, in any manner, worthy of calling so bright a jewel his? Should Miss Byron be unhappy, and through my means, the remembrance of my own caution and self-restraint could not appease the grief of my heart.

But so *prudent* a woman as she is, and as the Countess of D. is—What are these suggestions of tenderness—Are they not suggestions of *vanity* and *presumption*? They *are*. They *must* be so. I will banish them from my thoughts, as such. Ever amiable Miss Byron! friend of my soul! forgive me for them!—Yet if the noble Clementina is to be mine, my heart would be greatly gratified, if, before she receive my vows, I could know, that Miss Byron had given her hand, in compliance with the entreaties of all her friends, to the deserving Earl of D."

Having an opportunity, I dispatch this, and my two former. In you I include remembrances to all my beloved friends—Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett. "In the highest of our pleasures, the sighing heart will remind us of imperfection." It is fit it should be so—Adieu, my dear friend!

CHARLES GRANDISON

*Continuation of Lady G's Letter to Lady L. No. XIV**Begun page 519, and dated July 24*

WELL, my dear sister!—And what say you to the contents of the three inclosed Letters? I wish I had been with you, and Lord L. at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with yours, for the sweet Harriet! Why would my brother dispatch these Letters, without staying till, at least, he could have informed us of the result of the next day's meeting with Clementina? What was the opportunity that he had to send away these Letters, which he must be assured would keep us in strange suspense? *Hang* the opportunity that so officiously offered!—But, perhaps, in the tenderness of his nature, he thought that this dispatch was necessary, to prepare us for what was to follow, lest, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be supported—We sisters, to go over to attend Lady CLEMENTINA GRANDISON, a twelvemonth hence!—Ah the poor Harriet! And will she give us leave? But it surely must not, cannot be!—And yet—Hush, hush, hush, Charlotte!—And proceed to facts.

Dr. Bartlett, when these Letters were brought him post from London, was with us at table. We had but just dined. He arose, and retired to his own apartment with them. We were all impatient to know the contents. When I thought he had withdrawn long enough to read dispatches of a mile long, and yet found that he returned not, my impatience was heightened; and the dear Harriet said, Bad news, I fear! I hope Sir Charles is well! I hope Lady Clementina is not relapsed! The good Jeronymo! I fear for him.

I then stepped up to the Doctor's room. He was sitting with his back towards the door, in a pensive mood; and when, hearing somebody enter, he turned about, I saw he had been deeply affected—

My dear Dr. Bartlett!—For God's sake!—How is my brother?—

Don't be affrighted, madam! All are well in Italy—In a way to be well—But, alas!—Tears started afresh—I am grieved for Miss Byron!

How, how, Doctor! Is my brother married?—It cannot, it shall not be!—Is my brother married?

O no, not married, by these Letters! But all is concluded upon! Sweet, sweet, Miss Byron! Now, indeed, will her magnanimity be put to the test!—Yet Lady Clementina is a most excellent woman!—*You*, madam, may read these Letters: Miss Byron, I believe, must not. You will see, by the concluding part of the last, how greatly embarrassed my Patron must be between his honour to one Lady, and his tenderness for the other. Which-soever shall be his, how much will the other be to be pitied!

I ran over, with a weeping eye, as the paragraphs struck me, the passages most affecting. O Dr. Bartlett, said I, when I had done, how shall we break this news to Mrs. Selby, to Mrs. Shirley, to my Harriet!—A trial, indeed, of her magnanimity!—Yet, to have received Letters from my brother, and to delay going down, will be as alarming as to tell it. Let us go down.

Do you, madam, take the Letters. You have tenderness: Your prudence cannot be doubted—I will attend you by-and-by. His eyes were ready to run over.

I went down. I met my Lord at the stairs foot. How, how, madam, does Sir Charles?—O my Lord! we are all undone. My brother, by this time, is the husband of Lady Clementina.

He was struck, as with a thunderbolt: God forbid! were all the words he could speak; and turned as pale as death.

I love him, for his sincere Love to my Harriet. I wrung his hand—The Letters do not say it. But every-body is consenting; and, if it be not already so, it soon will—Step, my Lord, to Mrs. Selby, and tell her, that I wish to see her in the flower-garden.

Miss Byron and Nancy, said he, are gone to walk in the garden. She was so apprehensive, on your staying above, and the Doctor not coming down, that she was forced to walk into the air. I left Mr. Selby, his Lady, Emily, and Lucy, in the dining-parlour, to find you, and let you know, how every-body was affected. Tears dropt on his cheeks.

I gave him my hand in love. I was pleased with him. I called him my dear Lord.

I think our sweet friend once said, that fear made us loving. Ill-news will oblige us to look about us for consolation.

I found the persons named, just rising from their seats to walk into the garden—O my dear Mrs. Selby, said I, all is agreed upon in Italy.

They were all dumb but Emily. Her sorrow was audible: She wrung her hands; she was ready to faint; her Anne was called to take care of her; and she retired.

I then told Mr. and Mrs. Selby what were the contents of the last Letter of the three. Mr. Selby broke out into passionate grief—I know not what the honour is, said he, that could oblige Sir Charles, treated as he had been by the proud Italians, to go over at the first invitation. One might have guessed that it would have come to this—Oh! the poor Harriet! a flower of the world! She deserved not to be made a second woman, to the stateliest minx in Italy: But this is my comfort, she is superior to them both. Upon my soul, madam, she is. The man, were he a king, that could prefer another woman to our Harriet, does not deserve her.

He then rose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in anger; and afterwards sitting down, My dear Mrs. Selby, said he, we shall now see what the so often pleaded for dignity of your Sex, in the noblest-minded, will enable you to do. But, O the dear soul! She will find a difference between theory and practice!

Lucy wept. Her grief was silent. Mrs. Selby dried her eyes several times. My dear Lady G. said she, at last, how shall we break this to Harriet? *You* must do it; and she will apply to me for comfort—Pray, Mr. Selby, be patient. You must not reflect upon Sir Charles Grandison.

Indeed you should not, Sir, said I. He is to be pitied. I will read you the concluding part of his last Letter.

I did.

But Mr. Selby would not be pacified. He tried to blame my brother.

After all, my dear, these Lords of the creation are more violent, more unreasonable, and, of consequence, more silly and perverse, more babies, if you please, than we women, when they are disappointed in any-thing they set their hearts upon. But in every case, I believe, one extreme borders on another. What a fool has Otway made of Castalio,¹ raving against the whole sex, by a common-place invective, on a mere temporary disappointment; when the fault, and all the dreadful consequences that attended it, were owing to his own baseness of heart, in being ashamed to acquaint his brother, that he meant honourable Love to the unhappy orphan, who was intitled to inviolable protection! Whenever I saw this play, I pitied the impetuous Polydore, more than I did the blubbering great boy Castalio; tho' I thought both brothers deserved to be hanged.

As we were meditating how to break this matter to our lovely friend, Mrs. Shirley came to Selby-house, in her chariot. We immediately acquainted her with it. No surprizes affect her steady soul. This can't be helped, said she. Our dear girl herself expects it. May *I* read the Letter that contains the affecting tidings? She took it. She run it over slightly, to enable herself to speak to the contents—Excellent man!—How happy should we have been, blessed with the enjoyment of our wishes! But you, Mrs. Selby, and I, have always pitied Lady Clementina. His generous regard for our child is too apparent for his own tranquillity. God comfort him, and our Harriet! O the dear creature! Her fading cheeks have shéwn the struggles of her heart, in such an expectation—Where is my child?

I was running out to see for her; and met her just ascending the steps that lead from the garden into the house. Your grandmamma, my love, said I—

I hear she is come, answered she. I am hastening to pay my duty to her.

—and still remains

But how do you, Harriet?

A little better for the air! I sent up to Dr. Bartlett, and he has let me know, that Sir Charles is well, and every-body better: And I am easy.

She hurried in to her grandmother, rejoicing, as she always does to see her. She kneeled; received her tender blessing. And what brings my grandmamma to her girl?

The day is fine; the air, and the sight of my Harriet, I thought would do me good—You have Letters, I find, from Italy, my Love?

I, madam, have not: Dr. Bartlett has: But I am not to know the contents, I suppose. Something, I doubt not, that will be thought unwelcome to me, by their not being communicated. But as long as every-body there is well, I *can* have patience. Time will reveal all things.

Dr. Bartlett, who admires the old Lady, and is as much admired by her, came down, and paid his respects to her. Mrs. Shirley had returned me the Letters. I slid them into the Doctor's hand, unperceived by Miss Byron.

I am told, said she, that my Emily is not well; I will just ask how she does—And was going from us—No, don't, my love, said her aunt, taking her hand; Emily shall come down to us.

I see, said she, by the compassionate looks of every-one, that something is the matter. If it be any-thing that most concerns me to know, don't through a mistaken tenderness, let me be the last to whom it is communicated. But I *guess*—with a forced smile.

What does my Harriet guess? said her aunt.

Dr. Bartlett, replied she, has acquainted me, that Sir Charles Grandison is well; and that his friends are on the recovery: Is it not then easy to guess, by every-one's silence on the contents of the Letters brought to Dr. Bartlett, that Sir Charles is either married, or near being so? What say you, my good Dr. Bartlett?

He was silent; but tears were in his eyes. She turned round, and saw us with our handkerchiefs at ours. Her uncle, rising from his seat, stood with his back to us, at one of the windows.

Well, my dear friends, and you are all *grieved* for me. It is kind, and I can thank you for your *concern* for me, because the man is Sir Charles Grandison—And so, Doctor, laying her hand upon his, he is actually married? God Almighty, piously bending one knee, make him and his Clementina happy!—Well, my dearest dear friends, and what is there in this, more than I expected?

Her aunt embraced her.

Her uncle ran to her, and clasped his arms about her; Now, now, said he, have you overcome me, my niece: For the future I never will dispute with you on some of the arguments I have heretofore held against your Sex. Were all woman like you—

Her grandmother, as she sat, held out her open arms: My own Harriet! child of my heart! let me fold you to it!—She ran to her, and clasped her knees, as the old Lady threw her arms about her neck—Pray for me, however, my grandmamma—that I may act up to my judgment, and as your child, and my aunt Selby's!—It is a trial—I own it—But permit me to withdraw for a few moments.

She arose, and was hastening out of the room; but her aunt took her hand; My dearest love, said she, Sir Charles Grandison is not married—But—

Why, why, interrupted she, if it *must* be so, is it *not* so?

At that moment in came Emily. She had been trying to suppress her concern; and fancied, it seems, that she had recovered her presence of mind: But the moment she saw her beloved Miss Byron, her fortitude forsook her. She gushed into tears, and, sobbing, would have quitted the room; but Miss Byron, stepping after her, caught her arm; My Emily, my Love, my Friend, my Sister! fly me not: Let me give you an example, my dear!—I am not ashamed to own myself affected: But I have fortitude, I hope!—Sir Charles Grandison, when he could not be happy from his own affairs, made himself a partaker in the happiness of others; and shall not you and I, after so great an example, rejoice in *his*?

I am, I am—grieved, replied the sobbing girl, for my Miss Byron. I don't love Italian Ladies! Were you, madam, turning to her, Lady Grandison, I should be the happiest creature in the world.

But, Dr. Bartlett, said I, may we not, now that Miss Byron knows the worst, communicate to her the contents of these Letters?

I hope you will, Sir, said Mrs. Shirley. You see that my Harriet is a noble girl.

I rely upon your judgments, Ladies, answered the Doctor; and put the Letters into Mrs. Shirley's hands.

I *have* read them, said I. We will leave Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron, together. We, Lucy, Nancy, Emily, will take a walk in the garden. Shall we have your company, Dr. Bartlett? I saw he was *desirous* to withdraw. Lucy *desired* to stay behind. Harriet looked, as if she wished Lucy to stay; and I led the other two into the garden, Dr. Bartlett leaving us at the entrance into it; and I told them the contents of the Letters, as we walked.

They were greatly affected, as I thought they would be; which made me lead them out. Lord G. joined us in our walk, as well as in our concern; so that the dear Harriet had none but comforters left about her; who enabled her to support her spirits; for Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby had always applauded the preference their beloved child was so ready to give to Clementina, because of her malady; tho' it is evident, against their wishes. There never were

three nobler women related to each other than Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron. But Mr. Selby is by no means satisfied, that my brother, loving Harriet, as he *evidently* does, should be so ready to leave her, and go to Italy. *His* censure arises from his Love to my brother and to his niece: But I need not tell you, that, tho' a *man*, he has not a soul half so capacious as that of either of the three Ladies I have named.

At our return from our little walk, it was lovely to see Harriet take her Emily aside, to comfort her, and to plead with her in favour of my brother's obligations; as afterwards she did against her uncle. How the generous creature shone in my eyes, and in those of everyone present!

When she and I were alone, she took grateful notice of the concluding part of the third Letter; where she is mentioned with so much tenderness, and in a manner so truly worthy of the character of the politest of men, as well respecting herself as her Sex, charging himself with vanity and presumption, but to suppose to himself, that Miss Byron wanted his compassion, or had the tender regard for him, that he avows for her. She pleased herself, that he had not *seen* the very great esteem she had for him, as you and I had done: And how *could* he, you know? said she; for he and I were not often together; and I was under obligation enough to him to make him attribute my regard to gratitude: But it is plain, proceeded she, that he *loves* the poor Harriet—Don't you think so? and perhaps would have given her a preference to all other women, had he not been circumstanced as he was. Well, God bless him, added she; he was my first Love; and I never will have any other—Don't blame me for this declaration, my dear Lady G. My Grandmamma, as well as you, once chid me for saying so, and called me *romancer*—But is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?

But, alas! with all these appearances, it is easy to see, that this amiable creature's solitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of sighing. She rises with swelled eyes: Sleep forsakes her: Her appetite fails: And she is very sensible of all this; as she shews, by the pains she takes to conceal the alteration.

And must Harriet Byron, blessed with beauty so unequalled; health so blooming; a temper so even; passions so governable; generous and grateful, even to heroism!—Superior to every woman in frankness of heart, in true delicacy; and in an understanding and judgment beyond her years—Must *she* be offered up, as a victim on the altar of hopeless Love!—I deprecate such a fate;—I cannot allow the other Sex such a triumph, tho' the man be my brother. It is, however, none; on the contrary, it is apparently a grief to his noble and truly manly heart, that so excellent a creature cannot be the sole mistress of it.

Mr. Deane came hither this morning. He is a valuable man. He opened his heart to me about an hour ago. He always, he says, designed Miss Byron for the heiress of the principal part of his possessions; and he let me know his circumstances; which are great. It is, I am convinced, true policy to be good. Young and old, rich and poor, dote upon Miss Byron. You remember what her uncle says in his ludicrous Letter to her, covertly praising her, by pretending to find fault with her, that he is more noted for being the uncle of Miss Byron, than she is for being his niece; tho' of so long standing in the county: And I assure you, he is much respected too. But such beauty, such affability, a character so benevolent, so frank, so pious, yet so chearful and unaffected, as hers is, must command the veneration and love of every one.

Mr. Deane is extremely apprehensive of her declining health. He believes her in a consumption; and has brought a physician of his intimate acquaintance to visit her: But she, and we all are convinced, that medicine will not reach her case: and she affected to be startled at his supposing she was in so bad a way, on purpose, as she owned, to avoid his kind importunity to take advice in a malady that nothing but time and patience can cure.

A charming correspondence is carried on between Harriet and the Countess of D. Harriet is all frankness in it; so is Lady D. One day I hope to procure you a sight of their Letters. I am allowed to inclose a copy of the Countess's last. You will see the force of the reasoning, on Harriet's declaration, that she will never think of a second Lover. Her grandmother is entirely with the Countess. So am I—Tho' the *first* was Sir Charles Grandison.

What will become of Lady Olivia, if the alliance between my brother and the Bologna family take effect?—She has her emissaries, who I suppose will soon apprise her of it. How will she flame out! I suppose you, who correspond with her, will soon be troubled with her invectives on this subject.

All here wish for you and Lord L. For my part, I long to see you both, and to be seen by you. You never could see me more to my advantage than now. We have nothing between us. But—"What your Lordship pleases." "My dearest life, you have *no* choice." "You *prevent* me, my Lord, in all my wishes."

I have told him, in Love, of some of his foibles: And he thanks me for my instruction; and is resolved to be all I wish him to be.

I have made discoveries in his favour—More wit, more humour, more good sense, more learning, than I had ever till now, that I was willing to enquire after those qualities in him, imagined he had. He allows me to have a vast share of good understanding; and so he ought, when I have made such discoveries to *his* advantage.

In short, we so monstrously improve upon each other, that if we go on thus, we shall hardly know ourselves to be the same man and woman, that made such awkward figures in the eyes of all beholders a few months ago at St. George's church; and must be married over again, to be sure of each other; for you must believe, that we would not be the same odd souls we then were, on any account.

What raises him with me, is the good opinion every-body here has of him. *They* also have found him out to be a man of sense, a good-natured man, nay, would you believe it, a handsome man; and all these people having deservedly the reputation of good sense, penetration, and so-forth, I cannot contradict them with credit to myself. When we married folks have made a silly choice, we should in policy, you know, for the credit of our judgment, try to make the best of it. I could name you half a score people who are continually praising, the man his wife, the woman her husband, who, were they at liberty to choose again, would be hanged before they would renew their bargain.'

Let me tell you, that Emily will make an excellent wife, and mistress of a family. Miss Byron is one of the best oeconomists, and yet one of the finest Ladies, in the county. As soon as she came down, she resumed the family direction, in ease of her aunt; which was her province before she came to London. I thought myself a tolerable manager: But she has for ever stopt *my* mouth on this subject. Such a *succession of orderliness*, if I may so call it! One right thing is an introduction to another; and all is in such a method, that it seems impossible for the meanest servants to mistake their duty. Such harmony, such observance, yet such pleasure in every countenance! —But she is mistress of so much ease, so much dignity, and so much condescension, that she is worshiped by all the servants; and it is observable, hardly ever was heard to direct twice the same thing to be done, or remembered.

The servants have generally time for themselves, an hour or two in a day. Her orders are given over night; and as the family live in a genteel manner, they are never surprised, or put out of course, by company. The poor only have the less of the remnants, if visitors or guests come in unexpectedly; and in such case, she says, they shall fare better another day. Emily is taking minutes of all her management: She is resolved to imitate her in every-thing. Hence it is, that I say, the girl will make one of the best wives in England: Yet, how the dear Harriet manages it, I cannot tell; for we hardly ever miss her. But early hours, and method, and ease, without hurry, will do every-thing.

POSTSCRIPT

Lord bless me, my dear Lady L.! I have been frightened out of my wits. This Lord G.—What do we do by marriage, but double our cares?—He was taken very ill two hours ago; a kind of fit. The first reflexion that crossed me, when he was at worst, was this—What a wretch was I, to vex this poor man as I have done!—Happy, happy is the wife, in the depth of her affliction, on the loss of a worthy husband; happy the husband, if he *must* be separated from a good wife; who has no material cause for self-reproach to imbitter reflexion, as to his or her conduct to the departed. Ah, Caroline, how little do we know of ourselves, till the hour of trial comes! I find, I find, I have more Love for Lord G. than I thought I had, or could have, for any man!

How have I *exposed* myself!—But they none of them upbraid me with my apprehensions for the honest man. He did fright me!—A wretch!—In his childhood he was troubled with these oddities, it seems!—He is so well, that I had a good mind to quarrel with him for terrifying me as he did. *For better and for worse!*—A cheat!—He should have told me that he had been subject to such an infirmity!—And then, from his apprehended fits, tho' involuntary, I should have claimed allowance for my real, tho' wilful ones. In which, however, I cheated not *him*. He saw me in them many and many a good time, before marriage.

I have this moment yours. I thought what would be the case with Olivia. She has certainly heard of the happy turn at Bologna; or she would not think of leaving England so soon, when she had resolved to stay here till my brother's return. Unhappy woman! Harriet pities her!—But she has pity for every one that wants it.

Repeatedly all here are earnest to get you and your Lord with us. Do come if you can—Were it but for one week; and perhaps we will go up together. If you don't come soon, your folks will not suffer you to come one while.' After all, my dear, these men are, as aunt Nell would say, odious creatures. You are a good forgiving soul; but that am not I. In a few months time I shall be as grave as a cat, I suppose: But the sorry fellow knows nothing of the matter as yet.

Adieu, Lady L.

LETTER XVIII

From the Countess of D. To Miss BYRON
[Inclosed in the preceding.]

July 1.

MY dear Harriet has allowed me to write to her with the affectionate freedom of a mother: As such, I may go on to urge a subject disagreeable to her; when not only the welfare of *both* my children is concerned in it, but when her own honour, her own delicacy of sentiment, is peculiarly interested.

Pure and noble as your heart is, it is misleading you, my Love; Oh, my Harriet, into what a labyrinth!—Have you kept a copy, my dear, of your last Letter to me? It is all amiable, all yourself—But it is Harriet Byron again, in need of a rescuer—Shall I, my child, save you from being run away with by these tyrannous over-refinements? Yes, you will say, could I do it *disinterestedly*. Well, I will, *if I can*, imagine myself quite disinterested; suppose my son out of the case. And since I have told you, more than once, that I cannot allow the sacredness young people are apt to imagine in a first Love; I must, you know, take it for granted, that even *his* to *you* is not absolutely unconquerable.

Let us then consider a little the bright fairy schemes, for so I must call them, which you have formed in the Letter that lies before me. (a) Do not your excellent grandmamma and aunt see them in the same light? I dare say they do: But to one I love so dearly, how can I omit to offer my hand to extricate her out of a maze of bewildering fancy, in which she may else tread many a weary step, that ought to be advancing forward in the paths of happiness and duty?

Think but, my dear child, what fortitude of soul, what strength even of constitution, you answer for, when you talk of living happy in a friendship with two persons, when they are united by indissoluble ties, the very thought of whose union makes your cheek fade, and your health languish. Ah, my beloved Harriet! is not this a fairy-scheme?

Mistake me not, my Love; I suspect not that your sentiments would want any-thing of the purity, the generosity, the true heroism required in the idea of a friendship, like that you talk of. I suspect not in the *noble pair* [Does that phrase hurt you, my Miss Byron? Think then how your heart would suffer in the lasting conflict that must accompany the situation which you have proposed to yourself] I suspect not, in either of them, sentiments or behaviour unsuitable to your excellence: Yet let me ask you one thing: Would not the

(a) This Letter appears not.

example of such an attachment subsisting between persons known to have once had different views, and tenderer affections, mislead less delicate and less guarded minds into allowances dangerous to them; and subject souls, less great than Clementina, to jealousies, whether warrantable or not, of friendships that should plead yours for a precedent?

Do not be impatient, my dear; I have a great deal more to say. This *friendship*, what is it to be? Not *more* than friendship, disguised under the name of it: For how can that consist with your peace of mind, your submission to the dictates of reason, your resignation to the will of Providence? If then it be *only* friendship, how is it inconsistent with your forming an attachment of a *nearer kind* with a person of merit, who approves of, and will join in it? What think you, my dear, is that Love which we vow at the altar? Surely, not adoration: Not a preference of that object *absolutely*, as in excellence superior to every other imaginable being. No more, surely, in most cases, than such a *preferable choice* (all circumstances considered) as shall make us with satisfaction of mind, and with an affectionate and faithful heart, unite ourselves for life with a man whom we esteem; who we think is no disagreeable companion, but deserves our grateful regard; that his interest from henceforth should be our own, and his happiness our study. And is not this very consistent, my dear, with admiring and loving the excellence of angels; and even with seeing and pitying, in this partner of our lives, such imperfections as make him evidently their inferior? Inferior even to such human angels, as you and I have in our heads at this moment.

Observe, my dear, I say only that such friendship is very consistent with being more nearly united to one who *knows* and *approves* it: For concealment of any thought, that much affects the heart, is, I think, in such a case (with very few exceptions from very particular circumstances) utterly unallowable, and blameably indelicate.

You are, my dear, I will not offend you, by saying to what *degree*, a reasonable and prudent young woman; pious, dutiful, and benevolent. Consider then, how much better you would account for the talents committed to you; how much more joy you would give to the best of friends; how much more good you would do to your fellow-creatures, by permitting yourself to be called out into active life, with all its variety of relations, than you can while you continue obstinately in a single state, on purpose to indulge a remediless sorrow. The domestic connexions would engage you in a thousand, not unpleasing, new cares and attentions, that must inevitably wear out, in time, impressions which you would feel it unfit to indulge. All that is generous, grateful, reasonable, in your very just attachment, would remain; every-thing that passion and imagination have

added, every unreasonable, every painful emotion, would be banished; and the friendship between the two families become a source of lasting happiness to both.

Adieu, my Harriet! I am afraid of being tedious on an unpleasing subject. If I have omitted any-thing material in this argument, the excellent parents you are with, can abundantly supply it from their own reason, and experience of the world. Assure them of my unfeigned regard; and believe me, my dear child, with a degree of esteem, that no young creature ever merited half so well,

Your truly-affectionate

M. D.

Pinned on by Lady G.

“Don’t you think, Lady L. that the contents of this Letter ought to have the more weight with Harriet, as, were she to be Lady Grandison, they would suit her own case and Emily’s, were Emily to make the same pretensions to a perpetual single life, on the improbability of marrying her first Love? I shall freely speak my mind upon this subject, when Harriet can better bear the argument.”

LETTER XIX

From the Earl of G. To Lady G.

My dear Daughter,

Tuesday, Aug. 1

LET me be excused for asking you a question by pen and ink: When do you think of returning from Northamptonshire? Lady Gertrude and I are out of all patience with you; not with Lord G. We know, that where-ever you are, there will he wish to be: His treasure and his heart *must* be together. But to me, who always loved my son; to Lady Gertrude, who always loved her nephew; and who equally rejoiced in the happy event that gave *me* a daughter, and *her* a niece; what can you say in excuse for robbing us of both? It is true, Miss Byron is a Lady that ought to be half the world to you: But must the other half have no manner of regard paid to it? I have enquired of Lord and Lady L. but they say you are so far from setting your time for return, that you are pressing them to go down to you. What can my daughter mean by this? Have you taken a house in Northamptonshire? Have you forgot that you have taken one in Grosvenor Square? Every-thing is done there, that you had ordered to be done; and all are at a stand for further directions. Let me tell you, Lady G. that my sister and I love you *both* too well to bear to be thus slighted. Love us but half as well, and you will tell us the day of your return.

You don't consider that we are both in years; and that, in all probability, you may often rejoice in the company you are with, when you cannot have ours. Excuse this serious conclusion. I *am* serious upon the subject—And why? Because I love you with a tenderness truly paternal. Pray make mine and my sister's compliments acceptable to the loveliest woman in England, and to every one whom she loves, who are now in Northamptonshire. I am, my dearest daughter,

Your ever-affectionate

G.

LETTER XX

Lady G. To the Right Honourable the Earl of G.

Selby-house, Aug. 4

O MY dear Lord! what do you mean? Are you and Lady Gertrude really angry with me? I cannot bear the serious conclusion of your Letter. May you both live long, and be happy! If my affectionate duty to you both will contribute to your felicity, it shall not be wanting. I was so happy here, that I knew not when I should have returned to town, had you not, so kindly as to your intention, yet so severely in your expressions, admonished me. I will soon throw myself at your feet; and by the next post will fix the day on which I hope to be forgiven by you both. Let Lord G. answer for himself. Upon my word he is as much to blame as I am; nay, more; for he dotes upon Miss Byron.

Duty I avow: Pardon I beg: Never more, my dear and honoured Lord, shall you have like reason to chide

Your ever-dutiful Daughter,
Nor you, my dear Lady Gertrude,

Your most obedient Kinswoman,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

London, Sat. Aug. 5

THANK you, my reverend and dear Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Harriet the lovely and beloved. Thank you, my dear Lucy and Nancy Selby, and Kitty and Patty Holles; and good Miss Orme; and you, my dear disputatious uncle Selby, and honest cousin James,

and all the rest of you; for your particular graces, favours, civilities, and goodness superabundant, to my bustling Lord, and his lively Dame. Let the good Doctor and Emily thank you for themselves.

And who do you think met us at St. Alban's?—Why, Beauchamp, Sir Harry and my Lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves!

Poor Sir Harry! He is in a very bad way; and Lady Beauchamp and his son (who peradventure had a reason he gave not) prevailed upon him to make this little excursion, in hopes it would divert him. They had not for some weeks past seen him so chearful as we made him.

Aunt Nell met us, at Barnet, with Cicely Badger,¹ her still older woman, whom she keeps about her to make herself look young, on comparison—But a piece of bad news, Harriet: Our aunt Nell has lost two more of her upper fore-teeth. A vile bit of bone (O how she execrates it!) which lurked in a fricasee, did the irreparable mischief: And the good old soul is teaching her upper-lip, when she speaks, to resign all motion to the under one, that it may as little as possible make the defect visible. What poor wretches are we, Harriet, men as *well* as women! We pray for long life; and what is the issue of our prayers, but leave to outlive our teeth and our friends, to stand in the way of our elbowing relations, and to change our swan-skins for skins of buff; which nevertheless will keep out neither cold nor infirmity? But I shall be serious by-and-by. And what is the design of my *pen-prattle*, but to make my sweet Harriet smile?

The Earl and Lady Gertrude made up differences with me at first sight. The Lady is a little upon the *fallal*; a little aunt *Nellish*; but I protest I love *her*, and reverence her *brother*.

Beauchamp is certainly in Love with Emily. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, his hands trembled, his cheeks glowed, his tongue faltered—So young a gipsy to make a conquest of such importance! We women are powerful creatures, Harriet. As they say of horses, If we knew our own strength, and could have a little more patience than we generally have, we might do what we would with the powerless Lords of the creation. In my conscience, Harriet, look all *my* acquaintance through, of both Sexes, I think there are three silly fellows to one silly woman: Don't you think so in *yours*?—Are your Grevilles, your Fenwicks, your Ormes, your Fowlers, your Pollexfens, your Bagenhalls, and half a score more I could name, to be put in competition with Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady D. our Lucy, Nancy, Miss Orme, the two Miss Holles's?—Let uncle Selby and cousin James determine on the question.

I am half in hopes, that the little rogue Emily will draw herself in. Beauchamp is modest, yet not sheepish; he is prudent, manly,

lively; has address: He will certainly draw her in, before she knows where she is: And how? Why by praising sincerely, and loving cordially, the man at *present* most dear to her. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, O Mr. Beauchamp, said she, with an innocent freedom, not regarding his tremblings, his glow, and his faltrings, I am glad to see you: I long to have you entertain me with stories of my guardian. But, ah! Sir, speaking lower, and with a fallen countenance, tears ready to start, Whose, whose is he by this time? Yet, if you know it, don't tell me: It must not, must not be.

The praises given to those we really love, I believe, are more grateful to us than those conferred on ourselves. I will tell you how I account for this, in general cases, my brother out of the question. —We doubt not our *own* merits; but may be afraid, that the favoured object will not be considered by others as we are willing to consider him: But if he is, we take the praise given him as a compliment to our own judgment. Self-love, self-love, at the bottom of all we say and do: I am convinced it is, notwithstanding all you have urged to the contrary. *Generally*, you know, I said. Do you think I will allow you to judge of the generality of the world by what you find in one of the best hearts in it?

An instance, in point—I remember a Miss Hurste, a sweet pretty creature, and very sensible: She had from her chamber-window been shot through the heart by the blind archer, who took his stand on the feather of a military man marching at the head of his company through the market-town in which she lived. Yet was her susceptibility her only inducement; for the man was neither handsome in his person, nor genteel in his appearance: Nor could she be in Love with the *sense* of a man, had he been a Solomon, whose mouth she never saw opened, and to whose character she was as much a stranger, as he was to hers, or her person, till she contrived to have him made acquainted with his good fortune. Contrast, however, to her first foolish impression, she, in opposition to all advice, and the expostulations of a tender and indulgent mother, married him. A Solomon he was not. And when he at any time, by virtue of his relation to her, was introduced into her family, how would she blush, whenever he opened his mouth! And how did her eyes sparkle with gratitude upon any one who took the least respectful notice of him! Compliments to herself were unheeded; but she seemed ready to throw herself at the feet of those who smiled upon, and directed themselves to, her Captain. Poor girl! she wanted to give credit to the *motive* by which she had been acted.

Now, Harriet, I charge you, that you think not that this man's name was Anderson. Somebody met with an escape! Yet now-and-then I blush for Somebody. Yet between this Somebody and Miss

Hurste's cases there was this difference—A father's apprehended—*Tyranny*—(shall I call it?) impressing the one; a tindery fit the other. In the one a timely recovery; in the other, the first folly deliberately confirmed.

Dear, dear Harriet! let me make you smile!—I protest, if you won't, I will talk of Lord D. and then I know you will frown.

The excellent Lady of that name has already been to welcome us to town. She absolutely dotes upon you; so, she says, does the young Earl. She prays day and night, she tells me, that my brother may soon come to England, his Italian bride in his hand. She expects every post to hear from Sir Arthur Brandon; who has carried a Letter from her, and another from the Earl of N. recommending that promising young gentleman to my brother's favour, on his visiting Italy. She hopes my brother will not take amiss her freedom, at so short an acquaintance. If Sir Arthur sends her such news as *she* wishes, and *we* dread, to hear, away drives she to Northamptonshire—And should she, I don't know who will scruple to wish her success; for her young man rises every day in his character. My dear creature, you must, you shall, be in our row; and Lady D's last Letter to you is unanswerable. Forgive me for touching upon this subject: But we have no hopes. You have nothing to fear; since you expect what the next mails will bring. And *who* of us, after all, have our first Love? Aunt Nell would not have descended *sola* into her greys, nor Cicely Badger neither, if they might have obtained the men of their choice—Poor aunt Nell! she has been telling me (her taken-off spectacles in her fingers) of a disappointment of this kind in her youth, with such woeful earnestness, that it made me ready to cry for her. She lays it at the door of her brother, my poor father; and now will you wonder, that, to this hour, she cannot speak of him with patience?—Poor aunt Nell!

Well, but how do you, my Love? For Heaven's sake, be well. Could I make you speak out, could I make you complain, I should have some hope of you: But so sorrowful when alone, as we plainly see, yet aiming to be so chearful in company—O my dear! you must be gluttonous of grief in your solitary hours. But what tho' the man *be* Sir Charles Grandison; Is not the woman Harriet Byron?

Lady L. tells me, that Olivia behaved like a distracted woman, when she took leave of her on her setting out to return to Italy. She sometimes wept, sometimes raved, and threatened. Wretched woman! Surely she will not attempt the life of the man she so ungovernably loves! *Our* case, Harriet, is not so hard as hers: But she will sooner get over her talkative, than you will your silent Love. When a person can rave, the passion is not dangerous. If the head be safe, pride and supposed slight will in time harden the heart of such a one; and her Love will be swallowed up by resentment.

You complimented me on my *civility* to my good man, all the time we were with you. Indeed I was *very* civil to him. It is now become a habit, and I verily think that it looks well in man and wife to behave prettily to each other before company. I now-and-then, however, sit down with a full design to make him look about him; but he is so obliging, that I am constrained, against my intention, to let the fit go off, without making him *very* serious.

Am I conceited, Harriet? Which of the two silly folks, do you think, has most (Not wit—Wit is a foolish thing, but) understanding? I *think* the woman has it, all to nothing.—Now don't mortify me. If you pretend to *doubt*, I will be *sure*. Upon my word, my dear, I am an excellent creature, *so* thinking, *so* assured, to behave so obligingly as I do to Lord G. Never, never, unless a woman has as much prudence as your Charlotte, let her wed a man who has less understanding than herself. But women marry not so much now-a-days for Love, or fitness of tempers, as for the liberty of gadding abroad, with less censure, and less controul—And yet, now I think of it, we need only to take a survey of the flocks of single women which croud to Ranelagh and Vaux-hall markets, dressed out to be *cheapened*, not *purchased*, to be convinced that the maids are as much above either shame or controul, as the wives. But were not *fathers* desirous to get the *drugs* off their hands (to express myself in young Danby's saucy stile) these freedoms would not be permitted. As for *mothers*, many of them are for escorting their daughters to public places, because they themselves like racketing.

But how, Charlotte, methinks you ask, do these reflexions on your own Sex square with what you said above of the preference of women to men?—How! I'll tell you. The men who frequent those places are still more silly than we. Is it their interest to join in this almost universal dissipation? And would the women croud to market, if there were not men?

We are entered into our new house. It is furnished in taste. Lord G. has wanted but very little of my correction, I do assure you, in the disposition of every-thing: He begins to want employment. Have you, Harriet, any-thing to busy him in?—I am not willing to teach him to knot. Poor man! He has *already* knit one that he cannot unty.

God bless the honest Soul! He came to me, just now, so prim, and so pleased—A Parrot and Paroquet—The Parrot is the *finest* talker! He had great difficulty, he said, in getting them. He had observed, that I was much taken with Lady Finlay's Parrot. Lady Finlay had a Marmouset too. I wonder the poor man did not bring me a Monkey. O! but you'll say, That was needless—You are very smart, Harriet, upon my man. I won't allow any-body but myself to abuse him.

Intolerable levity, Charlotte!—And so it is. But to whom? Only to you. I love the man better every day than the former. When I write of him thus saucily, it is in the gaiety of my heart: But if, instead of a smile, I have drawn upon myself your contempt, what a mortification, however deserved, will that be to

Your CHARLOTTE G.!

LETTER XXII

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Selby-house, Aug. 8

YOU write, my dear Lady G. with intent to make me smile. I thank you for your intention: It is not wholly lost. My friends and I are one; and my uncle and *cousin James* laughed out at several places in your lively Letter. Lucy, Nancy, smiled. My cousins Kitty and Patty Holles said, You were a charming Lady: But shall I tell you what my grandmamma and aunt said?—I will not—Now will your curiosity be excited—To say the truth, they spoke not; they only shook their heads. I saw, my dear, greatly as they love and admire you, that if they had smiled, it would have been *at*, not *with*, the poor Charlotte (Let me pity you, my dear!) who, in some places of her Letter, could sport with the infirmities of age, to which we are all advancing, and even wish to arrive at; and in others treat lightly a man, to whom she owes respect, and has vowed duty; and who almost adores her.

You ask, my dear, which of a certain pair has most understanding? And you bid me not mortify you with giving it on the man's side. I will not. Lord G. is far from being wanting in understanding; but Lady G. has undoubtedly more than thousands, even of sensible women: But in her treatment of certain subjects, she by no means shews it. There's for you, my dear! I hope you will be angry with your Harriet. You ought to take *one* of us to task. Methinks I would not have you be angry with yourself.

But, my dear, I am not well: This therefore may make me the less capable of relishing your raillery. These men vex me. Greville's obstinate perseverance, and so near a neighbour, that I cannot avoid seeing him often: Poor Mr. Orme's ill health: Another Letter from Sir Rowland Meredith, its contents so extremely kind and generous, that they afflict me.—Lady D. urging me (I am afraid I must say) with such strength of reason, and with an affection so truly maternal, that I know not how to answer her: And just now I have received a Letter, unknown to that good Lady, from the Earl of D.—laying in

a claim, on a certain supposition, that—O my dear! how cruel is all this to your Harriet! My grandmamma by her eyes, I see, wishes me to think of marriage, and with Lord D.—as all thoughts—I need not say of what, are over—My aunt Selby's eyes are ready to second my grandmamma's—My uncle speaks out on the same side of the question: So do you: So does Lucy. Nancy is silent: She sees my disturbance when I am looked at, and talked to, on this subject: So ought Lucy, I think. Sir Rowland says, Mr. Fowler has almost pined himself to death.—My Soul, my dear, is fretted. I have begged leave to pass a fortnight or three weeks with my good Mr. Deane, who rejoiced at the motion; but my grandmother heard my request with tears: She could not spare her Harriet, she told me. My aunt also dried *her* eyes—How, my Charlotte, could I think of leaving them?—Yet could they have parted with me, I should surely have been more composed with Mr. Deane than at present I can be any-where else. He is more delicate (Shall I be excused to say?) than my uncle.

Were but the news come that the solemnity is over—I am greatly mistaken in myself, if I should not be more easy than I am at present—But then I should be more teased, more importuned, than before. You tell me, the Countess of D. would come down: The very thought of that visit hurts me.

I have no doubt but by this time the knot is tied. God Almighty shower on the heads of both, the choicest of his blessings! I should be quite out of humour with myself, if I were not able to offer up this prayer as often as I pray for myself.

I beg of you, my dear, to speed to me the next Letters from Italy, be the contents what they will. You know I am armed. Shall the event I wish to be over, either surprise or grieve me? I hope not.

I will not pity Lady Olivia, because she threatened and raved. True Love rages not; threatens not. Yet a disappointment in Love is a dreadful thing; and may operate in different minds, different ways, as I have read somewhere.

I shall write to all my friends in town, and at Colnebrooke: I trouble you not, therefore, with particular compliments to them.

How could you mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and say no more of them? I thought you loved them both. They are deserving of your love, and love you.

Never, I believe, did any young creature suffer in her mind by suspense as I have done for some months past. In the present situation of things I know not what further to write. What *can* I, my Charlotte?—Conjectural topics are reserved for my closet and pillow.

Adieu, and adieu, my beloved friend, my dear Lady G. Be good,

and be happy! What a blessing, that *both* are in your power! May they ever be so! And may you make a good use of that power, prays

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXIII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT

Bologna, July 8-19

MY heart is unusually sad. How imperfect is that happiness which we cannot enjoy without giving pain to another! The Count of Belvedere has been made acquainted with the hopeful turn in the mind of Clementina; and that, in all probability, she will be given as a reward to the man to whose friendly cares for her, and her brother, the whole family attribute the happy alteration; and late last night he gave me notice of his arrival in this city, and of his intention to pay me an early visit this morning.

I have just now had a message from Clementina by Camilla, with a request, that I will suspend my intended visit till the afternoon.

I asked Camilla, If she knew the reason of this; and of her being so early dispatched with it? She said, It was her young Lady's own order, without consulting any-body. The Marchioness, said she, yesterday in the afternoon, told her, that every-thing was now absolutely determined upon between them and me; and she would be mistress of her own wishes; and that I should be allowed to attend her in the morning at breakfast, to know what those were. Her young Lady, on this happy communication (so Camilla called it) threw herself at her mother's feet, and in a very graceful manner acknowledged her father's and her indulgence to her; and from that hour her temper took a turn different from what it had been before. For, ever since, said Camilla, she has been silent, solemn, and reserved; yet busy at her pen, transcribing fair from her pocket-book what she had written in it. To-morrow, Camilla!—To-morrow! said she, breaking once her solemn silence, her complexion varying, will be a day indeed! O that it were come! and yet I dread it. How shall I, face to face, converse with this exalted man! What shall I do to appear as great as He? His goodness fires me with emulation!—O that to-morrow were come, and gone!

This was over night. I believe, proceeded Camilla, that the dear Lady is drawing up some conditions of her own for you to sign: But, Sir, I dare say, by the hint she has thrown out, they will be generous ones, and what will have more of fancy than hardship in them.

I had much ado to prevail upon her, continued her faithful woman,

to go to rest at midnight: Yet at four in the morning she arose, and went to her pen and ink; and about six commanded me to call Laura to attend her, while I went to you with the message I have brought. I expostulated with her, and begged she would delay it till the Marchioness arose; but she began to be impatient: I have *reason* in my request, Camilla, said she. I must not be contradicted, or expostulated with: My head will not bear opposition, at this time. Is it a slight thing for such a poor creature as I have been, and am, to be put out of her course? Am I not to have a meeting with the Chevalier Grandison, on the most important act of my life? My mamma tells me, that I am to be now mistress of my own will; Don't *you*, Camilla, seek to controul me. I shall not be prepared enough for the subject he will possibly talk to me upon, till the afternoon: And if I know he is in the house with an expectation of seeing me, I shall want the presence of mind I am struggling to obtain.

So, Sir, concluded Camilla, I have performed my duty. The dear Lady, I see, will be in too much confusion, if the important subject be not begun with precaution: But who shall instruct you in such delicate points as these? One thing, however, permit me, Sir, to observe: I have often known young Ladies go on courageously with a Lover, while the end on view has been distant, or there have been difficulties to encounter with; but when these difficulties are overcome, and they have ascended the hill they toiled up, they have turned round, and looked about them, with fear as strong as their hopes.

What the conditions may be—

But the Count of Belvedere is come.

Ten o'clock

The Count accosted me, in return for the kindest reception I could give him, with an air of coldness and displeasure. I was surprised at a behaviour so different from his usual politeness, and the kindness he had ever shewn me. I took notice to him of it. He asked me, If I would tell him faithfully what my present situation was with Lady Clementina?

I will, my Lord, if I tell you any-thing of it: But the temper of mind you seem to be in, may not, perhaps, for your own sake, any more than mine, make it prudent for me to comply with your expectations.

You need not give me any other answer, replied he. You seem to be sure of the Lady: But she must not, she *shall* not, be yours, while I am living.

It is not for me, my Lord, who have met with many amazing turns and incidents which I have not either invited or provoked, to

be surprised at *any*-thing: But if your Lordship has any expectations, any demands, to make on this subject, it must be from the family of the Marchese della Porretta, and not from me.

Do you think, Sir, that I feel not the sting of this reference? And yet all the family, but one, are in my interest in their hearts; every consideration is on my side; not one, but the plausibility of your generosity, and the speciousness¹ of your person and manners, on yours.

A man, my Lord, should not be reproached for qualities, upon which, whether he has them or not, he values not himself. But, let me ask you, Were my pretensions out of the question, has your Lordship any hope of an interest in the affections of Lady Clementina?

While she is unmarried, I *may* hope. Had you not come over to us, I make no doubt but I might, in time, have called her mine. You cannot but know, that her absence of mind was no obstacle with me.

I am wholly satisfied in my own conduct, replied I: That, my Lord, is a great point with me: I am not accountable for it to any man on earth. Yet, if you have any doubts about it, propose them. I have a high opinion of the Count of Belvedere, and wish to have him think well of me.

Tell me, Chevalier, what your present situation is with Lady Clementina? What is concluded upon between the family and you? And whether Clementina herself has declared for you?

She has not yet declared herself *to me*. I repeat, that I have a value for the Count of Belvedere, and will therefore acquaint him with more than he has reason to expect from the humour which seems to have governed him in this visit.—I am to attend her this afternoon, by appointment: Her family and I understand one another. I have been willing to consider the natural impulses of a spirit so pure, tho' disturbed, as the finger of Providence. I have hitherto been absolutely passive: In honour I cannot now be so. This afternoon, my Lord—

'This afternoon,' trembling; What! this afternoon!—

Will my destiny, as to Lady Clementina, be determined.

I am distracted. If her *friends* are determined in your favour, it is from necessity, rather than choice: But if the Lady is left to *her own* determination, I am a lost man.

You have given a reason, my Lord, for your acquiescence, *should* Lady Clementina determine in my favour—But it cannot be a happy circumstance for me, if, as you hint, I am to enter into the family of Porretta as an unwelcome relation to any of them; and still less, if my good fortune shall make a man, justly valued by all who know him, unhappy.

And are you, this afternoon, Chevalier, to see Clementina for the purpose you intimate? This *very* afternoon?—And are you then to change your passive conduct towards her? and will you court, will you urge her to consent to be yours? Religion, Country—Let me tell you, Sir—I must take resolutions. With infinite regret I tell you, that I must. You will not refuse to meet me. The consent is not *yet* given: You shall not rob Italy of such a prize. Favour me, Sir, this moment, without the city-gates.

Unhappy man! How much I pity you! You know my principles. It is hard, acting as I have done, to be thus invited. Acquaint yourself with my whole conduct in this affair, from the Bishop, from Father Marescotti, from the General himself, so much always your friend, and once so little mine. What has influenced them (so much as you seem to think against their inclinations) cannot want its influence upon a mind so noble as that of the Count of Belvedere. But whatever be your resolutions upon the enquiries I wish you to make, I tell you before-hand, that I never will meet you but as my friend.

He turned from me with emotion: He walked about the room as a man irresolute; and at last, with a wildness in his air, approached me. I will go this instant, said he, to the family: I will see Father Marescotti, and the Bishop; and I will let them know my despair. And if I cannot have hope given me—O Chevalier! once more I say, that Lady Clementina shall not be yours, while I live.

He looked round him, as if he would not have anybody hear what he was going to say, but me, tho' no one was near; and whispering, It is better, said he, to die by your hand, than—He stopt; and in disorder hurried from me; and was out of sight when I got down to the door.

The Count, when he came up to me, left his valet below; who told Saunders, that Lady Sforza had made his Lord a *visit* at Parma; and by something she related to him, had stimulated him to make *this* to me. He added, that he was very apprehensive of the humour he came in, and which he had held ever since he saw Lady Sforza.

How, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do the *rash* escape as they do; when I, who endeavour to avoid embarrassments, and am not ready either to give or take offence, am hardly able to extricate myself from one difficulty, but I find myself involved in another? What cannot a woman do, when she resolves to make mischief among friends? Lady Sforza is a high-spirited and contriving woman. It is not for her interest that Clementina should marry at all: But yet, as the Count of Belvedere is a cool, a dispassionate man, and knows the views of that Lady, I cannot but wonder what those arts must be, by which she has been able to excite, in so calm a breast, a flame so vehement.

I am now hastening to the palace of Porretta; my heart not a little affected with the apprehensions given me by Camilla's account of her young Lady's solemn, yet active turn, on the expected visit. For does it not indicate an imagination too much raised for the occasion (important as that is); and that her disorder is far from subsiding?

LETTER XXIV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Bologna, Sat. Evening

I SIT down, now, my dear and reverend friend, to write to you particulars which will surprise you! Clementina is the noblest woman on earth! What at last—But I find I must have a quieter heart, and fingers too, before I can proceed.

I think I am a little less agitated than I was. The above few lines shall go; for they will express to you the emotions of my mind, when I attempted to write an account of what had then so newly passed.

As soon as I entered the palace, Camilla met me, and conducted me to the Marchioness. The Marquis and the Bishop were with her. O Chevalier! said she, we have been greatly disturbed by a visit from the Count of Belvedere. Poor man!—He says he waited on you at your lodgings.

He did. I then, at the Bishop's request, told them all that had passed between us, except his last words, which implied, that it was better to die by the hand of another man, than by his own.

They expressed their concern for him, and their apprehensions for me; but I found that his unexpected visit had not altered their purpose in my favour. They were convinced, they told him, that the restoration of their daughter's tranquillity of mind depended upon giving her entirely her own way; and not one word more of opposition or contradiction should she meet with from them.

I have been hindered, said the Marchioness, by this unhappy man's visit, and his vehemence, which moved me to pity him (for I am afraid that he will be in our daughter's unhappy way) from watching in person the humour of my child; which, two hours ago, Camilla told me, was very particular. I was going to her, when you came; but I will send for Camilla.—She did.

As soon as she saw me in the morning, continued the Marchioness, she apologized to me for sending Camilla to you, to suspend your visit till the afternoon. She was not, she said, prepared to see you.—I asked her, continued she, What preparation was wanted to see a

man esteemed by us all, and who had given such instances of his regard to her?

Madam, answered she, and seemed as if gasping for breath, Am I not now to see him in a light, in which hitherto I never beheld him? I have a thousand things to say to him, none of which perhaps I shall be able to say, except he draws them from me. He hinted once, very lately, that he could only be rewarded by a *family act*. We *cannot* reward him; that is my grief: I must see him with a heart overwhelmed with obligation. He will appear as a prince to me: I must to myself as his vassal. I have been putting down, in writing, what I should say to him; but I cannot please myself. O madam! he is great in my eyes, because I am unable to reward him as he deserves. I told her, that her fortune, her quality, the sacrifice she would make of her Country (tho' never, I hoped, of her Religion) ought to give her a higher opinion of herself; tho' all these were far from cancelling the obligation we all were under to him, on our Jeronymo's account, as well as on hers.

Well, madam, replied she, Heaven only knows how I shall be able to behave to him, now you have left every-thing to myself; and now he will talk to me, by permission, on a subject so new, yet so very interesting. O that this day were over!

I asked her, proceeded the Marchioness, if she would yet take further time?—A week, or more?

O no, said she: That must not be. I shall be prepared to see him, I hope, by the afternoon. Pray let him come then. I am very clear now, putting her hand to her forehead: I may not be so a week, nor a day hence.

Camilla then entered the room. Camilla, said the Marchioness, In what way is the dear creature now?

Ever since your Ladyship left her, she has been more reserved, and thoughtful; yet her spirits are high: Her mind seems full of the Chevalier's next visit; and twice, within this half-hour, she asked, If he were come? She reads over and over, something she has written; lays it down, takes it up; walks about the room, sometimes with an air of dignity, at others hanging down her head. I don't like her frequent startings. Within this hour she has several times shed tears. She sighs often. She was not to be pleased with her dress. Once she would be in black; then in colours; then her white and silver was taken out: But that, she said, would give her a bridal appearance: She at last chose her plain white satten. She looks like an Angel. But O that her eyes, and her motions, shewed greater composure!

You have a task before you, Chevalier, said the Bishop. What tokens are these of a disordered, yet a raised mind! We may see, from

these extraordinary agitations, on the expectation of a conversation that is to end in her consent to crown your wishes, how much her heart has been in that event: May it be happy to you both!

I fear nothing, said the Marchioness, as to the happiness of my child, that lies within the power of the Chevalier: I am sure of his tenderness to her.

I think, said the Marquis, we will allow the Chevalier to carry his bride over to England for the *first* six months, and return with her to us in the *second*. It may give a new turn to the course of her ideas. The same places, the same persons, always in view, may sadden her reflecting heart. And, besides, the mind of the poor Count of Belvedere may be strengthened by this absence.

The Bishop applauded this thought. The Marchioness said, *Reason* may approve the motion; but can the *mother* so soon part with her child?—Yet for her happiness, I must submit.

Let us, said the Marquis, leave this to her choice, as the rest. Camilla, let my daughter know, that the Chevalier attends her pleasure. You would have it so, Chevalier?

I bowed my assent.

Camilla returned not presently: When she did; I could not come sooner, said she. My young Lady is strangely fluttered. I have been reasoning with her.—Madam, turning to the Marchioness, Will you be pleased to walk up to her?

Had this been the first interview, said the Bishop, I should not have wondered at her discomposure: But this disorder shews itself in a strange variety of shapes!

The Marchioness, attended by Camilla, went up. I was soon sent for. The Marchioness met me at the entrance of the young Lady's dressing-room—and retiring, whispered—I believe she had rather be alone with you. Dear creature! I don't know what to make of her. She has, I fancy, something to propose to you. Camilla, come with me. We will be but in the next room, Chevalier.

When I entered the room, the young Lady was sitting in a pensive mood, at her toilette; her hand supporting her head. A fine glow overspread her cheeks, as soon as she saw me: She arose, and, courtesying low, advanced a few steps towards me; but trembled, and looked now down, now aside, and now consciously glancing towards me.

I approached her, and, with profound respect, took her hand with both mine, and pressed it with my lips. I address not myself now to Lady Clementina as my pupil: I have leave given me to look upon her in a nearer light; and she will have the goodness to pardon the freedom of this address.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, turning her face from me, but not with-

drawing her hand—And hesitating, as if not knowing how to speak her mind, sighed, and was silent.

I led her to her chair. She sat down, still trembling. God be praised, said I, bowing my face on both her hands, as I held them in mine, for the amended health of the Lady so dear to all who have the happiness of knowing her! May her recovery, and that of our dear Jeronimo, be perfected!

Happy man! said she, happy in the power given you to oblige as you have done!—But how, how shall I—O, Sir! you know not the conflict that has rent my heart in pieces, ever since—I forget when.—O Chevalier! I have not power—She stopt, wept, and remained silent.

It is in your power, madam, to make happy the man to whom you own obligations which are already overpaid.

I took my seat by her, at her silent motion to a chair.

Speak on, Sir: My Soul is labouring with great purposes. Tell me, tell me, all you have to say to me. My heart is too big for its prison, putting her hand to it: It wants room, methinks; yet utterance is denied me—Speak, and let me be silent.

Your Father, Mother, Brothers, Uncle, are all of one mind. I am permitted to open my heart to their Clementina; and I promise myself a gracious audience. Father Marescotti befriends me.—The terms, madam, are those I offered when I was last in Italy.

She hung down her head, in listening silence—

Every other year I am to be happy with my Clementina in England—

Your Clementina, Sir!—Ah Chevalier!—She blushed, and turned away her face—Your Clementina, Sir! repeated she—and looked pleased; yet a tear stole down on her glowing cheek.

Yes, madam, I am encouraged to hope you will be mine.—You are to have your confessor, madam. Father Marescotti will do me the honour of attending you in that function. His piety, his zeal, my own charity for all those who differ from me in opinion, my honour so solemnly engaged to the family who condescend to entrust me with their dearest pledge, will be your security.

Ah, Sir! interrupted she, And are not you then to be a Catholic?

You *consented*, madam, when I was last in Italy, that I should pursue the dictates of my conscience.

Did I? said she, and sighed!—Well, Sir—

Your father or mother, madam, will acquaint you with every other particular in which you shall want to be satisfied.

Tears stood in her eyes; she seemed in great perplexity. She would twice or thrice have spoken; but speech was denied her: At last, she gave me her hand, and directed her steps, trembling, to her

closet. She entered it. Leave me, leave me, said she; and putting a paper in my hand, and shutting to the door, instantly, as I saw, fell on her knees; and I, to avoid hearing sobs which pierced my heart, went into the next apartment, where were her mother and Camilla, who had heard part of what had passed between us. The Marchioness went to her; but presently returning, The dear creature, said she, is quite sensible, thank God, tho' in grief. She besought me to leave her to her own struggles. If she could but be assured that you, Chevalier, would forgive her, she should be better. She had given you a paper. Let him read it, said she; and let me stay here till he sends for me, if he can bear in his sight, *after* he has read it, a creature unworthy of his goodness.—What, said the Marchioness, can be the meaning of all this?

I was as much surprised as she. I had not opened the paper, and offered to read it in her presence; but she desired to hear it read in her Lord's, if it were proper; and precipitately withdrew, leaving me in the young Lady's dressing-room, Camilla attending in the next apartment, to wait her commands. I was astonished at the contents. These are they (a):

O THOU whom my heart best loveth,¹ forgive me!—Forgive me, said I, for what?—For acting, if I am enabled to act, greatly? The example is from thee, who, in my eyes, art the greatest of human creatures. My duty calls upon me one way: My heart resists my duty, and tempts me not to perform it: Do thou, O God, support me in the arduous struggle! Let it not, as once before, overthrow my reason; my but just-returning reason!—O God! do thou support me, and strengthen my reason. My effort is great! It is worthy of the creature, which thou, Clementina, didst always aspire to be.

My Tutor, my Brother, my Friend! O most beloved and best of men! seek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of Thee. Thy SOUL was ever most dear to Clementina: Whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy: And how? Why, by meditating the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that SOUL, thought I, to be saved? Dear obstinate, and perverse! And shall I bind my Soul to a Soul allied to perdition? That so dearly loves that Soul, as hardly to wish to be separated from it in its future lot.—O thou most amiable of men! How can I be sure, that, were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee, by Love, by sweetness of Manners, by condescending Goodness? I, who once thought a Heretic the worst of beings, have been already led, by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy charity to all thy fellow-creatures, to think more favourably of all Heretics, for thy sake? Of what force would be the

(a) Translated by Dr. Bartlett.

admonitions of the most pious Confessor, were thy condescending goodness, and sweet persuasion, to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine! I know that I should not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee: Yet, sensible of thy superior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled? My Confessor would, in that case, grow uneasy with me. Women love not to be suspected. Opposition arises from suspicion and contradiction; thy Love, thy Gentleness, thrown in the other scale, should I not be lost?

And what have my Father, my Mother, my Brothers done, that I should shew myself willing to leave them, and a beloved Country, for a Country but lately hated too, as well as the Religion? But now, that that hatred is gone off, and so soon, gives another instance of my weakness, and thy strength, O most amiable of men!—O thou, whom my Soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy Love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: Since wert thou to convince me at the *time*, my doubts would return; and whenever thou wert absent, I should be doubly miserable. For canst Thou, can I, be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shewn me, that *thou* canst not? And shall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong Religion have a force, an efficacy, upon *thee*, which a right one cannot have upon *me*?—O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy Love!

But dost thou *indeed* love me? Or is it owing to thy generosity, thy compassion, thy nobleness, for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, could not sustain the effort? I call upon thee, blessed Virgin, to witness, how I *formerly* struggled with myself! How much I endeavoured to subdue that affection which I ever must bear to him!—*Permit* me, most generous of men, to subdue it! It is in thy power to hold me fast, or to set me free. I know thou lovest Clementina: It is her pride to think that thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own, that thou lovest her Soul, her immortal Soul, and her future peace. In *that* wilt thou shew thy Love, as she has endeavoured to shew hers. *Thou* art all magnanimity: *Thou* canst sustain the effort which *she* was unequal to. Make some other woman happy!—But I cannot bear that it shall be an Italian. If it *must* be an Italian, not Florence, but Bologna, shall give an Italian to thee!

But can I shew thee this paper, which has cost me so many tears, so much study, so much blotting-out, and revising and transcribing, and which yet I drew up with an *intent* to shew thee? I verily think I cannot: Nor *will* I, till I can see, by conversing with thee face to face, what I shall be enabled to do, in answer to prayers to Heaven, that it *would* enable me!—O how faint, at times, have been those prayers!

You, my Father, my Mother, my Brothers, and you my spiritual Father, pious and good man! have helped to subdue me, by your generous goodness. You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I shall be. But do I not know, that you have complied with me, for *my* sake only?—Shall I not, if it please God to restore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which you, Father Marescotti, in particular, formerly urged against an alliance with this noblest of men, because he was of a religion so contrary to my own, and so pertinacious in it? And will those *recollections* make me happy? O permit, permit me, my dearest friends, still to be God's child, the spouse of my Redeemer only! Let me, let me yet take the veil!—And let me, in a place consecrated to his glory, pass the remainder of my life (It may not be a long one) in prayers for you all, and in prayers for the conversion and happiness of the man, whose soul my soul loveth, and ever must love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed against this motive, and my soul's everlasting welfare? Let me take a great revenge of my cruel cousin Laurana. Let hers be the estate so truly despised, and so voluntarily forfeited, by the happier Clementina!—Are we not all of us rich and noble? Shall I not have a great revenge, if I can be enabled to take it in this way?

O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen, and not impair, a resolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep: For God only knoweth what this struggle from the first hath cost me; and what it will still further cost me! But, my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And shall I not endeavour to make the *close* of it happy? *Let* me be great, my Chevalier! how fondly can I nevertheless call thee *my* Chevalier! Thou canst make the unhappy Clementina what thou pleasest.

But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not *his* magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, *almost* divine, Philanthropist, canst thou forgive me?—But I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I have the presumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage so wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the resolution, to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to

complete the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friends generosity: But do God and thou enable me to say, Not my will, but his and theirs, be done!—Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit) to add what name thou pleasest, to that of

CLEMENTINA——

Never was man more astonished, perplexed, confounded. For a few moments, I forgot that the angel was in her closet, expecting the issue of my contemplations; and walking out of her dressing-room, I threw myself on a sofa, in the next room, not heeding Camilla, who sat in the window. My mind tortured; how greatly tortured! Yet filled with admiration of the angelic qualities of Clementina, I tried to look again into the paper; but the contents were all in my mind, and filled it.

She rang. Camilla hastened to her. I started as she passed me. I arose; yet trembled: And for a moment sat down to re-assure my feet. But Camilla, coming to me, roused me out of the stupidity that had seized me. Never was I so little present to myself, as on this occasion—A woman so superior to all her own Sex, and to all that I had read of, of ours.—O Sir, said Camilla, my Lady dreads your anger. She dreads to see you: Yet hopes it—Hasten, hasten, and save her from fainting—O how she loves you! How she fears your displeasure!—Hers indeed is *true Love*!

She said this as she conducted me in, as I now recollect; for then all my faculties were too much engaged, to attend to her.

I hastened in. The admirable Lady met me halfway; and throwing herself at my feet—Forgive me, forgive the creature, who must be miserable, if you are offended with her.

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised, she said, till I had forgiven her.

I kneeled to her, as she kneeled; and clasping her in my arms, Forgive you, madam! Inimitable woman! More than woman!—Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming, to hope such an angel mine!

She was ready to faint; and cast her arms about me to support herself. Camilla held to her her salts:—I myself, for the first time, was sensible of benefit from them, as my cheek was joined to hers, and bathed with her tears.

Am I, am I, forgiven—Say that I am!—

Forgiven! madam! You have done nothing that requires forgiveness. I adore your greatness of mind!—What you wish, bid me be, and that I *will* be. Rise, most excellent of human creatures!

I raised her; and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her, holding both her hands in mine as she sat; and looking up to her with eyes that spoke not my heart, if they were not full of love and reverence.

Camilla had run down to the Marchioness—O madam! it seems she said—*Such* a scene! Hasten, hasten up. They will faint in each other's arms. Virtuous Love! how great is thy glory!

The Marquis, his Lady, the Bishop, the Count, and Father Marescotti, were together, waiting the event of my visit. They were surprised at Camilla's address—But little imagined to what the intellectual scene she spoke of, was owing.

The Marchioness hastened after Camilla, and found me in this kneeling posture, her daughter's hands both in mine—Dear Chevalier, said she, restrain your *grateful rapture*! For the sake of the sweet child's head, grateful as I see by her eyes it must be to her—restrain it.

O madam, quitting Clementina's hands, and rising, and taking one of hers—Glory in your daughter! You always loved and admired her; but you will now *glory* in her. She is an angel—Give me leave, madam (to Clementina) to present this paper to the Marchioness. I gave it to her—Read it, madam—Let your Lord, let the Bishop, let Father Marescotti, read it—But read it with compassion for me; and then direct me what to say, what to do! I resign myself wholly to your direction, and theirs; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina.

You say, you forgive me, Chevalier:—Now shall I forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. This is my direction, Chevalier—Love my MIND, as *yours* ever was the principal object of my love!

What, what, my dear, can be in this paper? said the Marchioness, holding it in her hand, trembling, and afraid to open it. Pardon me, madam, answered Clementina—I could not shew it to you first. I could not reveal my purpose to Camilla neither. How could I, when I knew not whether I could or could not maintain it, or even mention it?—But now, best of men, and, rising, laid her hand on my arm, leave me for a few moments. My heart is disturbed. Be so good as to excuse me, madam.

She again retired to her closet. We heard her sob: And Camilla hastening to her—O these hysterical disorders! said she—They tear her tender constitution in pieces.

The Marchioness left her to Camilla; and offered me her hand. Surprising! said she, as we went. Where will all this end? What can be in this paper?

I was unable to answer. And coming to the passage that led to her

drawing-room, where she had left the gentlemen, I bowed on her hand; and, the same passage leading to the back-stairs, took that way into the garden, in order to try to recover and compose my spirits—Who, my dear friend, could have expected such a turn as this?

I had not walked long, before Mr. Lowther came to me—Signor Jeronymo, Sir, said he, is greatly disturbed, on reading a paper that has been put into his hands. He begs to see you instantly.

Mr. Lowther left me at Jeronymo's chamber-door. He was on his couch. O my Grandison, said he, as I approached him with a thoughtful air, how much am I concerned for you! I cannot bear, that such a spirit as yours should be subjected to the petulance of a brain-sick girl!

Hush, my Jeronymo! Let not the friend forget the brother. Clementina is the noblest of women. It is true, I was not prepared for this blow. But I reverence her for her greatness of mind—You have read her paper?

I have; and am astonished at its contents.

The Marquis, the Count, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, entered. The Bishop embraced me. He disclaimed, in the name of every one, the knowledge of her intentions: He expected, he said, that she would have received my address with raptures of joy. But she *must*, she *will*, be yours, Chevalier. We are all engaged in honour to you. This is only a start of female delicacy, operating on a raised imagination. She leaves it to you, after all, to call her by what name you please.

May it be so! But ah, my Lords! you see not the force of her arguments. With a Lady so zealous in her religion, and so justly fond of her relations and country, they *must* have weight—Instruct me, tell me, however, my Lords: Be pleased, madam [The Marchioness joined us just before] to advise me, what to do?—I am yours.—I will withdraw. Consult together; and let me know what I am to be.

I withdrew, and walked again into the garden.

Camilla came to me. O Chevalier! What strange things are these? My Lady has taken a resolution she never will be able to support. She commanded me to find you out, and to watch your looks, your behaviour, your temper. She cannot live, she says, if you are displeased with her—I see that your mind is greatly disturbed. Must I report it so?

Tell her, Camilla, that I am all resignation to her will: Disturbed as she has been, tell her, that her peace of mind is dear to me as my own life: That I *can* have no anger, no resentment; and that I admire her more than I can express.

Camilla left me. Father Marescotti came to me presently after,

with a request, that I would attend the family in Jeronymo's chamber.

We went up together. All that the good Father said, as we walked in, was, that God knew what was best for us: For *his* part, he could only wonder and adore in silence.

When we were all seated, the Bishop said, My dear Chevalier, you have intitled yourself to our utmost gratitude. It is confirmed, that Clementina shall be yours. Jeronymo will have it so: We are all of his mind. Her mother will enter into conversation with her in your favour.

I am equally obliged and honoured by this goodness. But should she persist, what can I say, when she calls upon me in the most solemn manner, to support her in her resolution; and not to put her upon taking advantage of the generosity of her friends?

She will be easily persuaded, no doubt, Chevalier, answered the Bishop. She loves you. Does she not say in this very paper, "that it is in your power to make her break or keep her resolution? and to add what name you please to her Christian name?"

Nor can I, said the Marquis, bear that flight, in Laurana's favour. If her mind were sound, her duty would not permit her to think of it.

It is our unanimous opinion, resumed the Bishop, that she will not be able to support her resolution. You see she is obliged to court your assistance, to enable her to keep it. Father Marescotti, it is true, has laid a stress upon some passages, in which she shews a doubt of her own strength, and dreads yours in a certain article nearest our hearts: But she must be cautioned to leave all arguments of that kind to her confessor and you; and to content herself to be an auditor, not an arguer; and we doubt not your honour. The marriage-articles will bind you, as they shall us—And now allow me to be before-hand with your Jeronymo, and ours, in saluting you our brother.

He took my hand; and, embracing me as such, You deal nobly with me, my Lord, said I. I resign myself to your direction.

Jeronymo affectionately held out his arms, and joyfully saluted me as his Brother. The Marquis, the Count, each took my hand: And, the Marchioness offering hers, I pressed it with my lips; and, withdrawing, hastened to my lodgings; with a heart, O Dr. Bartlett, how penetrated by a suspense so strange and unexpected!

But when they attribute to flight, and unsoundness of mind, that glorious passage, in which she proposes to take a revenge so noble on the cruel Laurana, they seem unable to comprehend, as I can easily do, the greatness of mind of this admirable woman.

LETTER XXV

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation**Bologna, Monday, July 10-21*

I HAD no call for rest last night. I only reposed myself in a chair for about an hour. I sent early in the morning a note, to enquire, with the tenderest solicitude, after all their healths; and particularly Clementina's and Jeronymo's. A written answer was returned by Jeronymo, that his sister had rested so very ill, that it was thought advisable to keep her quiet all day; unless she should be particularly earnest to see me; and, in that case, they would send me word.

I was myself very much indisposed; yet had a difficulty to deny myself, tho' uninvited, to attend them at dinner. My own disorder, however, determined me not to go, unless sent for. It would, I thought, be too visible to them all; and might raise a suspicion, that I wanted to move compassion: A meanness of which I am not capable. Yet, indisposed as I was, still more, in the afternoon, I hoped to have an invitation for half an hour. But not being sent to, I repeated my enquiries in another billet. No invitation followed. On the contrary, Jeronymo wrote one line, wishing to see me in the morning.

I had as little rest last night, as the night before. My impatience carried me to the palace of Porretta sooner than usual this morning.

Signor Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. He hoped I did not take amiss, that they invited me not the day before. To say the truth, said he, the day's rest was judged entirely necessary for you both: For my sister particularly: And she was so uneasy and displeased at your going away on Saturday, without taking leave of her, that she was the more easily persuaded not to see you yesterday. But already this morning, I understand, she asks after you with impatience. You are angry at her, she supposes, and will never see her more. You had but just left us, on Saturday night, when Camilla came down, with her request to see you. For my part, proceeded he, my thoughts are so much carried out of myself, by the extraordinary turn she has taken, that, at times, I forget I ail any-thing.

He then asked, if I could forgive his sister; and reflected on the Sex, on her account, as never knowing their own minds, but when they meet with obstacles to their wills. But she must, she will, be yours, my Grandison, said he; and, if it please God to restore her, she will make you rich amends.

The Bishop and Father Marescotti came in, to make their morning compliments to Jeronymo: The Marquis and Count entered soon after, to salute me.

The Marchioness followed them. Clementina was so uneasy on Saturday night, said she to me, on finding you gone without taking leave of her, and so much discomposed all day yesterday, that I chose not to say any-thing to her on the great article. I am glad you are come.

Somebody just then tapping at the door, Come in, Camilla, said the Marchioness.

It is not Camilla; it is I, said Lady Clementina, entering. I am told the Chevalier—O there he is—Favour me, Sir, with a few words—walking to a window at the other end of the room.

I followed her: Tears were in her eyes. She looked earnestly at me: Then turning her face from me—Why, madam, said I, taking her hand, why this emotion? I have not, I hope, offended you.

O Chevalier! I cannot bear to be slighted, and least of all by you; though, I must own, that I deserve it most from you. A slight from you is a charge of ingratitude upon me, that my heart cannot bear.

Slight you, madam!—I revere you, as the most excellent of women. You have, indeed, filled my heart with anguish: But I admire you more for the cause of that anguish, than it is possible for me to express.

Don't, don't say so. You will ruin me by your generosity. I think you *must* be angry with me. I think you *must* treat me ill, or how shall I keep my purpose?

Your purpose, dearest madam!—Your purpose!

My purpose! Yes, Sir! Will it afflict you, if I do?

Is it possible, madam, but it must? What would you think—

Hush, hush, my good Chevalier. I am afraid it will: But don't tell me it will. I cannot bear to afflict you.

When I had the honour of every one's consent, madam—

That was in compassion to me, Sir.

My dearest Love, said the Marquis, coming to us, that was at first our motive: But now an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison, in justice to his merits, is become our choice.

I bowed to the generous nobleman. She kneeled. Best and most indulgent of fathers! taking his hand, and kissing it; let me thank you for bearing with me as you have done. What trouble have I given you!—All the business of my future life shall be to shew my gratitude, and my obedience to your will. The Marchioness then tenderly raising her, took her to the farther end of the room. They talked low; but we heard all they said. You were so very indifferent all day yesterday, and last night, said the Marchioness, that I would not disturb you, Love, for fear of breaking your rest; else I would have told you, how desirous now we all are, of an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison. No other way can he be rewarded for his goodness to us all.

Permit me, madam, answered Clementina, to give you the motives of my present conduct; of my *self-denial*; such is my value for the Chevalier, I will call it so: If I thought I could make the generous man happy; if I thought I should not rather punish than reward him; if I thought I could be happy in myself, and my soul would not be endangered; if I thought I could make you and my papa happy, by giving my hand to him; God knows that my heart would not make the least scruple. But, madam, the Almighty has laid his hand upon me. My head is not *yet* as it should be; and, before I took my resolution, I considered every-thing, as much as my poor shattered reason would permit me to consider it. This was the way I took—I prayed that God would direct me. I put myself in the situation of another person, who, circumstanced as I was, I supposed, came to me for advice. I saw plainly, that I could not deserve the Chevalier, because I could not think as he thought, in the most important of all articles; and there was no likelihood of his thinking as I thought. I prayed for fortitude. I doubted myself. I altered and altered what I had written: But still all my alterations ran one way. It was *against my own wishes*. So this I took for an answer to my prayers. I transcribed it fair; but still I doubted myself. I would not consult you, madam: You had declared for the Chevalier. That would not have been to do justice to the question before me, and to the divine impulse by which I was determined to be governed, if my prayers for it should be answered. I let not Camilla know my struggles. I besought the assistance of the Blessed Virgin to favour an unhappy maid, whose heart was in her duty, but whose head was disturbed. It was suggested to me what to do: Yet I would not send to the Chevalier what I had written. I still doubted my heart: And thought I never should be able to give him the paper. At last I resolved. But when he came, my heart recoiled. He could not but see the distress I was in. I am sure I met with his pity. Could I but give him the paper, thought I, my difficulty would be over; for then I am sure, almost sure, that, seeing my scruples, and the rectitude of my purpose, he will himself generously support me in my resolution. At last I gave the paper to him. And now let me say, that I verily think I shall be easier in my mind, if I can be allowed to adhere to the contents, yet not be thought ungrateful. Dear blessed Grandison, turning to me, read once more that paper: And then if you will not, if you cannot, set me free; I will obey my friends, and make you as happy as I can.

She turned from every one, and fell upon her knees, Great God, I thank thee, said she, for this serene moment!

Serene as the noble Enthusiast thought her mind, I saw it was too high set. From the turn of her eyes I feared a relapse. It was

owing to her greatness of mind, her reason and her love combating with each other, that she *ever* was disordered. I approached her—Admirable Lady, said I, be *you* free! Whatever be my destiny, be *you*, for me, what you wish to be. If *you* are well and happy, I will, if possible, make *myself* so.

Dear Grandison, said the Bishop, coming up to me, and taking my hand, how do I admire you! But *can* you be thus great?

Shall I not emulate, my Lord, such an example set by a woman? I came over without any interested views. I considered myself, indeed, as *bound* by the conditions to which I had formerly yielded; but Lady Clementina and your family as *free*. When I was encouraged to hope, I *did* hope. I will now, though with deep regret, go back to my former situation. If Lady Clementina persists in her present resolution, I will endeavour to acquiesce with it. If she should change her mind, I will hold myself in readiness to receive her hand, as the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon me. Only let me add, that in the first case, the difficulty upon me will be greatly increased, by the exalted contents of the paper she put into my hands on Saturday.

The Marchioness taking her daughter's hand and mine—Why, why, said she, should minds thus pair'd be sunder'd?—And will you, Chevalier, wait with patience the result of my sweet child's—Caprice—shall I call it?

Detain not my hand, my dear mamma; withdrawing it a little wildly—Let me go up, and pray, that my fortitude of mind, after the pain it has cost me to obtain it, may not forsake me. Adieu! Adieu, Chevalier! I will pray for you as well as for myself. Never, never, in my devotions, will we be separated.

Away flew the angel.

She met Camilla in the passage—Dear Camilla! I have had an escape, as far as I know. My hand and the Chevalier's hand, each in one of my mamma's!—My resolution was in danger. My mamma might have joined them, you know; and then I must have been his.

Jeronymo in silence, but tears in his eyes, attended to the scene between his sister and me. He embraced me—Dearest of men, let me repeat my mother's question: Can you with patience wait the result of this dear girl's caprice?

I can; I will.

But I will talk to her myself, said he.

So, said the Marquis, will we all.

It will be right to do so, added the Count, lest she should repent when it is too late.

But I believe, said Father Marescotti, the Chevalier himself would not wish, that Lady Clementina should be *too* vehemently urged.

She pleads her soul: A strong plea: A plea that should not be over-ruled. I myself doubt very much, whether she will be able to adhere to her resolution: If she be, she will merit Beatification. But let her not be over-persuaded. Once more I should be glad to read the paper, the contents of which have so much surprised us all.

I had it in my pocket; and he asked permission to read it aloud. Jeronymo opposed his motion: But the Bishop approving it, he read it. He laid great emphasis upon *particular* words, and repeated several of the passages in it: You will easily guess *which*, my dear friend; and all were as much affected, they owned, as when they heard it first read: Yet they joined in one doubt, notwithstanding what she had so lately said of the deliberation she had given her purpose, that she would not be *able* to adhere to her resolution; and made me many compliments on the occasion.

But, my dear friend, if she can continue to interest her glory in the adherence, and they are not *very* urgent with her in my favour, I am inclined to believe, that she has greatness of mind sufficient to enable her to carry her resolution into effect. Where piety, my dear friend, engages the heart to give up its first fervors to its superior duties, is it not probable that all temporal impulses should receive abatement, and become but *secondary* ones? And now will not Father Marescotti once more try to revive his influences over her mind?—Is it not his *duty* to do so, zealous Catholic as he is? Can the Bishop refuse, good man as he is, and as steady in his principles, to second the Father?

But what trials are these, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to an expecting heart!—Will they not serve to convince us of the vanity of all human reliance for happiness? I am in a very serious humour. But what can I say to *you* on such subjects, that you knew not much better before than I? “Let us, I remember you once said, when we are called upon to act a great or manly part, preach by action. Words then will be needless.” God only knows, whether the ardent heart would be punished or rewarded, by the completion of its wishes: But this I know, that were Clementina to give me both her hand and her heart, and could not, by reason of religious doubts, be happy with me, I should myself be extremely miserable; especially if I had been earnest to prevail upon her to favour me against her judgment.

LETTER XXVI

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation*

I WAS obliged to lay down my pen. My mind was too much disturbed to write on.

We had a great deal of discourse before we quitted Jeronymo's chamber, on this extraordinary subject. They all, as I told you, expressed their *doubts*, that the Lady would be able to persist in her new resolution. The Marquis and Marchioness gave their opinion, that she should be left entirely to the workings of her own will: And the Count proposed, by way of enforcing their opinions, that neither the Bishop and Father Marescotti on one hand (tho' religion was in the question) nor Jeronymo and myself on the other, should endeavour to prevail upon her either to *alter*, or *persevere* in, her way of thinking. Jeronymo said, he desired only one conversation with his sister alone, before he complied with this proposal.

They put it to me. I said, That several passages in her paper were of too solemn a nature for me to refuse my consent to their proposal: But, however, if I should observe, in future conversations between her and me, that she was inclined to alter her mind, and *seemed* to wish to be encouraged to declare the alteration, they must allow me, for the sake of my own honour, as a *man*, and of her delicacy, as a *woman*, to shew the ardour of my attachment to her, by my *prevent-ing*¹ declaration, and even entreaty.

The Marchioness bowed to me, with a grateful smile of approbation.

Father Marescotti hesitated, as if he had something of an objection to make; but he was silenced by the Marquis's saying, On *your* honour, on *your* delicacy, I am sure, Chevalier, we may rely.

I am absolutely of opinion that we may, said the Count. The Chevalier can put himself in every one's situation; and can forget his own interest, when a right and just measure is to be taken.

This is true, said Jeronymo—But, let it be *our* part to shew the Chevalier, that he is not the *only* man in the world who can do so.

You must remember, my dear Jeronymo, said the Bishop, that Religion is a consideration superior to all others. Shall our sister, who follows the example set her by the Chevalier, be discouraged in an effort so noble? But I am willing to subscribe to the proposal, as an equal one.

Father Marescotti, said I, you must return me the paper. I must often have recourse to it, to strengthen my own mind, in order to enable myself to answer your expectations.

The Father desired leave to take a copy of it in short-hand; and retired for that purpose.

I have no doubt but he will make great use of it with the family, and perhaps with the Lady, should there be occasion, hereafter. For my own part, if the noble Enthusiast, when the heat of her imagination is gone off, shall persist in believing that she has a divine impulse in favour of her resolution, and *that* given in answer to her prayers, I will endeavour to shew her, that her call upon me to support her in it, tho' against myself, shall be answered, whatever it cost me.

They prevailed on me to stay dinner. She excused herself from being present; but desired to see me, when it was over.

Camilla *then* led me to her. I found her in tears. She was afraid, she said, that I would not forgive her: Yet I *would*, she was sure, if I knew the conflicts with which her soul laboured.

I soothed her disturbed mind. I told her, that I desired her direction, and was resolved to pursue it. Her paper should be one of my constant lessons; and *her* conscience the rule of my conduct, with regard to my expectations of her favour.

O Sir, said she, how good you are! It is from your generosity, next to the divine assistance, that I expect support in my resolution. I but imperfectly remember what I would have done, and what I consented to, when you were last among us—But when I *best* knew myself, I was more inclined to support my parents and brothers in their expectations, with regard to the two great articles of religion and residence, than to comply with yours. My fortune, my rank, merited your consideration; and my pride was sometimes piqued. “But it was the regard that I had to the welfare of your immortal soul, that weighed *most* with me. O Sir! could you have been a Catholic!”—

She then wrung her clasped hands, and tears trickled down her cheeks. God Almighty convert you, Chevalier!—But you must leave me. I am beginning to be again unhappy!—Leave me, Sir, But let me see you to-morrow. I will pray for a composure of mind, in the mean time. Do you pray for me too. “And pray for yourself, Chevalier! The welfare of your soul, your immortal soul, was *ever* my principal concern.”

She began to ramble. Her looks were a little wild. I took leave of her; and going hastily from her, in order to hide my own emotion, I surprised Father Marescotti, who, as it was at first sight evident to me, from the confusion I found him in, and the attempts he hesitatingly make to excuse himself, had been listening to what passed between the Lady and me. Pity! that a well-intended zeal should make a good man do mean things!

No apologies, my dear Father, said I. If you doubted my honour, I can think myself, in some measure, obliged to your *condescension*,

for taking this method to prove me. Allow me, my dear Sir, to say (It is to Father Marescotti) that the man, who, in the greater actions of his life, thinks himself under the All-seeing Eye, will not be afraid of a fellow-creature's ear.

I beg a thousand pardons, said he, hesitating, and in confusion. But I will confess the truth; I believed it was next to impossible, that a young man, whose Love to one of the most excellent of women is not to be questioned, should be able to keep the conditions prescribed to him, and forbear to make use of the power she acknowledges he has over her affections—But forgive me, Chevalier.

Forgive *yourself*, my dear Father; I do most heartily forgive you.

I led him down to Jeronymo's chamber, begging of him not to say a syllable more of this matter; and not to let me suffer in his esteem by this accident.

I have more than once, Dr. Bartlett, experienced the irreconcilable enmity of a man, whom I have forgiven for a meanness, and who was less able to forgive me my forgiveness, than I was him his fault. But Father Marescotti cannot be such a man. He is capable of generous shame. He could hardly hold up his head all the time I staid.

I related to the family, in the presence of the Father, the substance of what passed between the Lady and me. They seemed surprised at her stedfastness. The Bishop told me, that he had dispatched a messenger post to the General, with a Letter, in which he had written a faithful account of their present situation. He would shew me a copy of it, if I pleased. I was sure, I said, I could depend upon his generosity and honour; and should be glad to know the sentiments of the General and his Lady upon it, when they returned an answer.

I promised to attend them in the morning: And going to my lodgings, found there, waiting for me, the Count of Belvedere. Saunders, and his gentleman, were both together below-stairs, waiting for, yet dreading, as they said, my return. Saunders had told the Count, it was uncertain: But he declared that he would wait for me, were it ever so late. They both besought me to take care of my own safety. His gentleman told me, that his master had been very much disturbed in his mind ever since he was with me last; declaring often, that his life was a burden to him. He believed, he said, he had a brace of pistols with him: And then again expressed his care for my safety, as well as his Lord's. Fear not, said I: The Count is a man of honour: I would not, for the world, hurt *him*: And I dare say he will not hurt *me*.

I hastened up. Why, my Lord, said I, taking his unwilling hands, each in mine, for a double reason, did you not let me know you

intended me this honour? Or why did not your Lordship send for me, as soon as you came?

Send for you! with a melancholy air; What from your Clementina? No!—But tell me what is concluded upon? My soul is impatient to know. Answer me like a man: Answer me like a man of honour.

Nothing, my Lord, is concluded upon: Nothing can be concluded upon till Lady Clementina's mind be fully known.

If *that* be all the obstacle—

Not a slight one. I assure you, that Clementina knows her own worth. She will put a just value upon herself. In her unhappy delirium, she always preserved a high sense of that delicacy, which distinguishes the woman of true honour. It shines forth now in all her words and actions with redoubled lustre. She will make the more difficulties, as her friends make less. Nothing *can* be done *soon*: And if it will make your Lordship easier (for I see you are disturbed) I will acquaint you when any-thing is likely to be carried into effect.

And *is* nothing yet concluded on? And *will* you give me such notice?

I will, my Lord.

Upon your honour?

Upon my honour.

Well then, I have some days longer to crawl upon this earth.

What means my Lord?

This I mean, withdrawing his hands from mine, and taking out of his pockets two pistols: I came resolved, that you should take one of these, at your choice, had the affair been concluded upon, as I dreaded it would. I am no assassin, Sir, nor ever employed one: Nor would I have deprived Clementina of her elected husband. All I intended was, that the hand to which she is to give hers, should have first taken my life. I will not, I cannot live, to see her the wife of any man on earth, tho' she has refused to be mine—You should have *found* I would not.

What a rashness!—But I see your mind is disturbed. The Count of Belvedere could not otherwise talk in this manner.

It is not *impossible*, surely, my dear Dr. Bartlett (however *improbable*, as I begin to apprehend) that Clementina may change her mind. I could not, therefore, acquaint the Count with our present situation; because the hope he would have conceived from it, would, in case of a change, have added strength to his despair. I contented myself, therefore, to reason with him on his rash intention. And having renewed my assurances, as above, he took leave of me so much recovered, as to thank me for the advice I had given him; and to promise, that he would make it the foundation of his prayers to heaven for a calmer mind, than he had known for some days past.

Saunders and his valet seemed overjoyed at seeing us come down together, in an amicable manner; and in the high civility each paid the other.

I should have mentioned, that the Count, of his own accord, in passing thro' my antechamber to the stairs, laid in one of the windows the two pistols. My dear Grandison, said he, let these remain in your keeping. They are pieces of curious workmanship. Whither might one of them, by this time, have sent me!—And in what difficulties might you the survivor, a foreigner, have been involved; which then I considered not; for all my malice was levelled against my unhappy self! I will not trust myself with them—

Here I conclude for this night. I will not dispatch these last-written Letters, till I see what to-morrow will produce. My dear friend! How grievous is suspense!—Perhaps I should have thought myself more obliged to bear it, had I been thus entangled, fettered, suspended, by my own fault.

LETTER XXVII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation

I WENT, according to promise, in the morning, to the palace of Porretta. I found all the family, the Marchioness and Lady Clementina excepted, in Jeronymo's chamber. My entrance, I suppose, was solemn; for Jeronymo, as I approached him, snatching my hand, said, This girl, this capricious, this uncommon girl! How can I forgive her for vexing the heart of my Grandison?

Father Marescotti looked so conscious, that I pitied him. I took his hand, and, with an air of kindness, asked him—Are there any hopes, my good Father, that I shall have the honour of calling you one of my dearest household friends in England?

I gave him no time to answer, lest he should not be assured enough: And addressing myself to the Bishop, My Lord, I ask *you* the like question: Is there a likelihood, that I shall have an interest in Father Marescotti's more intimate friendship? We already, I answer *for* myself, and *from* my vanity, love each other.

Dear Grandison! said the Marquis; and, taking my hand, he called me by the kindest name—Saving, that it was not *Son*! Jeronymo dried his eyes. The Count saluted me in a tender accent. The Bishop was silent.

I see, thought I, that the admirable Clementina perseveres!—Religion, that can do so much for *her*, will not, I hope, leave *me* unbenefited by its all-chearing influence. If I cannot be so happy as I wish, I am in the hands of Providence; and will not give myself up

to unmanly despair—Yet the greatness of this woman's mind! thought I—Why did they not fall upon indulgent methods with her before? Then, probably, had there not been a supposed reason for an invitation to me to quit my native country, to which I had been so long a stranger, and to come over to Italy!—Then had she, in all likelihood, recovered her reason, and I had not known how great she could be; and her filial duty would have disengaged me equally from all obligations of honour, and expectations of favour!

The Marchioness came in soon after. Her address to me confirmed me in my apprehensions—Dear Grandison, said she, condescendingly laying her hand on mine, how do you? See our dear Jeronimo—How much better he is—What return can we make to you for your goodness to him? I went up to the dear girl last night, after you were gone. She was then indeed a little hysterical. But the disorder went off in prayers for you and for herself. I am just come from her. She has had a quiet night. She is calm, and, I may say, serene. All her cares are in what manner to shew her gratitude to you.

It is impossible, madam, but I must have joy in your joy. Lady Clementina, I apprehend, perseveres in her resolution!—

I have talked to her, Chevalier, in your favour. If you love her, she says, as we all think you do, she will *yet* be yours.

Dear madam (overjoyed) tell me—

Let me interrupt you, Chevalier: I must not mislead you, nor keep you in suspense—She will, she says, beg your acceptance of her vows—if—

If what, madam—

Hear me with patience, Chevalier—If you will comply with the conditions, on which we would have permitted her to be yours, when you were last in Italy—This is her *own* proposal—Made at her *own* motion—She is afraid it will be to no purpose (she says *afraid*, Sir): But as you have not denied her to herself, she begs I will put the question to you in her name, for the sake (if you should refuse her) of her own future tranquillity of mind. The Chevalier Grandison is generous; he is just; he is polite: He cannot but receive this motion of my child by her mother, as the greatest condescension from both.

I bowed. I was going to speak; but they all severally broke in upon me.

On my knees, Chevalier, said Father Marescotti, I will entreat you!

O Chevalier, said the Bishop, how happy is it in your power to make us all!

Surely you *can*, you *will*, you *must*, Chevalier! said the Count, if you love the dear creature, as we all suppose you do.

You will not, I hope, dear Grandison, said the Marquis, *refuse* my

daughter. Ask *any* conditions of us—She shall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither; and stay till you shall choose to return with us.

Jeronymo, with sobs, caught my hand as I sat next him—For *God's* sake, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes, for your soul's sake, my Grandison, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you Brother.

If *my* tears, if *my* prayers, have weight, said the Marchioness, let me call down my child, and she shall give you her hand in our presence. She thinks, besides the regard she has for your soul, that she ought to insist upon the terms on which we would have *consented* to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wishes.

Dearest Grandison! rejoined the Bishop, *Refuse not* my sister: *Refuse not* the daughter of the Marchese and Marchesa della Porretta: *Refuse not* the assenting Clementina.

They were all silent; their eyes were upon me. It is, answered I, too, too condescendingly generous to put this task upon me: But, *Refuse* Lady Clementina, said you! How you wound my soul by the supposition! I see your compassion for me, in the light you cannot but *mean* I should. Lady Clementina's generously and condescendingly meant proposal, when I am willing to allow terms to *her*, that she will not to *me*, shews me how important she thinks the difference between the two religions: Need I repeat, my Lord (to the Bishop) what my own thoughts are upon this subject? Would to heaven the terms were no other than those *before agreed to*; or were such as I could comply with! I have only to console myself, that the power of *Refusal* lies where it *ought* to lie. Clementina is an angel. I am not worthy of her. Yet, let me add, this company (bowing round me) cannot think me too solemn—Were I to live always here; were I convinced that there is no life after this; your commands and *Clementina's* would be Laws to me. But has she not the goodness to say, in her paper, "That I have the same notion she has of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come?"

They looked upon one another. It is hard, very hard, said the Bishop, for a man, convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different persuasion, what he expects should be allowed for himself. *You*, Chevalier, however, can allow it; and have greatness of mind enough to judge favourably of those who cannot. I do love you; but fain would I love you more.

The Marchioness wept. My dear Love, said the Marquis, taking her hand with the tenderness of a Lover, but speaking a little too severely of me for his usual generosity—How many tears has this affair cost you! My heart bleeds to see you weep. Comfort yourself. Let us comfort each other. The Chevalier Grandison is indeed un-

worthy of our child; unworthy of the terms we offered to him; unworthy of our joint entreaties—He is an invincible man.

I was greatly affected. After a little hesitation, I ask leave, my Lords, said I, to retire for one moment. I will return as soon as I have recovered myself from the concern given me by the—*mis*-apprehension (shall I call it?) of the best of men, whom from my heart I reverence.

I arose as I spoke, withdrew, and took two or three turns in the salon.

I staid not till I was sent for: But assuming as chearful an air as I could, returned; and found them earnest in talk. They all arose at my return, seemingly pleased with it; and the Marquis coming to me, Chevalier, said he, I am sorry—

Not one word of apology, my Lord, interrupted I. I withdrew not from disrespect, or in resentment; but purely from concern, that, in *your* opinion, I deserved not the honour done me, by one so dear to you. Think me unhappy, my Lord, and pity me. Principle, not perverseness, influences me: It does every one present: It does the dear Lady above: And shall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the same motive?

O that I could embrace my fourth son! said the Marchioness. The Bishop threw his arms about me. Generous expansion of *heart*! were the words that fell from his lips. Jeronymo shewed his friendly Love in what he said: And *must* not, said the Count, this young man be one of us?

After chocolate, the Marchioness withdrew to the window, making a motion to me to attend her. I hastened to her. She complimented me, speaking low, as a fit person to be consulted in a case where female delicacy was concerned; and then asked me, what I would have her say to Clementina, who had *offered* her hand to me on conditions, with which she had hopes I would comply? Must I tell the dear child, she is *rejected*?

Lady Clementina rejected!—Dear madam, how can I bear that she should but suppose it?—Be pleased to tell her, that I have been again sounded on the subject of a change of religion, *if* her favour for me could be procured: But that I was so steady in my faith, that there were no hopes of my *conversion*, as you will call it: And be so good as to remind her (it may look like a breach of conditions if *I* do) that I require not a change in *her*; and that therefore the terms proposed are unequal.

Fain, very fain, Chevalier, would I—She stopt there—But no more on this subject. I will see in what way the dear creature is now.

She left me, and went to her daughter. The subject was changed.

In about half an hour she returned. She told me, that she had

followed my advice; but that Clementina seemed dissatisfied and perplexed: And, as she had not *asked* to see me, advised me to suspend my attendance on her till the afternoon, as she would by that means have more time to compose her spirits; and herself further opportunities of talking with her.

Declining their invitation to dinner, I went to my lodgings; and to amuse myself, had recourse to my pen.

Having written thus far, I lay it down till my return from them.

LETTER XXVIII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation

AT my entrance into the palace of Porretta, I was desired to walk into the garden to the Bishop. I found with him Father Marescotti.

Dear Grandison, said the Bishop, meeting me, and taking my hand, you must decide a point between the Father and me, that we are afraid has made us a little accountable to you.

I was silent. He proceeded.

Clementina is very sedate. She sent for me and the Father soon after you left us. She asked us several questions in relation to you; and insisted on our advice, as religious men, and as we would answer for it to our own consciences. Her first was, Whether we thought there were any hopes of your conversion?—I answered negatively.

I don't expect, said she, that he would be induced to change his religion for a wife, nor even for a crown, were he not convinced of the falsehood of his own, and the truth of ours: But again I ask, Cannot you and Father Marescotti convince his judgment? I should think it would not be so hard a task, learned and good men, as you both are: Good man, and modest, and patient, and unpresuming, as he is; who has been so long among Catholics; who came from England so young; has been left so much to his own direction; and who must see the difference of the two religions to the advantage of ours, were he but to judge by the efficacy of each on the lives and manners of the people professing each; for, surely, the men of name and family, who are sent among us by their parents, from the heretic countries, in order to observe our manners, and to improve their own, are not the *worst* of the people of those countries.

I told her, proceeded the Bishop, that, to be impartial, there were bad and good of all nations; that she was not likely to be approached by any of her *own* but who were good; that you, Chevalier, and Mrs. Beaumont, might convince us that there were good people among the Protestants; and that now-and-then a young man of that profession,

did *actually* appear among us, who was *not* a discredit to his country. But, continued I, I have heretofore debated the subject with the Chevalier Grandison. You know I was in a manner called upon to do it: And have found him a Protestant upon principle; and that he has a great deal to say for himself. You, Father, would not allow me this; but you never entered into close argument with him on the subject, as I have done.

My sister then asked, proceeded the Bishop, if I thought that her own religious principles would be endangered, if she became yours, and went with you to England?

We both referred her to certain passages in the paper she gave you.

My heart, said she, could never be proof against a generous and kind treatment. The condescending compliances with my weakness, which my father, mother, brothers, and uncle, have made, have effected what opposition and cruelty, as you see, could not. So compassionate, so humane a man, as I think the Chevalier Grandison, and so steady as he is in his principles, so much, as you own, as he has to say for himself, joined with the sense I always had, from my *mother's* example, of the duties of a good wife, will too probably stagger me in my faith: And if so, I shall be unhappy: I shall make my confessor so. I am *determined*, added she (as you, brother, have seen) in my own mind: But I ask your opinion, and yours, Father Marescotti. The Chevalier now is a favourite with you both. Religion only can now be the question—Is it not too probable that I shall be staggered in my own faith, were I to be his?

We gave her, continued the Bishop, our opinions freely, as religious men. *Could* we, Chevalier, do otherwise? And yet we are both ready to accuse ourselves of infringing conditions with you. Tell us, if in your opinion we have?

I cannot, my Lord, judge from this general account. If you did *more* than answer her questions; if you expatiated *argumentatively* on the subject; I must think you *have*: And your own doubts help to convince me, that you have; tho' I cannot but respect you greatly for the frankness of your application to me on this subject.

We *were* earnest, Chevalier; we *were* warm in what we said—

Well, my Lord, called upon as you both were, it would not have become your characters to be cool—For my own part, I have been recollecting the behaviour of your admirable sister throughout every stage of her delirium, respecting myself: And I have not been able to call to mind one instance in it of an attachment *merely* personal. I need not tell you, Father, nor you, my Lord, what a zealous Catholic she is. She *early* wished me to be one: And had I not thought myself obliged in honour, because of the confidence placed

in me by the whole family, to decline the subject, our particular conversations, when she favoured me with the name of tutor, would have generally taken that turn. Her unhappy illness was owing to her zeal for religion, and to her concealing her struggles on that account. She never hinted at marriage in her resveries. She was still solicitous for the SOUL of the man she wished to proselyte; and declared herself ready to lay down her life, could she have effected that favourite wish of her heart. At other times, she supposed my marriage with some other woman; and was only generously solicitous, that it should not be with one who might discredit the regard she herself professed for me. At another time she wished to be acquainted with my sisters, and hoped they would come to Italy: She proposed to perfect them in the Italian tongue, as they should her in the English: But as to me, only bespoke a visit from me now-and-then, when they came. I have the vanity to think, that I stand high in her favour. But religion, it is evident, as it ought, stands higher. From all these recollections and observations, I have endeavoured to account for the noble behaviour of your sister; and am the less surprised at it, now she is come to her memory. It is all great; all uniform; and most probably we should have been in a very different situation than what we have been long in, had she had her way given her at the time she was so earnest—For what? *Only* to be allowed a *second* interview, a farewell visit, when she had shewn a little before, on a *first*, that marriage seemed not to be in her thoughts.

And had she not been entrusted to the management of the cruel Laurana, said the Bishop—

From which, thank God, said the Father, I was the instrument of freeing her.

By all this, proceeded I, I mean not recrimination; but only to observe the consistency of the noble Lady's mind, when she was *able* to reflect. And what now remains for me to do, but to reconcile myself, if possible, to a conduct that I must ever admire, however I may, in its consequences, as to my own particular, regret it?—Your Lordship, I am afraid, thinks, that she adheres to the contents of the paper she put into my hands.

Unless you, Chevalier—

That, my Lord, is out of the question. Let it, however, be remembered, that I have not prescribed to her that hard condition, which is made an indispensable one to me. Yet is Lady Clementina the only woman on earth that I would have *wished* to call mine, on the terms on which I should have been proud to receive her hand: For it is easy to foresee, that, generally, great inconveniencies must attend a marriage between persons of a different religion, one of them zealous, the other not indifferent.

But, Chevalier, you acquit Father Marescotti and me.

I do, my Lord. Be you your own judges. The *condition* was not proposed by me. I consented to it, for the sake of those who prescribed it, and for your sister's sake. I could not wish to prosecute my humble suit, notwithstanding her declared favour for me, against the pleas of conscience which she so earnestly urged. How could I, while religion, and the generosity of her friends to her, required, as she thought, that she should get above all regards for me? I was therefore willing to comply with the proposal, and to wait the issue of her spontaneous determination, and to be governed by it. But now that your Lordship and Father Marescotti have dispensed with the condition, I presume that I am not bound by it.

What means my Grandison?

Only this: I could not be thought to bear a Love so fervent to the admirable Clementina, as the man ought to bear who aspires to the honour of calling her his, if I made not *one* effort to convince her, that she may be happy with me as to the article she is so solicitous about—From *female delicacy*, she may, perhaps, *expect* to be argued with, and to be persuaded. Allow me to give her assurances of my inviolable honour in that point. It becomes me, as a man, and as her admirer, to remove her scruples, if I *can*, before I yield up my Love to the force of them.

Would you *argue* with her on the merits of the two persuasions?

I would not. I never did. I would only assure her of my firm resolution never to attempt to bring her over to mine, nor to traverse the endeavours of her confessor, to keep her steady in hers. But were we to consider only her future ease of mind [You see, my Lord, that she herself has a view to that, in the proposal made me, as from herself] in which the happiness of all your family is included, it is right to see if she builds on a foundation that cannot be shaken; that she may not hereafter regret the steps she has taken, which might possibly—

I understand you, Chevalier—It is prudently, it is kindly, put, as well for her sake, as ours.

I shall be glad, my Lord, that you should be within hearing of every word that shall pass between us on this occasion. *One* effort I *ought* to make. If she is determined, I will not urge her further. For all the world, and the dear Clementina in it, I would not have her act against her conscience: Nor will I take advantage of the declaration she has repeatedly made, that it is in my power to hold her fast, or to set her free. I will not so much as urge it to her, lest, if she should alter her purpose, it should be from the conscience of a kind of promise implied in that declaration, and not from her heart. No, my Lord, she shall be *wholly* free. I will not, excellent as she is,

accept of her hand against her conscience: Neither my conscience, nor, let me say, my pride, will permit me to do so. But the world, as well as my own heart, would blame me if I made not one effort. If it fail, I shall be easier in my own mind; and so will she in hers. Be you, my Lord, within hearing of our next conversation.

I would not, Dr. Bartlett, propose to Father Marescotti, that *he* should, for fear of making him uneasy, on his listening to what passed between the Lady and me.

I can absolutely depend upon your honour, Chevalier, replied the Bishop. We have brought ourselves to be *sincere* favourers of this alliance with you. But I own to you, that both Father Marescotti and myself, on the unexpected turn my sister has voluntarily taken, are of opinion, that you will *both* be happier, if it take not place. The difference in religion; her malady—

No more, my Lord, of this subject. If I cannot succeed, I must endeavour to draw consolation to myself from reason and reflexion. Mean time, all I ask is that you will both acquit me of any supposed breach of condition, as well in your own minds, as to the rest of the family, if I make this *one* effort: After which, if it succeed not, I will, whatever I suffer, divert myself of Self, and join with you, and Father Marescotti, to secure the ground gained in the restoration of the noblest of female minds.

They looked upon each other, as if they were afraid of the event. The Father whispered the Bishop. I believe, by a word or two that I could not but hear, it was to induce him to place himself so as to hear (as I had proposed) the conversation that was next to pass between the Lady and me.

Turning round on their whispering, Don't I see Camilla, my Lord, said I, at distance, watching our motions, as if she wanted an opportunity to speak to one of us?

She has been walking for some time within sight, said Father Marescotti.

The Bishop made signs to her to advance. She did. And told me, that her young Lady was desirous to see me.

I followed her. Clementina was alone. Camilla introduced me to her, and withdrew.

She was in great confusion on my approach. Her complexion frequently varied. She looked at me often, and as often turned away her eyes; and sighed. Two or three times she hemm'd, as if she would have cleared her voice; but could not find words to express her labouring mind. It was easy to see, that her perplexity was not favourable to me. I thought it would be cruel, not to break the way for her to speak.

Let not my dear Clementina forbear to say all that is in her heart, to the man who greatly prefers her peace of mind to his own.

I had, I had, said she, a great deal to say, before I *saw* you: But now you are *present*—She stopt.

Take time to recollect yourself, madam—I have been talking in the garden to my Lord the Bishop, and to Father Marescotti. I greatly revere them both. You have consulted them on the contents of the paper you were pleased to put into my hands. I have hopes from *thence*, that you may be made easy in your mind. I will never, dearest madam, urge you on the article of Religion. You shall be absolute mistress of your own will. You shall prescribe to me what conditions you please, with regard to your way of life, your pleasures, your gratuities to your servants, and others. Father Marescotti and your Camilla with you, you will be as safe from innovation, as you can be in your father's house.

Ah Chevalier!

We may, perhaps, prevail upon your father and mother to honour us with their company, in your first journey to England. They have not been of late so well as it were to be wished: We have baths there of sovereign efficacy, in many disorders. By using them, and change of climate, they will very probably receive benefit in their healths. Jeronymo—

Ah, Chevalier!—She arose from her seat, and resealed herself several times, with great emotion. I proceeded.

Jeronymo, our dear Jeronymo, I hope will accompany us, and his skilful Lowther. Those baths are restorative.

O Chevalier! what a man you are?—

She stopt with an air of attention, as if she wished me to proceed.

—And when your honoured and beloved friends shall see their Clementina happy, as I am determined she shall be, if all the tenderness of affection I am able to shew, can make her so, how happy will they *all* be!—Your chapel, madam! Your confessor! Your own servants!—

Ah, Sir! Sir!—Ought I to listen to such temptations, after what I have given you, upon deliberation, in writing? Good Heaven! and the whole heavenly host! direct me!—

She had recourse to her beads; and her lips, as a word now-and-then half-pronounced informed me, moved to a Pater-noster. Again she assumed an attentive air.

My sisters, madam, will revere you. You will have pleasure in calling them *yours*. Their Lords are men of the first figure in their country. I ask not for fortune. I ask only for *you*, and you I ask of yourself. My estate is considerable, and improving. The pride I take in being independent, and in the power of obliging, suffers me not to be imprudent with regard to oeconomy. My capital mansion

(I value it for not being a house of yesterday) tho' not so magnificent as your palace in Bologna, is genteel, spacious, convenient. The paper you gave me, shews me that the grandeur of your soul is equal to that of your birth. I revere you for the pious and noble sentiments contained in it. What obligations will you lay me under to your goodness, if you can prevail upon yourself to rely upon my assurances, that I will *never* seek to make you unhappy on a religious account; and if you can be satisfied with the enjoyment of your own religion, and leave to me the exercise of mine! Dear madam, *why* may not this be? *Why* will you not leave me as free as I am ready to leave you? Justice, generosity, are my pleas to a Lady, who surely cannot *but* be just and generous. Think, madam; dear Lady Clementina, think; if you cannot, by making me happy, be yourself so.

I took her unresisting hand, and kissed it. She sighed. She wept. She was silent.

With what pleasure, proceeded I, will you every other year visit and revisit England, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new, in turn! Never revisiting England without some of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another; and who will be of our family. Your Grandison, madam, *allow* me to say *your* Grandison, has not, he presumes to aver, a *narrow* heart. You see, how well he can live with the most zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but, when called upon, fears not to avow his own—My dearest Clementina! [Again I pressed her hand with my lips] say, you think you *can* be happy, and you bless me with your Love.

O Sir! God is my witness—But leave me, leave me, for a few moments. I dare not trust myself *with* myself.

Command me not to leave you, madam, till you resolve in my favour—Say, cannot you be happy in the free exercise of your own religion?—Father Marescotti, Camilla, with you—In England but one year at a time—In Italy, under the re-assuring eye of your father, mother, brothers, the next.

Ah, Sir! you must retire—*Indeed* you must: You leave me not at liberty—You must let me consider—On this crisis of time, as far as I know, depends an eternity of happiness or misery.

Command me not from you: Bid me not leave you. Obey the tender impulse that, I flatter myself, I discover in my favour. I seek *your* happiness, in pursuing *my own*. Your eternal welfare *cannot* be endangered. *My* conscience will oblige me to strengthen *yours*, when I see it *is* yours—Bid me not leave you—Excellent Clementina, bid me not leave you!

You must, you must—How can I trust myself against a voice, that is the voice of Love; and claims my kindness, my justice, my genero-

sity—Was I ever ungenerous, unjust, unkind?—And if thus staggered now, what, were I to be yours, would the superadded sense of my duty do!—O leave me, Sir, a few moments, leave me.

Be propitious, madam, be propitious, to my humble hope; that is all I will at present say; and now I obey you—Profoundly bowing, I withdrew into the next apartment. She to her closet.

I went out slowly; and heard the hasty motion of somebody going out of the apartment, as I entered it. It was, it seems, the Bishop, who had placed himself within hearing of what passed between his sister and me, as I had desired he would.

It was a full quarter of an hour before I heard her move; and then it was to seek for me.

I was sitting in a pensive mood, revolving the embarrassments I had met with from some of the best of women; and, as you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, know, in different countries; and particularly the unexpected turn which this excellent creature had taken. She approached me with an air of majesty, yet mixed with tenderness. I met her, and, with a bent knee, taking her hand—My fate hangs upon those lips, said I; and was proceeding; when interrupting me—O Sir! I hear not, it is not *safe* for me to hear, *that* voice, accompanying *this* manner—Let me bend to you—I have been craving the divine direction. An irresistible impulse (surely it is *that* direction) bids me stay—Yet what can I say?—If I attempt to argue, I am lost!—Does not this shew me, that were I to be yours, I must be all you wish me to be? And then my everlasting peace, my everlasting happiness!—O Sir! I doubt not *your* justice, *your* generosity—But I fear *myself*!—Seek not, let me repeat, and looked a little wildly, seek not, kindest of men, to entangle me with your Love.

She bent her knee, and I was afraid would have fainted. I clasped my supporting arms about her.

Let me, let me cut short all I intended to say, said she, by referring to my paper. The contents of that *are not, cannot* be, answered to my satisfaction. Be my advocate to yourself, to your own heart, and seek not to entangle me with your Love.

Whatever it cost me, taking both her hands in mine, and bowing upon them, I will yield to your pleasure. I never will urge you again on this subject, unless your brother the Bishop give me hope of your welcome change of mind.

Best of men, said she, withdrawing her hands, and clasping them together!—But this is not enough—You must promise me your future friendship. You must let me call you *Brother*: You must be my *Tutor*, I your *Pupil*, once more—Happy days were those! The happiest of my life! And encourage and confirm in me the resolution I have taken, or I shall not be happy!

Look upon me, madam, as your brother, as your friend: But this latter task requires more magnanimity than I am master of. To your brother the Bishop, and to Father Marescotti, I must leave that task. They will be in earnest in it. I cannot; because I am convinced, in my own mind, that we might have been happy—Could you—But I forbear, tho' with difficulty—I have promised not to urge you further.

Indeed I have consulted them both, resumed she; but not before I had given you my written determination: Had they given their opinions *different* from what they did, I never could have got over the apprehensions I have of your strength, and my own weakness. I only consulted them, in hopes they would (as they could, or they had not been good Catholics) confirm and strengthen my mind. And why, why, should I punish the man, I must for ever esteem as my best friend, with a wife, that her unhappy malady has made unworthy of him? Dear Chevalier, I find myself at times not recovered. I may never be quite well. *You and yours* deserve not to be punished, but rewarded. Believe me, Sir, this has been a *second* consideration with me. God enable me to adhere to my resolution! for his sake, for your sake, and for the sake of my own peace of mind!

Must it not be difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, more difficult than when I came over to Bologna, to give up all hopes of so exalted a woman?

But say, Chevalier, you are not angry with me. Say, that you do not, that you will not, think me ungrateful. To obviate such a charge as that of ingratitude, to a man who has laid us all under such obligations—What is it that I would not do?

I *cannot* be displeased with you, madam. You *cannot* be ungrateful. I must not speak: Yet hardly know how to be silent. I will take a walk in the garden. I have a new lesson to learn.

With profound reverence I withdrew. She rang. Camilla came in—

I hastened into the garden, greatly dissatisfied with myself, yet hardly knowing why. I thought I wanted somebody to accuse, somebody to blame—Yet how could it be Clementina? But the words *Narrow zeal!*—*Sweet Enthusiast!*—as if I would find fault with her *religion*, involuntarily slipped from me to myself.

It is difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, at the instant in which the heart finds itself disappointed of some darling hope, to avoid reflexions that, however, can only be justified by self-parity. What must I be, if, led as I have been, by all her friends to hope, I had not been *earnest* in my hope!

The Bishop joined me in the garden—Excuse me, Grandison, said he, for breaking in upon your contemplations: But I was

desirous to apologize to you, for taking the liberty, tho' you allowed it to me, of attending to what passed between you and my sister.

I should, my Lord, have said every-thing I did say to your sister, the occasion the same, before your whole assembled family. Your Lordship has therefore no apologies to make to me. Heard you all that passed?

I believe I did. Those apartments were always the womens. Camilla placed me in a closet that I knew not of, where I heard every word you both said of the last part of your conversation. I must ask you, Chevalier—*Is not Clementina—*

Clementina, my Lord, is all that is great and good in woman. You will imagine, that it would have been much more easy for me to support myself under the resolution she has taken, had I not had such testimonies of her magnanimity. Permit me, my Lord, to say, that I have one good quality: I can admire goodness or greatness where-ever I meet with it; and that whether it makes for me, or against me. Clementina has all my reverence.

He made me compliments, and withdrew.

The Marquis, the Count, and the Marchioness, afterwards joined me in the garden. The Bishop and Father Marescotti not coming with them, or presently after them, I doubted not but they went to Clementina, in order to applaud her for, and confirm her in, a resolution, which must be agreeable to them. I was right in my conjecture.

The Marquis and Count each took my hand, and first expressed their surprize at the young Lady's adherence to her resolution; and next their high value of me. The Marchioness observed, "that her daughter, with all her excellencies, was ever difficult of persuasion, when she had deliberately resolved upon any point."

It was easy, I said, to see, that they all now were of one opinion; which was, that Lady Clementina was not to be moved from her present purpose.

They owned they were: But said, that if it were not *mine*, they thought themselves bound in honour to consent, that I should try, by generous means (and they were sure I would not think of any other) to prevail upon her in my favour.

I presume, said I, that the Bishop has already acquainted you with the substance of what passed just now, between Lady Clementina and me.

They were silent!

Has not your Ladyship seen Lady Clementina since?

I have: And she is extremely uneasy. She wishes you could be of our religion. Could it have been so, I, for my part, should rather have called the Chevalier Grandison my son, than any man in the world.

Clementina told me, added she (I cannot but say with more composure than I could have expected, tho' not without tears) that you promised to urge her no more on this subject. She owns, that more than once, as you talked to her, she could hardly forbear giving you her hand, on your own terms. But she says, that you were the most generous of men, when you saw she made a point of conscience of her adherence to her newly-taken resolution. And now, Chevalier, having made my Lord and the Count acquainted with all these things, we are come to advise with you what is to be done.

Dear Grandison, said the Marquis, advise us. We want an opportunity to shew you, in more than words, our gratitude for all your goodness to us: We want to appease our Jeronymo; who is ready to suspect, that his Brother and Father Marescotti have contributed to this turn in our daughter's mind: And we want you to declare freely your own sentiments, with regard to Clementina; and whether you would advise us, as well for her own sake, as for yours, to endeavour to prevail on her to change her mind. Dear creature! a relapse would now be fatal to her, and to her mother and me.

I have no difficulty, my Lord, to answer to these points. As to the first, I am greatly rewarded by the pleasure I have, in the more than could be hoped-for happy effects of Mr. Lowther's skill; and in the prospects that open to us of Lady Clementina's restored health of mind. On this subject I have but one request to make: It is that you will not mortify me so much, as to *suppose*, that I am not sufficiently rewarded.

As to appeasing the generous mind of Signor Jeronymo, let that task be Lady Clementina's. She can plead conscience with more force for herself, than any second person can do for her; and if she does, it will be a demonstration to us all, of her being likely to be happy in her perseverance!—More happy than I shall be! The admirable Lady who has silenced, on this head, a man so deeply interested to contest this point with her, will certainly be able to appease a brother by the same pleas; and the sooner, as, being of the same religion with the lovely pleader, her arguments will have greater force with *him*, than they could be supposed to have on *me*. For, let me say, my Lord, that I could not so much as *seem* to give way to them, had I not been accustomed, when I was to judge of another's actions, to suppose myself that very person: Hence have I often thought myself obliged to give judgment against my own wishes; though, on resuming MYSELF, I have not found reason to disapprove of my first expectation.

As to the third point, what can I say?—And yet, as your Lordship has put it, does it not *call* upon me, as I may say, to give a *proof* of the disinterestedness I have mentioned? I answer then, as supposing my-

self in *your* situation—I cannot expect that you will urge an interest, which I, by having put myself into that of Lady Clementina, have promised *not* to urge, unless she change her mind. What plea can a parent make use of, but that of *filial duty*? And where the child can plead *conscience* in answer, ought it to be insisted on?

And now, resuming MYSELF, let me presume to advise you to give the dear Lady full time to consider and *re-consider* the case. Her imagination may be heated: In other words, her malady may have a share in the heroism she has so nobly exerted: And yet I am afraid she will persevere. Permit me, my Lords, to say *afraid*. I cannot wholly divert myself of Self, in this very affecting case. We will not therefore take her at her word: I will absent myself for some time from Bologna; but (as she has the goodness to acknowledge an esteem for me) with her leave. I will return at my time. I will *repeat* my absences, if we have the least shadow of doubt. But if she hold her purpose, and shall not be visibly worse in her health or mind, we may conclude her resolution unalterable. In this case, I shall have one or two requests to make you; and, if granted, will endeavour to make myself as happy as a man in such a situation can be.

They applauded my advice. They declared themselves unwilling to think of giving up the pleasure they had brought themselves to have, in considering me as one of their family; and assured me, that it would have been impossible, that any the least difficulty should have arisen from them, after they had brought themselves to dispense with the most material one.

They were earnest with me to pass the evening with them. But I excused myself. I wanted to be at my own lodgings, in order to revolve all that had passed. But having not taken leave of Lady Clementina, I imagined she might think I went away in ill humour, if I forbore it. My whole study, I told them, should be to make Lady Clementina easy: And if the Marchioness would be so good as to permit me to take leave of her for the evening, in her presence, I would depart; only making my compliments to Signor Jeronymo, by Mr. Lowther; knowing that he would be grieved for my disappointment; and my mind not being at present easy enough, to contend with his concern for me.

The Marchioness said, she would see the way her Clementina was then in; and acquaint me, by Camilla, with her wishes; and then withdrew; leaving the Marquis, the Count, and me together.

Before we could renew our discourse, the Bishop and Father Marescotti joined us; both in high spirits. They were excessively complaisant to me. It was easy to guess at the occasion of their good humour. I could not be greatly delighted with it. But when the

Count told them what had passed, before they joined us, the Bishop embraced me; the Father unawares snatched my hand, and kissed it.

I was glad to be relieved from their compliments, by the expected message from the Marchioness and Clementina.

The young Lady met me, as I entered at the door of her apartment. She held out her hand to me. I respectfully took it. I saw she had been in tears: But she looked with a serenity, that I was glad to see, tho' I doubted not but it was partly owing to the conversation she had had since I left her, with her brother and her confessor, as well as to what might have passed between her mother and her.

She led me to a chair between them both. She withdrew not her hand; and aimed at a more chearful countenance than I had a heart. I congratulated her on her serenity. It is in your power, Sir, said she, to make me still more serene—Can you, of a truth, and from your heart, approve of my present way of thinking? *Can you, Chevalier?*—

I can admire you for it, madam! You have exalted yourself, in my opinion. But I *must* regret it—Because—But I have promised not to urge you. Your conscience, madam, is concerned—To endeavour but to *persuade* against conscience, if you have no doubt of your motive, is not warranted, even in a parent.

I am, I *think* I am, returned she, absolutely sure of my motive. But, my dear mamma, be pleased to put the questions I wished you to put to the Chevalier.

She still suffered me to with-hold her hand; and with the other took out her handkerchief; not to wipe away her tears, but to hide her blushes. She wept not: Her bosom heaved with the grandeur of her sentiments.

The question, my dear Grandison, said the Marchioness, is this—We have all of us told my Clementina, that you are invincible on the article of religion. She believes *us*: She doubts it not from your *behaviour* and *words*: But as she would not omit any means to convince you of her high regard for you, she is desirous to hear from your own lips, that you are *not* to be convinced: She is not afraid, the article so important, to hear you declare, that you will not be a Catholic. It will make her more easy upon reflexion, to be told, by you *yourself*, that you *cannot* comply, even were she to consent to be yours, at a very short day, if you *could*—

The exalted Lady stood up, still not withdrawing her hand—False shame, I despise thee, said she: Yet, covered with blushes, she turned her face from me.—That hand, as this heart, putting her other hand to her throbbing bosom, is yours, on that one condition—I am convinced of your affection for me—But fear not to tell me

(it is for my own future peace of mind, that I ask it) that you cannot accept it on the terms. She then withdrew her hand, and would have gone from me: But again I snatched it with both mine.

Do *you*, most excellent of human beings, let me ask you; do *you* consider the inequality in the case between us, as you are pleased to put it? I presume not to require a change of principles in you. You are only *afraid* of your perseverance, tho' you are to be left to your freedom; and your confessor to strengthen and confirm you. Of me, is not an actual change required against *conviction*?—Dearest Lady Clementina! Can you, can you (your mind great and generous in every other case) insist upon a condition so unequal?—Be great throughout; and I kneeled to her—Be uniformly noble—Withdraw not your hand—She struggled it, however, from me; and, hastening to her closet—Once more, Chevalier, said she, read my paper.

I left her, and approaching the Marchioness, who was in tears, Judge me, madam, said I, as I, in your opinion, deserve—What shall I say?—I can urge my hopes no farther: My promise is against me: Clementina is despotic—Forgive me!—But indeed Clementina is *not* impartial—

Dear Chevalier, said the Marchioness, giving me her hand, what can I say?—I admire *you*! I glory in my *child*! I could not, myself in her place, have withstood your plea. When her imagination is cool, I still question if *she* will hold her purpose—Propose to her, if you can engage her to descend from these heights, your intended absences—*You* must calm her. *You only* can. Her soul is wrought up to too high a pitch.

O madam! But I must try to quiet my own.

I withdrew into the room adjoining; and, in two or three minutes, returning, found the lovely daughter incircled by the arms of the indulgent mother, both in tears. Clementina was speaking. These were the words I heard her say:

Indeed, my dearest mamma, I am *not* angry with the Chevalier. Why should I? But he can allow for me. I cannot be so great as he. Don't I say, that I should be undone by his goodness.

She turned her head, and seeing me, disengaged herself from her mother's arms, and met me. Allow for me, Sir, I beseech you, said she. I *may* be partial. I believe I *am*. But you can forgive me. I will *hope* you can—*Read my paper*, said I, and went from you: But it was not in anger. *Read it*, I again say. I can give no other answer. I never can be happy with a man whom I think a heretic; and the moment I should, in tenderness, in duty, think him *not* one, I shall cease myself to be a Catholic. A *husband*, Sir, allied to perdition, what wife can bear the reflexion?

The Chevalier, my dear, urges you not. He adheres to his promise.

You were willing to put a question to him yourself. I consented that he should answer it in your presence, for the sake of your future peace of mind. He has spoken to it like himself: He has shewn you, how much he admires you, at the same time that he signifies his inviolable adherence to his own religion. My dearest Love, he has conceded to terms in our favour, that we have not conceded to in his. Glorious and unexceptionable is his adherence, were it to a *right* religion. He *believes* it is. He might urge much to his own advantage from your adherence to yours: But he has only hinted at that to us, not to you. He is willing to wait the event of your own will. He will leave us, as he did more than once before, and return; and if you persevere, he will endeavour to make himself easy—

And leave us; and return to England, I suppose?

No doubt of it, my dear—

While the Florentine is there—

I never, madam, can be any-thing but a well-wisher to the Florentine—

God give *you*, Sir, and *me* too, ease of mind. But I find my head overstrained. It is bound round as with a cord, I think, putting her hands to each side of it, for a moment—You must leave me, Sir. But if you will see me to-morrow morning, and tell me whither you intend to go, and what you intend to do, I shall be obliged to you. Cannot we walk together, Sir, as brother and sister? Or as tutor and pupil?—Those were happy days! Let us try to recover them.

She put her hand to her forehead, as apprehensive of disorder; and looked discomposed. I bowed to both Ladies, in silence; retired; and, without endeavouring to see any-body else, went to my lodgings.

LETTER XXIX

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation*

Bologna, Thursday, July 13-24

I HAD a visit early this morning from the Count of Belvedere. He found me very much indisposed. He had heard that I met with some difficulties, and attributed my indisposition to them.

I owned that it might be so. My life, my Lord, said I, has not been so happy as might have been hoped for, by a man, who has made it his study to avoid giving offence, either to man or woman; and has endeavoured to restrain passions, that otherwise might have been as unruly as those of other young men, in my circumstances. But, I bless God, I have resolution. I may bend beneath a weight, when it is *first* laid upon me: But if I find I cannot shake it off, I

will endeavour to collect my strength, and make myself easy under it. Pardon me, my Lord: I do not often allow my mind to break out thus into words. But I hold the Count of Belvedere for my friend.

You do me honour, said he: And I came with a heart disposed to cultivate your friendship. I thank you for your last goodness to me. Your advice and gentle behaviour, when I was not fit to be trusted with myself, have saved me, as far as I know, from final destruction. To the last day of my life, I shall confess obligation to you. But, dear Chevalier, if some account of the difficulties you meet with will not be a renewal of grief, now you are not very well—

It will *not* be so, my Lord, interrupted I, since at present I can think of nothing else. Yet putting myself in the place of every one of the family of Porretta, I have nobody to blame; but the contrary. And I must admire Lady Clementina as one of the noblest of women.

He was all impatience for further particulars.

What may yet be the event, I cannot tell, proceeded I: Therefore will only say, that difference in religion is the difficulty with the Lady. I am willing to allow her the full and free exercise of hers. She insists upon a change of mine. For the rest, you, my Lord, want not friends among the principals of the family; let *them* give you what account they think fit. I would not scruple to gratify your curiosity, could I give you a conclusive one.

I *am* curious, Chevalier, said he. I loved Clementina above all women, *before* her illness. I loved her not the less *for* her illness; for then my Pity joined with my Love, and added a tenderness to it, of which I had not, in equal degree, been before sensible. The treatment she met with, and the self-interested cruelty of Lady Laurana, heightened her illness, and that (I did not think it possible) my Love. In order to free her from that treatment; and in hopes that a different one (my hopes you see were not ill founded) would restore her reason; and that the happy result might be the defeating of the cruel Laurana's expectations; I tender'd myself in marriage to her, notwithstanding her illness. But I must say, that I never knew how much I loved her, till I was apprehensive that, not only I, but Italy, and her Religion, were likely to lose her for ever. And will you not allow of my curiosity now? God give you, Chevalier, health and happiness here and hereafter! But may you never be the husband of Clementina, but of some woman of your own country, if there be one in it that can deserve you!

The Count left me with this wish, pronounced with earnestness: And I suppose will visit the Bishop and Father Marescotti, in order to gratify his curiosity.

My indisposition requiring indulgence, I sent a billet to the Marchioness, excusing my attendance till the afternoon, on the score

of an unexpected engagement. I was loth to mention that I was not very well, lest it should be thought a lover-like artifice, to move compassion. I will not owe my success, even with a Clementina, to mean contrivances. You know I have pride, my dear friend—Pride which your example has not been able to subdue, tho' it has sometimes made me ashamed of it.

One o'Clock

Camilla, by direction of her two Ladies, made me a visit about two hours ago. They were alarmed at my postponing my attendance on Lady Clementina till the afternoon; suspecting that the Count of Belvedere had unwelcomely engaged me; and therefore sent the worthy woman to know the true cause. Camilla observing that I looked ill, I desired her to take no notice of it to any-body: But she could not help acquainting the Marchioness with it; who, ordering her to forbear mentioning it to Clementina and Jeronymo, was so good, attended by Father Maescotti, to make me a visit in person.

Never was mother more tender to her own son, than she was to me. The Father expressed a paternal affection for me. I made light of the illness, being resolved, if possible, to attend them in the afternoon. My mind, my dear friend, is disturbed. I want to be at a certainty: Yet, from what the Marchioness hinted, I believe I have no reason to doubt. The Father and the Bishop have spared no pains, I dare say, to strengthen the Lady's scruples. Their whole study (the Marchioness intimated) is now, in what manner to acknowledge their obligations to me.

They owe me none.

My dear Chevalier, said she, at parting, take care of your health: She put her hand on mine—Your *precious* health. Don't think of coming out. We will in turn attend you here.

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Notwithstanding the advice of the Marchioness, I went to the palace of Porretta, as soon as I thought their dinner-time was over. Signor Jeronymo desired to be alone with me for a few minutes; and when he was, began upon the subject of the unexpected turn which his sister had taken. I found, that he had been acquainted with the truth of every-thing: Not a single circumstance was omitted, that might enable him to judge fairly of the whole.

And will you, Grandison, *can* you, my dear friend, said he, have the goodness to attend with patience the event of this dear girl's heroism, or what shall I call it?

I assured him, that the restoration of his sister's health of mind was the dearest to me of all considerations; and that I came over at

first with no other hopes than *his* recovery and *hers*; resolved to leave to Providence all the rest.

The Marchioness came in soon after, and taking me aside, chid me with tenderness even maternal, for coming abroad. The Marquis, the Count, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, joined us; and then they all, as with one voice, offered to use their interests with Clementina in my favour, if either my peace of mind, or my health, were likely to be affected by her present resolution.

While there was *conscience* in it, I answered, I would not, for the world, that she should be urged to change it. Nothing now, as I believed, remained to be done, but to try the firmness of her resolution, by first short, and then longer absences: And those I would propose to herself, if they thought fit, when I was next admitted to her presence.

Jeronymo, and all the family, I saw were of one mind. Tell me, *say*, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is it excusable in a man, who has been so long favoured by your conversation, and *should* have been benefited by your example, who have behaved so greatly in disappointments, and even persecutions, to find in himself a pride that, at the instant, had almost carried him into petulance, when he saw every one of this family appear to be more pleased than displeased, that he was not likely to be allied to them?—Who yet, when he coolly considers, and puts himself in the case of each individual of it, must acknowledge, that they might well be allowed to rejoice (the great article religion *out* of the question) in the hope of keeping her among them in her native country; and the more, because of the unhappy disorder of her mind; and out of a distant one, obnoxious to them all, as England is? Would not my own father and mother, would not I myself, have equally rejoiced in such a turn in the affections of a sister of my own; especially if we had complied with her principally from motives of compassion, and contrary to the interests of our family?

The Marchioness conducted me to the young Lady. She received me with a blush, as a person would do another whom she was sensible she had causelessly disappointed. She took notice, after the first emotion, that I seemed not to be well, and cast an eye of compassion on me. A slight indisposition, I said, that might, perhaps, be owing to my late inactivity, and want of exercise. I had thoughts of once more making the tour of Italy, in order to visit the many kind friends at different courts, who had honoured me with their notice during my former abode in Italy.

How long do you propose to be absent, Sir?

Perhaps a month, madam.

A month, Sir!—She sighed, and looked down.

Signor Jeronymo, I hope, said I, will correspond with me.

I could almost wish, said she—Pardon me, madam, to her mother—and looked bashfully down.

What would my child wish?

That *I* might correspond with the Chevalier in his absence—As his *sister*, as his *pupil*, I think I might—

You will do me, madam, the highest honour—Dear madam, to the Marchioness, may I not have your *interest* with Lady Clementina, to engage her to pursue her kind hint?

By all means. My dearest Love, it will not misbecome you in *any* character, whether as pupil, as sister, or friend, to write to such a man as the Chevalier Grandison.

Perhaps then I may, said she. You, madam, shall see all that passes in this correspondence.

That shall be as you please, my Love. I can absolutely depend upon the Chevalier's generosity, and your prudence.

I should *choose*, madam, said I, that you should see all that passes. As amusement is principally my view in this tour, I can be punctual to place and time.

But shall you be gone a month, Sir?

As much less, madam, as you shall command.

Nay, as things are circumstanced, it is not for me—She stopt, sighed, and looked down.

You, madam, are above unnecessary reserve. I never yet abused a confidence. I am proud of your good opinion. I never will do any-thing to forfeit it. Whatever shall be your pleasure, *that* signify to me in the Letters you will favour me with. I will be all grateful obedience.

Whither, Sir, do you intend to go first?

To Florence, madam—

To Florence, Sir?—But Lady Olivia, I think, is *not* there—To Mrs. Beaumont, I suppose?

I will send you, madam, from Florence, the beginning Letter of the hoped-for correspondence. I will be careful to be within distance of receiving your favour in a very short space, by means of a servant, whom I will leave at Florence, to attend to our correspondence.

And when, Sir, do you leave Bologna?

I will now take Leave of my new correspondent, and my dear friends here; and dispose myself for my little route.

She looked at her mother; then at me—again sighed, blushed, and looked down—*Well, Sir*, was all she said.

Will you not drink chocolate with us to-morrow? said the Marchioness.

I excused myself. As I was not well, I thought I *might* be obliged to keep my chamber for two or three days; and that therefore it was

better to take leave of her then, that I might not give them anxiety, for their own sakes, on a supposal, that I owed my indisposition to my disappointment. And yet, Dr. Bartlett—But you know my heart, and all its imperfections: And will you not, on this extraordinary occasion, allow me to give way to my native pride, for my own sake? Who but must admire the exalted mind of this young Lady? What man would not wish her to be his?—But to covet a relation to a family, however illustrious, however worthy, every one of which wishes, and with *reason* on his side, that it may not take place—I must, if possible—But a few weeks will now determine my fate—I will not leave *them* or *myself*, if I can help it, any cause of regret.

I took a solemn leave of Clementina. She wept at parting; and dropping down on one knee, prayed for a blessing to attend me where-ever I went.

Even had *not* my indisposition lowered my spirits, I should have been affected at the solemnity and grace of her manner. The Marchioness was.

I went from her to Jeronymo. I left it to his mother to tell him all that had passed; and took almost as ardent a leave of him. I desired a visit from Mr. Lowther: And left my compliments for the rest of a family that I ever must highly respect.

Thursday, July 13-24

I took, by advice, a medicine over-night, that composed me. I had wanted rest. I am much better, and preparing for my journey to Florence. I have returned answer that I *am*, to enquiries made after my health by the whole family. The Bishop excused his personal attendance, on the Count's sudden resolution to set out for Urbino; and insisting on his and Father Marescotti's accompanying him thither for a few days.

Camilla came to me from her two Ladies, and the Marquis. All three, she told me, were indisposed. Their enquiries after my health were very tender: The Marquis bid tell me, that he hoped to be well enough to make me a visit before I set out. Jeronymo wished to see me first, if I had opportunity. But, as I probably must, if I go, see Lady Clementina, and another solemn parting will follow, I think it will be best, for *both* our sakes, as well as for Jeronymo's, not to obey him; and so I hinted by Camilla.

The Count of Belvedere has made me a visit. He is setting out for Parma. Not one word passed his lips about Lady Clementina, or her family. He was very earnest with me, to promise him a visit at his palace. I gave him room to expect me. By his silence on a subject so near to his heart, as well as by the very great respect he paid me, I have no reason to doubt but he knows the situation I am in with

Clementina: *She* will have *his* prayers, I dare say, for perseverance in her present way of thinking. Indeed now, *every-body's* of her family—for who can doubt the General's? She would have had *mine* to the same purpose, the more sincerely, had not they all joined to indulge my hopes; and had she not given such instances of the noblest of female minds.

But, how great soever may be the occasion given me for fortitude, by a resolution so unexpected by every-body from Lady Clementina, I cannot be deprived of all pleasure; since the contents of my last packets, as well those from Paris as from England, afford me a great deal.

Every-thing is done at Paris, that I could have wished, in relation to Mr. Danby's legacy.

Lord W. lets me know, that he thinks himself every day happier than in the past with his Lady; who also subscribes to the same acknowledgement.

Our Beauchamp tells me, that he wants only my company to make him the happiest of men. He requests me to write a Letter of thanks, in my own name, to Lady Beauchamp, on his dutiful acknowledgement to me of her kindness to him. I will with pleasure comply; and the sooner, as I am sure that gratitude for past benefits, and not expectation of new ones, is his motive.

He laments in postscript, that his father is taken with a threatening disorder. I am sorry for it. Methinks I am interested in the life and health of Sir Harry Beauchamp. I hope he will long enjoy the happiness, of which his son says he is extremely sensible. Should he die, the Lady will be a great deal in my Beauchamp's power, large as her jointure is. If he be not, on such an event, as obliging to her, as he now is, and forget not all past disobligations, I shall not have the opinion of his heart that I now have. Our Beauchamp wants but the trial of prosperity (a much more arduous one than that of adversity) to be upon full proof an excellent man.

Lady Mansfield, with equal joy and gratitude, acquaints me, that my presence in England is only wanting to bring to a decision every point that now remains in debate with her adversaries, the Keelings; they having shewn themselves inclinable, by the mediation of Sir John Lambton, to compromise on the terms I had advised she should get proposed, as from me; and the wicked Bolton having also made proposals, that perhaps ought to be accepted if he cannot be brought to amend them.

Two of Emily's Letters of distant date are come together. I will write to the dear girl by the next mail, and let her know how much absence endears to me my friends.

You give me joy, my dear Dr. Bartlett, in acquainting me with

the happiness of Lord and Lady G. I will write to my Charlotte upon it, and thank her for the credit she does me by her affectionate behaviour to that honest and obliging man.

How happy are you, my dear friend, and Lord and Lady G. and Emily, at Miss Byron's! I am charmed with the characters you give me of her family.

But I have Letters brought by the same mail, that are not so agreeable as those I have taken notice of. They are from Lady Olivia, and my poor cousin Grandison.

That unhappy woman *is* to be my disturbance! She is preparing, she says, to come back to Italy. She execrates: She threatens. Poor woman! But no more of her at present.

My cousin is by this time, I suppose, at Paris. He writes that he was on the point of setting out, in pursuance of my advice; and will wait there for my direction to proceed to Italy, or not. I shall write to him to continue there till he hears further from me; and, at the same time, to some of my friends there, to make France agreeable to him.

I shall not perhaps write again very soon. Letters from England will, however, find an easy access, directed to me, under cover, to Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, as you know how.

I shall be pretty much in motion, if health permit. I shall take a view of the works projecting by the duke of Modena, in order to render his little Signory considerable. I shall visit the Count of Belvedere at Parma. Mrs. Beaumont and her friends will have more of my company than any other persons. Perhaps I may make a long-requested visit to the Altieri family, at Urbino. If I do, I must not put a slight on the Conte della Porretta, who pressingly invited me thither. I think to pass a few days at Rome. If I go from thence to Naples, I shall perhaps once more, in the General's company, visit Portici, in order to make more accurate observations than I have hitherto done, on those treasures of antiquity which have been discovered in the antient Herculaneum.¹

I have a private intimation from Milan, that a visit there would be a welcome one to Lady Sforza. I may possibly take that city in my way, when I quit Italy. But how can I, without indignation, see the cruel Laurana?

Thus, my dear and reverend friend, have I given you an imperfect sketch of my present intentions, as to passing the month that I think of absenting myself from Bologna.

It is a long time since I have been able to tell you aforehand, with regard to some of the most material articles of my life, what I *will* or will *not* do. Yet, knowing my own motives, I cannot say, that were the last three or four years of it to come over again, I should have

acted otherwise than I have done. Do you, my reverend friend, with that freedom which has been of inexpressible use to me, remind me, if I am too ready to acquit myself. You know (I repeat) all the secrets of my heart. Be not partial to your sincere friend. I write not to be praised, but corrected. Don't flatter my vanity; I am yet but a young man! You have not blamed me a great while: I am for this reason a little diffident of the ground I stand upon: But if you have no *material* fault to recollect, spare yourself the trouble of telling me so: Having thus renewed my call upon you, for your friendly admonition, I will look upon your silence as an acquittal, so far as I have gone. And we will begin, from the date of your next, a new account. In the mean time, be not concerned for my health. I am much better than I was. My mind was weakened by suspense. I long since thought the crisis near. If it be not already overpast, a few weeks must surely determine it. I am not in haste to send this packet. A week hence Sir Alexander Nesbitt will set out directly for England. He has a great desire of being acquainted with my dear Dr. Bartlett, and requests me to give him a commission, that may introduce him to you. Were my future destiny in this country absolutely determined, I would not, however, have delayed sending you these Letters by a speedier conveyance.

Sir Alexander is a worthy man: As such, wants not a recommendation to my dear and reverend friend, from his

CHARLES GRANDISON

1770. 10. 13. 12. 13. 14. 15.

LETTER XXX

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

[*With the preceding seven Letters of Sir CHARLES*]

Grosvenor-Square, Tuesday, Aug. 8

GOOD God, my dear!—I dispatch a packet to you; received, a few hours ago, from Dr. Bartlett, with desire of forwarding it to you. My sister was with me. We read the Letters together. I dispatch them by an express messenger—What shall we say? Tell me, Harriet. More suspense still. Dear creature, tell me, tell me, all you think of the contents of this packet. If I enter into the particulars, I shall never have done scribbling. Adieu, my Love!

CHARLOTTE G.

Return the Letters, when perused. I want to study them before the Doctor has them back.

LETTER XXXI

*Miss BYRON; To Lady G.**Selby-house, Friday, Aug. 11*

TELL you, my dear Lady G. all I think of the contents of the packet you so kindly sent me by an express messenger!—What will you say to me, if I do? I can much better tell you, what all my *friends* here say of them. They are for congratulating me upon those contents. But can I congratulate *myself*? Can I *recieve* their congratulations?—A woman! an angel!—So much more worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, than the poor Harriet Byron can be!—O how great is Clementina, how little am I, in my own eyes! The Lady will still be his. She must. She shall. She will change her mind. So earnest he! So fervently in love with him, she! Who will presume to hope a place in his affections after her? My pride, my dear, is all up! Can I? How mean will any one now appear in his eyes, when he thinks of his Clementina? And who can be contented with half a heart? Nay, *not* half a one, if he does justice to this wonder of a woman? It was always my consolation, when I looked upon him as lost to myself, that it was to a person of superior merit.

But who can forbear pitying the glorious man! O my dear, I am lost in the subject! I know not what to say. Were I to tell you what I thought, what were my emotions, as I read now his generous pity for the Count of Belvedere—Now his affectionate and respectful address to the noble Lady—Her agitations of mind, previous to the delivery of her paper to him—That paper, the contents so greatly surpassing all that I had read of woman! Yet so much of a piece with the conduct she shewed, when the struggle between her Religion and her Love cost her reason. His delicacy, yet equal steadiness, in his religion—In short, the whole of his conduct and hers, in the various lights in which they appeared in the different conversations with her, with her family—Were I to tell you, I say, what I thought, and what were my emotions, as I read, a volume would not be sufficient; nor know I what measure would contain my tears. Suffice it to say, that I was not able to rise in two days and nights; and it has been with the greatest difficulty, that I obtained pen and ink, and leave to write; and the physician talks of confining me to my chamber for a week to come.

Sir Charles cries out upon suspense. Indeed it is a grievous thing.

You will observe, that in these last Letters he mentions me but once; and that is, in making me a compliment on the favour which the beloved *Four* conferred upon me, and all of us, in the visit you were so good as to make us. And why do you think I take notice of

this?—Not from petulance, I assure you: But for the praise of his justice as well as delicacy. For could Sir Charles Grandison excusably (if, *on other* occasions he remembered the poor girl whom he rescued; could he excusably, I say) while his soul was agitated by his own suspense, occasioned by the uncommon greatness of Clementina's behaviour, think of any other woman in the world?

But you see, my Charlotte, that the excellent man *has been*, perhaps *is*, greatly indisposed. Can we wonder at it? Such a prize in view, so many difficulties overcome, as he had to struggle with; yet, at last, a seemingly insuperable one arising from the Lady herself, and from motives that increased his admiration of her? But a woman may be eloquent, from grief and disappointment; when a man, though his nobler heart is torn in pieces, must hardly complain!—How do I pity the distress of a manly heart!

But should this noble Lady, on his return to Bologna, after a month's absence, hold her purpose, unless he changes his religion, I will tell you my thoughts of what will probably be the result. He will not marry at all. If he cannot love another woman, as well as he does Clementina, *ought* he? And who can equally deserve his Love? Have we not heard from himself, as well as from Dr. Bartlett, that all the troubles he has had, have proceeded from our Sex? It is true, that men and women can hardly ever have any *great* troubles, but what must arise from each other. And *his* have arisen from good women too (I hope Lady Olivia is not deliberately bad). And why should so good a man continue to make himself subject to the petulance, to the foibles, of us wayward women, who hardly know our own minds, as Signor Jeronymo told his friend, when our wishes are in our power?

But, sick or well, you see Sir Charles Grandison loses not his spirit. His enlarged heart can rejoice in the happiness of his friends. I *will* have joy, said he once to me. And must he not have it in the hopes of recovery of his friend Jeronymo? In the restoration of the admirable Clementina? And in the happiness those recoveries must give to a worthy and illustrious family? Let me enumerate, from him, the pleasure he enjoys, in the felicity he has given to many; tho' he cannot be, in himself, the happy person he makes others. Is he not delighted with the happiness of Lord and Lady W.? Of his Beauchamp, and his Beauchamp's father and mother?—Of Lady Mansfield, and her family? With yours and Lord G's happiness? Does it not rejoice you, my dear, to have it in your power to contribute to the pleasure of such a brother? And how great, how honourable, how considerate, how delicate, is his behaviour to the noble Clementina; how patient, how disinterested, with her family! How ready to enter into their sentiments, and to allow for them, tho'

against himself! But he is prudent: He sees before him at a great distance: He is resolved to have nothing to reproach himself with, in future, that he can obviate at present. But is not his conduct such, as would make a considerate person, who has any connexions with him, tremble? Since if there be a fault *between* them, it must be *all* that person's; and he will not, if it be possible for him to avoid it, be a sharer in it? Do you think, my dear, that had he been the first man, he would have been so complaisant to his Eve as *Milton makes Adam*¹ [So contrary to that part of his character, which made him accuse the woman to the Almighty (a)]—To taste the forbidden fruit, because he would not be separated from her, in her punishment, tho' all *posterity* were to suffer by it?—No; it is my opinion, that your brother would have had gallantry enough to his fallen spouse, to have made him extremely regret her lapse; but that he would have done *his own duty*, were it but for the sake of posterity, and left it to the Almighty, if such had been his pleasure, to have annihilated his first Eve, and given him a second—But, my dear, do I not write strangely? I would be chearful, if I could, because you are so kind as to take pains to make me so. But on re-perusing what I have written, I am afraid that you have taught me to think oddly. Tell me truth, Charlotte: Is not what has last slipt from my pen, more in Lady G's manner, than in that of

Her HARRIET BYRON?

One line more; and no more, my dear, my indulgent aunt Selby!—They won't let me write on, Charlotte, when I had a thousand things further to say, on the contents of this important packet; or I should not have concluded so uncharacteristically.

LETTER XXXII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA
DELLA PORRETTA

Florence, July 18–29

I BEGIN, dear and admirable Lady Clementina, the permitted correspondence, with a due sense of the favour done me in it: Yet, can I say, that it is not a painful favour? Was ever man before circumstanced as I am?—Permitted to admire the noblest and most amiable of women, and even generously allowed to look upon himself as a man esteemed, perhaps *more* than esteemed, by her, and her illustrious family; yet in honour forbidden to solicit for a blessing that

(a) The woman that thou gavest me, tempted me, and I did eat.

once was designed for him; and which he is not accused of demeriting by misbehaviour, or by assuming an appearance that he made not good—Excellent Lady! Am I other than you ever had reason to think me, in my manners, in my principles? Did I ever endeavour to unsettle you in your attachments to the religion of your country? No, madam: Invincibly attached as I knew you were to that religion, I contented myself with avowing my own; and indeed should have thought it an ill requital for the protection I enjoyed from the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and a breach of the Laws of hospitality, had I attempted to unsettle the beloved daughter of a house so firmly likewise attached, as they always were, to their principles. From *such* a conduct, could this beloved daughter doubt the free exercise of her religion, had she—

But, hushed be the complainings, that my expostulating heart will hardly be denied to dictate to my pen! Have I not said, that I *will be* all you wish me to be—All *hope*, or all *acquiescence*—Forgive me, madam, forgive me, dear and ever-to-be respected family, that yet I use the word *hope*. Such a prize almost in possession—can I *forbear* to say *hope*?—Yet do I not at the same time promise acquiescence?—Painful as it is to me, and impossible as it would be, were not all-commanding conscience pleaded, most excellent of women! I will, I *do* acquiesce. If you persevere, dear to my soul as you ever *must be*, I resign to your will.

The disappointed heart, not given up to unmanly despair, in a world so subject to disappointments, will catch at the next good to that it has lost—Shall I not hope, madam, that a correspondence so allowably begun, whatever be the issue in the greater event, will for ever last? That a friendship so pure will ever be allowed? That the disappointed man may be considered as the Son, the Brother, of a family, which must, in all the branches of it, be ever dear to him?—I *will* hope it. I will even demand the continuance of its esteem; why should I not say, of its *affection*? But so long only, as my own impartial heart, and my zeal for the glory and happiness of your whole house, shall tell me I deserve this; and so long as I can make out my pretensions, to the satisfaction of every one of it. It cannot be on my side, nor will I allow it on yours, that the man who once, by the favour of your whole family, was likely to be happy in a near alliance to it, should, and perhaps for *that* reason, as it often happens, in like instances, be looked upon as the most remote from its friendly Love.

Never, madam, could the heart of man boast a more disinterested passion for an object, whose mind was dearer to it, than even her person; or a more sincere affection to every one of her family, than mine does. I am unhappily called upon to the proof. The proof is

unquestionable. And—To the last hour of my life, you and they, madam, *will be* dear to me.

Adieu, most excellent of women!—Circumstanced as I am, what *more* can I say?—Adieu, most excellent of women!—May every good, temporal and eternal, be yours, and every one's of your beloved family, prays

*Your and their most grateful,
most affectionate, and
most obedient,*

GRANDISON

LETTER XXXIII

*Lady CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA, To Sir
CHARLES GRANDISON*

Bologna, Tuesday, Aug. 5. N. S.

I WAS the more willing, Sir, to become your correspondent, as I thought I could write to you with greater freedom, than I could speak. And indeed I will be very free, and very sincere, in all I shall write. I will suppose, that I am writing, when I write to you, to my Brother, and best friend. And indeed to which of my *other* brothers can I write, with equal freedom?—You, in imitation of the God of us all, require only the heart. My heart shall be as open to you, as if, like Him, you could look into every secret recess of it.

I thank you, Sir, for the kind and generous contents of the Letter, by which you have opened this desirable correspondence. Such a regard have you paid in it to the weakness of my mind, and to its late unhappy state, without mentioning that unhappy state—O Sir, you are the most delicate of men—What tenderness have you always shewn me, for my attachment to the religion of my fathers—Surely, you are the most pious of Protestants!—Protestants *can* be pious; you and Mrs. Beaumont have convinced me that they can. Little did I think I should ever be brought to acknowledge so much in favour of the people of your religion, as you and she, by your goodness, have brought me to acknowledge. O Sir! What might you not have brought me to, by your Love, by your kind treatment of me, and by your irresistible address, were I to have been yours, and residing in a Protestant nation, every one of your friends of that religion, and perhaps *exemplarily* good? I was *afraid* of you, Chevalier. But no more of this subject. *You* are invincible; and I hope *I* should not have been overcome, had I been yours—But do we not pray against running into temptation?—Again, I say, no more of this subject at present, yet hardly know how to forbear—

Nothing but the due consideration of the brevity as well as vanity of this life, in which we are but probationers, and of the eternity of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart. Dear Chevalier, how happy should I have been, could I have given my hand as that heart would have directed, and on such terms, as I could have thought my Soul secure?—How shall I quit this entangling subject? I am in the midst of briars and thorns—Lend me, lend me, your extricating hand; and conduct me into the smooth and pleasant path, in which you at first found me walking with undoubting feet. Never, never for my sake, let an unexperienced virgin trust herself with her own imagination, when she begins to meditate, with pleasure, the great qualities of an object, with whom she has frequent opportunities of conversing.

Again am I recurring to a subject I wish to quit. But since I cannot, I will give my pen its course—Pen, take thy course. Mind, equally perverse and disturbed, I will give way to thee; I see there is no withstanding thee—

Tell me, then, my brother, my friend, my faithful, my *disinterested* friend, what I shall do, what method take, to be indifferent to you, in *another* character? What I shall do, to be able to look upon you, *only* as my brother and friend?—Can you not tell me? Will you not? Will not your Love of Clementina permit you to tell her?—I will help you to words—Say, “you are the friend of her *Soul*.” If you cannot be a Catholic *always*, be a Catholic when you *advise* her. And then, from your love of her Soul, you will be able to say, “Persevere, Clementina! and I will not account you ungrateful”—

O Chevalier! I fear nothing so much as being thought capable of ingratitude, by those I love. And *am* I not, can you think, that I am *not*, ungrateful? Once you told me so. Why, if you mean me *more* than a compliment, do you not tell me how to be *grateful*? Are *you* the only man on earth, who have it in your will, and in your power, to confer obligations, yet can be above receiving returns? What services did you endeavour to do to the Soul of a misguided youth, at your first acquaintance with him!—Unhappy youth! And how did he at the time requite you for them! He has let us know (generous self-accuser!) what heroic patience you had with him; and how bravely you disdained his ungrateful defiance. Well may he love you as he does. After many, many months discontinuance of friendship, you were called upon to snatch him from the jaws of death, by your bravery. You were not required, as you might have expected, from some of our family—What regret has the recollection cost us *all*!—You were obliged to quit our Italy; yet, *called upon*, as I may say, by your wounded friend; incurably wounded, as it was apprehended; you hastened to him: You hastened to his sister, wounded in her

head, in her heart: You hastened to her father, mother, brothers, wounded in their minds, by the sufferings of that son and daughter. And whence did you hasten to us? From your native country. Quitting your relations, all proud of your Love, and proud of loving you; on the wings of friendly zeal did you hasten to us, in a distant region. You encountered with, you overcame, a thousand obstacles. The genius of healing, in the form of a skilful operator, accompanying you; all the art of the physicians of your country did you collect, to assist your noble purpose. Success attended your generous wishes. We see one another, a whole family see one another, with that delight, which was wont to irradiate our countenances, before disaster overclouded them.

And now, what return shall we make for your goodness to us? You say, you are already rewarded in the success with which God has blessed your generous endeavours to serve us. Hence it is, that I call you proud, and, at the same time, happy. Well do I know, that it is not in the power of a wife to reward you. For what could a wife do by such a man more than her duty? And were it possible for Clementina to be yours, *would* you that your kindness, your love to her, should be rewarded at the price of her everlasting happiness?—No, you answer—You would leave to her the full and free exercise of her religion—And *can* you promise, can you, the Chevalier Grandison, undertake, if you think your wife in an error, that you never will endeavour to cure her of that error? You who, as the husband, ought to be the regulator of her conscience; the strengthener of her mind—Can you, believing your own religion a right one, hers a wrong one, be contented that she shall persevere in it? Or can she avoid, on the same, and even still stricter principles, entering into debate with you? And will not then her faith, from your superior understanding, be endangered?—Of what force will be my Confessor's arguments, against yours strengthened by your love, your kindness, your sweetness of manners? And how will all my family grieve, were Clementina to become indifferent to *them*, to her *country*, and *more* than indifferent to her religion?

Say, Grandison, my tutor, my friend, my brother, can you be indifferent on these weighty matters?—O no, you cannot. My brother, the Bishop, has told me (But be not angry with my brother for telling me) that you did declare to my elder brother and him, that you would not, in a *beginning* address, have granted to a *princess* the terms you were willing to grant *me*; and that you offered them to me as a compromise!—Compassion and Love were equally perhaps your inducements. Poor Clementina!—Yet, were there not a *greater* obstacle in the way, I would have accepted of your compassion; because you are great and good; and there can be no insult,

but true god-like pity, in your compassion—Well, Sir, and do not my father, my mother, and best and most indulgent of fathers and mothers; and do not my uncle, and brothers, and my other kindred; comply with their Clementina, upon the same affectionate, the same pitying motive; otherwise religion, country, the one so different, the other so remote, *would* they have consented?—They would not. Will you not then, my dear Chevalier, think that I do but right (knowing *your* motive, knowing *theirs*, knowing that to rely upon my own strength is presumption, and a tempting of the Almighty) to act as I act, to resolve as I have resolved—O do you, my tutor, be again my tutor—You never taught me a lesson that either of us might be ashamed to own—Do you, as I have begged of you in my paper, strengthen my mind. I own to you, that I have struggled much with myself: And now I am got—above myself, or beneath myself, I know not whether—For my Letter is not such as I designed it. *You* are too much the subject: I designed only a few lines; and those to express the grateful sense I have of your goodness to me, and our Jeronymo; indeed to every-body; and to beg of you, for the sake of my peace of mind, to point out some way, by which I, and all of us, may demonstrate our attachment to our superior duties, and our gratitude to you—

What have I said? What a quantity have I written!—Excuse my wandering head; and believe me to be, as much the wellwisher of your glory, as of my own.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORETTA

LETTER XXXIV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady CLEMENTINA

Rome, Aug. 11. N. S.

“NOTHING”, says the most generous and pious of her Sex, “but the due consideration of the brevity as well as vanity of this life, and of the duration of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart.”—Condescending goodness! What acknowledgements do you make in my favour!—But, *favour*—can I say?—No, *not* in my favour; but, on the contrary, to the extinction of all my hopes; for what pleas remain to be urged, when you doubt not my affection, my gratitude, my tenderness, my good faith, and think from *them* will arise your danger?

My “extricating hand,” at your command, “is held out;” and it shall not be my fault, if you recover not the “smooth and pleasant path, in which you were accustomed to walk with undoubting feet.”

You bid me "tell you what you shall do to be indifferent to me"—What pain does the gracious manner of your rejection give me? Exalted goodness!—"Your brother, your friend, your faithful, your disinterested friend," will "tell you," against himself, to the forfeiture of all his hopes; "he will tell you," that you ought *not* "to give your hand as your heart" (condescending excellence!) "would have directed," if you cannot do it, "and think your Soul secure."

You "will help me to words," you say—I repeat them after you. "Persevere, Clementina—I will not," I cannot, "account you ungrateful."

How much does the dear, the generous Clementina, over-rate the services, which Heaven, for my consolation (so I will flatter myself) in a very heavy disappointment that was to follow, made me an humble instrument of rendering to the worthiest of families! To that Heaven be all the glory! By ascribing so much to the agent, fear you not that you depreciate the First Cause? Give to the Supreme *His* due, and what will be left me to claim? What but a common service, which any one of your family would, in the like circumstances, have done for *me*?

It is generous, it is noble, in you, madam, to declare your regard for the man you refuse: But what a restraint must I act under, who value, and must for ever value, the fair refuser; yet think myself bound in honour to acquiesce with the refusal; and to prefer your peace of mind to my own? To lay open my heart before you, would give you pain. I will not give you pain: Yet let me say, that the honour once designed me, had it been conferred, would have laid me under unreturnable obligations to as many persons as are of your family. It was, at one time, an honour too great even for my ambition; and that is one of the constitutional faults, that I have found it most difficult to restrain. But I will glory in their intended goodness; and that I lost not their or your favour from any act of unworthiness—Continue to me, most excellent Clementina; continue to me, Lords and Ladies of your illustrious house; your friendship; and I will endeavour to be satisfied.

Your "tutor," as you are pleased to call him; your friend, your "BROTHER" (too clearly do I see the *exclusive* force of that last recognition!) owns, that "he cannot be indifferent to those motives, that have so great weight with you." He sees your stedfastness, and that your conscience is engaged: He submits therefore, whatever the submission may cost him, to your reasoning; and repeats your words—"Persevere, Clementina."

I did tell your elder brother, and I am ready to tell all the world, "that I would not, in a *beginning* address, tho' to a princess, have signed to the articles I yielded to by way of compromise." Allow me,

madam, to repeat his question, to which my declaration was an answer—"What would the daughters have done, that they should have been consigned to perdition (a)?"—I had in my thoughts this further plea, that our church admits of a possibility of salvation out of its own pale. God forbid but it should! The Church of God, we hold, will be collected from the sincerely pious of all communions. Yet, I own, that had the intended honour been done me, I should have rejoiced that none but sons had blessed our nuptials.

But how do your next words affect me—"Compassion and Love, say you, were equally, perhaps, your inducements—Poor Clementina!" add you. Inimitably great as what follows this is, I should have thought myself concerned, as well for my own honour, as for your delicacy, to have expatiated on the self-pitying reflexion conveyed in these words, had we been otherwise circumstanced than we are: But to write but one half of what, in happier circumstances, I would have written, must, as I have hinted, give pain to your noble heart. The excellent Clementina, I am sure, would not wish me to say much on this subject. If *she* would, I *must* not; I *cannot*.

The best of fathers, mothers, brothers, and of spiritual directors, in your own way, are yours. They, madam, will strengthen your mind. Their advices, and their indulgent love, will be your support in the resolution you have taken. You call upon me again to approve of that resolution. I *do*, I *must* approve of it. "The Lover of your soul" concludes with the repetition of the words you prescribe to his pen—If cooler reflexion, if reconsideration of those arguments which persuaded me to hope, that you would have been in no way unhappy or unsafe, had you condescended to be mine—If mature and dispassionate thought, cannot alter your present persuasion on this head—"Persevere, Clementina," in the rejection of a man as steady in his own faith as you are in yours. If your conscience is concerned—If your peace of mind is engaged—you ought to refuse. "You cannot be thought ungrateful"—So, against himself, decides your called-upon, and generously acknowledged,

"Tutor, Friend, Brother"

GRANDISON

LETTER XXXV

Lady CLEMENTINA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Bologna, Aug. 19. N. S.

AND do you, best of men, consent to be governed by my wishes? But are you *convinced* (You do not say you are) by my reasonings?—

(a) Vol. III, p. 195.

Alas! my reasoning powers are weakened: My head has received an incurable wound: My memory, indeed, seems returned; but its return only serves to make me more sensible of my past unhappiness; and to dread a relapse.

But what is it I hear? Olivia is come back to Florence; and *you* are at Florence! Fly from Florence, and from Olivia—But whither will you go, to avoid a woman who could follow you to England?—Whither, but to England?—We are all of us apprehensive for the safety of your person, if you refuse to be the husband of that violent woman. Yet cannot I bear the thoughts of her being yours. But *that*, you have told me, she never can be—Yet, if you could be happy with her, why should I be an enemy to her happiness?—But to your own magnanimity I will leave this subject.

Let me advise with my tutor, my friend, my brother, on a point that is now much more my concern than Olivia, and her hopes—Fain, very fain, would I take the veil. My heart is in it. My friends, my dearest friends, urge against my plea, the dying request, as well as the wishes while living, of my grandfathers on both sides. I am distressed; I am *greatly* distressed; for well do I know what were the views of the two good men, now with God, in wishing me *not* to assume the veil. But could they foresee the calamity that was to befall their Clementina? They could *not*. I need not dwell upon the subject, and upon the force of their pleas and mine, to a man whose mind is capacious enough to take in the whole strength of both at once. But you will add an obligation to the many you have already conferred upon me, if you can join your weight to my pleas; and make it your request, that I may be obliged in this momentous article. Let me expect that you can, that you will. They all languish for opportunities to oblige the man, who has laid them under obligations not to be returned. Need I to suggest a plea to you, the force of which must be allowed from you, if you ever with fervor loved Clementina?

If I know my own heart, and I have given it a strict examination, two things granted me would make me as happy as I now can be in this life: The one, that my request to be allowed to sequester myself from the world, and to dedicate myself to God, be complied with: The other, to be assured of your happiness in marriage with an English, at least not an Italian woman. I am obliged to own, tho' I am sensible that I expose to you my weakness, by the acknowledgement, that the last is but too necessary to the tranquillity of my mind, in the situation in which the grant of my first wish will place me. Let me know, Chevalier, when I have set my hand to the plough, that there is no looking back; and that the *only* man I ever thought of with tenderness is another's, and, were I *not* professed, never could

be mine. Answer, as I wish; and I shall be able to follow you, Sir, with my prayers, to the country that has the honour of producing such an ornament to human nature.

It must not be known, you will readily suppose, that I have sought to interest you in my plea. For this reason, I have not shewn this Letter to any-body. Father Marescotti, I have hopes, as a Religious, will declare himself in my favour, if *you* do. My brother, the Bishop, surely will strengthen your hand and his, tho' he appears as the *Brother*, not as the Prelate, in support of the family reasons.

I am not ashamed to say, I long to see you, Sir. I can the more readily allow myself to tell you so, as I can declare that I am unalterably determined in my adherence to my written resolution, never to trust to my own strength in an article in which my everlasting welfare is concerned. O, Sir, what struggles, what conflicts, did this resolution cost me, before I could make it!—But *once* made, and upon *such* deliberation, and after I had begged of God his direction, which I imagine he has graciously given me, I have never wished to alter it. Forgive me, Sir. You will; you are a good man—My God only have I preferred to you.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA

LETTER XXXVI

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady CLEMENTINA*

Florence, Aug. 23. N. S.

MY dear correspondent asks, If I am convinced by her reasonings. I repeat, That I resign to your will every hope, every wish, respecting myself. In a case where conscience can be pleaded, no other reasonings are necessary.

But what can I say, most excellent of women, to the request you make, that I will support you in your solicitude to take the veil? I hope you only propose this to me, by way of asking my advice—"Let me, say you, *advise* with my tutor, my friend, my brother"—I have given the highest instance that man could give, of my disinterestedness; and I will now, as you require, suppose myself a Catholic in the humble advice I shall offer to my sisterly friend; and this will the rather appear as I should, as a Protestant, argue against any one's binding him or herself, by vows of perpetual celibacy.

"Need I, asks my dear correspondent, suggest a plea for you to make, the force of which must be allowed, if ever you fervently loved Clementina?" At what plea does the excellent Clementina

hint? Is it not at an *Herodian* one*? Why, if ever she honoured her Grandison with her esteem, does she not enforce the same plea with regard to him? Can she, avowing that esteem, be so generous as to wish him to enter into the married state, and even to insist upon it, as a step that would contribute to her future peace of mind, yet hope to prevail upon him to make it his request, that she may be secluded from a possibility of ever enjoying the same liberty? Were I married, and capable of wishing to fetter and restrain thus my *wife*, in case of her surviving me, I should think she ought to despise me for the narrowness of my heart. What then is the plea that a young Lady, in the bloom of beauty, would put me upon making?—And to whom?—To her own relations, who all *languish*, as she expresses herself, for *opportunities to oblige him*; and who are extremely earnest to dissuade her from entering upon the measure she wishes him to promote? Can he, madam, to use your own words in the solemn paper you gave me, think of *taking such advantage of their generosity* to him?

But can Clementina della Porretta, who is blest with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents, and who has always gloried in her duty to them; whose brothers love her with a disinterestedness that hardly any brothers before them have been able to shew; can she, in opposition to the will of her grandfathers, wish to enter into a measure, that must frustrate all their hopes from her for ever?—Dear Lady! consider.

You, my beloved correspondent, who hold marriage as a sacrament, surely cannot doubt but you may serve God in it with much greater efficacy, than were you to sequester yourself from a world that wants such an example as you are able to give it. But, madam, your parents propose not marriage to you: They, only, at present, beseech, not command you (they know the generosity of your heart) not to take a step that must entirely frustrate all their hopes, and put an option out of your own power, should you change your mind. Let me advise you, madam, disclaiming all interested views, and from motives of a Love merely fraternal (for such is your expectation from the man you honour with your correspondence) to set the hearts of relations, so justly dear to you, at ease; and to leave to Providence the issue. They never, madam, will compel you. And give me leave to say, that piety requires this of you. Does not the Almighty, everywhere in his word, sanctify the *reasonable* commands of parents?

* Herod directed, that his Mariamne¹ should be put to death, that she might not be the wife of any other man, if he returned not alive from the court of Augustus Cæsar, before whom he was cited to answer for his conduct, which had been obnoxious to that prince, in the contest between him and Antony for the empire of the world.

Does he not interest himself, if I may so express myself, in the performance of the filial duty? May it not be justly said, that to obey your parents, is to serve God? Would the generous, the noble-minded Clementina della Porretta, *narrow*, as I may say, her piety, by limiting it (I speak now as if I were a Catholic, and as if I thought there were some *merit* in secluding one's self from the world) when she could, at least, *equally* serve God, and benefit her own soul, by obeying her parents, by fulfilling the will of her deceased grandfathers, and by obliging all her other near and dear relations? Lady Clementina cannot resolve all the world into herself. Shall I say, there is often cowardice, there is selfishness, and perhaps, in the world's eye, a too strong confession of disappointment, in such seclusions?

There are about you persons who can give this argument its full force—I cannot do it. O my Clementina, my sister, my friend, I cannot be so great, so undivested, in this instance, as you can be!—But I can be just: I presume to say, I cannot be ungenerous. I tell you not what I hope to be enabled by your noble example, in time, to do, because of the present *tenderness* of your *health*. But you must not, madam, expect from *me* a conduct, that you think it would become *you* to disavow. Delicate as the *female* mind is, and as is most particularly my dear correspondent's, that of the man, on such an occasion as this, should shew at least an *equal* delicacy: For has he not her honour, as a woman, to protect, as well as his own, as a man, to regard?

Distress me not, my dear Clementina; *add* not, I should *rather* say, to my distress, by the declaration of *yours*. I repeat, that your parents will not compel you. Put it not out of your *power* to be prevailed upon to do an act of *duty*. God requires not that you should be dead to your friends, in order to live to Him. Their hope is laudable. Will Lady Clementina della Porretta put it out even of the *Almighty's* power, to bless their hope? Will she think herself unhappy, if she cannot punish them, instead of rewarding them, for all their tender and indulgent goodness to her?—It cannot be. God Almighty perfect his own work, so happily begun, in the full restoration of your health! This blessing, I have no doubt, will attend your filial obedience. But can you, my dear correspondent, expect it, if you make yourself uneasy, and keep your mind in suspense, as to your duty, and indulge yourself in supposing, that the will of God, and the will of your parents, are opposite, when theirs is solely designed for your good, spiritual and temporal? A great deal now depends upon yourself. O, madam, will you not in a *smaller* instance, were your heart ever so much engaged to the cloistered life, practise that self-denial, which in the *highest* you enforce upon me? All your

temporal duties, against you; and your spiritual not favouring, much less impelling, you?

But once more, I quit a subject, that may, and, no doubt, will, be enforced in a much stronger manner, than I *can* enforce it. I will soon, very soon, pay my duty to you, and all yours. You own your wishes to see me, because you are fortified by your invincible adherence to your resolution. I will acknowledge anguish of heart. I cannot, as I told you above, be so great as you. But if you will permit your sisterly Love to have its full operation, and if you wish me peace of mind, and a cordial resignation to your will, let me see you, madam, on the next visit I shall have the honour to make you, chearful, serene, and determined to resign your will to the reasonable will of parents, who, I am confident, I again repeat it, will never compel you to marry—Have they not already given you a very strong instance, that they will not?—In a word, let me hear you declare, that you will resign yourself to their will, in this article of the veil; and I shall then, with the more chearfulness, endeavour to resign to yours, so strongly and repeatedly declared, in the Letter before me, to, dear Lady,

Your fraternal Friend, and ever-obliged Servant,

GRANDISON

Lady Olivia, madam, arrived this day at her own palace. It is impossible that any-thing but civility can pass between her and your greatly-favoured correspondent.

LETTER XXXVII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Bologna, Thursday, Aug. 17-28

I SHALL hereafter have a pretty large supplement to give you to my literary journal; having found it necessary, as much as possible, in the past month, to amuse myself with subjects without myself. And I shall send you now the copies of three Letters of mine, written in Italian to Lady Clementina; and two of hers, in answer to the first and second of them.

I arrived here yesterday. But before I proceed to acquaint you with my reception, I should mention, that Lady Olivia arrived at her own palace at Florence, on Friday last. I was then in that city; but newly returned from Naples and Rome. She sent one of her gentlemen to me the night of her arrival, to acquaint me with it, and to desire me to attend her next morning. I went.

Her first reception of me was polite and agreeable. But the moment her aunt Maffei withdrew, and we were alone, her eyes darting a fiercer ray, Wretch, said she, what disturbance, what anxieties, hast thou given me!—But it is well, that thy ingratitude to the creature who has risked so much for thee, has been rewarded, as it ought to be, by a repulse from a still prouder heart, if possible, than thy own!

You, Lady Olivia, answered I, have *reason* to impute pride to me. You have given me many opportunities to shew you, that I, a man, can keep my temper, when you, a woman, have not been able to keep yours; yet, in me, never met with an aggressor.

Not an aggressor, Sir!—To say nothing of the contempts you cast upon me here in my own Italy, what was your treatment of me in your England—Paltry island! I despise it!—To resolve to leave me there! To refuse to compliment me with a day, an hour! (O my detested weakness! What a figure did I make among your friends!) And declaredly to attend the motions of the haughtiest woman in Europe! Thank God, for your own sake; yes, Sir, I have the charity to say, for *your own* sake, that you are disappointed!

I pity you, Lady Olivia. From my soul I pity you! And should achor myself, were I capable of mingling insult with my pity. But I leave you.

Forgive me, Chevalier, catching my arm as I was going. I am more displeased with myself than with you. A creature, that has rendered herself so cheap to you (but, Sir, it is *only* to you) cannot but be uneasy to herself; and when she is, she must misbehave to every-body else. Say you forgive me—

She held out her hand to me. But immediately, on Lady Maffei's coming in, followed by servants, withdrew it.

Her behaviour afterwards was that of the true passionate woman; now ready to rave, now in tears. I *remind*, Dr. Bartlett, *descend to particulars*. A man, who loves the Sex, who has more compassion than vanity in his nature; who can value (even generally faulty) persons for the qualities that are laudable in them, must be desirous to *draw a veil* over the weaknesses of such. I left her distressed! There *may* be cases in which sincerity cannot be separated from unpoliteness. I was obliged to be *expulsive*, or I could not have been *sincere*; and must have given such answers, as would, perhaps, in some measure, have mortified the Lady to think herself *amused*. Poor woman. She threatened to have me overtaken by her vengeance. But now, on the disappointment I had met with at Bologna, it became absolutely necessary for me to encourage, or to discourage, this unhappy Lady—I could not have been just to *her*, had I not been just to *myself*.

A very extraordinary attempt was made, next day, on my person;

I am apt to believe, from this quarter, it succeeded not. And as I was on the Tuesday to set out for Bologna, I let it pass off without complaint or enquiry.

I paid the Count of Belvedere a visit, as I had promised. The General at Naples, and the Count at Parma, received me with the highest civilities, and both from the same motive. The Count will hope. The General accompanied me, with his Lady, part of my way to Florence. The motive of his journey is to reside personally with his friends at Urbino and Bologna, on the resolution his sister has taken, and to congratulate her upon it, as he has already done by Letter, the copy of which he shewed me. There were high compliments made me in it. We may speak handsomely of the man whom we neither envy nor fear. He would have loaded me with presents, but I declined accepting any; in such a manner, however, as he could not be dissatisfied with me for my refusal.

I paid also my respects at Urbino to the Albert family, and the Conte della Portenta, in my way to Rome and Naples, and met with a very polite reception from both. For the rest of the time of my absence from Bologna, my literary journal will account.

On Wednesday afternoon I went to the palace of Portenta. I hastened up to my Jeronymo, with whom, as also with Mr. Lowther, I had held a correspondence, in my absence, and received favourable intelligences from them.

Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. I was inexpressibly delighted to find him so much recovered. His appetite, he told me, was restored. His rest was calm and refreshing. He sat up several hours in the day, and his sister and he gave tea to each other, and to all their friends. But he hinted to me his wishes still, to call me brother; and begged of God, in a very earnest manner, snatching my hand, and wiping it with his tears, that it soon might be so.

The Marquis, the Marchioness, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, joined to thank and applaud me for my part of the correspondence with their beloved daughter; for, on my declining to support her in her wishes to be allowed to take the veil, she had shewed them the copy of her second Letter, as well as my reply to it. The blessings which they poured out upon me, were mingled with their tears, and Father Marescotti and the Bishop declared, that they would, in every prayer they put up to Heaven for themselves and the family, remember me, and beg of God to supply to me, by another, and even, they said, a better Clementina, the disappointment I had so unexpectedly met with from theirs. The General and his Lady, and the Count, arrived the day before. But they were not present.

While they were all complimenting and applauding the almost *new* man (for in so critical a situation what could I say? Camilla

came in, and whispering the Marchioness, Clementina, said the Marchioness, is impatient to see her friend. Chevalier, I will introduce you. I followed her.

The young Lady, the moment she beheld me, flew to me with open arms, as to her brother, her *fourth brother*, as she called me; and thanked me, she said, a thousand times, for my Letters to her. My mamma, said she, has seen them all. But, ah, Sir, your third!—I did not think you would have refused me your interest with my friends. I cannot, cannot give up that point. It was always my wish, madam (turning to her mother) to be God's child; that does not make me less yours and my papa's. O, Chevalier! you have not quieted, you have not convinced my heart!

I promise myself, that I could have left you without a plea, my dear correspondent, returned I, had my heart been at ease, and the argument less affecting to myself. And surely, if Lady Clementina had been convinced, she would have acted up to her conviction.

O, Sir, you are a dangerous man! I see, if a certain event had taken place, I should have been a lost creature!—Are not you, Sir, convinced, that I should, in my notions of a lost creature? If you are, I hope *you* will act up to your conviction.

Was this necessary to be said to me? I think, on recollection, she half-smiled when she said it.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, you see Clementina could be pleasant on an occasion so solemn!—But perhaps she saw me only affectedly chearful. Little, at present, as she imagines it, I think it not impossible that she may in time be brought to yield to the sense of her duty, laid down by such powerful advocates as she has in her own family. Whatever happens, may it be happy to her and this family, and then I cannot be wholly joyless! What is there in this Life, worth—But let me not be too abstracted! This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent chearfulness, and be serviceable to our fellow-creatures, is not to be despised, even by a Philosopher.

I hope, madam, said I, to her, that at least you suspend your wishes after the sequestered life. She allowed the force of one or two of my arguments; but I could perceive, that she gave not up her hope of being complied with in her wishes to assume the veil.

The General, and his Lady, and the Count, being come in, hastened up to pay their compliments to me. How profuse were the two Gentlemen in theirs!

At the Marchioness's motion, we went to Jeronymo, and found the Marquis, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, coming to us. And then, every one joining in their acknowledgements of obligation to me, and wishing it in their power to make me as happy as they declared I had made them, I said, It *was* in their power, I hoped, to do me an unspeakable pleasure.

They called upon me, as with one voice; It is, answered I, that my dear friend Jeronymo may be prevailed upon to accompany me to England. Mr. Lowther would think himself very happy in his attendance on him there, rather than to stay here; and yet, if my request should not be granted, he is determined not to leave him till he is supposed to be out of danger.

They looked upon one another with eyes of pleasure and surprize. Jeronymo wept. I cannot, cannot bear, said he, such a weight of obligation. Grandison, we can do nothing for *you*: And you have brought me your Lowther to heal me, that you might have the killing of me yourself.

Clementina's eyes were filled with tears. She went from us with some little precipitation.

O Chevalier, said the Marchioness, my Clementina's heart is too susceptible for its own ease, to impressions of gratitude. You will quite kill the poor child—or make her repent her resolution.

What is there but favour to me, replied I, if my request can be complied with? I hope my dear Jeronymo will not be unattended by others of his friends: I have had the promises of the two young Lords. Our baths are restorative. I will attend you to them, my dear Jeronymo. The difference of air, of climate, may, probably, be tried with advantage. Let me have the honour of entertaining you in England, looking all round me; and that I will consider, as a full return of the obligations you think so highly of, and are so solicitous to discharge.

They looked upon one another, in silence.

Would to God, proceeded I, that you, my Lord, and you, madam (directing myself to the father and mother) would honour me, as my guests, for one season—You once had thoughts of it, had a certain happy event taken place—I dare promise you both, after the fatigues you have undergone, a renewal of health, from our salutary springs. I should be but too happy, if, in such company, a sister might be allowed to visit a brother!—But if this be thought too great a favour, that sister, in your absence, cannot but give and receive pleasure, sometimes in visiting Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; sometimes her Brother and his Lady at Naples. And I will engage my two Sisters and their Lords to accompany me in my attendance on you back to Bologna. My Sisters will be delighted with the opportunity of visiting Italy, and of paying their respects to a young Lady whose character they revere, and to whom once their brother had hoped to give them the honour of a relation.

They still continuing silent, but none of them seeming displeased; You will, by such a favour, my dear Lords, and you, madam, to the Marchioness, do me credit with *myself*, as I may say. I shall

return to my native country, if I go alone, after the hopes you had all given me, like a disappointed and rejected man. My pride, as well as my pleasure, is concerned on this occasion. My house in the country, my house in London, shall be yours. I will be either inmate or visiter, at your pleasure. No man loves his country better than I do: But you will induce me to love it still better, if by your compliance with my earnest request, you shall be able to obtain either health or pleasure from a twelvemonth's residence in it. Oblige me, my dear Lords; oblige me, madam; were it but to give yourselves a new relish to your own country and palace on your return. Our summers have not your fervid sun: Our commerce gives us, in the highest perfection, all your justly-boasted autumnal fruits: Nor are our winters so cold as yours. Oblige me, for the approaching winter only; and stay longer, as you shall find inclination.

Dearest Grandison, said Jeronymo, I will accept of your invitation the moment I am told that I may undertake the journey—

The journey, my Lord, interrupted I!—Your cabin shall be made near as convenient to you, as your chamber. You shall be set ashore within half a league of my house in London. God give us a pleasant voyage; and in a few days time, you will not know, except by amended health and spirits, that you are not in this your own chamber.

Surely, said the General, my sister was right in her apprehensions, that she should not be able to continue a Catholic, had she been this man's. I wish *you*, my Lord, *you* madam, and Jeronymo, would go. You have had a long course of fatigues and troubles. You love the Chevalier. *Winter* with him, however. I have heard much of the efficacy of the English baths. Clementina must not go. My wife and I will make her as happy as possible in your absence: And take Grandison at his word. Bring him, and his sisters, back with you. Their Lords, I understand, *have been* among us. They will not be sorry to visit Italy a second time; as, no doubt, they are men of taste—But when, Chevalier, do you think of going?

The sooner the better, were it but to take advantage of the fine season: It will be but what mariners call a *trip* to England. You will make me very happy. You can have no other way of discharging the obligations you are so solicitous about. I will return with you: The health of Lady Clementina, I flatter myself, will be quite confirmed by that time. Signor Jeronymo, I hope, will be restored likewise: What joy shall we be enabled to give one another!—

They took only till the morning to consult, and give me an answer.

LETTER XXXVIII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation*

MR. LOWTHER and his colleagues, having been consulted, gave it as their opinion, that Jeronymo might be removed by litter to the nearest sea-port, and there embark for England; but that it is most eligible to stay till the next spring, by which time they hope the two old wounds may be safely cicatrized, and the new one only kept open.

But they all engaged, that then not only Jeronymo, and the two young Lords, but some others of the family, will be my guests in England; and, in the mean time, that the Bishop and Father Mare-scotti will in turn correspond with me, and acquaint me with all that passes here.

Clementina drank chocolate with us. She had been made acquainted with their determination, and approved of the promises of a visit to be made me next year, by some of the principals of the family. What a hard circumstance is it, whispered she, as she sat next me, that the person who would be *most* willing to go, and, I flatter myself, would not be the *least* welcome, must not be of the company! I should have been glad to have made one visit to the country where the Chevalier Grandison was born.

And what a perverseness, thought I, is there in custom; that would not permit this kind explicitness in Lady Clementina, were she not determined to consider the *brother*, in the man before her, rather than a still nearer relation! By how many ways, my dear Dr. Bartlett, may delicate minds express a denial!—Negatives need not be frowningly given, nor affirmatives blushingly pronounced.

Jeronymo and I being left alone, he challenged me on the visible concern which he, and every one, as he said, saw in my countenance, on the turn his sister had taken: Had it not been in my heart, he was sure it would not have been *there*.

Can you wonder at it, my dear friend? said I: When I came over, greatly as I thought of your sister, I did not think she had been *so* great, as she has shewn herself. I admired her ever; but I now *more* than admire her. Taught to hope, as I was, and so unexpectedly disappointed, as I have been, I must have been more than man, were I not very much affected,

No doubt but you must; and I am cordially concerned for your concern. But, my dear Grandison, it is only God that she prefers to you. She suffers more than you can do. She has no other way, she assures me, to comfort herself, but by indulging her hopes, that she shall not live long—Dear creature! She flatters herself, that her

reason is restored, in answer to her fervent supplications, which, she says, she put up to Heaven, in all her lucid intervals, that for the sake of her parents and brothers, it might be restored, and that then she might be taken to the arms of mercy. But if your heart be *deeply* affected, my Grandison—

It is, Jeronymo. I am not an insensible man. But should now our dear Clementina be prevailed upon to descend from the height to which she has soared, however my wishes might be gratified by the condescension; yet, while she believed her conscience would be wounded by it, I could not but think it would be some diminution to her glory. And how, as she has hinted in one of her letters to me, would it be possible, were I to see my beloved wife unhappy with her scruples, to forbear endeavouring to quiet her mind by removing them? And could *this* be effected, without giving her an opinion of the religion I profess, in opposition to hers? And would not that subject me to a breach of articles? O my dear Jeronymo! Matters must stand just as they do, except she could think more favourably of my religion, and less favourably of her own.

He began to talk of their obligations to me. I declared, that they could no other way give me pain. Do not, said I, let this subject ever be again mentioned, by you, or any of the family. Every one, my dear Jeronymo, is not called upon by the occasion, as I have had the happiness to be. Would my friend envy me this happiness?

I wish, Dr. Bartlett, with all my heart, that I could think of any thing that I could accept of, to make such grateful spirits easy. It pains me, to be placed by them in such a superior light, as must give *them* pain. What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can I do, consistent with my notions of friendship, to make their hearts easy?

He was afraid, he said, that I should now soon think of leaving them.

I told him, that having no doubt of Lady Clementina's perseverance in her resolution, and of her leave to return to my native country, I should be glad, for my own sake, as well as the Lady's, to be allowed to depart in a few days. Mr. Lowther, as it would make Jeronymo, as he had declared, more easy, would stay behind me. But dismiss him, my friend, said I, as soon as you can. He had obtained abroad a happy competency, and was returned to England, when I first knew him, with intent to enjoy it. He is as rich as he wants to be; and can gratify only the natural benevolence of his heart, by attending my dear friend. I hope to get him to accept of apartments with me, in my London house; and to fix his retirement, if not with me in my paternal seat, in its neighbourhood at least. He has merit that is not confined to his profession: But for what he has done for my Jeronymo, he will always hold a prime place in my heart.

It is *true*, Dr. Bartlett; and I please myself, that he will be found as worthy of your friendly love, and my Beauchamp's, as of mine. If I can at last be indulged in my long, long hoped-for wish, of settling in my native country, with some tolerable tranquillity of mind, I shall endeavour to draw around me such a collection of worthies, as shall make my neighbourhood one of the happiest spots in Britain.

The Marchioness came up to us. Clementina, said she, is apprehensive that you soon will leave us. Her father and brothers are walking with her in the garden: They will, I dare say, be glad of your company.

I left Jeronymo and his mother together; and joined the Marquis, the General, the Bishop, and Clementina. The General's Lady and Father Marescotti were in another alley, in earnest conversation.

The Marquis made me a high compliment; and, after a few turns, the Prelate led off his father and brother, and left Clementina and me alone together.

Were you not cruel, Chevalier, said she, in your last Letter to me, not only to deny me your weight in the request my heart was, and is still, set upon; but to strengthen their arguments against me? Great use have some of my friends made of what you wrote. O Sir, you have won the heart of Giacomo; but you have contributed to oppress that of his sister. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be easy, if I am denied the veil. *A young lady is seen in the distance.*

Dear Lady Clementina, remember, that the full establishment of your health depends, under God, upon the quiet of your own mind. Give not way, I beseech you, to uneasy apprehensions. What daughter may rely upon the indulgence of a father and mother, what sister upon the affection of brothers, if you may not upon yours? You have seen how much their happiness depends upon your health. Would you doubt the efficacy of that piety, while you are in the world, of which you have already (Shall I say to *my* cost?) given an instance so glorious to yourself, that the sufferer by it cannot help applauding you for it? *Her voice is heard in the distance.*

O Chevalier! Say not *at your cost*, if you wish me to be easy.

With the utmost difficulty *have* I restrained, and do I restrain, myself on these occasions. I must, however, add, on this, a few words: You have obliged me, madam, to give one of the greatest instances of self-denial, that ever was given by man: Let me beseech you, dearest Lady Clementina, for your own sake, for the sake of your duty, as well to the departed, as to the living (and, may I add, for *my* sake?) that you would decline this now favourite wish of your heart. *Her voice is heard in the distance.*

She paused; and at last said, Well, Sir, I see I must not expect any

favour from you, on this subject. Let us turn into that shaded alley. And now, Sir, as to the other part of my request to you, in my last Letter—It was not a request made on undeliberate motives.

What is that, madam?

How shall I say it?—Yet I will—If, Chevalier, you would banish from my heart—Again she stopt. I thought not, at that moment, of what she meant.

If you would make me easy—

Madam—

You must marry!—Then, Sir, shall I not doubt of my adhering to my resolution. But, say not a word till I have told you, that the Lady must be an English woman. She must not be an Italian. Olivia would not scruple to change her religion for you. But Olivia must *not* be yours. You could not be happy, I persuade myself, with Olivia. Do you think you could?

I bowed, in confirmation to her opinion.

I *thought* you could not. Let not Clementina be disgraced in your choice of a wife. I have a proud heart. Let it not be said, that the man, of whom Clementina della Porretta thought with distinction, undervalued himself in marriage.

This, Dr. Bartlett, was a request of the same generous import, that she mentioned in her *resverie*, before I left Italy. How consistently delicate! She had tears in her eyes, as she spoke. I was too much affected with her generosity, to interrupt her.

If you marry, Sir, I shall, perhaps, be allowed to be one in the party, that will make you a visit in England: My sister-in-law has, within this hour, wished to be one. She will endeavour to prevail upon her Lord (He can deny her nothing) to accompany her. You will be able to induce Mrs. Beaumont once more to visit her native country. You and your Lady, and perhaps your Sisters and their Lords, will return with *us*. Thus shall we be as one family. If I am not to be obliged in *another* wish, I must in *this*: And this *must* be in your power. And will you not make me easy?

Admirable Clementina! Who can be so great as you? Such tenderness as I read in your eyes, such magnanimity, never before met in woman! You can do every-thing that is noble—But that very greatness of soul attaches me to you; and makes it, at least while I am an admiring witness of your excellence—

Hush, Chevalier! Not a word more on this subject. It affects me more than I wish it did. I am afraid I am chargeable with affectation—But you must, however, marry. I shall not be easy, while you are unmarried—When I know it is not possible to be—But no more of this subject now—How long is it, that we are to have you among
us?

If I have no hopes, madam—

Dear Chevalier, speak not in this strain—She turned her face from me.

The sooner, the better—But your pleasure, madam—

I thank you, Sir—But did I not tell you, that I have pride, Chevalier?—Ah, Sir, you have long ago found it out! *Pride* will do greater things for women, than *Reason* can—Let us walk to that seat, and I will tell you more of my pride.

She sat down; and making me sit by her—I will talk to these myrtles, fancifully said she, turning her head from me. “Shall the Chevalier Grandison be acquainted with the weakness of thy heart, Clementina?—Shall he, in compassion to thy weakness, leave his native country, and come over to thee?—Shall the success that has attended his generous effort, shew *his* power to the confirmation of *thy* weakness?—Shalt thou, enabled by the divine goodness to take a resolution becoming thy character, be doubtful whether thou canst adhere to it; and give him room to *think* thee doubtful?—Shall he, in consequence of this doubtfulness, make *officious* absences, to try thy strength of mind?—And shalt thou fail in the trial his compassionate generosity puts thee to?”—No, Clementina!

Then turning to me, with a downcast eye—I thank you, Sir, for all the instances of generous compassion you have shewn me. My unhappy disorder had *intituled* me, in some measure, to it. It was the hand of God. Perhaps a punishment for my pride; and I submit to it. Nor am I ashamed to acknowledge the kindness of your compassion to me. I will retain a grateful sense of it, to the last hour of my life. I wish to be remembred by you with tenderness to the last hour of yours. I may not live long: I will therefore yield to your request, so earnestly made, and to the *wishes* of my dearest friends, in suspending, at least, *my own*. I will hope to see you (in the happy state I have hinted at) in England, and afterwards in Italy. I will suppose you of my family. I will suppose myself of yours. On these suppositions, in these hopes, I can part with you; as, if I live, it will be a temporary parting only; an absence of a few months. And have I not behaved well for the whole last month, and several days over, tho’ I reckoned to myself the time as it passed, more than once every day, as so much elapsed, and nearer to the time of your return?—I own it (blushing)—And now, Sir, I return to you the option you offered me. Be the day, the solemn day, at *your* nomination—Your Sister Clementina will surrender you up to *her* Sisters and *yours*—O Sir! lifting up her eyes to me, and beholding an emotion in me which I tried to conceal, but could not, how good, how compassionate, how affectionate, you are!—But name to me *now* your day! This seat, when you are far, far distant from me, shall be a seat consecrated

to the remembrance of your tenderness. I will visit it every day; nor shall the summer's sun, nor the winter's frost, keep me from it.

It will be best, taking her hand, admirable Lady! it will be best for us both, for *me* I am sure it will, that the solemn day be early. Next Monday morning let me set out—Sunday *evening*—The *day*, on my part, shall be a day passed in imploring health, happiness, and every blessing, on my dearest Clementina, on our Jeronymo, and their whole family; and for a happy meeting to us all in England—SUNDAY EVENING, if you please, I will—I could not speak out the sentence.

She burst into tears; reclined her face on my shoulder—her bosom heaved—and she sobbed out—Oh, Chevalier!—*Must, must*—But *be* it—*Be* it so!—And God Almighty strengthen the minds of both!

The Marchioness, who was coming towards us, saw at distance the emotion of her beloved daughter, and fearing she was fainting, hastened to her, and clasping her arms about her—My child, my Clementina, said she—Why these streaming eyes? Look upon me, Love.

Ah, madam! The day, the day is set!—Next Monday!—The Chevalier will leave Bologna!.

God forbid—Chevalier, you will not so soon leave us? My dear, we will prevail upon the Chevalier—

I arose, and walked into a cross alley from them. I was greatly affected!—O Dr. Bartlett! These good women!—Why have I a heart so susceptible; yet such demands upon it for fortitude?

The General, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, came to me. I briefly recounted to them the substance of the conversation that had passed between Lady Clementina and me. The Marquis joined his Lady and daughter; and Clementina, in her tender way, gave her father and mother an account of the same.

The Marquis and his Lady, leaving her to her Camilla, joined us: O Chevalier! said the Marquis, how can we think of parting with you?—And so soon?—You will not so suddenly leave us?

Not if Lady Clementina commands the contrary. If she do not, the sooner, the better it will be for *me*. I cannot bear her generous excellence. She is the most exalted of women.—See! the dear Lady before us, leaning on her Camilla, as if she wanted support!

My sister and you, Chevalier, said the General, will no doubt correspond. We shall none of us deny her that liberty. As she has already expressed to you her wishes that you would marry; may we not hope, that you will try your influence over her, upon the same subject, in your future Letters? The marriage of *either* will answer the end she proposes to herself, by urging yours.

Good Heaven! thought I—Do they believe me absolutely divested

of human passions?—I have been at continual war, as you know, Dr. Bartlett, with the most ungovernable of mine: but without wishing to overcome the tender susceptibilities, which, properly directed, are the glory of the human nature.

This is too much to be asked, said the young Marchioness. How can this be expected?

You know not, madam, said the Bishop, supporting his brother's wishes, what the Chevalier Grandison can do, to make a whole family happy, tho' against himself.

Lady Clementina, said the equally unfeeling, tho' good, Father Marescotti, thinks she is under the divine direction, in the resolution she has taken. This world, and all its glories, are but of second consideration with her. Were it to cost her her life, I am confident, she would not alter it. As *therefore* the Chevalier can have no hopes—

I cannot ask this, said the Marquis. You see how hard a task (*referring to me*)—O that the great obstacle *could be* removed! My dear Grandison, taking my hand, cannot, cannot—But I dare not ask—If it could, my own sons would not be more dear to me, than you.

My Lord, you honour me. You engage my utmost gratitude. It is with difficulty that I am able to adhere to my engagement, not to press her to be mine, when I have the honour to be with her. I have wished her to resign her will to that of her father and mother, as you have seen, *knowing* the consequence. I am persuaded, that if *either* were to marry, the other would be more easy in mind; and I had much rather follow her example, than set her one—You will see what my return to my native country will do for us both. But she must not be precipitated. If she is, her wishes to take the veil may be resumed. Punctilio will join with her piety; and, if not complied with, she may then again be unhappy.

They agreed to follow my advice; to have patience; and leave the issue to time.

I left them, and went to Jeronymo. I communicated to him what had passed, and the early day I had named for setting out on my return to England. This I did, with as much tenderness as possible. Yet his concern was so great upon it, that it added much to mine; and I was forced, with some precipitation, to quit his chamber, and the house; and to retire to my lodgings, in order to compose myself.

And thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is the day of my setting out fixed. I hope I shall not be induced to alter it. Mrs. Beaumont, I know will excuse me going back to Florence. Olivia must. I hope she will. I shall write to both.

I shall take my route thro' Modena, Parma, Placentia. Lady Sforza has desired an interview with me. I hope she will meet me

at Pavia, or Turin. If not, I will attend her at Milan. I promised to pay her a visit before I quitted Italy: But as her request to see me was made while it was thought there might have been a relation between us, I suppose the interview now can mean nothing but civility. I hope, if I see her, her cruel daughter will not be present.

LETTER XXXIX

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation

*Parma, Monday Night, { Aug. 21
Sept. 1*

HERE I am, my dear Dr. Bartlett. Just arrived. The Count of Belvedere allows me to be alone. I am not fit for company.

The whole family, Jeronymo and Clementina excepted, dined with me on Saturday. Clementina was not well enough to leave her chamber. She would endeavour, she said, on Sunday night, when I was to take my leave of them all, to behave with as much presence of mind as she did on a former occasion. All the intervenient time, she said, was necessary to fortify her heart. But, alas! the circumstances between us, then and now, were not the same. We had, for some time past, been allowedly too dear to each other, to appear, either of us, so politely distant, as we did then.

She never once asked me to suspend the day of my departure. Every one else repeatedly did. We *both* thought it best, as the separation was necessary, that it should *not* be suspended.

I had many things to do; many Letters to write; much to say to Mr. Lowther, and he to me. I declined therefore their invitation to attend them home in the evening, as well as to dine with them next day. The solemn visit was to be made yesterday in the evening; and every visit near the time, would have been as so many farewells. My own heart, at least, told me so, and forbad me more than one parting scene. The time *so* near, they themselves wished it past.

The Count had come from Urbino on purpose, with the two young Lords, to take leave of me: What blessings did that nobleman, and the Marquis and Marchioness, invoke upon me! The General had more than once tears in his eyes: He besought me to forgive him for every-thing, in his behaviour, that had been disagreeable to me. His Lady permitted me to take leave of her in the most affectionate manner; and said, that she hoped to prevail on her Lord to visit me himself, and to allow her to bear him company, in my own country. The Bishop supplicated Heaven to reward me, for what he called my goodness to their family. Father Marescotti joined in his supplica-

tions, with a bent knee. The Marquis and Marchioness both wept; and called me by very endearing names, vowing everlasting love and gratitude to me. Jeronymo! my dear Jeronymo! one of the most amiable of men! how precious to my soul will ever be the remembrance of his friendly love! *His* only consolation was, and it is *mine*, that, in a few months, we shall meet in England. They wanted to load me with presents. They pained me with their importunities, that I would accept of some very valuable ones. They saw my pain; and, in pity to me, declined their generous solicitations.

Clementina was not present at this parting scene. She had shut herself up for the greatest part of the day. Her mother, and her sister-in-law, had been her only visitors: And she having declared that she was afraid of seeing me, it was proposed to me, whether it were not best for me to depart, without seeing her. I can well spare to myself, said I, the emotions which, already so great, will, on taking leave of her, be too powerful for my heart, if you think, that, when I am gone, she will not wish (as once she was so earnest, even to discomposure, for a farewell visit) that she had allowed herself to see me.

They all were then of opinion, that she should be prevailed upon. Camilla at that instant came down with her Lady's desire, that I would attend her. In what way, Camilla, is my Clementina? asked the Marchioness: Every-one attending the answer. In great grief, madam: Almost in agonies. She was sending me down with her warmest wishes to the Chevalier, and with her excuses; but called me back, saying, she would subdue herself: She would see him: And bid me hasten for fear he should be gone.

The two Marchionesses went up directly. I was in tremors. Surely, thought I, I am the weakest of men!—The Bishop and General took notice of my emotion, and pitied me. They all joined in the wish so often repeated, that I could yet be theirs.

I followed Camilla. Lady Clementina, when I entered, sat between the mother and sister; an arm round each of their necks: Her face was reclined, as if she were ready to faint, on the bosom of her mother, who held her salts to her. I was half-way in the room, before either mother or daughter saw me. The Chevalier Grandison, my best sister! said the young Marchioness: Look up, my Love.

She raised her head. Then stood up, courtesied; and, gushing into tears, turned her face from me.

I approached her: Her mother gave me the hand of her Clementina—Comfort her, comfort my Clementina, good Chevalier—You only can—Sit down, my Love, Take my seat, Sir.

The young Lady trembled. She sat down. Her mother seated herself; tears in her eyes. I sat down by Clementina. The dear

Lady sobbed; and the more, as she endeavoured to suppress her emotion.

I addressed myself to her sister-in-law, who had kept her seat—Your Ladyship, said I, gives me a very high pleasure, in the hope of seeing you, and your Lord, a few months hence, in company with my Jeronymo. What a blessing is it to us all, that that dear friend is so well recovered? I have no doubt but change of climate, and our salutary springs, will do wonders for him. Let us, by our *patience* and *resignation*, intitle ourselves to *greater* blessings; the consequence, as I hope, of those we have *already* received.

Please God, I will see you in England, Chevalier, said the young Marchioness, if my Lord is in the least favourable to my wishes: and I hope my beloved sister may be of the party. You, madam, and the Marquis, I hope—looking at her mother-in-law.

I hope you will not go without *us*, my dear, replied the Marchioness. If our dear Clementina shall be well, we will not leave her behind us.

Ah, madam!—Ah, Sir!—said Clementina, how you flatter me! But this, *this* night, if the Chevalier goes early in the morning, is the last time I shall ever see him.

God forbid! replied I—I hope that we may, many, many years rejoice in each other's friendship. Let us look forward with what pleasure we may. My heart, madam, wants your comfortings. I have a greater opinion of your magnanimity, than I have reason to have of my own. I depart not, but in consequence of your will—Enable me, by your example, to sustain that consequence. In every-thing you must be an example to me. *I* could not have done, as *you* have done: Bid me support my spirits in the hope of seeing you again, and seeing you happy. Tell me, that your endeavours shall not be wanting to be so: And I shall then be so too: Dear Lady Clementina, my happiness is bound up with yours.

Ah, Sir, I am *not* greater than you: And I am less than myself. I was afraid when I came to the trial—But *is* your happiness bound up with mine? O that I may be happy for *your* sake! I will *endeavour* to make myself so. You have given me a motive. Best of men! How much am I obliged to you! Will you cherish my remembrance? Will you forgive all my foibles?—The trouble I have given you?—I know you depart in consequence of my—*Perverseness*—perhaps you think it, tho' you will not call it so—What shall I do, if you think me either perverse or ungrateful?

I *do* not, I *cannot*, think you either. May I be assured of your correspondence, madam? Your Ladyship, turning to her mother, will give it your countenance—

By all means, answered the Marchioness. We shall *all* correspond

with you. We shall pray for you, and bless you, every day that we live. You will be to me, as you have always been, a fourth son—My dearest Clementina, say, if your mind is changed, if it be *likely* to change, if you think that you shall not be happy, if the Chevalier—

O madam, permit me to withdraw for one moment.

She hurried to her closet. She shut the door, and poured out her soul in prayer; and soon returning—It *must* be so—with an air of assumed greatness. Let thy steadiness, O Grandison, excuse and keep mine in countenance—Bear witness, my sister; forgive me, my mamma: But never did one mortal love another, as I do the man before us. But you both, and you, my dear Chevalier, know the competition; and shall not the UNSEEN (casting up her eyes surcharged with tears) be greater with me than the *seen*? Be you my brother, my friend, and the lover of my *soul*. This *person* is unworthy of you. The mind that animates it, is broken, disturbed—Pray for me, as I will for you—

Then dropping down on one knee, God preserve and convert thee, best of Protestants, and worthiest of men! Guide thy footsteps, and bless thee in thy future and better lot! But if the woman, whom thou shalt distinguish by thy choice, loves thee not, person and mind, as well as she before thee, she *deserves* thee not.

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised—seeming full of some other great sentiments. I kneeled to her, clasping my arms about her: May you, madam, be ever, ever happy!—I resign to your will—And equally admire and reverence you for it, though a sufferer by it. Lasting, as fervent, be our friendship!—And may we know each other hereafter, in a place where all is harmony and love; where no difference in opinion can sunder, as now, persons otherwise formed to promote each other's happiness!

I raised her, and arose; and kissing first one hand, then the other, and bowing to the two Marchionesses, was hastening from her.

She clapt her hands together—He is gone!—O stay, stay, Chevalier—And *will* you go?—

I was in too much emotion to wish to be seen—She hastened after me to the stairs—O stay, stay! I have not said half I had to say—

I returned, and, taking her hand, bowed upon it, to conceal my sensibility—What further commands, with a faltering voice, has Lady Clementina for her Grandison?

I don't know—But will you, must you, *will* you go?

I go; I stay; I have no will but yours, madam.

The two Marchionesses stood together, rapt in silent attention, leaning on each other.

Clementina sighed, sobbed, wept; then turning from me, then towards me; but not withdrawing her hand; I thought, said she, I

had a thousand things to say—But I have lost them all!—Go thou, in peace; and be happy! And God Almighty make *me* so! Adieu, dearest of men!

She condescendingly inclined her cheek to me: I saluted her; but could not utter to her what yet was upon my lips to speak.

She withdrew her hand. She seemed to want support. Her mother and sister hastened to her. I stopt at the door. Her eyes pursued my motions. By her uplifted hands she seemed praying for me. I was apprehensive of her fainting. I hastened towards her; but restraining myself, just as I had reached her, again hurried to the door: And on my knees, with clasped hands, audibly there besought God to sustain, support, preserve, the noble Clementina: And seeing her seated in the arms of both Ladies, I withdrew to Mr. Lowther's apartment; and shut myself in for a few moments. When a little recovered, I could not but step in to my Jeronymo. He was alone; drying his eyes as he sat: But seeing me enter, he burst out into fresh tears. *Once more, my Jeronymo*—I would have comforted him; but wanted comfort myself.

O my Grandison! embracing me, as I did him—

CLEMENTINA! The angel CLEMENTINA! *Ah, my Jeronymo!*—Grief again denied me further speech for a moment. I saw that *my* emotion increased *his*—*Love, love*, said I, *the dear*—I would have added CLEMENTINA; but my trembling lips refused distinct utterance to the word.—I tore myself from his embrace, and with precipitation left the tenderest of friends.

About eleven, according to the English numbering of the hours,¹ I sent to know how the whole family did. Father Marescotti returned with my servant. He told me, that the Lady fainted away after I was gone: But went to rest as soon as recovered. They all were in grief, he said. He was charged with the best wishes, and with the blessings, of every one; with those of the two Marchionesses in particular. Signor Jeronymo was so ill, that one of his Italian surgeons proposed to sit up with him all night; for Mr. Lowther had desired to accompany me as far as Modena: And him I charged with my compliments to each person of the family; and with my remembrances to servants, who well deserved kindness from me; and who, Father Marescotti told me, were all in tears on my departure. I prevailed on the Father himself to make my acknowledgements to the good Camilla. He offered, and I thankfully accepted of, his prayers for my health and happiness, which he put up in the most fervent manner, on his knees; and then embracing me, with a tenderness truly paternal, we parted, blessing each other.

This morning early, I set out. The Count of Belvedere rejoiced to see me; and called me kind, for being his guest, though but for

one night; for I shall pursue my journey in the morning. He assures me, that he will make me a visit in England.

You will hardly, till I arrive at Paris, have another Letter, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from

Your ever-affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XL

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Paris, { *Aug. 31*
Sept. 11

I SET out from Parma early on Tuesday morning, as I intended. The Count of Belvedere was so obliging, as to accompany me to Pavia, where we parted with mutual civilities.

I paid my respects to Lady Sforza at Milan, as I had promised. She received me with great politeness. Our conversation chiefly turned on the differences between the other branches of her family, on one part; and herself, and Lady Laurana, on the other. She owned, that when she sent to desire a visit from me, she had supposed, that the alliance between them and me was a thing concluded upon; and that she intended, by my mediation, to reconcile herself to the family, if they would meet her half-way.

She was so indiscreet, as to lay general blame on her noble niece, as a person given up to a zeal that wanted government: She threw out hints, injurious to the sincerity of the three brothers, as well as to that of the father and mother, with regard to me: All which I discountenanced.

I have hardly ever conversed with a woman so artful as Lady Sforza. I wonder not, that she had the address to fire the Count of Belvedere with impatience, and to set him on seeking to provoke me to an act of rashness, which, after what had happened between me and the young Count Altieri, some years ago, at Verona, might have been fatal to one, if not to both; and, by that means, rid Italy, if not the world, of me, and, at the same time, revenge herself on the Count for rejecting her daughter, who, as I have told you before, has a passion for him, in a manner that she called too contemptuous to be passed over.

She told me, that she doubted not *now*, that I had been circumvented, by (what even she, an Italian, called) *Italian finesse*,¹ but her niece would be prevailed upon to marry the Count; and bid me mind her words. Ah, my poor Laurana! added she—But I will

renounce her, if she can be so mean, as to retain Love for a man who despises her.

A convent, she said, after such a malady as Clementina had been afflicted with, would be the fittest place for her. She ascribed to hers and Laurana's treatment of her (with great vehemence, on my disallowing her assertion) the foundation of her cure. She wished that, were Clementina to marry, it might have been me, preferably to any other man; since the Love she bore me, was most likely to complete her recovery; which was not to be expected, were she to marry a man to whom she was indifferent—But, added she, they must take their own way.

Lady Laurana was on a visit at the Borromean palace: Her mother sent for her, unknown to me. I could very well have excused the compliment. I was civil, however: I could be no more than civil: And, after a stay of two hours, pursued my route.

Nothing remarkable happened in my journey. I wrote to Jeronymo and his beloved Sister, from Lyons.

At the post-house there, I found a servant of Lady Olivia, with a Letter. He was ordered to overtake, and give it into my own hands, were he to travel with it to Paris, or even to England. Lady Olivia will be obeyed. The man missed me, by my going to visit Lady Sforza at Milan. I inclose the Letter; as also a copy of mine, to which it is an answer. When you read them, you will be of opinion, that they ought not to pass your own hands. Perhaps you will choose to read them in this place.

LETTER XLI

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady OLIVIA

Bologna, Saturday, Aug. 19—30

Now, at last, is the day approaching, that the writer of this will be allowed to consider himself wholly as an Englishman. He is preparing to take, perhaps, an everlasting leave of Italy. But could he do this, and not first bid adieu to two Ladies at Florence, whose welfare will be ever dear to him—Lady Olivia, and Mrs. Beaumont? It must be to both by Letter.

I told you, madam, when I last attended you, that possibly I should never see you more. If I told you so in anger, pardon me. Now, in a farewell Letter, I would not upbraid you. I will be all in fault, if you please. I never incurred the displeasure of Olivia, but I was more concerned for her, than for what I suffered from it; and yet her displeasure was not a matter of indifference to me.

I wish not, madam, for my own happiness, with more sincerity than I do for yours. Would to Heaven it were in my power to promote it! I will flatter myself, that my true regard for your honour, daughter as you are of a house next to princely, and of fortune more than princely, will give me an influence, which will awaken you to your glory. Allow, madam, the friendly, the brotherly expostulation—Let me think, let me speak, of Olivia, in absence, as a fond brother would of a sister most dear to him. I *will* so speak, so think of you, madam, when far distant from you. When I remember my Italian friends, it will always be with tender blessings, and the most affectionate gratitude. Allow me, Olivia, to number you with the dearest of those friends. Your honour, your welfare, present and future, is, and ever will be, the object of my vows.

God and nature have done their parts by you. Let not your own be wanting. To what purpose live we, if not to grow wiser, and to subdue our *passions*? Dear Lady! Illustrious woman! How often have *you* been subdued by the violence of *yours*; and to what submissions has your generous repentance subjected you, even to your inferiors! Let me not be thought a boaster—But I will presume to say, that I am the rather intitled to advise, as I have made it my endeavour (and, I bless God, have not been always unsuccessful) to curb my passions. They are naturally violent. What do I owe to the advice of an excellent man, whom I early set up as *my* monitor? Let me, in this Letter, be *yours*.

Your situation in life, your high birth, your illustrious line of ancestors, are so many calls upon *you*, in whom the riches and the consequences of so many noble progenitors centre, to act worthy of their names, of their dignities, of your own; and of the dignity of your Sex. The world looks up to you (your education, too, so greatly beyond that of most Italian Ladies) with the expectation of an example—Yet have not evil reports already gone out upon your last excursion? The world will not see with our eyes, nor judge as we would have it, and as we sometimes know it *ought* to judge. My visit to Italy, when you were absent from it, and in England, was of service to your fame. The malignant world, at present, holds itself suspended in its censures; and expects, from your future conduct, either a confutation or a confirmation of them. It is, therefore, still in your power (rejoice, madam, that it is!) for ever to establish, or for ever to depreciate, your character, in the judgment both of friends and enemies.

How often have I seen passion, and even rage, deform features that are really lovely! Shall it be said, that your great fortune, your abundance, has been a snare to you? That you would have been a happier, nay a *better* woman, had not God so bountifully blessed you?

Can your natural generosity of temper allow you to bear such an imputation, as that the want of power only can keep you within the limits (Pardon, Olivia, the lover of your fame!) which the gentleness of your Sex, which true honour, prescribe?

You are a young Lady. Three fourths of your natural life (Heaven permitting) are yet to come. You have noble qualities, shining accomplishments. You will probably, in a very few years, perhaps in a few months, be able to establish yourself with the world. So far only as you have gone, the inconsideration of youth will be allowed an excuse for your conduct. Blest with means, as you are, you *still* have it in your power, let me repeat, to be an honour to your Sex, to your country, to your splendid house, and to the age to which you are given.

The monitor I mentioned (You know him by person, by manners) from my earlier youth, born as he knew me to be, the heir of a considerable fortune, suggested to me an address to Heaven, which my heart has had no repugnance to make a daily one; "That the Almighty will, in mercy, with-hold from me wealth and affluence, and make my proud heart a dependent one, even for my daily bread, were riches to be a snare to me; and, if I found not my inclinations to do good, as occasions offered, enlarge with my power."—O that you, Olivia, were poor and low, if the being so, and nothing else, would make you *know yourself*, and act accordingly!—And that it were given to me, by acts of fraternal love, to restore you, as you could bear it, to an independence, large as your own wishes!

What an uncontrollable MAN would Lady Olivia have made, had she been a man, with but the same passions, that now diminish the grandeur of her soul, and so large a power to gratify them!—What a *Sovereign*!—Look into the characters of absolute princes, and see whose, of all those who have sullied royalty, by the violence of their wills, you would have wished to copy, or to have been compared with.

How has the unhappy Olivia, though but a subject, dared!—How often has that tender bosom, whose glory it would have been to melt at another's woe, and to rejoice in acts of kindness and benevolence to her fellow-creatures, been armed by herself (not the mistress, but the slave, of her passions) not with defensive, but offensive, steel! (a) Hitherto Providence has averted any remediless mischief; but Providence will not be tempted.

Believe me, *still* believe me, madam, I mean not to upbraid you. My dear Olivia, I *will* call you, how often has my heart bled for you! How *paternally*, tho' but of years to be your *brother*, have I lamented for you in secret! I will own to you, that, but for the with-holding

(a) Alluding to the poniard she wore in her bosom.

prudence, and with-holding honour, that I owed to both our characters, because of a situation which would not allow me to express my tenderness for you, I had folded you, in your contrite moments, to my bosom; and, on my knees, besought you to act up to your own knowledge, and to render yourself worthy of your illustrious ancestry. And what but your *glory* could have been, what but that is now, my motive?

With what joy do I reflect, that I took *not* (God be praised for his restraining goodness!) advantage of the favour I stood in, with a most lovely, and princely-spirited woman; an advantage that would have given me cause to charge myself with baseness to her, in the hour wherein I should have wanted most consolation! With what apprehension (dreading for myself, because of the great, the sometimes almost irresistible, temptation) have I looked upon myself to be (shall I say?) the sole guardian of Olivia's honour! More than once, most generous and *confiding* of women, have I, from your unmerited favour for me, besought you to spare me my *pride*; and as often to permit me to spare you *yours*—Not the odious vice generally known by that name (the fault of fallen angels) but that which may be called a prop, a support, to an imperfect goodness; which, properly directed, may, in time, grow into virtue:—That friendly pride, let me add, which has ever warmed my heart with wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I call upon you once more, my FRIEND! How unreproachingly may we call each other by that sacred name! The Friend of your Fame, the Friend of your Soul, calls upon you once more, to rejoice with him, that you have it still in your power to tread the path of honour. Again I glory, and let us *both*, that we have nothing to reproach each other with. I leave Italy, a country that ever will have a title to my grateful regard, without one *self-upbraiding* sigh; though not without *many* sighs. I own it to Olivia. *Justice* requires it. Justice to a Lady Olivia loves not; but who deserves, not only hers, but the love of every woman; for she is an ornament to her Sex, and to human nature. Yet, be it known to Olivia, that I am a sufferer by that very magnanimity, for which I revere *her*—A rejected man!—Will Olivia rejoice that I am?—She will. What inequalities are there in the greatest minds? But subdue them in yours. For your own sake, not for mine, subdue them. The conquest will be more glorious to you, than the acquisition of an empire could be.

Let me conclude, with an humble, but earnest wish, that you will cultivate, as once you promised me, the friendship of one of the best of women, Mrs. Beaumont, disposed as she, your neighbour, is to cultivate yours. I shall then hear often from you, by the pen of that excellent woman. Your compliance with this humble advice will give

me, madam, for your own sake, and for the pleasure I know Mrs. Beaumont will have in it, the greatest joy that is possible for you to give to a heart, that overflows with sincere wishes for your happiness: A heart that will rejoice in every opportunity that shall be granted to promote it: For I am, and ever will be,

*The Friend of your Fame, of your true Glory,
and your devoted Servant,*

GRANDISON

LETTER XLII

*Lady OLIVIA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON
(Translated by Dr. Bartlett)*

*Florence, { Aug. 22
 { Sept. 2*

I AM to take it kindly, that you have thought fit to write to the unhappy Olivia before you leave Italy. I could not have expected even this poor favour, after the parting it was your pleasure to call *everlasting*. Cruel man!—Can I *still* call you so? I *did*, before I had this Letter; and was determined, that you should have reason to repent your cruelty: But this Letter has almost reconciled me to you; so far reconciled me, however, as to oblige me to lay aside the intended vengeance that was rolling towards you from slighted Love. You have awakened me to my glory, by your dispassionate, your tender reasonings. Your Letter (for I have erased one officious passage in it) is in my bosom all day. It is on my pillow at night. The last thing, and the first thing, do I read it. The contents make my rest balmy, my up-rising serene. But it was not till I had read it the seventh time, and after I had erased that obnoxious passage, that it began to have that happy effect upon me. I was above advice, for the first day. I could not relish your reasonings. Resolutions of vengeance had possessed me wholly. What a charm could there be in a *Letter*, that should make a slighted woman lay aside her meditated vengeance? A woman too, that had fallen beneath herself in the object of that despised Love.

Allow me, Grandison, to say so. In the account of worldly reckoning, it *was* so. And when I thought I hated you, it was so in my *own* account. Yet could you have returned my Love, I would have gloried in my choice; and attributed to envy all the insolent censures of maligners.

But even at the seventh perusal, when my indignation began to

give way, *would* it have given way, had you not, in the same Letter, hinted, that the proud Bologna had given up all thoughts of a husband in the man to whom my heart had been so long attached?—Allow me to call her by the name of her city. I love not her, nor her family. I hate them by their own proud names. It is an hereditary hatred, augmented by rivalry, a rivalry that had like to have been a successful one: And is *she* not proud, who, whatever be her motive, can refuse the man, who has rejected a nobler woman? Yet I think I ought to forgive her; for has she not avenged *me*? If *you* are grieved, that she has refused you, I am rejoiced. Be the pangs she has so often given me, if possible, forgotten!

What a miserable wretch, however, from my own reflexions, did this intelligence make me! Intelligence that I received before your Letter *blessed* my hands. Let me so express myself; the contents, I hope, will be the means of blessing, by purifying, my heart!—And why a miserable wretch?—O this man, of sentiments the most delicate, of life and manners the most unblameable; yet of air and behaviour so truly gallant, had it not been for thy forwardness, Olivia; had it not been for proposals, shame to thyself! shame to thy sex! *too plainly* intimated to him; proposals that owed their existence to inconsiderate Love; a Love mingled, I will now confess, with passions of the darkest hue—Envy, malice—and those aggravated by despair—would, on this disappointment from the Bologna, have offered his hand to the Florentine!—But now do I own, that it cannot, that it ought not to be. For what, Olivia, is there in the glitter of thy fortune, thy *greatest* dependence, to attract a man, whom worldly grandeur cannot influence? Who has a fortune of his own so ample, that hundreds are the better for it?—A man, whose oeconomy is regulated by prudence? Who cannot be in such difficulties as would give some little merit to the person who was so happy as to extricate him from them?—A man, in short, who takes pleasure in conferring obligations, yet never lays himself under the necessity of receiving returns? Prince of a man! What Prince, King, Emperor, is so truly great as *this* man? And is he not likewise surrounded by his nobles?—What a number of people of high interior worth, make up the circle of his acquaintance!

And is there not, cannot there yet be hope; the proud Bologna now (as she is) out of the question?—The Florentine wants not pride; but betrayed by the violence of her temper, she has not had the caution to confine herself within the bounds of female (shall I say) *hypocrisy*? What she could not hide from herself, she revealed to the man she loved: But never, however, was there any other man whom she loved. Upon whom but one man, the haughty object of her passion, did she ever condescend to look down? Who but he

was ever encouraged to look up to her?—And did not his gentle, his humane, his unrepublishing heart, seem to pity rather than despise her, till she was too far engaged? At the time that she *first* cast her eyes upon him, his fortune was not high: His father, a man of expeuce, was living, and likely to live: His sisters, whom he loved as himself, were hopeless of obtaining from their father fortunes equal to their rank and education. Olivia knew all this from unerring intelligence. His friends, his Bartlett, his Beauchamp, and others, were not in circumstances, that set them above owing obligations to him, slender as were his own appointments—*Then* it was that thou, Olivia, valuedst thyself for being blest with means to make the power of the man thou lovedst, as large as his heart. Thou wouldst have vested it *all* in him. Thou wouldst have conditioned with him, that this he should do for one sister; this for the other; this for one friend; this for another; and still another, to the extent of his wishes: And with *him*, and the *remainder*, thou wouldst have been happy.

Surely there was some merit in Olivia's Love.

But, alas! she was not prudent: Her temper, supposed to be naturally haughty and violent, hurried her into measures too impetuous. The soul of the man she loved, too great to be attracted by riches, by worldly glory, and capable of being happy in a mere competence, was (how can I say it? I blush while I write it!) disgusted by a violence that had not been used to be restrained by the accustomed reserve. It was all open day, no dark machinating night, in the heart of the undissembling Olivia. She persecuted the object of her passion with her Love, because she thought she could lay him under obligation to it. By hoping to prove herself more, she made herself appear less than woman. She despised that affectation, that hypocrisy, in her Sex, which unpenetrating eyes attribute to modesty and shame—Shame of what! of a natural passion?

But you, Grandison, were too *delicate*, to be taken with her *sincerity*. If you had penetration to distinguish between reserve and openness of heart, you had not greatness of mind enough to break thro' the low restraints of custom; and to reward the latter in preference to the former. Yet who, better than you, knows, that women in Love are actuated by *one* view, and differ only in outward appearance? Will bars, bolts, walls, rivers, seas, any more withhold the supercilious, than the less reserved? That passion which made the Florentine compass earth and seas, in hopes of obtaining its end, made, perhaps, the prouder Bologna (and *from* pride) a more pitiable object—Yet, who ever imputed immodesty to Olivia? Who ever dared to harbour a thought injurious to her virtue? You only (custom her judge) *have* the power, but not, I hope, the will, to upbraid her. You *can*. The creature, who, conscious of having alarmed you by

the violence of her temper, would have lived with you on terms of *probation*, and left it to your honour, on full consideration and experience of that temper, to reward her with the celebration, or punish her with rejection (her whole fortune devoted to you) had subjected herself to your challenges. But no-body else could harbour a thought inglorious to her.

And must she yield to the consciousness of her own unworthiness, from a proposal made by herself, which tyrant custom only can condemn?

O yes, she must. There is, among your countrywomen, one who seems born for *you*, and you for *her*. If *she* can abate of a dignity, that a first and only Love alone can gratify, and accept of a second-placed Love, a widower-bachelor, as I may call you, *she*, I know, must, will, be the happy woman. To *her* the slighted Florentine can resign, which, with patience, she never could to the proud Bologna; and the sooner, because of the immortal hatred she bears to that woman of Bologna. You, Grandison, have been accustomed to be distinguished by women who in degree and fortune might claim rank with princesses. Degree and fortune captivate you not—This humbler-fair-one is more suitable to your own degree: And in the beauties of person and mind (at least, in those beauties of the latter, which *you* most admire) she is superior either to your Bolognese or Florentine. Let my pen praise her, tho' malice to Clementina, and despair of obtaining my own wishes, mingle with my ink—She is mild, tho' sparkling: She is humble, yet has dignity: She is reserved, yet is frank and open-hearted: Nobody can impute to her either dissimulation or licence of behaviour. We read her heart in her countenance; and have no thought of looking further for it: Wisdom has its seat on her lips; modesty, on her brow: Her eyes avow the secrets of her soul; and demonstrate, that she has no one, that she need to be ashamed of: She can blush for others; for the unhappy Olivia she *did* more than once: But for herself she need not blush. I loved, yet feared her, the moment I saw her. I dared not to try myself by her judgment. It was easy for me to see, that she loved you; yet such were your engagements, your *supposed* engagements, that I pitied her: And can we be alarmed by, or angry at, her whom we pity?—Unworthy Grandison! Unworthy I *will* call you; because you cannot merit the Love of such a spotless heart. You who could leave her, and, under colour of honour, when there was no pre-engagement, and when the proud family had rejected you, prefer to such a fine young creature, a romantic Enthusiast—O may the sweet maiden, who wants not due consciousness of interior worth, assert herself; and, by refusing your second-placed addresses, vindicate the dignity of beauty and innocence unequalled!

If you, Grandison, cannot forgive Olivia for loving you too well, for rendering herself too cheap to you; if you cannot repair in her own eyes, the honour of one, who, in that case, must be sunk in yours beyond the power of restoration; if you cannot forgive attempts of the hand, in which the heart had no share, but resisted; in a word, if you cannot forgive the fervor of a Love, that, at times, combating my pride, had nearly overturned *my* reason also—Then, let this virgin goodness be yours, and Olivia will endeavour to forgive *you*—Yet—O that yet—Ah, Grandison!—But how can a woman bear that refusal, which, however superior she may be in rank, in fortune, gives her an inferiority to the man of her wishes, in the very article in which it should be a woman's glory to retain dignity, even were the man superior to her in birth, and in all other outward advantages? I disdain thee, Grandison, in this light. I will tear thy proud image from my heart, or die.

One request only, let me make, and permit your pride to comply with it. Return not to me, but accept (accept as a token of Love) the cabinets which perhaps will be in England before you. They will be thought by you of too great value; but they are not too great for the grandeur of my fortune, and the magnificence of my spirit. The medals alone, make a collection that would do credit to the cabinet of a sovereign Prince. These are in your taste. They are *nothing* to Olivia, but for your sake. Accept of these cabinets, as some atonement for the trouble I have given you; for the attempts I have made upon your liberty, and more than once (but Oh! with how feeble a hand!) upon your life! How easy had it been to take the latter, your soul so fearless, braving menaces and danger, had I been resolved to take it! How many ministers of vengeance, in my country, had I been determined to execute it, would my fortune have procured me! How easy would it have been for me to conceal my guilt from all but myself, had the slow-working bowl, or even the sharp-pointed poniard, given thee up to my great revenge!—'Tis happy for us both, however, that the proud Bigot rejected you! Your death, and my distraction, had, probably, been the consequence of her acceptance of you—Yet, how I rave!—The moment I had seen you, my vengeance would have been arrested, as more than once it was. O Grandison! How dear are you (*were* you now, I will endeavour to say) to the soul of Olivia! Dearer than fame, than glory, and whatever the world deems valuable.

All that I ask of you now, that the Bologna, in disappointing *you*, has disappointed *herself* (great revenge!) is within your own power to grant, without detriment to yourself, and, I hope, without regret. It consists of two or three articles: The first is, to resolve within yourself, that you will not *now*, should that heat of the zealot's

imagination, which has seemed to carry her above herself, subside (as I have no doubt but it *will*); and should she even follow you to your native place, as a still nobler woman ignobly did; that you will not now receive her offered hand!—O Grandison!—If you do—

Next, that you will (thus fairly, tho' *foolishly*, dismissed, and the whole family rejoicing in your dismissal, well as they pretend to love you) put it out of your own power, since the Florentine can have no hope, to give the Bolognese any. My soul thirsts to see her in a Nunnery: I could myself assume the veil in the same convent, I think I could, for the pleasure of exulting over her for the pangs she has occasioned me. But for *her*, Olivia would have been mistress of her own wishes.

Preach not to me, Grandison, against that spirit of revenge, which ever did, and ever must, actuate my heart. Slighted Love will warrant it, or nothing can! Have I not lost the man I loved by it? Can I regain him, if I conquer that not ignoble vehemence of a great mind?—No!—Forbear then the unavailing precept. I am not of Bologna. I am no zealot! While the warm blood flows in my veins, I pretend not to be above human nature. When I can divest myself of that, *then*, perhaps, I may follow your advice: I may seek to cultivate the friendship of Mrs. Beaumont: But *till* then, she would not accept of mine.

O Grandison! born to distinction! princely in your munificence! amiable in your person! great in your mind, in your sentiments! you have conquered your ambition—You may therefore unite yourself to the politest country maid, and the loveliest, that ever adorned your various climate: Yet, O that in the same hour, the Bolognese might assume the veil, and the lovely English maid refuse your offered hand!

My third request is (as before requested) that you will not refuse the cabinets which will be soon embarked for you. Be not *afraid* of me, Grandison; I form no pretensions upon you from this present; valuable as you, perhaps, may think it. Your simple acceptance is all the return I hope for. Write only these words with your own hand—"Olivia, I accept your present, and thank you for it." Receive it only as a token of my past Love, for a man whose virtues I admire, and, by degrees, shall hope to imitate. That, Sir, when a certain event was *most* my wish, was not the least motive for that wish: But now, what will be the destiny of the bewildered creature, who is left at large to her own will, who can tell? A will, that only one man in the world could have subjugated. His controul would have been freedom.

I would not have you imagine, that a correspondence, by Letter, is hoped for, as a *return* for the Present of which I entreat your accep-

tance: But when I can assure you, that your advice will probably be of great service to me, in the conduct of my future life, as I have no doubt it will, from the calm effects that the Letter, which has now a place in my bosom, has already produced there, I am ready to flatter myself, that a wish so ardent, and so justifiable, will be granted to the repeated request of

OLIVIA

*Continuation of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON's Letter,
No. XL. Began p. 639*

OLIVIA, you see, my dear Dr. Bartlett, concludes her Letter, with a desire of corresponding with me. As she has put it, I cannot refuse her request. How happy should I think myself, if I could by a means effectually to serve her in the conduct of her future life!

I have written to her, that I shall think an intercourse by Letters an honour done me, if she will allow me to treat her with the freedom and the singleness of heart of an affectionate brother.

As to her particular recommendation of a *third person*, I tell her, that must be the subject of the future correspondence to which she is pleased to invite me.

Olivia *may be* in earnest, in her warm commendations of a Lady, of whose excellencies nobody can write or speak with indifference: But I have no doubt, that she is very earnest to know my sentiments on the subject. But what must be the mind of the *bachelor-widower*, as she calls me, if already I can enter into the subject with *any-body*, with Lady Olivia especially? The most *sensible*, I will not say *subtle* creature on earth, is certainly a woman in Love. What can escape her penetration? What can bound her curiosity?

I tell her, that I can neither decline nor accept of her present, till I see the contents of the cabinets she is pleased to mention. It will give me pain, I say, to refuse any favour from Lady Olivia, by which she intends to shew her esteem of me: But favours of so high a price, will, and ought to, give scruples to one who would not be thought *ungenerous*.

I had always admired, I tell her, her collection of medals: But they are a family collection, of two or three generations: And I should not allow myself to accept of such a treasure, unless I could have an opportunity given me to shew, if not my merit, my gratitude; and *that* I saw no possibility of being blessed with, in any manner, that could make the acceptance tolerably easy to myself. I cannot, my dear Dr. Bartlett, receive from this munificent Lady a present that is of such high intrinsic worth. Had she offered me anything that would have had its value *from* the giver, or *to* the receiver,

for its own sake, and not equally to any-body else; for instance, had she desired me to accept of her picture, since the original could not be mine; I would not have refused it, tho' it had been incircled with jewels of price. But, circumstanced as this unhappy Lady and I are, could I have asked her for a favour of that nature?

I think, I have broken thro' one delicacy, in consenting to correspond with this Lady. She should not have asked it. I never knew a pain of so particular a nature as this Lady (a not ungenerous, tho' a rash one) has given me. My very heart recoils, Dr. Bartlett, at the thought of a denial of marriage to a woman expecting the offer, whom delicacy has not quite forsaken.

But a word or two more on this subject of Presents. When the whole family at Bologna were so earnestly solicitous to shew their gratitude to me by some permanent token, I had once the thought of asking for their Clementina's picture in miniature: But as I was never to think of her as mine, and as, probably, my picture, if but for politeness sake, would have been asked for in exchange. I was afraid of cherishing, by that means, in her mind, the tender ideas of our past friendship, and thereby of making the work of her parents difficult. And do they not the more *excusably* hope to succeed in their views, as they think their success will be a means to secure health of mind to their child? But if they visit me in England, I will then request the pictures of the whole family, in one large piece, for the principal ornament of Grandison-hall.

By what Olivia says, of designs on my liberty, I believe she means to include the attempt made upon me at Florence; which I hinted at in my last, and supposed to come from that quarter. What she would have done with me, had the attempt succeeded, I cannot imagine. I should not have wished to have been the subject of so romantic an adventure—A prisoner to a Lady in her castle!—She is certainly one of the most enterprising women in Italy; and her temper is too well seconded by her power. She would not, however, in that case, have had recourse to *fatal* acts of violence. Once, you know, she had thoughts of exciting against me the Holy Tribunal: But I was upon such a foot, as a traveller, and as an English Protestant, tho' avowed, not behaving indiscreetly, that I had friends enow, even in the Sacred College, to have rendered ineffectual any steps of that sort. And after all, her machinations were but transitory ones, and, the moment she saw me, given over.

My first enquiry, after my arrival here, was after my poor cousin Grandison. My *poor* cousin, indeed! What a spiritless figure does he make! I remember you once said, That it was more difficult for a man to behave well in prosperity, than in adversity: But the man who will prove the observation to be true, must not be one, who,

by his own extravagance and vice, has reduced himself, from an affluence to which he was born, to penury, at least to a state of obligation and dependence. Good God! that a man should be so infatuated, as to put on the cast of a dye, the estate of which he is in *unquestioned* possession from his ancestors! Yet who will say, that he who hopes to win what belongs to another, does not deserve to lose his own?

I soothed my cousin in the best manner I could, consistently with justice: Yet I told him, that his repentance must arise from his *judgment*, as well as from his *sufferings*; and that he would have less reason for regretting the unhappy situation to which he had reduced himself, if the latter brought him to a right sense of his errors. I was solicitous, Dr. Bartlett, for the sake of his own peace of mind, that he should fall into a proper train of thinking: But I told him, that preachment was no more my intention, than recrimination.

I have two hands to one tongue, my cousin, said I; and the latter I use not but to tell you, that both the former are cordially at your service. You have considered this matter well, no doubt, added I: Can you propose to me any means of retrieving your affairs?

There is, said he, one way. It would do every-thing for me: But I am afraid of mentioning it to you.

If it be a just way, fear not. If it be any-thing I can do for you, out of my own single purse, without asking any second or third person to contribute to it, command me—He hesitated.

If it be any-thing, my cousin, said I, that you think I ought not, in justice, in honour, to comply with, do *not*, for your own sake, mention it. Let me see that your calamity has had a proper effect upon you. Let not the *just man* be sunk in the man in adversity; and then open your mind freely to me.

He could not, he said, trust the mention of the expedient to me, till he had given it a further consideration.

Well, Sir, be pleased to remember, that I will never *ask* you to mention it; because I cannot doubt but you *will*, if, on consideration, you think it a *proper* expedient.

When some friends, who came to visit me on my arrival, were gone, my cousin resumed the former subject: But he offered not to mention his expedient. I hope it was not, that he had a view to my Emily. I am very jealous for my Emily. If I thought poor Everard had but an imagination of retrieving his affairs by her fortune, nothing but his present calamity should hinder me from renouncing for ever my cousin.

I enquired particularly into the situation he was in; and if there were a likelihood of doing any-thing with the gamesters. But he could not give me room for such an expectation. I find he has lost

all his estate to them, Dunton-farm excepted; which, having been much out of repair, is now fitting up for a new tenant; and will not, for three or four years to come, bring him in a clear fifty pounds a year.

I have known more men than one, who could not live upon fifteen hundred a year, bring themselves to be contented with fifty. But Mr. Grandison is so fallen in spirit, that he never will be able to survive such a change of fortune, if I do not befriend him. Poor man! he is but the shadow of what he was. The *first* formerly in the fashion: In body and face so erect; his steps so firm, gait so assured, air so genteel, eye so lively—But now, in so few months, gaunt sides; his half-worn tarnish'd-laced coat, big enough to lap over him; hollow cheeks, puling voice, sighing heart, creeping feet—O my Dr. Bartlett, how much does it behove men so little able to *bear* distress, to avoid falling into it by their own extravagance! But for a man to fall into indigence thro' *avarice* (for what is a spirit of gaming, but a spirit of avarice, and that of the worst sort?) How can such a one support his own reflexions?

I had supposed, that he had no reason, in this shattered state of his affairs, to apprehend any-thing from the prosecution set on foot by the woman who claimed him on promise of marriage; but I was mistaken; she has, or pretends to have, he told me, witnesses of the promise. Poor shameful man! What witnesses *needed* she, if he *knows* he made it, and received the profligate consideration?

I am not happy, my dear friend, in my mind. I hope to be tolerably so, if my next Letters from Bologna are favourable, as to the state of health of the beloved brother and sister there.

It would have been no disagreeable amusement to me, at this time, to have proceeded directly to Ireland; the rather, as I hope a visit to my estate there is become almost necessary, by the forwardness the works are in which I set on foot when I was on that more than agreeable spot. But the unhappy situation of Mr. Grandison's affairs, and my hopes of bringing those of Lady Mansfield to an issue, together with the impatience I have to see my English friends, determine me to the contrary. To-morrow will be the last day of my stay in this city; and the day after, my cousin and I shall set out for Calais—Very quickly, therefore, after the receipt of this Letter, which shuts up the account of my foreign excursions, will you, by your paternal goodness, if in London, help to calm the disturbed heart of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XLIII

*Lady G. To Miss BYRON**London, Tuesday, Sept. 5*

CONGRATULATE us, my dearest Miss Byron, on the arrival of my brother. He came last night. It was late. And he sent to us this morning; and to others of his friends. My Lord and I hurried away to breakfast with him. Ah, my dear! we see too plainly that he has been very much disturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner, than he was: But he is the same kind brother, friend, and good man.

I expected a little hint or two from him on my past vivacities; but not a word of that nature. He felicitated my good man and me; and when he spoke of Lord and Lady L. and his joy in their happiness, he put two sisters and their good men together, as two of the happiest pairs in England. Politic enough; for as we sat at breakfast, two or three *toysome* things were said by my Lord (no ape was ever so fond!) and I could hardly forbear him: But the reputation my brother gave me, was a restraint upon me. I see, one may be flattered, by undeserved compliments, into good behaviour, when we have a regard to the complimenter.

Aunt Nell was all joy and gladness: She was in raptures last night, it seems, at her nephew's first arrival. He rejoiced to see her; and was so thankful to her for letting him find her in town, and at his house, that she resolves she will not leave him till he is married. The good old soul imagines she is of importance to him, in the direction of the family matters, now I have left him—*I*, Harriet! there's self-importance!—But, good creatures, these old virgins! they do so love to be thought useful—Well, and is not that a good sign, on aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if she would have been an useful creature in the days of nightrail¹ and notableness, had she been a wife in good time? I always think, when I see those badgerly² virgins fond of a parrot, a squirrel, a monkey, or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes out husband and children in the animals—Poor things!—But as to her care, I dare say, that will only serve to make bustle and confusion, where else would be order and regularity; for my brother has the best of servants.

I wished her in Yorkshire fifty times, as we sat at breakfast: For when I wanted to ask my brother twenty thousand questions, and to set him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams of the night before his arrival, and last night—Seas crossed, rivers forded—Dangers escaped by the help of angels and saints, for the resveries³ of the former night; and for the last, the music of the spheres,

heaven, and joy, and festivity—The plump creature loves good cheer, Harriet.—In short, hardly a word could we say, but what put her upon recollecting a part of one of her dreams: Yet, some excuse lies good, for an old soul, whose whole life has been but one dream, a little fal-lalishly varied—And, would you think it? (yes, I believe you would) *My* odd creature was once or twice put upon endeavouring to recollect two or three dreams of his own, of the week past; and would have gone on, if I had not silenced him by a frown, as he looked upon me for his cue, as a tender husband ought.

Beauchamp came in, and I thought would have relieved us: But he put my aunt in mind of an almost-forgotten part of her dream; for *just* such a joyful meeting, *just* such expressions of gladness, did she dream of, as she now beheld, and heard, between my brother and him felicitating each other. Duce take these dreaming souls, to remember their resveries, when realities infinitely more affecting are before them! But Reflexion and Prognostic are ever inspiring parts of the pretension of people who have lived long; dead to the Present; the Past and the Future filling their minds: And why should not they be indulged in the thought that they know something more than those who are less abstracted; and who are contented with looking no further than the Present?

Sir Charles enquired after Sir Harry's health. Mr. Beauchamp, with a concern that did him credit, lamented his declining way; and he spoke so respectfully of Lady Beauchamp, and of her tenderness to his father, as made my brother's eyes glisten with pleasure.

Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, were at Colnebrooke: But as they had left orders to be sent for, the moment my brother arrived (for you need not doubt but his last Letter prepared us to expect him soon) they came time enough to dine with us. There was a renewal of joy among us.

Emily, the dear Emily, fainted away, embracing the knees of her guardian, as she, unawares to him, threw herself at his feet, with joy that laboured for expression, but could not obtain it. He was affected. So was Beauchamp. So were we all. She was carried out, just as she was recovering to a shame and confusion of face, for which only her own modesty could reproach her.

There are susceptibilities which will shew themselves in outward acts; and there are others which cannot burst out into speech. Lady L's joy was of the former, mine of the latter, sort. But she is used to tenderness of heart. Mine are ready to burst my heart, but never hardly can rise to my lips—My eyes, however, are great talkers.

The pleasure that Sir Charles, Lord L. and Dr. Bartlett, mutually expressed to see each other, was great, tender, and manly. My bustling nimble Lord enjoyed over again his joy, at that of every

other person; and he was ready, good-naturedly, to sing and dance—That's *his* way, poor man, to shew his joy; but he is honest, for all that. Don't despise him, Harriet! He was brought up as an only son, and to know that he was a Lord, or else he would have made a better figure in *your eyes*. The man wants not sense, I assure you. You may think me partial; but I believe the most foolish thing he ever did in his life, was at church, and that at St. George's, Hanover-square. Poor soul! He *might* have had a wife better suited to his taste, and then his very foibles would have made him shine. But, Harriet, it is not always given to us to know what is best for ourselves. Black women, I have heard remarked, like fair men; fair men, black women; and tempers suit best with contraries. Were we all to like the same person or thing equally, we should be for-ever engaged in broils: As it *is*, human nature (*vile rogue!* as I have heard it called) is quarrelsome enough: So my Lord, being a soft man, *fell in love*, if it please you, with a saucy woman. He *ought* to be meek and humble, you know. He would not let me be quiet, till I was his. We are often to be punished by our own choice. But I am very good to him *now*. I don't know, Harriet, whether it is best for me to break him of his trifling, or not: Unless one were sure, that he could creditably support the alteration. Now can I laugh at him; and, if the baby is froppish, can coax him into good humour. A sugar-plumb, and a courtesy, will do at any time; and, by setting him into a broad grin, I can laugh away his anger. But should I endeavour to make him wise, as the man has not been used to it, and as his education has not given him a turn to significance, don't you think he would be awkward; and, what is worse, assuming? Well, I'll consider of this, before I attempt to new-cast him. Mean time, I repeat—Don't you, my dear, for *my* sake, think meanly of Lord G.—Ha, ha, ha, hah!—What do I laugh at, do you ask me, Harriet?—Something so highly ridiculous—I have—I have—sent him away from me, so much ashamed of himself—He bears any-thing from me *now*, that he knows I am only in play with him, and have so *very* right a heart—I must lay down my pen.—Poor soul! Hah, hah, hah, hah!—I do love him for his simplicity!

Well, I won't tell you what I laughed at just now, for fear you should laugh at us both. My brother's arrival has tuned every string of my heart to joy. The holding up of a straw will throw me into *titteration*—I can hardly forbear laughing again, to think of the shame the poor soul shewed, when he slunk away from me. After all, he ill brooks to be laughed at. Does not that look as if he were conscious?—But what, Harriet (will you ask) mean I, by thus

trifling with you, and at *this* time particularly?—Why, I would be glad to make you smile, either *with* me, or *at* me: I am indifferent which, so that you do but smile—You do!—I protest you do!—Well! now that I have obtained my wishes, I will be serious.

We congratulated my brother on the happy turn in the healths of his Italian friends, without naming names, or saying a word of the sister we had like to have had. He looked earnestly at each of us; bowed to our congratulations; but was silent. Dr. Bartlett had told us, that he never, in his Letters to my brother, mentioned your being not well; because he knew it would disturb him. He had many things to order and do; so that, except at breakfast, when aunt Nell invaded us with her dreams, and at dinner, when the servants attendance made our discourse general, we had hardly any opportunity of talking to him. But in the space between tea-time and supper, he came and told us, that he was devoted to us for the remainder of the day. Persons present were, Lord and Lady L. myself, and my good man, Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Beauchamp, and Emily, good girl! quite recovered, and blyth as a bird, attentive to every word that passed the lips of her guardian—O, but aunt Nell was also present!—Poor soul! I had like to have forgot her!

In the first place, you must take it for granted, that we all owned, we had seen most of what he had written to Dr. Bartlett.

What troubles, what anguish of mind, what a strange variety of conflicts, has your heart had to contend with, my dear Sir Charles, began Mr. Beauchamp; and, at last, What a strange disappointment, from one of the noblest of women!

Very true, my Beauchamp. He then said great and glorious things of Lady Clementina. We all joined in admiring her. He seemed to have great pleasure in hearing us praise her—Very *true*, Harriet!—But you have generosity enough to be pleased with him for that.

Aunt Eleanor (I won't call her aunt Nell any more if I can help it) asked him, If he thought it were possible for the Lady to hold her resolution? Now you have actually left Italy, nephew, and are at such a distance, don't you think her Love will return?

Good soul! She has *substantial* notions still left, I find, of *ideal* Love! Those notions, I fancy, last a long time, with those who have not had the opportunity of gratifying the *silly* passion!—Be angry, if you will, Harriet, I don't care.

Well, but, thus gravely, as became the question, answered my brother—The favour which this incomparable Lady honoured me with, was never disowned: On the contrary, it was always avowed, and to the very last. She had therefore no uncertainty to contend with: She had no balancings in her mind. Her contention, as she supposed, was altogether in favour of her duty to Heaven. She is

exemplarily pious. While she remains a zealous Roman Catholic, she must persevere; and I dare say she will.

I don't know what to make of these *Papists*, said our old Protestant aunt Nell—(Aunt Nell, did I say? Cry mercy!)—Thank God you are come home safe and sound, and without a *papistical* wife!—It is very hard, if England cannot find a wife for you, nephew.

We all smiled at aunt Nell—The duce is in me, I believe!—Aunt Nell again!—But let it go.

When, Lady G. (asked Lady L.) saw you or heard you from, the dowager Countess of D.?

Is there any other Countess of D. Lady L.? said Sir Charles: A fine glow taking possession of his cheeks.

Your servant, brother, thought I; I am not sorry for your charming apprehensiveness.

No, Sir, replied Lady L.

Would you, brother, said *Boldface* (You know who that is, Harriet) that there *should* be another Countess of D.?

I wish my Lord D. happy, Charlotte. I hear him as well spoken of as any of our young nobility.

You don't know what I mean, I warrant, Sir Charles! resumed, with an intentional archness, your saucy friend.

I believe I do, Lady G. I wish Miss Byron to be one of the happiest women in the world, because she is one of the best—My dear, to Emily, I hope you have had nothing to disturb or vex you, from your mother's husband—

Nor from my mother, Sir—All is good, and as it should be. You have overcome—

That's well, my dear—Would not the Bath waters be good for Sir Harry? my dear Beauchamp.

A second remove, thought I! But I'll catch you, brother, I'll warrant (as rustics sometimes, in their play, do a ball) on the rebound.

Now you will be piqued, I warrant, Harriet. Your delicacy will be offended, because I urged the question. I see a blush of disdain arising in your lovely cheek, and conscious eye, restoring the roses to the one, and its natural brilliancy to the other. Indeed we all began to be afraid of a little affectation in my brother. But we needed not. He would not suffer us to put him upon the subject again. After a few other general questions and answers, of *who* and *who*; and *how* and *how*; and *what*, and *when*, and-so-forth; he turned to Dr. Bartlett.

My dear friend, said he, you gave me pain a little while ago, when I asked you after the health of Miss Byron, and her friends: You evaded my question, I thought, and your looks alarmed me. I am

afraid poor Mrs. Shirley—Miss Byron spoke of her always as in an infirm state: How, Charlotte, would our dear Miss Byron grieve, were she to lose so good a relation!

I intended not, answered the Doctor, that you should *see* I was concerned: But I think it impossible, that a father can love a daughter better than I love Miss Byron.

You would alarm me indeed, my dear friend, if Lady G. had not, by her usual *liveliness* just now, put me out of all apprehensions for the health of Miss Byron. I hope Miss Byron is well.

Indeed she is not, said I, with a gravity becoming the occasion.

God forbid! said he; with an emotion that pleased every-body—Not for *your* sake, Harriet—Be not affectedly nice now; but for our own—

His face was in a glow—What, Lady L. what, Charlotte, said he, ails Miss Byron?

She is not well, brother, replied I; but the most charming sick woman that ever lived. She is chearful, that she may give no uneasiness to her friends. She joins in all their conversations, diversions, amusements. She would fain be well; and likes not to be thought ill. Were it not for her faded cheeks, her pale lips, and her changed complexion, we should not know from herself that she ailed anything. Some people reach perfection sooner than others; and are as swift in their decay—Poor Miss Byron seems not to be built for duration.

But should I write these things to you, my dear? Yet I know that Lady Clementina and You are sisters in magnanimity.

My brother was quite angry with me—Dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, explain this speech of Charlotte. She loves to amuse—Miss Byron is blessed with a good constitution: She is hardly yet in the perfection of her bloom. Set my heart at rest. I love not either of my Sisters, more than I do Miss Byron. Dear Charlotte, I am really angry with you.

My good-natured Lord reddened up to his naked ears, at hearing my brother say he was angry with me. Sir Charles, said he, I am sorry you are so soon angry with your sister. It is *too* true, Miss Byron is ill: She is, I fear, in a declining way—

Pardon me, my dear Lord G.—Yet I am ready to be angry with any-body that shall tell me, Miss Byron is in a declining way—Dr. Bartlett—Pray—

Indeed, Sir, Miss Byron is not well—Lady G. has mingled her fears with her love, in the description. Miss Byron cannot but be lovely: Her complexion is still fine. She is chearful, serene, resigned—*Resigned*, Dr. Bartlett!—Miss Byron is a saint. She cannot but be resigned, in the solemn sense of the word—Resignation implies

hopelessness. If she is so ill, would not you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have informed me of it—Or was it from tenderness—*You* must be kind in all you do.

I did not apprehend, said Lady L. that Miss Byron was so very much indisposed. Did you my Lord? (to Lord L.) Upon my word, Doctor, Sister, it was unkind, if so, that you made me not acquainted—

And then her good-natured eye dropt a tear of love for her Harriet.

I was sorry this went so far. My brother was very uneasy. So was Mr. Beauchamp, for him, and for you, my dear.

That she is, and endeavours to be, so chearful, said Beauchamp, shews, that nothing lies upon her mind—My father's illness only can more affect me, than Miss Byron's.

Emily wept for her Miss Byron. She has always been afraid, that her illness would be attended with ill consequences.

My dear Love, my Harriet, you must be well. See how *every-body* loves you. I told my brother, that I expected a Letter from Northamptonshire, by the next post; and I would inform him truly of the state of your health, from the contents of it.

I would not for the world have you think, my Harriet, that I meant to excite my brother's attention to you, by what I said. Your honour is the honour of the Sex. For are you not one of the most delicate-minded, as well as frankest, of it? It is no news to say, that my brother dearly loves you. I did not want to know his solicitude for your health. Where he *once* loves, he *always* loves. Did you not observe, that I supposed it a *natural* decline? God grant that it may *not* be so. And thus am I imprudently discouraging you, in mentioning my apprehensions of your ill health, in order to shew my regard for your punctilio: But you *shall*, you *will*, be well; and the wife of—the best of men—God grant it may be so!—But, however that is to be, we have all laid our heads together, and are determined, for your delicacy-sake, to let this matter take its course; since, after an opening so undesignedly warm, you might otherwise imagine our solicitude in the affair capable of being thought too urgent. I tell you, my dear, that, worthy as Sir Charles Grandison is of a princess, he shall not call you by his name, but with all his soul.

As my brother laid it out to us this evening, I find we shall lose him for some days. The gamesters whom Mr. Grandison permitted to ruin him, are at Winchester; dividing, I suppose, and rejoicing over, their spoils of the last season. Whether my brother intends to see them or not, I cannot tell. He expects not to do any-thing with them. They, no doubt, will shew the foolish fellow, that *they* can keep what *he* could not: And Sir Charles aims only at practicable and legal, not at romantic, redresses.

Sir Charles intends to pay his respects to Lord and Lady W. at Windsor; and to the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, who are at their Berkshire seat. My honest Lord has obtained my leave, at the first asking, to attend him thither.—My brother will wait on Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp, in his way to Lady Mansfield's—Beauchamp will accompany him thither. Poor Grandison, as humble as a mouse, tho' my brother does all he can to raise him, desires to be in his *train*, as he calls it, all the way, and never to be from under his wing. My brother intends to make a short visit to Grandison-hall, when he is so near as at Lady Mansfield's: Dr. Bartlett will accompany him thither, as all the way; and hopes he will approve of every-thing he has done there, and in that neighbourhood, in his absence. The good man has promised to write to me. Emily is sometimes to be with me, sometimes with aunt Eleanor, at the Antient's request; tho' Lord and Lady L. mutter at it. My brother's trusty Saunders is to be left behind, in order to dispatch to his master, by man and horse, any Letters that may come from abroad; and I have promised to send him an account of the healths, and-so-forth, of our Northamptonshire friends. I think it would be a right thing in him to take a turn to Selby-house. I hope you think so too. Don't fib, Harriet.

Adieu, my dear. For God's sake be well, prays your Sister, your Friend, and the Friend of all your Friends, ever-affectionate and obliged,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XLIV

Miss BYRON; To Lady G.

Thursday, Sept. 7

I WILL write to your Letter as it lies before me.

I do most heartily congratulate you, my dear Lady G. on the arrival of your brother. I do not wonder that his fatigues, and his disappointment, have made an alteration in his person and countenance. Sir Charles Grandison would not be the man he is, if he had not sensibility.

You could not know your brother, my dear, if you expected from him recriminations on your past odd behaviour to Lord G. I hope he does not yet know a tenth part of it: But if he did, as he hoped you saw your error, and would be good for the future, he was right surely to forget, what you ought not, but with contrition, to remember. You are very naughty in the Letter before me; and I love you too well to spare you.

What can you mean, my dear, by exulting so much over your aunt, for living, to an advanced age, a single woman? However ineffectual, let me add to my former expostulatory chidings on this subject: Would you have one think you are overjoyed, that you have so soon put it out of any one's power to reproach you on the like account? If so, you ought to be more thankful than you seem to be, to Lord G. who has extended his generosity to you, and kept you from the odium. Upon my word, my dear Lady G. I think it looks like a want of decency in women, to cast reflexions on others of their Sex, possibly for their prudence and virtue. Do you consider, how you exalt, by your ludicrous freedoms, the men whom sometimes you affect to despise? No wonder if *they* ridicule old maids. It is their interest to do so. *Lords of the Creation*, sometimes you deridingly call the insulters; Lords of the Creation, indeed you make them!—And pray, do you think, that the same weakness which made your aunt Grandison tell her dreams, in the joy of her heart, as an old maid, might not have made her guilty of the same foible, had she been an old wife? Joy is the parent of many a silly thing. Don't you own, that the arrival of your brother, which made your aunt break out into dream-telling, made you break into laughter (even in a Letter) of which you were ashamed to tell the cause?—*Wives*, my dear, should not fall into the mistakes, for which they would make *maids* the subject of their ridicule. You *know* better; and therefore should be above joining the foolish multitude, in a general cry to hunt down (as *you* reckon them) an *unfortunate* class of people, of your own Sex. Your aunt Grandison's dreams, let me add, were more innocent, than your waking mirth—You *must* excuse me—I could say a great deal more upon the subject; but if I have not said enough to make you sorry for your fault, a great deal more would be ineffectual—So much therefore for this subject.

Poor dear Emily!—I wonder not at the effect the arrival, and first sight, of her guardian, had upon her tender heart.

But how wickedly do you treat your Lord!—Fie upon you, Charlotte!—And fie upon you again, for writing what I cannot, for your credit-sake, read out to my friends. I wish, my dear, I could bring you to think, that there cannot be wit without justice; nor humour without decorum: My Lord has some few foibles: But shall a wife be the first to discover them, and expose him for them? Cannot you cure him of them, without treating him with a ridicule which borders upon contempt?—O my dear, you shew us much greater foibles in yourself, than my Lord ever yet had, when you make so bad an use of talents that were given you for better purposes? One word only more on this subject—You cannot make me smile, my dear, when you are thus unseasonable in your mirth.

Henceforth, then, remember, that your *excursiveness*¹ (allow me the word, I had a harsher in my head) upon old maids, and your Lord, can only please *yourself*; and *I* will not accept of your compliment. Why? Because I will not be a partaker in your fault; as I should be, if I could countenance your levity.

Levity, Harriet!

Yes, *levity*, Charlotte—I will not spare you. Whom do you spare?

But do you really think me so ill as you represented me to be, to your brother? I don't think I am. If I did, I am sure I should endeavour to put my thoughts in an absolutely new train: Nor would I quit the hold which at proper times, I do let go, to re-enter the world, as an individual, who imagines herself of some little use in it; and who is therefore obliged to perform, with cheerfulness, her allotted offices, however *generally* insignificant I may comparatively be.

You say, you had no thoughts of exciting your brother's *attention*, by your strong colouring, when you described the effects of my indisposition to him. *Attention!*—*Compassion* you might as well have said—I hope *not*. And I am obliged to Mr. Beauchamp for his inference, from my cheerfulness, that nothing lay upon my mind. Now, tho' that inference seemed to imply, that he thought, if he had not made the observation, something *might* have been supposed to lie upon my mind, I am much better satisfied that *he* made it, than if Sir Charles had.

Upon the whole, I cannot but be pleased at two things in your Letter: The one, that Sir Charles expressed so great a concern for my health: The other, that you have all promised, and that voluntarily, and from a sense of the fitness of the measure, that everything be left to its natural course—For my sake, and for goodness-sake, pray let it be so. I think the opening, as you call it, was much, *very* much, too *warm*. Bless me, my dear, how I trembled as I read that part!—I am not, methinks, quite satisfied with it, tho' I am with your intention.

Consider, my dear, Half a heart—A preferred Lady!—For quality, fortune, and every merit, so greatly preferable—O my Charlotte! I cannot, were the *best* to happen that can now happen, take such *exceeding* joy, as I once could have done, in the prospect of that *best*.—I have pride—But let us hear what the next Letters from Italy say; and it will be then time enough (if the truly admirable Lady shall adhere to her resolution) to come with my scruples and drawbacks. Your aunt Grandison is of opinion, that she will *not* adhere. Who can tell what to say? Imagination, unnaturally heightened, may change into one altitude from another. I myself sincerely think (and have so often said it, that an uncharitable mind would perhaps charge

me with affectation for it) that Lady Clementina, and no other woman, can deserve Sir Charles Grandison.

Adieu, my dear. Pray tell your brother that I never thought myself so ill as your friendly love made you apprehend me to be: And that I congratulate you, with all my heart, and him also (it would be an affectation to forbear it, which would imply too much) on his safe arrival in England. But be sure remember, that I look upon you and your Lord, upon my Lord and Lady L. and upon my sweet Emily, if she sees what I write, as guardians of the honour (of the *punctilio*, if you please, since no *dis*-honour can be apprehended from Sir Charles Grandison) of

Your and Their

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XLV

Dr. BARTLETT, To Lady G.

Monday, Sept 11

IN obedience to your Ladyship's commands, I write, but it must be briefly, an account of our motions.

Sir Charles would not go out of town, till he had made a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and enquired after Miss Byron's health, of which he received an account less alarming, than we, from our love and our fears, had given him.

We arrived at Windsor on Wednesday evening. My Lord and Lady W. expected him not till the next day.

I cannot find words to express the joy with which they received him. My Lord acknowledged, before us all, that he owed it to God, and to him, that he was the happiest man in the world. My Lady called herself, with tears of joy, a happy woman: And Sir Charles told me, that when he was led by her to her closet, to talk about the affairs of her family, she exceedingly abashed him, by expressing her gratitude to him for his goodness to them all, on her knees; while he was almost ready, on *his*, he said, to acknowledge the aunt, that had done so much honour to his recommendation, and made his uncle so happy.

Sir Charles, in order to have leave to depart next morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, promised to pass several days with them, when he could think himself a *settled Englishman*.

You, madam, and Lady L. equally love and admire Lady W.: I will not, therefore, enlarge to you on her excellencies. Every-body loves her. Her servants, as they attend, look at their Lady, with the

same delight, mingled with reverence, as those of my patron look upon him.

Poor Mr. Grandison could not help taking notice to me, with tears, on the joint acknowledgements of my Lord and Lady made to my patron, that goodness and beneficence brought with them their own rewards. Saw you not, my good Dr. Bartlett, said he, how my cousin's eyes glistened with modest joy, as my Lord and Lady ran over with their gratitude? I thought of him, as an angel among men—What a wretch have I been! How can I sit at table with him! Yet now he overwhelms me with his goodness!

My patron having heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen was at his house on the forest, he rode to make him a visit, tho' some few miles out of his way. I attended him.

Sir Hargrave is one of the most miserable of men. He is not yet fully recovered of the bruises and rough treatment he met with near Paris: But he is so miserably sunk in his spirits, that my patron could not but be concerned for him. He received him with grateful acknowledgements, and was thankful for his visit: But he told him, that he was so miserable in himself, that he could hardly thank him for saving a life so wretched.

Mr. Merceda, it seems, died about a fortnight ago.

That poor man was thought to be pretty well recovered; and rode out several times: But was taken on his return from one of his rides, with a vomiting of blood; the consequence, as imagined, of some inward bruises; and died miserably. His death, and the manner of it, have greatly affected Sir Hargrave.—And poor Bagenhall, Sir Charles, said he, is as miserable a dog as I am!

Sir Hargrave, understanding, as he said, that I was a *parson*, begged me to give him *one prayer*—

He was so importunate, and for Sir Charles to join in it, that we both kneeled with him.

Sir Hargrave wept. He called himself a hardened dog.

Strange man!—But I think I was still *more* affected (Sir Hargrave *shocked* me!) by your noble brother's humanity, than by Sir Hargrave's wretchedness; tears of compassion for the poor man, stealing down his manly cheek—God comfort you, Sir Hargrave, said he, wringing his hand—Dr. Bartlett is a good man. You shall have the prayers of us both.

He left him. He *could* stay no longer; followed by the unhappy man's blessings, interrupted by violent sobbings.

We were both so moved, that we broke not silence, as we rode, till we joined our company at my Lord's.

I recounted what passed at this interview to Mr. Grandison. Your

to a worthy son; whose worthiness I knew not, as a son, and as a friend: That was the happiest day of our Beauchamp's life, which introduced him to an intimacy with you.

Here, on Friday morning, we left Mr. Beauchamp, sorrowing for his father's illness, and endeavouring, by every tender act of duty, to comfort his mother-in-law on a deprivation, with which, I am afraid, she will soon be tried.

My Beauchamp loves you, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry, at parting in the morning after breakfast; and so he *ought*. Where-ever you are, he wants to be; but spare him to his mother and me for a few days: He is her comforter, and mine. Fain, very fain, would I have longer rejoiced, if God had seen fit, in the Love of both. But I resign to the Divine Will. Pray for me: You also, Dr. Bartlett, pray for me. My son tells me what a good man you are—And may we meet in heaven! I am afraid, Sir Charles, that I never shall see you again in this world—But why should I oppress your noble heart? God be your Guide and Protector! Take care of your precious health. You have a great deal to do, before you finish your glorious course, and come to this last period of human vanity.

My patron was both grieved and rejoiced—Rejoiced to see Sir Harry in a frame of mind so different from that to which he had been a witness in Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and grieved to find him past all hopes of recovery.

Sir Charles pursued his journey, cross the country, to Lady Mansfield's. We found no convenient place for dining, and arrived at Mansfield-house about five on Friday afternoon.

My Lady Mansfield, her daughter and sons, were overjoyed to see my patron. Mr. Grandison told me, that he never, from infancy till this time, shed so many tears as he has shed on this short tour, sometimes from joy, sometimes from grief. I don't know, madam, whether one should wish him re-established in his fortune, if it could be done; since calamity, rightly supported, is a blessing.

Here I left my patron, and proceeded on Saturday morning with Mr. Grandison to the Hall. If Sir Charles finds matters ripened for a treaty between the Mansfields and their adversaries, as he has been put in hopes, he will go near to stay at Mansfield-house, and only visit us at the Hall incognito, to avoid neighbourly congratulations, till he can bring things to bear.

Mr. Grandison just now told me, that Sir Charles, before he left town, gave him a 400*l.* bank note, to enable him to pay off his debts

to tradesmen; of which, at his desire, he had given him in a list; amounting to 360*l.*

He owes, he says, 100*l.* more to the widow of a wine-merchant; but being resolved to pay it the moment money comes into his hands, he would not acquaint Sir Charles with it.

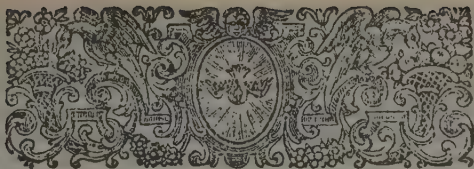
I have the honour to be

Your Ladyship's
Most faithful and obedient Servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT

END OF VOLUME V





THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

VOLUME VI

LETTER I

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT

Mansfield-house, Thursday, Sept. 14

YOU will be so good, my dear friend, as to let my neighbours, particularly the gentlemen you mention, know, that the only reason I forbear paying my compliments to them, now I am so near, is, because I cannot as yet enjoy their company with that freedom and ease which I hope in a little while to do. Tell them, that I purpose, after some particular affairs are determined (which will for a little while longer engross me) to devote the greatest part of my time to my native place; and that then I will endeavour to make myself as good a neighbour, and as social a friend, as they can wish me to be.

On Sunday I had a visit from the two Hartleys.

They gave me very satisfactory proofs of what they were able to do, as well as willing, in support of the right of the Mansfields to the estate of which they have been despoiled; and shewed me a paper, which nobody thought was in being, of the utmost consequence in the cause.

On Monday, by appointment, I attended Sir John Lambton. Two lawyers of the Keelings were with him. They produced their demands. I had mine ready; but theirs were so extravagant, that I would not

produce them: But, taking Sir John aside, I love not, said I, to affront men of a profession; but I am convinced, that we never shall come to an understanding, if we consider ourselves as Lawyers and Clients. I am no lawyer; but I know the strength of my friends cause, and will risque half my estate upon the justice of it. The Mansfields will commission *me*, if the Keelings will *you*; and we perhaps may do something: If not, let the Law take its course. I am now come to reside in England. I will do nothing for myself, till I have done what can be done to make all my friends easy.

Sir John owned, that he thought the Mansfields had hardships done them. Mr. Keeling senior, he said, had heard of the paper in the Hartleys hands; and, praising his honesty, told me in confidence, that he had declared, that if such a paper could have been produced in time, he would not have prosecuted the suit, which he had carried. But Sir John said, that the younger Keeling was a furious young man, and would oppose a compromise on the terms he supposed the Mansfields would expect to be complied with. But what are your proposals, Sir?

These, Sir John: The Law is expensive; delays may be meditated; appeals may be brought, if we gain our point.—What I think it may cost us to establish the right of the injured, which cannot be a small sum, that will I prevail upon the Mansfields to give up to the Keelings. I will trust you, if you give me your honour, with our proofs; and if you and your friends are satisfied with them, and will consent to establish our right by the form only of a new trial; then may we be agreed: Otherwise, not. And I leave you and them to consider of it. I shall hear from you within two or three days. Sir John promised I should; but hoped to have some talk first with the Hartleys, with whom, as well as with me, he declared he would be upon honour.

Wednesday Evening

I had a message from Sir John last night, requesting me to dine with him and the elder Mr. Keeling this day; and to bring with me the two Mr. Hartleys, and the proofs I had hinted at.

Those gentlemen were so obliging, as to go with me; and took the important paper with them, which had been deposited with their grandfather, as a common friend, and contained a recognition of the Mansfields right to the estates in question, upon an amicable reference to persons long since departed: An attested copy of which was once in the Mansfields possession, as by a memorandum that came to hand, but which never could be found. The younger Keeling was not intended to be there; but he forced himself upon us. He behaved very rudely. I had once like to have forgot myself. This meeting produced nothing: But as the father is a reasonable man;

as we have obtained a re-hearing of the cause; as he is much influenced by Sir John Lambton, who seems convinced; and to whose honour I have submitted an abstract of our proofs; I am in hopes that we shall be able to accommodate.

I have Bolton's proposals before me. The first child is dead; the second cannot live many months. He trembles at the proofs he knows we have of his villainy. He offers, on the death of this second child, to give us possession of the estate, and a large sum of money (but thought not to be half of what the superannuated Calvert left) if we will give him general releases. The wretch is not, we believe, married to the relict of Calvert.

I am loth, methinks, to let him escape the justice which his crimes call for: But such are the delays and chicaneries of the Law, when practisers are found who know how to perplex an honest pursuer; and as we must have recourse to low and dirty people to establish our proofs; the vile fellow shall take with him the proposed spoils: They may not be much more than would be the lawyers part of the estate, were we to push the litigation.

As to our poor Everard, nothing, I fear, can be done for him, with the men who are revelling on *his* spoils. I have seen one of them. The unhappy man has signed and sealed to his own ruin. He regrets, that a part of the estate which has been so long in the family and name, should go out of it. What an empty pride is that of name! The general tenor of his life was not a credit to it; tho' he felt not that, till he felt distress. The disgrace is actually incurred. Does not all the world know his loss, and the winner's triumph? And if the world did not, can he conceal from himself those vices, the consequences of which have reduced him to what he is? But perhaps the unhappy man puts a value upon the name, in compliment to me.

Mention not to him what I write. The poor man is sensible enough of his folly, to engage pity: Whether from a right sense, or not, must be left to his own heart.

As to the woman's claim: What in honour can I do, against a promise that he owns may be proved upon him? He did not condition with her, that she was to be a spotless woman. If he thought she was so when he solicited her to yield to his desires, he is the less to be excused: Vile as she comes out to be, he had proposed to make her as vile, if he had found her not so. He promised her marriage: Meant he only a promise? *She* is punished in being what she *is*: *His* punishment cannot be condign, but by his being obliged to perform his promise. Yet I cannot bear to think, that my cousin Grandison should be made, for life, the dupe of a successful and premeditated villainy; and the less, as, in all likelihood, the profligate Lord B. would continue to himself, from the merit with her of having vindicated her

claim, an interest in the bad woman's favour, were she to be the wife of our poor Everard.

But certainly this claim must be prosecuted with a view only to extort money from my cousin; and they know him to be of a family jealous of its honour. I think she must be treated with for releases. I could not bear to appear in such a cause as this, in open court, in support of my cousin, against a promise made by him. He is of age, and thought to be no novice in the ways of the town. I am mistaken in Mr. Grandison's spirit, if it did not lead him to think himself very severely punished, were he to have no other punishment, for those vices, which were to be expensive to *me*.

But if I should be able to extricate the unhappy man from this difficulty, what can next be done for him? The poor remains of his fortune will not support one who has always lived *more* than genteelly. Will he be able, think you, to endure the thoughts of living in a constant state of dependence, however easy and genteel I should endeavour to make it to him? There may be many ways (in the public offices, for example) of providing for a broken tradesman: But for a man who calls himself, and is, a gentleman; who will expect as such to rank with his employer, who knows nothing of figures, or business of any kind; who has been brought up in idleness, and hardly knows the meaning of the word *diligence*; and never could bear confinement; what can be done for such a one in the public offices, or by any other employment that requires punctual attendance?

But to quit this subject, for a more agreeable one.

I have for some time had it in my thoughts to ask you, my dear friend, Whether your nephew is provided for to *your* liking and his *own*? If not, and he would put it in *my* power to serve *him*, by serving *myself*, I should be obliged to *you* for permitting him so to do, and to *him*, for his consent. I would not affront him, by the offer of a salary: My presents to him shall be such as befit the services done:— Sometimes as my amanuensis; sometimes as a transcriber and methodizer of Papers and Letters; sometimes in adjusting servants accounts, and fitting them for my inspection. You need not fear my regard to *myself* in my acknowledgements to be made to him (that, I know, will be all your fear); for I have always considered profusion and parsimony as two extremes, equally to be avoided. You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have often enforced this lesson on my mind. Can it then ever be forgotten by

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER II

*Signor JERONYMO della PORRETTA,
To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON*

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15. N.S.

YOUR kind Letters from Lyons, my dearest friend, rejoiced us extremely. Clementina languished to hear from you. How was it possible for you to write with so much warmth of affection to her, yet with so much delicacy, that a rival could not take exceptions at it?

She writes to you. It is not for me, it is not for any of us, I think, to say one word to the principal subject of her Letter. She shewed it to me, and to her mother, only.

Dear creature! Could she be prevailed upon!—But how can you be asked to support the family-wishes? Yet if you think them just, I know you will. You know not *Self*, when justice and the service of your friend stand in opposition to it. All that I am afraid of is, that we shall be too precipitate for the dear creature's head.

Would to God, you could have been my Brother! That was the first desire of my heart!—But you will see by her Letter (the least flighty that she has written of a long time) that she has no thought of that: And she declares to us, that she wishes you happily married to an Englishwoman. Would to Heaven, we might plead *your* example to *her*!

I will certainly attend you in your England!—If one thing, that we all wish, could happen, you would have the whole family, as far as I know. We think, we talk, of nobody but you. We look out for Englishmen, to do them honour for your sake.

Mrs. Beaumont is with us. Surely she is your near relation! She advises caution; but thinks that our present measures are not wrong ones, as we never can give into my sister's wishes to quit the world. Dear Grandison! love not Mrs. Beaumont the less for her opinion in our favour.

Mr. Lowther writes to you: I say nothing, therefore, of that worthy man.

I am wished to write more enforcingly to you, on a certain important subject: But I say, I cannot, dare not, will not.

Dear Grandison, love still your Jeronymo! Your friendship makes life worthy of my wish. It has been a consolation to me, when every other failed, and all around me was darkness, and the shadow of death. You will often be troubled with Letters from me. My beloved, my dearest friend, my Grandison, adieu!

JERONYMO della PORRETTA

LETTER III

Lady CLEMENTINA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15. N. S.

How welcome to me was your Letter from Lyons! My good Chevalier Grandison, my heart thanks you for it: Yet it was possible that heart could have been still more thankful, had I not observed in your Letter an air of pensiveness, tho' it is endeavoured to be concealed. What pain would it give me to know, that you suffer on my account!—But no more in this strain: A complaining one must take place.

O Chevalier, I am persecuted! And by whom? By my dearest, my nearest friends. I was afraid it would be so. Why, why, would you deny me your influence, when I importuned you for it? Why would you not stay among us, till you saw me professed? Then had I been happy—In *time*, I should have been happy!—Now am I beset with entreaties, with supplications, from those who ought to command;—yet unlawfully, if they did: I presume to think so: Since parents, tho' they ought to be consulted in the change of condition, as to the *person*; yet surely should not oblige the child to marry, who chooses to be single all her life. A more cogent reason may be pleaded, and I do plead it to my relations, as Catholics, as I wish for nothing so much as to assume the veil.—But you are a Protestant: You favour not a Divine dedication, and would not plead for me. On the contrary, you have strengthened their hands!—O Chevalier! how could you do so, and ever love me! Did you not know, there was but one way to escape the grievous consequences of the importunities of those who justly lay claim to my obedience?—And they *do* claim it.

' And in what forcible manner, claim it!—Shall I tell you? Thus, then: My father, with tears in his eyes, beseeches me! My mother gently reminds me of what she has suffered for me in my illness; and declares, that it is in my power to make the rest of her days happy: Nor shall she think my own tranquillity of mind secured, till I oblige her!—O Chevalier! what pleas are these from a father, whose eyes plead more strongly than words; and from a mother, on whose bright days I cast a cloud!—The Bishop pleads: How can a Catholic Bishop plead, and not for me? The General declares, that he never wooed his beloved wife for her consent with more fervour than he does me for mine, to oblige them all. Nay, Jeronymo! Blush, sisterly love! to say it—Jeronymo, your friend Jeronymo, is solicitous on the same side—Even Father Marescotti is carried away by the example of the Bishop.—Mrs. Beaumont argues with me in their favour.—And Camilla, who was ever full of your praises, teazes me continually.

They name not the man: They pretend to leave me free to choose through the world. They plead, that, zealous as they are in the Catholic faith, they were *so* earnest for me to enter into the state, that they were desirous to see me the wife even of a Protestant, rather than I should remain single: And they remind me, that it was owing to my scruple only, that this was not effected.—But why, why will they weaken, rather than strengthen my scruple? Could I have got over three points—The sense of my own unworthiness, after my mind had been disturbed; The *insuperable* apprehension, that, drawn aside by your Love, I should probably have ensnared my own Soul; and that I should be perpetually lamenting the certainty of the loss of his whom it would be my duty to love as my own; their importunity would hardly have been wanted.

Tell me, advise me, my good Chevalier, my fourth brother (You are not Now *interested* in the debate) if I may not lawfully stand out? Tell me, as I know that I cannot answer their views, except I marry, and yet cannot consent to marry, whether I may not as well sequester myself from the world, and insist upon so doing?

What, what can I do?—I am distressed—O thou, my *Brother*, my Friend, whom my heart ever must hold dear, advise me! To you I have told them I will appeal. They are so good as to promise to suspend their solicitations, if I will hold suspended my thoughts of the veil till I have your advice.—But give it not against me—If you ever valued Clementina,

Give it not against her!

LETTER IV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady CLEMENTINA*

London, Monday, Sept. 18—29

WHAT can I say, most excellent of women, to the contents of the Letter you have honoured me with? What a task have you imposed upon me! You take great, and, respecting your intentions, I will call it, *kind* care, to let me know that I can have no interest in the decision of the case you refer to me. I repeat my humble acquiescence; but must again declare, that it would have been next to impossible to do so, had you not made a point of conscience of your scruples.

But what weight is my advice likely to have with a young Lady, who repeatedly, in the close of her Letter, desires me not to give it *for* her parents?

I, madam, am *far* from being unprejudiced in this case. For can the man who once himself hoped for the honour of your hand, advise you against Marriage?—Are not your parents generously indulgent,

when they name not any particular person to you? I applaud both their wisdom and their goodness, on this occasion. Possibly, you *guess* the man whom they would recommend to your choice: And I am sure, Lady Clementina would not refuse their recommendation merely because it was *theirs*. Nor indeed upon any less reason than an unconquerable aversion, or a preference to some other Catholic. A Protestant, it seems, it *cannot* be.

But let me ask my Sister, my Friend, What answer can I return to the Lady who had shewn, in one instance, that she had not an insuperable aversion to Matrimony; yet on conscientious reasons refusing one man, and not particularly favouring any, can scruple to oblige (*obey* is not the word they use)—‘a Father, who with tears in his eyes beseeches her; a Mother who gently reminds her of what she has suffered for her; who declares, that it is in her power to make the rest of her days happy; and who urges a still stronger plea respecting them both, and the whole family, to engage the attention of the beloved daughter?—O madam, what pleas are those (Let me still make use of your own pathetic words) from a Father whose eyes plead more strongly than words! and from a Mother, over whose bright days you had (tho’ involuntarily) cast a cloud!—Your Brother the Bishop, a man of piety; your Confessor, a man of equal piety; your two other Brothers, your disinterested Friend Mrs. Beaumont; your faithful Camilla;’ all wholly disinterested.—What an enumeration against yourself.—Forbidden, as I am, to give the cause *against* you, what can I say? Dearest Lady Clementina, can I, on your own representation, give it *for* you?

You know, madam, the sacrifice I have made to the plea of *your* conscience, not *my* own. I make no doubt, but parents so indulgent as yours will yield to your reasons, if you can plead *conscience* against the performance of the *filial duty*; the more a duty, as it is so gently urged: Nay, hardly urged; but by tears, and wishes, which the eyes, not the lips, express; and which if you will perform, your parents will think themselves under an obligation to their child.

Lady Clementina is one of the most generous of women: But consider, madam, in this instance of preferring your own will to that of the most indulgent of parents, whether there is not an apparent selfishness, inconsistent with your general character, even were you to be as happy in a convent, as you propose. Would you not, in that case, live to yourself, and renounce your parents and family, as parts of that world which you would vow to despise?—Dear Lady! I asked you once before, Is there any-thing sinful in a Sacrament? Such all good Catholics deem Matrimony. And shall I ask you, Whether, as self-denial is held to be meritorious in your church, there is not a merit in denying yourself in the case before us, when you can, by performing the filial duty, oblige your whole family?

Permit me to say, that, tho' a Protestant, I am not an enemy to such foundations in general. I could wish, under proper regulations, that we had Nunneries among us. I would not, indeed, have the obligation upon Nuns be perpetual: Let them have liberty, at the end of every two or three years, to renew their vows, or otherwise, by the consent of friends.¹ Celibacy in the Clergy is an indispensable law of your church: Yet a Cardinal has been allowed to lay down the purple, and marry. You know, madam, I must mean Ferdinand of Medicis.² Family-reasons, in that case, preponderated, as well at Rome, as at Florence.

Of all the women I know, Lady Clementina della Porretta should be the last who should be earnest to take the veil. There can be but two persons in the world, besides herself, who will not be grieved at her choice. We know *their* reasons. The will of her grandfathers, now with God, is against her; and her living parents, and every other person of her family, those *two* excepted, would be made unhappy, if she sequestered herself from the world, and them. Clementina has charity: She wishes, she once said, to take a great revenge upon Laurana. Laurana has something to repent of: Let *her* take the veil. The fondness she has for the world, a fondness which could make her break through all the ties of relation and humanity, requires a check: But are any of those in convents more pious, more exemplarily pious, than Clementina is, out of them?

Much more could I urge on the same side of the question; but what I have urged has been a *task* upon me; a task which I could not have performed, had I not preferred to my own, the happiness of you and your family.

May both earthly and heavenly blessings attend your determination, whatever it be, prays, dearest madam,

*Your ever-faithful Friend,
Affectionate Brother, and
Humble Servant,*

CH. GRANDISON

LETTER V

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON,
To Signor JERONYMO della PORRETTA*

London, Sat. Sept. 18—29

I HAVE written, my beloved friend, to Lady Clementina; and shall inclose a copy of my Letter.

I own, that, till I received hers, I thought there was a possibility,

tho' not a probability, that she might change her mind in my favour. I *foresaw* that you would all join, for family-reasons, to press her to marry: And when, thought I, she finds herself very earnestly urged, it is possible, that she will forego her scruples, and, proposing some conditions for herself, will honour with her hand the man whom she has avowedly honoured with a place in her heart, rather than any other. The malady she has been afflicted with, often leaves, for some time, an unsteadiness in the mind: My absence, as I proposed to settle in my native country, never more, perhaps, to return to Italy; the high notions she has of obligation and gratitude; her declared confidence in my honour and affection; all co-operating, she may, thought I, change her mind; and, if she does, I cannot doubt the favour of her friends. It was not, my Jeronymo, presumptuous to *hope*. It was *justice* to Clementina to attend the event, and to wait for the promised Letter: But now, that I see you are all of one mind, and that the dear Lady, tho' vehemently urged by all her friends to marry some other man, can appeal to me, only as to her *fourth Brother*, and a man *not interested* in the event—I give up all my hopes.

I have written accordingly to your dear Clementina; but it could not be expected, that I should give the argument all the weight that might be given it: Yet, being of opinion that she was in duty obliged to yield to the entreaties of all her friends, I have been honest. But surely no man ever was involved in so many difficult situations as your Grandison; who yet never, by enterprize or rashness, was led out of the plain path into difficulties so uncommon.

You wish, my dear friend, that I would set an example to your excellent sister. I will unbosom my heart to you.

There is a Lady, an English Lady, beautiful as an Angel, but whose beauty is her least perfection, either in my eyes, or her own: Had I never known Clementina, I could have loved her, and *only* her, of all the women I ever beheld. It would not be doing her justice, if I could not say, I *do* love her; but with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina, or as her own heart, can boast. Clementina's distressed mind affected me: I imputed her sufferings to her esteem for me. The farewell interview denied her, she demonstrated, I thought, so firm an affection for me, at the same time that she was to me, what I may truly call, a first Love; that, tho' the difficulties in my way seemed insuperable, I thought it became me, in honour, in gratitude, to hold myself in suspense, and not offer to make my addresses to any other woman, till the destiny of the dear Clementina was determined.

It would look like vanity in me to tell my Jeronymo how many proposals, from the partial friends of women of rank and merit superior to my own, I thought myself obliged, in honour to the Ladies

themselves, to decline: But my heart never suffered uneasiness from the uncertainty I was in of ever succeeding with your beloved sister, but on this Lady's account. I presume not, however, to say, I could have succeeded, had I thought myself at liberty to make my addresses to her: Yet, when I suffered myself to balance, because of my uncertainty with your Clementina, I had hopes, from the interest my two sisters had with her (her affections disengaged), that, had I been at liberty to make my addresses to her, I might.

Shall I, my dear Jeronymo, own the truth?—The two noblest-minded women in the world, when I went over to Italy, on the invitation of my Lord the Bishop, held almost an equal interest in my heart; and I was thereby enabled justly, and with the greater command of myself, to declare to the Marchioness, and the General, at my last going over, that I held myself bound to you; but that your sister, and you all, were free. But when the dear Clementina began to shew signs of recovery, and seemed to confirm the hopes I had of her partiality to me; and my gratitude and attachment seemed of importance to her complete restoration; then, my Jeronymo, did I content myself with wishing another husband to the English Lady, more worthy of her than my embarrassed situation could have made me. And when I farther experienced the condescending goodness of your whole family, all united in my favour; I had not a wish but for your Clementina.

What a disappointment, my Jeronymo, was her rejection of me! obliged, as I was, to admire the noble Lady the more for her *motives* of rejecting me.

And now, my dear friend, what is your wish?—That I shall set your sister an example? How can I? Is marriage in my power? There is but one woman in the world, now your dear Clementina has refused me, that I can think worthy of succeeding *her* in my affections, tho' there are thousands of whom I am not worthy. And ought that Lady to accept of a man whose heart had been another's, and that other living, and single, and still honouring him with so much of her regard, as may be thought sufficient to attach a grateful heart, and occasion a divided Love? Clementina herself is not more truly delicate than this Lady. Indeed, Jeronymo, I am ready, when I contemplate my situation, on a supposition of making my addresses to her, to give up myself, as the unworthiest of her favour of all the men I know; and she has for an admirer almost every man who sees her—Even Olivia admires her! Can I do justice to the merits of both, and yet not *appear* to be divided by a double Love?—For I will own to all the world, my affection for Clementina; and, as once it was encouraged by her whole family, glory in it.

You see, my Jeronymo, how I am circumstanced. The example,

I fear, must come from Italy; not from England. Yet say I not this for punctilio-sake: It is not in my *power* to set it, as it is in your Clementina's: It would be presumption to suppose it is. Clementina has not an aversion to the *state*: She cannot to the man you have in view, since prepossession in favour of another is over.—This is a hard push¹ upon me. I presume not to say what Clementina *will*, what she *can* do: But she is naturally the most dutiful of children, and has a high sense of the more than common obligations she owes to parents, to brothers, to whom she has as unhappily as involuntarily given great distress: Difference in Religion, the motive of her rejecting *me*, is not in the question: Filial duty is an article of Religion.

I do myself the honour of writing to the Marchioness, to the General, to Father Marescotti, and to Mr. Lowther. May the Almighty perfect your recovery, my Jeronymo; and preserve in health and spirits the dear Clementina!—and may every other laudable wish of the hearts of a family so truly-excellent, be granted to them!—prays, my dearest Jeronymo, the friend who expects to see you in England; the friend who loves you, as he loves his own heart; and equally honours all of your name; and *will*, so long as he is

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER VI

Mrs. REEVES, *To Miss BYRON*

Tuesday, Sept. 5

O MY dear cousin! I am now sure you will be the happiest of women! Sir Charles Grandison made us a visit this very day.—How Mr. Reeves and I rejoiced to see him! We had but just before been called upon by a line from Lady G. to rejoice with her on her brother's happy arrival. He said, he was under obligation to go to Windsor and Hampshire, upon extraordinary occasions; but he could not go, till he had paid his respects to us, as well for our own sakes, as to enquire after your health. He had received, he said, some disagreeable intimations in relation to it. We told him, you were not well; but we hoped not dangerously ill. He said so many kind, tender, yet respectful things of you—O my Harriet! I am sure, and so is Mr. Reeves, he loves you dearly. Yet we both wondered that he did not talk of paying you a visit. But he may have great matters in hand.—But what matters can be so great as not to be postponed, if he loves you?—and that he certainly does. I should not have known how to contain my joy before him, had he declared himself your Lover.

He condescendingly asked to see my little boy—Was not that very

good of him? He would have won my heart by this condescension, had he not had a great share of it before—For your sake, my cousin. You know I cannot mean otherwise: And you know, that, except Mr. Reeves and my little boy, I love my Harriet better than anybody in the world. No-body in Northamptonshire, I am sure, will take exceptions at this.

I thought I would write to you of this kind visit. Be well, now, my dear: All things, I am sure, will come about for good: God grant they may!—I dare say, he will visit you in Northamptonshire: And if he does, what can be his motive? *Not* mere friendship: Sir Charles Grandison is no trifler!

I know you will be sorry to hear that Lady Betty Williams is in great affliction. Miss Williams has run away with an ensign, who is not worth a shilling: He is, on the contrary, *over head and ears*, as the saying is, in debt. Such a mere girl!—But what shall we say?

Miss Cantillon has made as foolish a step. Lord bless me! I think girls, in these days, are bewitched. A nominal captain too! Her mother vows, they shall both starve, for her: And they have no other dependence. She can't live without her pleasures: Neither can he without his. A Ranelagh fop. Poor wretches! What will become of them? For every-thing is in her mother's power, as to fortune.—She has been met by Miss Allestree; and looked *so shy! so silly! so slatternly!* Unhappy coquettish thing!

Well, but God bless you, my dear!—My nursery calls upon me: The dear little soul is so *fond* of me! Adieu. Compliments to everybody I have so much reason to love: Mr. Reeves's too. Once more, Adieu.

ELIZA REEVES

LETTER VII

Miss BYRON, To Mrs. REEVES

Selby-house, Friday, Sept. 8

YOUR kind Letter, my dear cousin, has, at the same time, delighted and pained me. I rejoice in the declared esteem of one of the best of men; and I honour him for his friendly love expressed to you and my cousin, in the visit he made you: But I am pained at your calling upon me (in pity to my weakness, shall I call it? a weakness so ill concealed) to rejoice, that the excellent man, when he has dispatched all his affairs of consequence, and has nothing else to do, may *possibly*, for you cannot be certain, make me a visit in Northamptonshire.—O my cousin! And were his absence, and the apprehension

of his being the husband of another woman, think you, the *occasion* of my indisposition; that I must now, that the other affair seems determined in a manner so unexpected, be bid at once to be well?

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear cousin, may honour us with the *prognosticated* visit, or not, as he pleases: But were he to declare himself my Lover, my heart would not be so joyful as you seem to expect, if Lady Clementina is to be unhappy. What tho' the refusal of marriage was hers; was not that refusal the greatest sacrifice that ever woman made to her superior duty? Does she not still avow her Love to him? And *must* he not, *ought* he not, ever to love her? And here my pride puts in its claim to attention—Shall your Harriet sit down and think herself happy in a second-place Love? Yet let me own to you, my cousin, that Sir Charles Grandison is dearer to me than all else that I hold most dear in this world: And if Clementina could be not *un*-happy [Happy I have no notion she can be without him] and he were to declare himself my Lover; Affectation, be gone! I would say; I will trust to my own heart, and to my future conduct, to make for myself an interest in his affections, that should enrich my content; in other words, that should make me *more* than contented.

But time will soon determine my destiny: I will have patience to wait its determination. I make no doubt but he has sufficient reasons for all he does.

I am as much delighted, as you could be, at the notice he took of your dear infant. The brave must be humane: And what greater instance of humanity can be shewn, than for grown persons to look back upon the state they were once themselves in, with tenderness and compassion?

I am very sorry for the cause of Lady Betty's affliction. Pity! the good Lady took not—But I will not be severe, after I have said, that childrens faults are not always *originally* their own.

Poor Miss Cantillon!—But she was not under age; and *as* her punishment was of her own choosing—I am sorry, however, for both. I hope, after they have smarted, something will be done for the poor wretches. Good parents *will be* placable; bad ones, or such as have not given good examples, *ought to be* so.

God continue to you, my dear cousins both, your present comforts; and increase your pleasures! for all your pleasures are innocent ones; prays

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER VIII

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.**Selby-house, Wedn. Sept. 26**My dearest Lady G.*

Do you know what is become of your brother? My grandmamma Shirley has seen his Ghost; and talked with it near an hour; and then it vanished. Be not surprised, my dear creature. I am still in amaze at the account my grandmamma gives us of its appearance, discourse, and vanishing! Nor was the dear parent in a resverie. It happened in the middle of the afternoon, all in broad day. Thus she tells it:

'I was sitting, said she, in my own drawing-room, yesterday, by myself; when, in came James, to whom it first appeared, and told me, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to me. I was reading *Sherlock upon Death*,' with that cheerfulness with which I always meditate the subject. I gave orders for his admittance; and in came, to appearance, one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life, in a riding-dress. It was a courteous Ghost: It saluted me; or at least I thought it did: For it answering to the description that you, my Harriet, had given me of that amiable man, I was surprised. But, contrary to the manner of ghosts, it spoke first—Venerable Lady, it called me; and said, its name was Grandison, in a voice—so like what I had heard you speak of it, that I had no doubt but it was Sir Charles Grandison himself; and was ready to fall down to welcome him.

'It took its place by me: You, madam, said it, will forgive this intrusion: And it made several fine speeches, with an air *so* modest, *so* manly—It had almost all the talk to itself. I could only bow, and be pleased; for still I thought it was corporally, and indeed, Sir Charles Grandison. It said, that it had but a very little while to stay: It must reach, I don't know what place, that night—What, said I, will you not go to Selby-house? Will you not see my daughter Byron? Will you not see her aunt Selby? No, it desired to be excused. It talked of leaving a packet behind it; and seemed to pull out of its pocket a parcel of Letters sealed up. It broke the seal, and laid the parcel on the table before me. It refused refreshment. It desired, in a courtly manner, an answer to what it had discoursed upon—Made a profound reverence—and—vanished.'

And now, my dear Lady G. let me repeat my question; What is become of your brother?

Forgive me, this light, this amusing manner. My grandmamma speaks of this visit as an appearance, so sudden, and so short, and nobody seeing him but she; that it gave a kind of amusing levity to

my pen, and I could not resist the temptation I was under to surprise you, as he has done us all. How could he take such a journey, see nobody but my grandmamma, and fly the country? Did he do it to spare us, or to spare himself?

The direct truth is this: My grandmamma was sitting by herself, as above: James told her, as above, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to her. He *was* introduced. He called himself by his own name; took her hand; saluted her—Your character, madam, and mine, said he, are so well known to each other, that tho' I never before had the honour of approaching you, I may presume upon your pardon for this intrusion.

He then launched out in the praises of your happy friend. With what delight did the dear, the indulgent parent repeat them from his mouth! I hope she mingled not her own partialities with them, whether I deserved them, or not; for sweet is praise, from those we wish to love us. And then he said, You see before you, madam, a man glorying in his affection to one of the most excellent of your Sex; an Italian Lady; the pride of Italy! And who, from motives which cannot be withstood, has rejected him, at the very time that all her friends consenting, and innumerable difficulties overcome, he expected that she would yield her hand to his wishes—And they *were* his wishes. My *friendship* for the dear Miss Byron (*You and she must authorize me to call it by a still dearer name, before I dare do it*) is well known: That also has been my pride. I know too well what belongs to female delicacy in general, and particularly to that of Miss Byron, to address myself first to her, on the subject which occasions you this trouble. I am not accustomed to make professions, not even to Ladies—Is it consistent with your notions of delicacy, madam; Will it be with Mr. and Mrs. Selby's; to give your interest in favour of a man who is thus situated? A rejected man! A man who dares to own, that the rejection was a disappointment to him; and that he tenderly loved the fair rejecter. If it will, and Miss Byron can accept the tender of a heart that has been divided, unaccountably so (the circumstances, I presume, you know) then will *you*, then will *she*, lay me under an obligation that I can only *endeavour* to repay by the utmost gratitude and affection.—But if not, I shall admire the delicacy of the *second* refuser, as I do the piety of the *first*, and, at *least*, *suspend* all thoughts of a change of condition. *BUT IT IS*

Noblest of men—And my grandmamma was proceeding in high strains, but very sincere ones; when, interrupting her, and pulling out of his pocket the packet I mentioned above; I presume, madam, said he, that I see favour and goodness to me in your benign countenance: But I will not even be *favoured*, but upon your full knowledge of all the facts I am master of myself. I will be the guardian of

the delicacy of Miss Byron and all her friends in this important case, rather than the discourager, tho' I were to suffer by it. You will be so good as to read these Letters to your daughter Byron, to her Lucy, to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to whom else you will think fit to call to the consultation: They will be those, I presume, who already know something of the history of the excellent Clementina. If, on the perusal of them, I may be admitted to pay my respects to Miss Byron, consistently, as I hinted, with *her* notions and *yours* of that delicacy by which she was always directed, and at the same time be received with that noble frankness which has distinguished her in my eye above all women but one (Excuse me, madam, I must always put these sister-souls upon an equal foot of excellence); then shall I be a happier man than the happiest. Your answer, madam, by pen and ink, will greatly oblige me; and the more, the sooner I can be favoured with it; because, being requested by my friends abroad to set an example to their beloved Clementina, as you will see in more than one of these Letters; I would avoid all punctilio, and let them know, that I had offered myself to Miss Byron, and have not been mortified with absolute denial; if I may be so happy as to be allowed to write so.

Thus did this most generous of men prevent, by this reference to the Letters, my grandmamma's heart overflowing to her lips. He should directly, he said, proceed on his journey to London; and was in such haste to be gone, when he had said what he had to say, that it precipitated a little my grandmamma's spirits: But the joy she was filled with, on the occasion, was so great, that she only had a concern upon her, when he was gone, as if something was left by her undone or unsaid, which she thought should have been said and done to oblige him.

The Letters he left on the table, were copies of what he wrote from Lyons to the Marquis and Marchioness, the Bishop, the General, and Father Marescotti; as also to Lady Clementina, and her brother, the good Jeronymo (*a*). That to the Lady cannot be enough admired, for the tenderness, yet for the acquiescence with her will expressed in it. Surely they were born for each other, however it happens, that they are not likely to come together.

A Letter from Signor Jeronymo, in answer to his from Lyons, I will mention next. In this Sir Charles is wished to use his supposed influence upon Lady Clementina (What a hard task upon him!) to dissuade her from the thoughts of going into a nunnery, and to resolve upon marriage (*b*).

Next is a Letter of Lady Clementina to Sir Charles, complaining tenderly of persecution from her friends, who press her to marry;

(*a*) These Letters are omitted in this collection.

(*b*) See Letter ii.

while she contends to be allowed to take the veil, and applies to Sir Charles for his interest in her behalf.

The next is Sir Charles's reply to Lady Clementina.

Then follows a Letter from Sir Charles to Signor Jeronymo. I have copied these three last, and inclose them in confidence (c).

By these you will see, my dear, that the affair between this excellent man and woman is entirely given up by both; and also in his reply to Signor Jeronymo, that your Harriet is referred to as his next choice. And how can I ever enough value him, for the dignity he has given me, in putting it, as it should seem, in my power to lay an obligation upon him; in making for me my own scruples; and now, lastly, in the method he has taken in the application to my grandmamma, instead of to me; and leaving all to our determination. But thus should the men give dignity, even for their own sakes, to the women whom they wish to be theirs. Were there more Sir Charles Grandisons, would not even the Female world (much better, as I hope it is, than the Male) be amended?

My grandmamma, the moment Sir Charles was gone, sent to us, that she had some very agreeable news to surprise us with; and therefore desired the whole family of us, her Byron particularly, to attend her at breakfast, the next morning. We looked upon one another, at the message, and wondered. I was not well, and would have excused myself; but my aunt insisted upon my going. Little did I or anybody else think of your brother having visited my grandmamma in person. When she acquainted us that he had, my weakened spirits wanted support: I was obliged to withdraw with Lucy.

I thought I could not bear, when I recovered myself, that he should be so near, and not *once* call in, and enquire after the health of the creature for whom he professed so high an esteem, and even affection: But when, on my return to company, my grandmamma related what passed between them, and the Letters were read; then again were my failing spirits unable to support me. They all gazed upon me, as the Letters were reading, as well as while my grandmamma was giving the relation of what he said, and of the noble, the manly air with which he delivered himself.—With joy and silent congratulation they gazed upon me; while I felt such a variety of sensibilities in my heart, as I never felt before, sensibilities mixed with wonder; and I was sometimes ready to doubt whether I were not in a resverie; whether indeed I was in this world, or another; whether I was Harriet Byron—I know not how to describe what I felt in my now fluttering, now rejoicing, now dejected heart—

Dejected?—Yes, my dear Lady G. Dejection was a strong ingredient in my sensibilities. I know not why. Yet may there not

(c) See Letters iii. iv. v.

be a fulness in joy, that will mingle dissatisfaction with it? If there may, shall I be excused for my solemnity, if I deduce from thence an argument, that the human Soul is not to be fully satisfied by worldly enjoyments; and that therefore the completion of its happiness must be in another, a more perfect state? You, Lady G. are a very good woman, tho' a lively one; and I will not excuse *you*, if on an occasion that bids me look forward to a very solemn event, you will not forgive my *seriousness*.—That *bids me look forward*, I repeat; for Sir Charles Grandison cannot alter his mind: The world has not wherewith to *tempt* him to alter it, after he has made *such* advances, except I misbehave.

Well, my dear, and what was the result of our conference?—My grandmamma, my aunt, and Lucy, were of opinion, that I ought no more to revolve the notions of a divided or second-placed Love: That every point of female delicacy was answered: That he ought not only *still* to be allowed to love Lady Clementina, but that I and all her Sex should revere her: That my grandmamma, being the person applied to, should answer for me, for us all, in words of her own choosing.

I was silent. What think *you*, my dear, said my aunt? with her accustomed tenderness.

Think! said my uncle, with his usual facetiousness; Do you think, if Harriet had *one* objection, she would have been silent? I am for sending up for Sir Charles out of hand. Let him come the first day of next week, and let them be married before the end of it.

Not *quite* so hasty, neither, Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma, smiling: Let us send to Mr. Deane. His love for my child, and regard for us all, deserve the most grateful returns.

What a duce, and defer an answer to Sir Charles, who gives a generous reason, for the sake of the Lady abroad, and her family (and I hope he thinks a little of his *own* sake) for wishing a speedy answer?—

No, Mr. Selby: Not defer writing, neither. We know enough of Mr. Deane's mind already. But, for my part, I don't know what terms, what conditions, what additions to my child's fortune, to propose—

Additions! madam—Why, ay; there must be some, to be sure—And we are able, and as willing as able, let me tell you, to make them—

I beseech you, Sir, said I—Pray, madam—No more of this—Surely it is time enough to talk of these subjects.

So it is, niece. Mr. Deane is a lawyer. God help me! I never was brought up to any-thing but to live on the fat of the land,¹ as the saying is. Mr. Deane and Sir Charles shall talk this matter over by themselves. Let us, as you say, send for Mr. Deane. But I will myself be the messenger of these joyful tidings.

My uncle then tuned out, in his gay manner, a line of an old song; and then said, I'll go to Mr. Deane: I will set out this very day—Pull down the wall, as one of our kings said; the door is too far about.—I'll bring Mr. Deane with me to-morrow, or it shall cost me a fall.

You know my uncle, my dear. In this manner did he express his joy.

My grandmother retired to her closet; and this that follows is what she wrote to Sir Charles. Everybody is pleased whenever she takes up the pen. No one made objection to a single word in it.

Dear Sir,

Reserve would be unpardonable on our side, tho' the woman's, to a man who is above reserve, and whose offers are the result of deliberation, and an affection, that, being founded in the merit of our dearest child, cannot be doubted. We all receive as an honour the offer you make us of an alliance which would do credit to families of the first rank. It will perhaps be one day owned to you, that it was the height of Mrs. Selby's wishes and mine, that the man who had rescued the dear creature from insult and distress, might be at liberty to intitle himself to her grateful Love.

The noble manner in which you have explained yourself on a subject which has greatly embarrassed you, has abundantly satisfied Mrs. Selby, Lucy, and myself: We can have no scruples of delicacy. Nor am I afraid of suffering from yours by my frankness. But, as to our Harriet—You may perhaps meet with some (not affectation; she is above it) difficulty with *her*, if you expect her *whole* heart to be yours. She, Sir, experimentally knows how to allow for a double, a divided Love—Dr. Bartlett, perhaps, should not have favoured her with the character of a Lady whom she prefers to herself; and Mrs. Selby and I have sometimes, as we read her melancholy story, thought, not unjustly. If she can be induced to love, to honour, the man of her choice, as much as she loves, honours, and admires Lady Clementina; the happy man will have reason to be satisfied. You see, Sir, that we, who were able to give a preference to the same Lady against ourselves (Harriet Byron *is* *ourselves*) can have no scruples on *your* giving it to the same incomparable woman. May that Lady be happy! If she were *not* to be so, and her unhappiness were to be owing to our happiness; that, dear Sir, would be all that could pain the hearts of any of us, on an occasion so very agreeable to

Your sincere Friend and Servant,

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY

But, my dear Lady G. does your brother tell you and Lady L. nothing of his intentions? Why, if he does, do not you—But I *can*

have no doubt. Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison? And yet, methinks, I want to know what the contents of his next Letters from Italy will be.

You will have no scruple, my dear Lady G. to shew my whole Letter to Lady L. and, if you please, to my Emily—But only mention the contents, in your own way, to the gentlemen. I beg you will yourself shew it to Mrs. Reeves: She will rejoice in her *prognostications*. Use that word to her: She will understand you. Your brother must now, less than ever, see what I write. I depend upon your discretion, my dear Lady G.

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER IX

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Wedn. Sept. 23

EXCELLENT Mrs. Shirley! Incomparable woman! How I love her! If I were such an excellent ancient, I would no more wish to be young, than she has so often told us, she does. What my brother once said, and you once wrote to your Lucy, is true (in *her* case, at least); that the matronly and advanced time of life, in a woman, is far from being the *least* eligible part of it; especially, I may add, when health and a good conscience accompany it. What a spirit does she, at her time of Life, write with!—But her heart is in her subject—I hope I may say *that*, Harriet, without offending you.

Not a word did my brother speak of his intention, till he received that Letter; and then he invited Lady L. and me, and our two honest men, to afternoon tea with him—[O but I have not reckoned with you for your saucy rebukes in your last of the 7th; I owe you a spite for it; and, Harriet, depend on payment—What was I writing?—I have it—] And when tea was over, he, without a blush, without looking down, as a girl would do in this situation—[But why so, Harriet? Is a woman, on these occasions, to act a part as if she supposed herself to be the greatest gainer by matrimony; and therefore was ashamed of consenting to accept of an honourable offer? As if, in other words, she was to be the self-denying receiver rather than conferrer of an obligation?—Lord, how we rambling-headed creatures break in upon ourselves!] with a good grace he told us of his intention to marry; of his apparition to Mrs. Shirley; of his sudden vanishing; and all that—And then he produced Mrs. Shirley's Letter, but just received.

And do you think we were not overjoyed?—Indeed we were. We congratulated him: We congratulated each other: Lord L. looked

as he did when Caroline gave him his happy day: Lord G. could not keep his seat: He was tipsy, poor man, with his joy: Aunt Nell prank'd¹ herself, stroked her ribbands of pink and yellow,² and chuckled and mumped³ for joy, that her nephew at last would not go out of Old England for a wife. She was *mightily* pleased too with Mrs. Shirley's Letter. It was just such a one as she herself would have written upon the occasion.

I posted afterwards to Mrs. Reeves, to shew her, as you requested, your Letter: And when we had read it, there was, Dear Madam, and, Dear Sir; and now this, and now that; and Thank God—three times in a breath; and we were cousins, and cousins, and cousins: And, O blessed! And, O be joyful!—And Hail the day!—And, God grant it to be a short one!—And, How will Harriet answer to the question? Will not her frankness be try'd? He despises affectation: So he thinks does she!—Good Sirs! and, O dears!—How things are brought about!—O my Harriet! you never heard or saw such congratulations between three gossips, as were between our two cousin Reeves's and me: And not a little did the good woman pride herself in her *prognostics*; for she explained that matter to me.

Dr. Bartlett is at Grandison-hall, with our unhappy cousin. How will the good man rejoice!

Now you will ask, What became of Emily?—

By the way, do you know that Mrs. O-Hara is turned *Methodist*? True as you are alive. And she labours hard to convert her husband. Thank God she is any-thing that is serious! Those people have really great merit with me, in *her* conversion.—I am sorry that our own Clergy are not as zealously in earnest as they. They have really, my dear, if we may believe aunt Eleanor, given a face of religion to subterranean colliers, tinnerns, and the most profligate of men,⁴ who hardly ever before heard either of the word, or thing. But *I* am not turning *Methodist*, Harriet. No! you will not suspect me.

Now Emily, who is at present my visiter, had asked leave before my brother's invitation (and was gone, my Jenny attending her) to visit her mother, who is not well. My brother was engaged to sup abroad, with some of the Danby's, I believe: I therefore made Lord and Lady L. cousin Reeves and cousin Reeves, and my aunt Grandison, sup with me.

Emily was at home before me—Ah the poor Emily!—I'll tell you how it was between us—

My lovely girl, my dear Emily, said I, I have good news to tell you, about Miss Byron—

O thank God!—And is she well? Pray, madam, tell me, tell me; I long to hear good news of my dear Miss Byron.

Why, she will shortly be married, Emily!—

Married, madam!—

Yes, my love!—And to your guardian, child!—

To my guardian, madam!—Well, but I hope so—

I then gave her a few particulars.

The dear girl tried to be joyful, and burst into tears!

Why weeps my girl?—O fie! Are you sorry that Miss Byron will have your guardian? I thought you loved Miss Byron.

So I do, madam, as my own self, and more than myself, if possible—But the surprize, madam—Indeed I am glad! What makes me such a fool?—Indeed I am glad!—What ails me, to cry, I wonder! It is what I wished, what I prayed for, night and day. Dear madam, don't tell any-body. I am ashamed of myself.

The sweet April-faced girl then smiled through her tears.

I was charmed with her innocent sensibility; and if you are not, I shall think less of you than ever I did yet.

Dear madam, said she, permit me to withdraw for a few minutes: I must have my cry out—And I shall then be all joy and gladness.

She tript away; and in half an hour came down to me with quite another face.

Lady L. was then with me. I had told her of the girl's emotion. We are equally lovers of you, my dear, said I; you need not be afraid of Lady L.

And have you told, madam?—Well, but I am not a hypocrite. What a strange thing! I who have always been so much afraid of another Lady, for Miss Byron's sake, to be so oddly affected, as if I were sorry!—Indeed I rejoice.—But if you tell Miss Byron, she won't love me: She won't let me live with her and my guardian, when she is happy, and has made him so. And what shall I do then? for I have set my heart upon it.

Miss Byron, my dear, loves you so well, that she will not be able to deny you any-thing your heart is set upon, that is in her power to grant.

God bless Miss Byron as I love her, and she will be the happiest of women!—But what was the matter with me?—Yet I believe I know—My poor mother had been crying sadly to me, for her past unhappy life. She kissed me, as she said, for my *Father's* sake: She had been the worst of wives to the best of husbands.

Again the good girl wept at her mother's remembered remorse—My guar—my guardian's goodness, my mother said, had awakened her to a sense of her wickedness. My poor mother did not spare herself: And I was all sorrow; for what could I say to her on such a subject?—And all the way that I came home in the coach, I did nothing but cry. I had but just dried my eyes, and tried to look chearful, when you came in. And then, when you told me the good news,

something struck me all at once, struck my very heart; I cannot account for it: I know not what to liken it to—And had I not burst into tears, I believe it would have been worse for me. But now I am myself; and if my poor mother could pacify her conscience, I should be a happy creature—*because* of Miss Byron's happiness. You look at each other, Ladies: But if you think I should *not*, bid me begone from your presence for a false girl, and never see you more.

Now, Harriet, this emotion of Emily appears to me as a sort of phænomenon. Do *you* account for it as you will; but I am sure Emily is no hypocrite: She has no art: She *believes* what she says, that her sudden burst of tears was owing to her heart being affected by her mother's contrition: And I am also sure that she loves you above all the women in the world. Yet it is possible, that the subtle thief, ycleped Love, had got very near her heart; and just at the moment threw a dart into one angle of it, which was the *something* that struck her, all at once, as she phrased it, and made her find tears a relief. This I know, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. If you don't already, or if you soon will not, experience the truth of this observation in the great event before you, I am much mistaken.

But you see, Harriet, what joy this happy declaration of my brother, and the kind reception it has met with from Northamptonshire, has given us all. We will keep your secret, never fear, till all is over; and, when it is, you shall let my brother know, from the Letters we have had the favour of seeing, as much as *we* do. Till he does, excellent as he thinks you, he will not know one half of your excellencies, nor the merit which your Love and your Suspenses have made you with him.

But, with you, I long for the arrival of the next Letters from Italy. God grant that Lady Clementina hold her resolution, now that she sees it is almost impossible for her to avoid marrying. If she should relent, what would be the consequence, to my brother, to herself, to you! And how shall all we, his friends and yours, be affected! You think the Lady is obliged, in duty to her parents, to marry. Lady L. and I are determined to be wise, and not give our opinions till the events which are yet in the bosom of Fate, disclosing themselves, shall not leave us a possibility of being much mistaken. And yet, as to what the filial duty requires of her, we think she ought to marry. Mean time, I repeat, 'God grant that Lady Clementina now hold her mind!'

Lady L. sends up her name. Formality in *her*, surely. I will chide her. But here she comes.—I love, Harriet, to write to the moment; that's a knack I had from you and my brother: And be sure continue it, on every occasion: No *pathetic* without it!

Your servant, Lady L.

And your servant, Lady G.—Writing? To whom?

To our Harriet—

I will read your Letter—Shall I?

Take it; but read it out, that I may know what I have written.

Now give it me again. I'll write down what you say to it, Lady L.

Lady L. I say you are a whimsical creature. But I don't like what you have *last* written.

Charlotte. *Last written*—'Tis down.—But why so, Lady L.?

Lady L. How can you thus teaze our beloved Byron, with your conjectural evils?

Ch. Have I supposed an impossibility?—But 'tis down—*Conjectural evils*.

Lady L. If you are so whimsical, write—'My dear Miss Byron'—

Ch. *My dear Miss Byron*—'Tis down.

Lady L. (Looking over me) 'Do not let what this strange Charlotte has written, grieve you:—'

Ch. Very well, Caroline!—*grieve you*.—

Lady L. 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.'

Ch. Well observed.—Words of Scripture, I believe.—Well—*evil thereof*.—

Lady L. Never, surely, was there such a creature as you, Charlotte—

Ch. That's down, too.—

Lady L. Is that down? laughing—That should not have been down—Yet 'tis true.

Ch. *Yet 'tis true*—What's next?

Lady L. Pish—

Ch. *Pish*.—

Lady L. Well, now to Harriet—'Clementina cannot alter her resolution; her objection still subsisting. Her Love for my brother'—

Ch. Hold, Lady L. Too much, at one time—*Her Love for my brother*—

Lady L. 'On which her apprehensions that she shall not be able, if she be his wife'—

Ch. Not so much at once, I tell you: It is *too* much for my giddy head to remember—*if she be his wife*—

Lady L. —'to adhere to her own religion, are founded'—

Ch. —*founded*.

Lady L. 'Is a security for her adherence to a resolution so glorious to herself.'

Ch. Well said, Lady L.—May it be so, say, and pray, I.—Any more, Lady L.?

Lady L. 'Therefore'—

Ch. *Therefore*—

Lady L. 'Regard not the perplexing Charlotte'—

Ch. I thank you, Caroline—*perplexing Charlotte*—

Lady L. 'Is the advice of your ever-affectionate Sister, Friend, and Servant,'—

Ch. So!—*Friend and Servant*—

Lady L. Give me the pen.—

Ch. Take another.—She did—and subscribed her name, 'C. L.'

With all my heart, Harriet. And here, after I have repeated my hearty wishes, that nothing of this that I have so sagely apprehended may happen (for I desire not to be dubbed a witch so much at my own, as well as at your, expence), I will also subscribe that of

*Your no less affectionate Sister,
Friend, and Servant,*

CHARLOTTE G.

My brother says, he has sent you a Letter, and your grandmamma another—Full of grateful sensibilities, both, I make no question.—But no Flight, or Goddess-making absurdity, I dare say. You will give us copies, *if you are as obliging as you used to be.*

LETTER X

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Monday, Sept. 25

WHAT have I done to my Charlotte? Is there not something cold and particular in your stile, especially in that part of your Letter preceding the entrance of my good Lady L.? And in your Postscript—*You will give us copies, if you are as obliging as you used to be.*—Why should I, when likely to be more obliged to you than ever, be less obliging than before? I can't bear this from Lady G. Are you giving me a proof of the truth of your own observation? 'That we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near.'—I could not support my spirits, if the sister of Sir Charles Grandison loved me the less for the distinction her brother pays me.

And what, my dear, if Lady Clementina *should* RELENT, as you phrase it?—My *friends* might be now grieved—Well, and I might be affected too, more than if the visit to my grandmamma had not been made: I own it.—But the high veneration I truly profess to have for Lady Clementina, would be parade and pretension, if, whatever became of your Harriet, I did not resolve, in that case, to *try*, at least, to make myself easy, and give up to her prior and worthier

claim: And I should consider her *effort*, tho' unsuccessful, as having intitled her to my highest esteem. To what we know to be right, we ought to submit; the more difficult, the more meritorious: And, in this case, your Harriet would conquer, or die. If she conquered, she would then, in *that* instance, be greater than even Clementina. O my dear, we know not, till we have the trial, what emulation will enable a warm and honest mind to do.

I will send you inclosed, copies of the two Letters transcribed by Lucy (a). I am very proud of them both; perhaps too proud, and it may be necessary that I should be pulled down; tho' I expected it not from my Charlotte. 'To be complimented in so noble and sincere a manner as you will see I am, with the power of laying an obligation on him,' (instead of owing it to his compassionate consideration for a creature so long labouring in suspense, and then despairing that her hopes could be answered) is enough at the same time to flatter her vanity, and gratify the most delicate sensibility.

You will see 'how gratefully he takes my grandmamma's hint, that I knew how by experience to account for a double, a *divided* Love, as she is pleased to call it—And the preference my aunt, and herself, and I, have given to the claim of Lady Clementina.' You, my dear, know our sincerity in this particular. There is some merit in owning a truth when it makes against us. To do justice in another's case against one's self, is, methinks, making at least a *second* merit for one's self. 'He asks my leave to attend me at Selby-house.'—I should rejoice to see him—But I could wish, methinks, that he had first received Letters from abroad. But how can I hint my wishes to him without implying either doubt or reserve?—*Reserve* in the delay of his visit implied by such hint; *doubt*, of his being at liberty to pursue his intentions: That would not become me to shew; as it might make him think that I wanted protestations and assurances from him, in order to *bind* him to me; when, if the situation be such as obliges him to balance but in *thought*, and I could know it; I would die before I would accept of his hand. He has confirmed and established, as I may say, my pride (I had always some) by the distinction he has given me: Yet I should despise myself, if I found it gave me either arrogance, or affectation. 'He is so considerate as to dispense with my answering his Letters;' for he is pleased to say, 'That if I do not *forbid* him to come down, by my aunt Selby, or my grandmamma, he will presume upon my leave.'

My uncle set out for Peterborough, in order to bring Mr. Deane with him to Selby-house. Poor Mr. Deane had kept his chamber for a week before; yet had not let us know he was ill. He was forbid to

(a) These Letters do not appear. The contents may be gathered from what she here says of them.

go abroad for two days more; but was so overjoyed at what my uncle communicated to him, that he said, he was not sensible of ailing any-thing; and he would have come with my uncle next day, but neither he nor the doctor would permit it: But on Tuesday he came.—Such joy!—Dear good man!—Such congratulations!—How considerable, to their happiness, do they all make that of their too-too much obliged Harriet!

They have been in consultation often; but they have excluded me from some particular ones. I guess the subject; and beg of them, that I may not be *too much* obliged. What critical situations have I been in! When will they be at an end?

Mr. Deane has written to Sir Charles. I am not to know the contents of his Letter. The hearts of us women, when we are urged to give way to a *clandestine* and *unequal* address, or when inclined to favour such a one, are apt, and are pleaded with, to rise against the notions of bargain and sale. *Smithfield bargains*,¹ you Londoners call them: But unjust is the odium, if preliminaries are necessary in all treaties of this nature. And surely previous stipulations are indispensably so among us changeable mortals, however promising the sunshine may be at our setting out on the journey of life; a journey too that will not be ended but with the life of one of the travellers.

If I ever were to be tempted to wish for great wealth, it would be for the sake of Sir Charles Grandison; that I might be a means of enlarging his power: Since I am convinced, that the necessities of every worthy person within the large circle of his acquaintance, would be relieved, according to his ability.

My dear Emily!—Ah Lady G.! Was it *possible* for you to think, that my pity for the amiable Innocent should not increase my love of her! I will give you leave *indeed* to despise me, if you ever find any-thing in my behaviour to Emily, let me be circumstanced as I will, that shall shew an abatement of that tender affection which ever must warm my heart in her favour. Whenever I can promise any-thing for myself, then shall Emily be a partaker of my felicity, in the way her own heart shall direct. I hope, for *her own* sake, that the dear girl puts the matter right, when she attributes her sudden burst of tears to the weakness of her spirits occasioned by her mother's remorse: But let me say one thing; It would grieve me as much as it did Sir Charles, in the Count of Belvedere's case, to stand in the way of any-body's happiness. It is not, you see, your *brother's* fault, that he is not the husband of Lady Clementina: She wishes him to marry an Englishwoman.—Nor is even the hope of Lady Olivia frustrated by me. You know I always pitied her; and that before I knew, from Sir Charles's Letter to Signor Jeronymo, that she thought kindly of me.—Lady Anne S.; Do you think, my dear, that worthy

Lady could have hopes, were it *not* for me?—And could my Emily have any, were I out of the world?—No, surely: The very *wardship*, which he executes with so much indulgent goodness to her, would exclude all such hopes, considerable enough as his estate is, to answer, a larger fortune than even Emily's. Were hers not half so much as it is, it would perhaps be more likely than now, that his generous mind might be disposed in her favour, some years hence.

Let me; however, tell you, that true sisterly pity overwhelmed my heart, when I first read that part of your Letter which so pathetically describes her tender woe. Be the occasion her Duty, or her Love, or owing to a mixture of both, I am charmed with her beautiful simplicity: I wept over that part of your Letter for half an hour (for I was by myself); and more than once I looked round and round me, wishing for the dear creature to be near me, and wanting to clasp her to my bosom.

Love me still, and that as well as ever, my dear Lady G. or I shall want a great ingredient of happiness, in whatever situation I may be. I have written to thank my dear Lady L. for her goodness to me, in dictating to your pen; and I thank you, my dear, for being dictated to. I cannot be well. Send me but one line; ease my overburdened heart of one of its anxieties, by telling me that there has nothing passed of littleness in me, that has abated your love to

Your ever-grateful, ever-affectionate,

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XI

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Grosvenor-Square, Wedn. Sept. 27.

FLY, *Script*, of one line; on the wings of the wind, fly, to acquaint my Harriet, that I love her above all women—and all *men* too; my brother excepted. Tell her, that I now love her with an increased love; because I love her for *his* sake, as well as her own.

Forgive, my dear, all the carelessnesses, as you always did the flippancies, of my pen. The happy prospect that all our wishes would be succeeded to us, had given a levity, a wantonness, to it. Wicked pen!—But I have burnt the whole parcel from which I took it!—Yet I should correct *myself*; for I don't know whether I did not intend to teaze a little: I don't know whether my compassion for Emily did not make me more silly. If that were so (for really I suffered my pen to take its course at the time; therefore burnt it) I know you will the more readily forgive me.

Littleness, Harriet! You are all that is great and good in woman. The littleness of others adds to your greatness. Have not *my* foibles always proved this?—No, my dear! you are as great, as—Clementina herself: And I love you better, if possible, than I love myself.

A few lines more on other subjects; for I can't write a short Letter to my Harriet.—

The Countess of D. has made my brother a visit. I happened to be at his house. They were alone together near an hour. At going away, he attending her to her chair, she took my hand; All, all my hopes are over, said she; but I will love Miss Byron, for all that. Nor shall *you*, Sir Charles, in the day of your power, deny me my correspondent: Nor must you, madam, and Lady L. a friendship with Sir Charles Grandison's two sisters.

Lady W. and my sister and I correspond. I want you to know her, that you may love her as well as we do. Love-matches, my dear, are foolish things. I know not how you will find it some time hence: No general rule, however, without exceptions, you know. Violent Love on one side, is enough in conscience, if the other be not a fool, or ungrateful: The *Lover* and *Lovée* make generally the happiest couple. Mild, sedate convenience, is better than a stark staring-mad passion. The wall-climbers, the hedge and ditch-leapers, the river-forders, the window-droppers, always find reason to think so. Who ever hears of darts, flames, Cupids, Venus's, Adonis's, and such-like nonsense, in matrimony?—Passion is transitory; but discretion, which never boils over, gives durable happiness. See Lord and Lady W. Lord G. and his good woman, for instances.

O my mad head! And why, think you, did I mention my corresponding with Lady W.?—Only to tell you, and I had like to have forgot it, that she felicitates me in her last, on the likelihood of a happy acquisition to our family, from what my brother communicated of his intention to make his addresses to Somebody—I warrant you guess to whom.

Lady Anne S.—Poor Lady Anne S.!—I dare not tell my brother how much she loves him: I am sure it would make him uneasy.

Beauchamp desires his compliments to you. He is in great affliction. Poor Sir Harry is thought irrecoverable. Different physicians have gone their rounds with him: But the new ones only ask what the old ones did, that they may *guess* at something else to make trial of. When a patient has money, it is hard, I believe, for a physician to be honest, and to say, till the last extremity, That the Parson and Sexton may take him.

Adieu, my love!—Adieu, all my grandmamas, aunts, cousins, and kin's kin of Northamptonshire—Adieu!

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XII

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.**Tuesday, Oct. 3*

A THOUSAND thanks to you, my dear Lady G. for the favour of your last: You have re-assured me in it. I think I could not have been happy even in the affection of Sir Charles Grandison, were I to have found an abatement in the Love of his two sisters. Who, that knows you both, and that had been favoured with your friendship, could have been satisfied with the least diminution of it?

I have a Letter from the Countess of D (a). She is a most generous woman. 'She even congratulates me, on your brother's account, from the conversation that passed between him and her. She gives me the particulars of that conversation. Exceedingly flattering are they to my vanity.' I *must*, my dear, be happy, if you continue to love me; and if I can know that Lady Clementina is not unhappy. This latter is a piece of intelligence, necessary, I was going to say, for my tranquillity: For can your brother be happy, if that Lady be otherwise, whose grievous malady could hold in suspense his generous heart, when he had no prospects at the time, of ever calling her his?

I pity from my heart Lady Anne S. What a dreadful thing is hopeless Love; the object so worthy, that every mouth is full of his praises! How many women will your brother's preference of *one*, be she who she will, disappoint in their first Loves! Yet out of a hundred women, how few are there, who, for one reason, or other, have the man of their choice!

I remember, you once said, It was well that Love is not a passion absolutely invincible: But, however, I do not, my dear, agree with you in your notions of all Love-matches. Love merely *personal*, that sort of Love which commences between the years of fifteen and twenty; and when the extraordinary *merit* of the object is not the foundation of it; may, I believe, and perhaps *generally* ought to, be subdued. But Love that is founded on a merit that every-body acknowledges—I don't know what to say to the vincibility of *such* a Love. For myself, I think it impossible that I ever could have been the wife of any man on earth, and given him my affection in so *entire* a manner, as should, on reflexion, have acquitted my own heart—Tho' I hope I should not have been wanting in my general duties—And why impossible? Because I must have been conscious, that there was another man whom I would have preferred to him. Let me add, that when prospects were darkest with regard to my wishes, I promised my grand-

(a) This Letter does not appear.

mamma and aunt, to make myself easy, at least to endeavour to do so, if they never would propose to me the Earl of D. or any other man. They *did* promise me.

Lady D. in her Letter to me, 'is so good as to claim the continuance of my correspondence.' Most ungrateful, and equally self-denying, must I be, if I were to decline my part of it.

I have a Letter from Sir Rowland Meredith (*a*). You, who have seen his former Letters to me, need not be shewn this. The same honest heart appears in them all; the same kind professions of paternal love. You love Sir Rowland; and will be pleased to hear that his worthy nephew is likely to recover his health: I cannot, however, be joyful that they are resolved to make me soon one more visit. But you will see that Mr. Fowler thinks, if he could be allowed to visit me once more, he should, tho' hoping nothing from the visit, be easier for the rest of his life. A strange way of thinking! supposing Love to be his distemper: Is it not?

I have a Letter from Mr. Fenwick. He is arrived at his seat near Daventry. He has made a very short excursion abroad. He tells me in it, that he designs me a visit on a particular subject. If it be, as I suspect, to engage my interest with my Lucy, he shall *not* have her: He is not worthy of her.

The friendship and favour of Lady W. is one of the great felicities which seem to offer to bless my future lot.

Mr. Greville is the most persevering, as well as most audacious, of men. As other men endeavour to gain a woman's affections by politeness; he makes pride, ill-nature, and impetuosity, the proofs of his Love; and thinks himself ill used, especially since his large acquisition of fortune, that they are not accepted as such. He has obliged Mr. Deane to hear his pleas; and presumed to hope for his favour. Mr. Deane frankly told him, that his interest lay quite another way. He then insolently threatened with destruction, the man, be he who he will, that shall stand in his way. He doubts not, he says, but Sir Charles Grandison is the man designed: But if so *cool* a Lover is to be encouraged against so *fervent* a one as himself, he is mistaken in all his notions of womens conduct and judgments in Love-matters. A *discreet* Lover, he says, is an unnatural character: Women, the odious wretch says, love to be devoured (Is he not an odious wretch?); and if Miss Byron can content herself with another woman's *leavings*, for that, he says, he is well informed is the case, he knows what he shall think of her spirit. And then he threw out, as usual, reflexions on our Sex, which had malice in them.

This man's threats disturb me. God grant that your brother may not meet with any more embarrasments from insolent men, on my account!

(*a*) This Letter appears not.

99-100 3

If these men, this Greville in particular, would let me be at peace, I should be better, I believe, in my health: But Lady Frampton is his advocate, by Letter. He watches my footsteps, and, in every visit I make, throws himself in the way: And on Sundays he is always ready with his officious hand, as I alight to enter the church, and to lead me back to my uncle's coach. My uncle cannot affront him, because he will not be affronted by him. He raillies off, with an intrepidity that never was exceeded, all that my aunt says of him. I repulse him with anger everywhere but in a place so public, and so sacred. He disturbs my devotion, with his staring eyes, always fixed on our pew; which draw every one's after them. He has the assurance, when he intrudes himself into my company, to laugh off my anger; telling me, that it is what he has long wished for; and that now he is so much used to it, that he can live on my frowns, and cannot support life without them. He plainly tells me, that Mr. Fenwick's arrival from abroad, and another certain person's also, are the occasion of his resumed sedulity.

Every-body about us, in short, is interested for or against him. He makes me appear coy and ridiculous. He—But no more of this bold man. Would to Heaven that some one of those who like such, would relieve me from him!

Visiters, and the post, oblige me, sooner than I otherwise should, to conclude myself, my dear Lady G.

Ever Yours,

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XIII

Mr. DEANE, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Selby-house, Tuesday, Oct. 3

AN alliance more acceptable, were it with a prince, could not be proposed, than that which Sir Charles Grandison, in a manner so worthy of himself, has proposed with a family who have thought themselves under obligation to him, ever since he delivered the darling of it from the lawless attempts of a savage Libertine. I know to whom I write; and will own, that it has been *my* wish, in a most particular manner.

As to the surviving part of the family, *exclusive* of Miss Byron (for I will mention her parents by-and-by) it is, in all its branches, worthy. Indeed, Sir, your wish of a relation to *them*, is not a discredit to your high character. As to the young Lady—I say nothing of her—Yet how shall I forbear—O Sir, believe me! she will dignify your choice. Her duty and her inclination through every relation of life, were never divided.

Excuse me, Sir—No parent was ever more fond of his child than I have been, from her infancy, of this my daughter by adoption. Hence, Sir, being consulted on this occasion, as my affection I will say for the whole family deserves, I take upon me to acquaint you, before any further steps are taken, what our dear child's fortune will be: For it has been always my notion, that a young gentleman, in such a case, should, the moment he offers himself, if his own proposals are acceptable, be spared the *indelivacy* of asking questions as to fortune. We know, Sir, yours is great: But as your spirit is princely, you ought to have something worthy of your own fortune with a wife. But here, alas! we must fail, I doubt; at least, in hand.

Mr. Byron was one of the best of men; his Lady a most excellent woman: There never was a happier pair. Both had reason to boast of their ancestry. His estate was upwards of Four thousand pounds a year; but it was entailed, and, in failure of male heirs, was to descend to a second branch of the family which had made itself the more unworthy of it, by settling in a foreign country, renouncing, as I may say, its own. Mr. Byron died a young man, and left his Lady *ensient*; but grief for losing him, occasioned first her miscarriage, and then her death; and the estate followed the name. Hence, be pleased to know, that Miss Byron's fortune, in her own right, is no more than between Thirteen and Fourteen thousand pounds. It is chiefly in the funds. It has been called 15,000*l.* but is not much more than thirteen. Her grandmother's jointure is between 4 and 500*l.* a year. We none of us wish to see my god-daughter in possession of it: She herself least of all. Mrs. Shirley is called, by every one that knows her, or speaks of her, The ornament of old age. Her husband, an excellent man, desired her to live always in the mansion-house, and in the hospitable way he had ever kept up, if what he left her would support her in it. She has been longer spared to the prayers of her friends, and to those of the poor, than was apprehended; for she is but infirm in health. She therefore can do but little towards the increase of her child's fortune. But Shirley-manor is a fine old seat, Sir!—And there is timber upon the estate, which wants but ten years growth, and will be felled to good account. Mr. Selby is well in the world. He proposes, as a token of his love, to add 3000*l.* in hand to his niece's fortune; and by his will, something very considerable, farther expectant on his Lady's death; who being Miss Byron's aunt, by the father's side, intends by her will to do very handsomely for her.—By the way, my dear Sir, be assured, that what I write is absolutely unknown to Miss Byron.

There is a man who loves her as he loves himself. This man has laid by a sum of money every year for the advancing her in marriage, beginning with the fifth year of her life, when it was seen what a

hopeful child she was: This has been put at accumulated interest; and it amounts, in sixteen years, or thereabouts, to very near 8000*l*. This man, Sir, will make up the Eight thousand Ten, to be paid on the day of marriage: And I hope, without promising for what this man will do further at his death, that you will accept of this Five or Six-and-twenty thousand Pounds, as the chearfullest given and best-bestowed money that ever was laid out.

Let not these particulars pain you, Sir: They should not: The subject is a necessary one. You, who ought to give way to the increase of that power which you so nobly use, must not be pained at this mention, once for all. Princes, Sir, are not above asking money of their people as free-gifts, on the marriage of their children. He that would be greater than a prince, may, before he is aware, be less than a gentleman. Of this Ten thousand pounds, Eight is Miss Byron's due, as she is likely to be so happy with all our consents; else it would not: For that was the man's *reserved* condition; and the sum, or the designation of it, was till this day only known to himself.

As to settlements in return, I would have acted the lawyer, but the *honest* lawyer, with you, Sir, and made demands of you; but Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and Mrs. Shirley, unanimously declare, that you shall not be prescribed to in this case. Were you not Sir Charles Grandison? was the question. I was against leaving it to you, for that *very* reason. It will be, said I, to provoke such a man as Sir Charles to do too much. Most other men ought to be spurred; but *this* must be held in. But, however, I acquiesced; and the more easily, because I expect that the deeds shall pass through my hands; and I will take care that you shall not, in order to give a proof of Love where it is not wanted, exert an inadequate generosity.

These matters I thought it was absolutely necessary to apprise you of: You will have the goodness to excuse any imperfections in my manner of writing. There are none in my heart, when I assure you, that no man breathing can more respect you, than, Sir,

*Your most faithful and
obedient humble Servant,*

THOMAS DEANE

LETTER XIV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To THO. DEANE, Esq.

Thursday, Oct. 5

YOU know not, my dear Mr. Deane, upon what an unthankful man you would bestow your favours. I pretend not to be above complying

with the laudable customs of the world. Princes are examples to themselves. I have always, in things indifferent, been willing to take the world as I find it; and conform to it.

To say Miss Byron is a treasure in herself, is what every man would say, who has the honour to know her: Yet I would not, in a vain ostentation, as the interest of a man and his wife is one, make a compliment to my affection by resigning or giving from her her natural right; especially as there is no one of her family that wants to be benefited by such gifts or resignations. But then I will not allow, that any of her friends shall part with what is theirs, to supply—What? A *supposed* deficiency in her fortune. And by *whom*, as implied by you, supposed a deficiency?—By me; and it is left to me to *confirm* the imputation by my acceptance of the addition so generously, as to the *intention*, offered. Had I incumbrances on my estate, which, undischarged, would involve in difficulties the woman I love; I know not what, for *her* sake, I might be tempted to do. But avarice only can induce a man, who wants it not, to accept of the bounty of a Lady's friends, in their life-time especially—When those friends are not either father or mother; one of them not a relation by blood, tho' he is by a nearer tie, that of Love: And is not the fortune which the Lady possesses, in her own right, an ample one?

I am as rich as I wish to be, my dear Mr. Deane. Were my income less, I would live within it; were it more, it would increase my duties. Permit me, my good Sir, to ask, Has the MAN, as you call him (and a MAN indeed he appears to me to be) who intends to make so noble a present to a stranger, no relations, no friends, who would have reason to think themselves unkindly treated, if he gave from them such a large portion of his fortune?

I would not be thought romantic; neither aim I at ostentation. I would be as glad to *follow*, as to *set*, a good example. Can I have a nobler, if Miss Byron honours me with her hand, than she, in *that* case, will give in preferring me to the Earl of D. a worthy man, with a much more splendid fortune than mine? Believe me, my dear Mr. Deane, it would, on an event so happy, be a restraint to my own joy before friends so kindly contributing to the increase of her fortune, lest they should imagine that their generosity, on the occasion, was one of the motives of my gratitude to her for her goodness to me.

You tell me, that Miss Byron knows nothing of your proposals: I beseech you, let her *not* know any-thing of them: Abase not so much, in her eyes, the man who presumes on her favour for the happiness of the rest of his life, by supposing (*Your* supposition, Sir, may have weight with *her*) he could value her the more for such an addition to her fortune. No, Sir: Let Miss Byron (satisfied with the consciousness of a worth which all the world acknowledges) in one of the most

solemn events of her life, look round among her congratulating friends with that modest confidence which the sense of laying a high obligation on a favoured object gives to diffident merit; and which the receiving of favours from all her friends, as if to supply a supposed defective worth, must either abate; or, if it do not, make her think less of the interested man, who could submit to owe such obligations.

If these friendly expostulations conclude against the offer of your *generous friend*, they equally do so against that of Mr. Selby. Were that Gentleman and his Lady the *parents* of Miss Byron, the case would be different: But Miss Byron's fortune is an *ascertained* one; and Mr. Selby has relations who stand in an equal degree of consanguinity to him, and who are all intitled, by their worthiness, to his favour. My best respects and thanks are however due; and I beg you will make my acknowledgements accordingly, as well to your *worthy friend*, as to Mr. Selby. : *Myself and I*.

I take the liberty to send you down the rent-roll of my English estate. Determine for me as you please, my dearest Mr. Deane: Only take this caution—Affront me not a second time; but let the settlements be such, as may be fully answerable to my fortune; altho', in the common methods of calculation, it may exceed that of the dear Lady. That you may be the better judge of this, you will find a brief particular of my Irish Estate, subjoined to the other.

I was intending, when I received yours, to do myself the honour of a visit to Selby-house. I am impatient to throw myself at the feet of my dear Miss Byron, and to commend myself to the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and every one of a family I am prepared by their characters, as well as by their relation to Miss Byron, to revere and love. But as you seem to choose that the requisite preliminaries should be first adjusted by pen and ink, I submit, tho' with reluctance, to that course; but with the less, as I may, in the interim, receive Letters from abroad, which, tho' they can now make no alteration with regard to the treaty so happily begun, may give me an opportunity of laying the whole state of my affairs before Miss Byron; by which means she will be enabled to form a judgment of them, and of the heart of, dear Sir,

*Her and your most affectionate,
obliged, and faithful
humble Servant,*

CH. GRANDISON

LETTER XV

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

[With the two preceding Letters]

Selby-house, Sat. Oct. 7

WELL did you observe, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. May I, in the present situation, presume to say *near*? Mr. Deane has entered into the particulars of my fortune with Sir Charles. The Letter was not shewn me before it went; and I was not permitted to see the copy of it till your brother's answer came; and then they shewed me both.

O my dear Mr. Deane! my ever-kind uncle and aunt Selby! Was not your Harriet Byron too much obliged to you before?—As to your brother, What, my love, shall I do with my *pride*? I did not know I had so much of that bad quality. My poverty, my dear, has added to my pride. Were my fortune superior to that of your brother, I am sure I should not be so proud as I now, on this occasion, find I am. How generously does he decline accepting the goodness that was offered to give me more consideration with him (as kindly intended by them)! What can I say to him, but that his heart, still prouder than my own, and more generous than that of any other person breathing, will not permit me to owe uncommon obligations to any but himself?

He desires that I may not know any-thing of this transaction: But they thought the communication would give me pleasure. However, they wish me not to take notice to him, when he visits Selby-house, that they have communicated it to me. If I did, I should think myself obliged to manifest a gratitude that would embarrass me, in my present situation, and seem to fetter the freedom of my will. Millions of obligations should not bribe me to give up even a corner of my heart, to a man to whom I could not give the whole. Your brother, my dear, is in possession of the whole.

You know that I hate affectation: But must I not have great abatements in my prospects of happiness, because of Lady Clementina? And must they not be still greater, should she be unhappy, should she repent of the resolution she so nobly took, for his saying, that whatever be the contents of his next Letters from Italy, they can make no alteration with regard to the treaty begun with us?—Dear, dear Clementina! most excellent of women! Can I bear to stand in the way of your happiness?—I cannot—*My* life, any more than yours, may not be a long one; and I will not sully the whiteness of it (Pardon my vanity; I presume to call it so, on retrospecting it, regard-

ing my *intentions* only) by giving way to an act of injustice, tho' it were to obtain for me the whole heart of the man I love.

Yet think you, my dear, that I am not mortified? 'How can I look round upon my congratulating friends, in one of the most solemn events of my life, with that modest confidence which the sense of laying an obligation on a favoured object' (You know in whose generous words I express myself) 'gives to diffident merit?' O my Charlotte! I am *afraid* of your brother! How shall I look up to him, when I next see him?—But I will give way to this new guest, my *pride*. What other way have I?—Will you forgive me, if I try to look upon your brother's generosity to me and my friends, in declining so greatly their offers, as a bribe to make me sit down satisfied with half, nay, *not* half, a heart?—And now will you not say, that I am proud indeed? But his is the most delicate of human minds: And shall not the woman pretend to some delicacy who has looked up to him?

I thought of writing but a few lines in the cover of the two Letters. I hope I should not incur displeasure from any-body here, were they to know I send them to you for your perusal. But let only Lord G. your other Self, and Lord and Lady L. read them, and return them by the next post. I know you four will pity the poor and proud girl, who is so inexpressibly obliged almost to every one she knows; but who, believe her, proud as she is, never will be ashamed to own her obligations to you, and to Lady L.

Witness,

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XVI

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Grosvenor-Square, Tuesday, Oct. 10

I RETURN your two Letters: Very good ones, both. I like them. Lord L. and Lord G. thank you for allowing them to peruse them. We will know nothing of the matter. My brother will soon be with you, I believe. I wish Dr. Bartlett were in town: One should then know something of the motions of my brother—Not that he is reserved, neither. But he is so much engaged, that I go four times to St. James's-Square, and perhaps do not see him once. My Lord had the assurance to say, but yesterday, that I was there more than at home. He is very impertinent: I believe he has taken up my sauciness. I laid it down, and thought to resume it occasionally; but when I came to look for it, behold! it was gone!—But I hope, if he has it

not, it is only mislaid. I intend, if it come not soon to hand, to set the parish-crier to proclaim the loss, with a reward for the finder. It might be the ruin of some indiscreet woman, should such a one meet with it, and try to use it. Aunt Eleanor [There I remembred myself: No more aunt Nell!] is as joyful, to think her nephew will soon be married, and to an *English* woman, as if she were going to be married herself. Were there to be a wedding in the family, or among her acquaintance, once a year! what with preparation, what with solemnization, good old soul! she would live for ever. Chide again, Harriet; I value it not. Yet in your last chiding you were excessively grave: But I forgive you. Be good, and write me every-thing how and about it; and write to the moment: You cannot be too minute.

I want you to see Lady Olivia's presents: They are princely. I want to see a Letter she wrote to my brother: He mentioned it as something extraordinary. When you are his, you must shew me all he writes, that you are permitted to have in your power long enough to transcribe. He and she correspond. Do you like that, Harriet?—Lady L. writes: Emily writes. So I have only to say, I am

Your humble Servant, and so-forth,

CH. G.

LETTER XVII

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Selby-house, Thursday, Oct. 12

My dear Lady G.

I expect your brother every hour. I hope he comes in pursuance of Letters from Italy!—May it be so! and such as will not abate his welcome!

We heard by accident of his approach, by a farmer, tenant to my uncle; who saw a fine gentleman, very handsomely attended, alight, as he left Stratford, at the very inn where we baited on our return from London. As a dinner was preparing for him, perhaps, my dear, he will dine in the very room we dined in at that time. The farmer had the curiosity to ask who he was; and was answered by the most courteous gentleman's servants he ever spoke to, that they had the honour to serve Sir Charles Grandison. And the farmer having said he was of Northampton; one of them asked him, How far Selby-house was from that town? The farmer was obliged to hurry home on his own affairs; and meeting my uncle with Mr. Deane, and my cousin James Selby, taking an airing on horseback, told him the visiter he

was likely to have. My uncle instantly dispatched his servant to us with the tidings, and that he was gone to meet him, in hopes of conducting him hither.

This news gave me so much emotion, being not well before, that my aunt advised me to retire to my closet, and endeavour to quiet my spirits.

Here then I am, my dear Lady G. and the writing-implements being always at hand in this place, I took up my pen. It is not possible for me to write at this time, but to you, and on this subject. It is good for a busy mind to have something to be employed in; and I think, now I am amusing myself on paper, my heart is a little more governable than it was.

I am glad we heard of his coming before we saw him. But surely Sir Charles Grandison should not have attempted to *surprise* us: Should he, my dear? Does it not look like the pride of a man assured of a joyful welcome? I have read of Princes, who, acquainted with their Ladies by picture only, and having been married by proxy, have set out to their frontiers *incognito*, and in disguise have affected to surprise the poor apprehensive bride.¹—But here, not only circumstances differ, since there has been no betrothment; but were he of princely rank, I should have expected a more delicate treatment from him.—

How will the consciousness of inferiority and obligation set a proud and punctilious mind upon hunting for occasions to justify its caprices!—A servant of Sir Charles is just arrived with a billet directed for my uncle Selby. My aunt opened it. It is dated from Stratford. The contents are, after compliments of enquiry of our healths, to acquaint my uncle, that he shall put up at the George at Northampton, this night; and hopes to be allowed to pay his compliments to us to-morrow morning, at breakfast: So he did not *intend* to give himself the consequence, of which my capricious heart was so apprehensive. Yet then, as if resolved to find fault, Is not this a little too parading for his natural freedom? thought I: Or does he think we should not be able to outlive our joyful surprize, if he gave us not notice of his arrival in these parts before he saw us?—O Clementina!—Goddess! Angel! What a mere mortal, what a woman, dost thou make the poor Harriet Byron appear in her own eyes! How apprehensive of coming after thee! The sense I have of my own littleness, will make me little, indeed!

Well, but I presume, that if my uncle and Mr. Deane meet him, they will prevail on him to come hither this night: Yet I suppose he must be allowed to go to the proposed inn afterwards.—But here,

he is come!—Come, indeed!—My uncle in the chariot with him! My cousin and Mr. Deane, Sally tells me, just alighted. Sally adores Sir Charles Grandison—Begone, Sally. Thy emotions, foolish wench, add to those of thy mistress!—

That I might avoid the appearance of affectation, I was going down to welcome him, when I met my uncle on the stairs. Niece Byron, said he, you have not done *justice* to Sir Charles Grandison. I thought your *Love-sick heart* (What words were these, my dear! and at that moment too!) must have been partial to him. He prevailed on me to go into his chariot. You may think yourself very happy. For fifteen miles together did he talk of nobody but you. Let *me* go down with you: Let *me* present you to him.

I had before besought my spirits to befriend me, but for one half-hour. Surely there is nothing so unwelcome as an unseasonable jest. *Present me to him! Love-sick heart!* O my uncle! thought I. I was unable to proceed. I hastened back to my closet, as much disconcerted as a child could be, who, having taken pains to get its lesson by heart, dashed by a chiding countenance, forgot every syllable of it when it came to *say* it. You know, my dear, that I had not of some time been well. My spirits were weak, and joy was almost as painful to me as grief could have been.

My aunt came up—My love, why don't you come down?—What now! Why in tears?—You will appear, to the finest man I ever saw in my life, very particular!—Mr. Deane is in love with him: Your cousin James—

Dear madam, I am already, when I make comparisons between him and myself, humbled enough with his excellencies. I did *intend* to avoid particularity; but my uncle has quite disconcerted me—Yet he always means well: I ought not to complain. I attend you, madam.

Can you, Lady G. forgive my pride, my petulance?

My aunt went down before me. Sir Charles hastened to me, the moment I appeared, with an air of respectful love.

He took my hand, and bowing upon it, I rejoice to see my dear Miss Byron; and to see her so well. How many sufferers must there be, when you suffer!

I bid him welcome to England: I hope he heard me: I could not help speaking low: He must observe my discomposure. He led me to a seat, and sat down by me, still holding my hand. I withdrew it not presently, lest he should think me precise: But, as there were so many persons present, I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandison. Yet perhaps he could not well quit it, as I did not withdraw it;

so that the fault might be rather in my passiveness, than in his forwardness.

However, I asked my aunt afterwards, If his looks were not those of a man assured of success; as indeed he might be from my grandmother's Letter, and my silence to *his*. She said, there was a manly freedom in his address to me; but that it had such a mixture of tenderness in it, that never, in *her* eyes, was freedom so becoming. While he was restrained by his situation, added she, no wonder that he treated you with respect only, as a *Friend*; but now he finds himself at liberty to address you, his behaviour ought, as a *Lover*, to have just been what it was.

Sir Charles led me into talk, by mentioning you and Lady L. your two Lords, and my Emily.

My uncle and aunt withdrew, and had some little canvassings, it seems, [All their canvassings are those of assured Lovers] about the propriety of my uncle's invitation to Sir Charles to take up his residence, while he was in these parts, at Selby-house. My uncle, at coming in, had directed Sir Charles's servants to put up their horses: But they, not having their master's orders to do so, held themselves in readiness to attend him; as they knew that Sir Charles had given directions to his gentleman, Richard Saunders, who brought the billet to my uncle, to go back to Northampton, and provide apartments for him at the George inn there.

My aunt, who you know is a perfect judge of points of decorum, pleaded to my uncle, that it was too well known among our select friends, by Mr. Greville's means, that Sir Charles had never before made his addresses to me; and that therefore, tho' he was to be treated as a man whose alliance is considered as an honour to us; yet that some measures were to be kept, as to the *look* of the thing; and that the world might not conclude that I was to be won at his very first appearance; and the rather, as Mr. Greville's violence, as well as virulence, was so well known.

My uncle was petulant. *I*, said he, am always in the wrong: You women, never. He ran into all those peculiarities of words, for which you have so often raillied him—His *adsheart*, his *female scrupulosities*, his *What a pize*,¹ his hatred of *shilly-shally's* and *fiddle-faddles*, and the rest of our *female nonsenses*, as he calls them. He hoped to salute his niece, as Lady Grandison, in a fortnight: What a *duce* was the matter it could *not* be so, both sides now of a mind?—He warned my aunt, and bid her warn me, against affectation, now the crisis was at hand. Sir Charles, he said, would think meanly of us, if we were *silly*: And then came in another of his odd words: Sir Charles, he said, had been so much already *bamboozled*, that he would not have patience with us; and *therefore*, and for all these *reasons*, as he

called them, he desired that Sir Charles might not be suffered to go out of the house, and to an inn; and this as well for the *propriety* of the thing, as for the credit of his own invitation to him.

My aunt replied, that Sir Charles *himself* would expect delicacy from us. It was evident, that he expected not (no doubt for the sake of the world's eye) to reside in the house with *me* on his *first* visit, by his having ordered his servant who brought the billet, to take apartments for him at Northampton, even not designing to visit us over-night, had he not been met by Mr. Deane and himself, and *persuaded* to come. In short, my dear, said my aunt, I am as much concerned about Sir Charles's *own* opinion of our conduct, as for that of the world: Yet you know, that every genteel family around us expect examples from us, and Harriet. If Sir Charles is not with us, the oftener he visits us, the more respectful it will be construed. I hope he will live with us all day, and every day: But indeed it must be as a visiter, not as an inmate.

Why then bring me off some-how, that I may not seem the blunderer you are always making me by your *documents*!—Will you do *that*?

When my uncle and aunt came in, they found Sir Charles, and Mr. Deane, and me, talking. Our subject was, the happiness of Lord and Lady W. and the whole Mansfield family, with whom Mr. Deane, who began the discourse, is well acquainted. Sir Charles arose, at their entrance. The night draws on, said he—I will do myself the honour of attending you, madam, and this happy family, at tea in the morning.—My good Mr. Selby, I had a design upon you, and Mr. Deane, and upon you, young gentleman (to my cousin James) as I told you on the road; but it is now too late. Adieu, till to morrow.—He bowed to each, to me profoundly, kissing my hand, and went to his chariot.

My uncle whispered my aunt, as we all attended him to that door of the hall which leads into the court-yard, to invite him to stay. Hang punctilio! he said.

My aunt wanted to speak to Sir Charles; yet, she owned, she knew not what to say: Such a conscious awkwardness had indeed possession of us both, as made us uneasy: We thought all was not right; yet knew not that we were wrong. But when Sir Charles's chariot drove away with him, and we took our seats, and supper was talked of, we all of us shewed dissatisfaction; and my uncle was quite out of humour. He would give a thousand pounds, he said, with all his heart and soul, to find in the morning, Sir Charles, instead of coming hither to breakfast, had set out on his return to London.

For my part, Lady G. I could not bear these recriminations. I begged to be excused sitting down to supper. I was not well; and this

odd situation added *uneasiness* to my indisposition: A dissatisfaction, that I find will mingle with our highest enjoyments: Nor were the beloved company I left, happier. They canvassed the matter, with so much good-natured earnestness, that the supper was taken away, as it was brought, at a late hour.

What, my dear Lady G. in your opinion, should we have done? Were we right, or were we wrong? Over-delicacy, as I have heard observed, is under-delicacy. You, my dear, your Lord, our Emily, and Dr. Bartlett, all standing in so well-known a degree of relation to Sir Charles Grandison, were our most welcome guests: And was not the brother to be received with equal warmth of respect?—O no! Custom, it seems, tyrant custom, and the apprehended opinion of the world, obliged us (especially as so much bustle had been made about me, by men so bold, so impetuous) to shew him—Shew him what?—In effect, that we had expectations upon him, which we could not have upon the brother and sister; and therefore, because we hoped he would be more *near*, we were to keep him at the *greater* distance!—What an indirect acknowledgement was this in his favour, were there room for him to doubt! Which, however, there could not be. What would I give, said my aunt to me, this moment, to know *his* thoughts of the matter!

Lucy and Nancy will be here at dinner; so will my grandmamma. She has, with her usual enquiries after my health, congratulated me by this line, sealed up.

‘I long, my best love, to embrace you, on the joyful occasion. I need say no more, than that I think myself, at this instant, one of the happiest of women. I shall dine with you to-day. Adieu, till then, joy of my heart, my own Harriet!’

Lucy, in a Billet just now brought, written for herself and Nancy, on the intelligence sent her of Sir Charles’s arrival, expresses herself thus:

‘Our joy is extreme! Blessings on the man! Blessings attend our Harriet! They must: Sir Charles Grandison brings them with himself. Health now will return to our lovely cousin. We long to see the man of whom we have heard so much. We will dine with you. Tell Sir Charles, before we come, that you love us dearly: It shall make us redouble our endeavours to deserve your love. Your declared friendship, and love of us, will give consequence to

LUCY }
NANCY } SELBY.’

We are now in expectation—My aunt and I, tho’ early risers, hurried ourselves to get every-thing, that however is never out of

order, in higher order. Both of us have a kind of consciousness of defect, where yet we cannot find reason for it: If we did, we should supply it. Yet we are careful that every-thing has a natural, not an extraordinary, appearance—Ease, with propriety, shall be our aim. My aunt says, that were the King to make us a visit, she is sure she could not have a greater desire to please.—I will go down, that I may avoid the appearance of parade and reserve, when he comes.

.

Here, in her closet, again, is your poor Harriet. Surely the determined single state is the happiest of lives, to young women, who have the greatness of mind to be above valuing the admiration and flatteries of the other Sex. What tumults, what a contrariety of passions, break the tranquillity of the woman who yields up her heart to Love?—No Sir Charles Grandison, my dear!—Yet Ten o'clock!—He is a very *prudent* man!—No expectations *hurry* or *discompose* him! Charming *steadiness of Soul*! A fine thing for himself, but *far* otherwise for the woman, when a man is *secure*! He will possibly ask me, and hold again my passive hand, in presence of half a score of my friends, Whether I was *greatly* uneasy because of his absence?

But let me try to *excuse* him. May he not have *forgot* his engagement? May he not have *overslept* himself?—Some *agreeable dream* of the Bologna family—I am offended at him—Did he learn this tranquillity in Italy?—O no, no, Lady G.!

I now cannot help looking back for *other* faults in him, with regard to me. My memory is not, however, so malicious, as I would have it. But do you think every man, in the like situation, would have stopt at Stratford, to dine by himself?—Not but your brother can be very happy in his *own* company. If *he* cannot, who can? But, as to that, his horses might require rest, as well as baiting: One knows not in how short a time he might have prosecuted his journey so far. He who will not suffer the noblest of all animals to be deprived of an ornament, would be merciful to them in greater instances. He says, that he cannot bear indignity from superiors. Neither can we. In that light he appears to us. But why so?—My heart, Lady G. begins to swell, I assure you; and it is twice as big as it was last night.

My uncle, before I came up, sat with his watch in his hand, from half an hour after nine, till near ten, telling the minutes as they crept. Mr. Deane often looked at me, and at my aunt, as if to see how we bore it. I blushed; looked silly, as if your brother's faults were mine. —Over in a fortnight! cried my uncle; *ads-heart*, I believe it will be half a year before we shall come to the question. But Sir Charles, to be sure, is offended. Your confounded female niceties!

My heart rose—Let him, if he *dare*, thought the proud Harriet. God grant, added my uncle, that he may be gone up to town again! Perhaps, said Mr. Deane, he is gone, by mistake, to Mrs. Shirley's.

We then endeavoured to recollect the words of his self-invitation hither. My cousin James proposed to take horse, and go to Northampton, to inform himself of the occasion of his not coming: Some misfortune, perhaps.

Had he not servants, my aunt asked, one of whom he might have sent?—Shall my cousin Jemmy go, however, Harriet, said she?

No, indeed, answered I, with an air of anger—My teasing uncle broke out into a loud laugh, which however had more of vexedness than mirth in it.—He is certainly gone to London, Harriet! *Just* as I said, dame Selby!—Certainly tearing up the road; his very horses resenting, for their master, your *scrupulosities*. You'll hear from him next, at London, my life for yours, niece—Hah, hah, hah! What will your *grandmamma* say, by-and-by? Lucy, Nancy, how will *they* stare! Last night's supper, and this-day's dinner, will be alike served in, and taken away.

I could not stand all this: I arose from my seat. Are you not unkind, Sir? said I to my uncle, courtesying to him however; and, desiring his and Mr. Deane's excuse, quitted the breakfasting parlour. Teazing man! said my aunt. Mr. Deane also blamed him; gently, however; for every-body acknowledges his good heart, and natural good temper.

My aunt followed me to the door; and taking my hand, Harriet, said she, speaking low, Not Sir Charles Grandison himself shall call you his, if he is capable of treating you with the least indifference. I understand not this, added she: He cannot surely be offended.—I hope all will be cleared up before your grandmamma comes: She will be very jealous of the honour of her girl.

I answered not: I could not answer: But hastened up to my place of refuge; and, after wiping from my cheeks a few tears of real vexation, took up my pen. You love to know my thoughts, as occasions arise. You bid me continue to write to the moment.—Here comes my aunt.

My aunt came in, with a Billet in her hand—Come down to breakfast, my dear: Sir Charles comes not till dinner-time. Read this: It was brought by one of his servants. He left it with Andrew. The dunce let him go. I wanted to have asked him a hundred questions.

To Mrs. SELBY

Dear Madam,

I am broke in upon by a most *impertinent* visiter.

Such, at this time, must have been the dearest friend I have in the world. You will be so good as to excuse my attendance till dinner-time. For the past two hours I thought every moment of disengaging myself, or I should have sent sooner.

Ever Yours, &c.

What visiter, said I, can make a man stay, against his mind? Who can get rid politely of an *impertinent* visiter, if Sir Charles Grandison cannot, on a previous engagement?—But come, madam, I attend you.—Down we went.

My uncle was out of patience. I was sorry for it. I tried to make the best of it; yet, but to pacify him, should, perhaps, have had petulance enough myself to make the worst of it.—Oy, oy, with all my heart, said he, in answer to my excuses, let us hear what Sir Charles has to say for himself. But, old as I am, were my dame Selby to give me another chance, no man on earth, I can tell you, should keep me from a previous engagement with my mistress. It is kind of you, Harriet, to excuse him, however: Love hides a multitude of faults.

My aunt said not one syllable in behalf of Sir Charles. She is vexed, and disappointed.

We made a very short breakfasting; and looked upon one another as people who would have helped themselves, if they could. Mr. Deane, however, would engage, he said, that we should be satisfied with Sir Charles's excuses, when we came to hear them.

But, my dear, this man, this visiter, whoever he is, must be of *prodigious* importance, to detain him, from an engagement that I had hoped might have been thought a *first* engagement;—yet owned to be *impertinent*. And must not the accident be very uncommon, that should bring such a one, stranger as Sir Charles is, in his way? Yet this might very well happen, my uncle observes, at an *inn*, whither we thought fit to send him.

Now I think of it, I was strangely disturbed last night in my imperfect slumbers: Something, I thought, was to happen to prevent me ever being his. But hence, Recollection! I chase thee from me. Yet when realities disturb, shadows will officiously obtrude on the busy imagination *as* realities.

Friday, 12 o'Clock

My grandmamma is come—Lucy, Nancy, are come—O how vexed at our disappointment and chagrin are my two cousins! But

my grandmamma joins with Mr. Deane, to think the best. I have stolen up. But here, he is come! How shall I do to *keep* my anger? He shall find me below. I will see how he looks, at entrance among us—*If* he is careless—*If* he makes slight excuses—

LETTER XVIII

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Friday, Two o'Clock

I AM stolen up again, to tell you how it is. I never will be petulant again—Dear Sir, forgive me! How wicked in us all, but my grandmamma and Mr. Deane, to blame a man who cannot be guilty of a wilful fault! The fault is all my aunt's and mine—Was my aunt ever in fault before?

We were all together when he entered. He addressed himself to us, in that noble manner, which engages every-body in his favour, at first sight. How, said he, bowing to every one, have I suffered, in being hindered, by an unhappy man, from doing myself the honour of attending you sooner!

You see, my dear, he made not apologies to *me*, as if he supposed me disappointed by his absence. I was afraid he would. I know I looked very grave.

He then particularly addressed himself to each; to me first; next to my grandmamma; and taking one of her hands between both his, and bowing upon it, I rejoice to see you, madam, said he—Your last favours will ever be remembred by me, with gratitude. I see you well, I hope. Your Miss Byron will be well, if *you* are; and *our* joy, looking round him, will then be complete.

She bowed her head, pleased with his compliment; so were my aunt, and Lucy, and Nancy. I was still a little sullen; otherwise I should have been pleased too, that he made my health depend on that of my grandmamma.

Madam, said he, turning to my aunt, I am afraid I made you wait for me at breakfast. A most impertinent visiter! He put me out of humour. I dared not to let you and *yours* (looking at me) see, how much I *could* be out of humour. I am naturally passionate: But passion is so ugly, so deforming a thing, that, if I can help it, I will never, by those I love, be seen in it.

I am sorry, Sir, said my aunt, you met with any-thing to disturb you.

My uncle's spirit had not come down: He, too, was sullen in behalf of the punctilio of the girl whom he honours with his jealous Love. How, how, is that, Sir Charles? said he.

My aunt presented Lucy and Nancy to him: But before she could name either—Miss Selby, said he, Miss Byron's *own* Lucy, I am sure. Miss Nancy Selby!—I know your characters, Ladies, saluting each, and I know the interest you have in Miss Byron.—Honour me with your approbation, and that will be to give me hope of *hers*.

He then turning to my uncle and Mr. Deane, and taking a hand of each—My dear Mr. Deane smiles upon me, said he—But Mr. Selby looks grave.—

At-ten-tive! only Sir Charles, to the *cause* of your being put out of humour, that's all—

The cause, Mr. Selby!—Know, then, I met with a man at my inn, who would force himself upon me: Do you know I am a quarrelsome man? He was so hardy as to declare, that he had pretensions to a Lady in this company, which he was determined to assert.

O that Greville! said my aunt.—

I was ready to sink. Wretched Harriet! thought I, at the instant: Am I to be for ever the occasion of embroiling this excellent man!

My grandmamma, Mr. Deane, my uncle, my cousin James, all spoke at once—Dear, dear Sir Charles, said one, said another—How, how, was it?

Both safe! Both unhurt! No more of the rash man, at this time. He is to be pitied. He loves Miss Byron to distraction.

This comes of nicety! whispered my uncle, to my aunt; *foolish* nicety!—To let such a man as this go to an inn!—Inhospitable, vile punctilio! Then turning to Sir Charles—Dear Sir, forgive me! I *was* a little serious, that I must own [I pulled my uncle by the sleeve, fearing he would say too much by way of atonement for his seriousness]: I, I, I, *was* a little serious, I must own—I, I, I, was afraid something was the matter—turned he off, what he was going to say—too freely, shall I say?—Hardly so! had he said what he would; tho' habitual punctilio made me almost involuntarily twitch my uncle by the sleeve; for my heart would have directed my lips to utter the kindest things; but my concern was too great to allow them to obey it.

I must go down, Lady G.—I am enquired after; 'tis just dinner-time.—Let me only add, that Sir Charles waved further talk of the affair between him and that wretch, while I staid—Perhaps they have got it out of him since I came up.

.

I shall be *so* proud, my dear!—A thousand fine things he has said of your Harriet, in her little absence!—Lucy, Nancy, call him THE man: And every one looks upon him as if there were not one soul in

company but *he* and themselves. My grandmamma's eyes are complained of as weak, to colour her joyful emotion: But, thank God, her eyes are not weak. And he is so respectfully tender to her, that had he not my heart before, he would have won it now.

He had again waved the relation of the insult he met with: Mr. Greville himself, he supposed, would give it. He had a mind to see if the gentleman, by his report of it, was a gentleman. Thank God, said he, I have not hurt a man who boasts of his passion for Miss Byron; and of his neighbourhood to this family!

Our places were chosen for us at table: Sir Charles's next me. Cannot I be too minute, do you say?—So easy, so free, so polite; something so happily addressed occasionally to each person at table—O my dear! I am abundantly kept in countenance; for every one loves him, as well as I. You have been pleased to take very favourable notice of our servants—They *are* good, and sensible. What reverence for him, and joy for their young mistress's sake, shone in their countenances, as they attended!

My cousin James, who has never been out of England, was very curious to be informed of the manners, customs, diversions, of the people in different countries—Italy, in particular—Ah the dear Clementina! What abatement from recollection! 'The sighing heart,' I remember he says, in one of his Letters to Dr. Bartlett, 'will remind us of imperfection, in the highest of our enjoyments.' And he adds, 'It is fit it should be so.' And on what occasion did he write this?—O my Charlotte, *I* was the occasion! It was in kind remembrance of me! He could not, at that time, have so written, had he been indifferent, even then, to your Harriet.

I am so apprehensive of my uncle's after-remarks, that I am half-afraid to look at Sir Charles: And he must by-and-by return to this wicked inn—They wonder at my frequent absences. It is to oblige you, Lady G. and indeed myself: There is vast pleasure in communicating one's pleasures to a friend who interests herself, as you do, in one's dearest concerns.

You know and admire my grandmamma's chearful compliances with the innocent diversions of youth. She made Lucy give us a lesson on the harpsichord, on purpose, I saw, to draw me in. We both obeyed.

I was once a little out in an Italian song. In what a sweet manner did he put me in! touching the keys himself, for a minute or two.

Every one wished him to proceed; but he gave up to me, in so polite a manner, that we all were satisfied with his excuses.

My poor cousin Jemmy is on a sudden very earnest to go abroad; as if, silly youth, travelling would make him a Sir Charles Grandison!

I have just asked your brother, If all is over between Mr. Greville and him? He says, He hopes and believes so. God send it may; or I shall hate that Greville!

My uncle, Mr. Deane, and my cousin James, were too much taken with Sir Charles, to think of withdrawing, as it might have been expected they would; and after some general conversation, that succeeded our playing, Sir Charles drew his chair between my grandmamma and aunt, and taking my grandmamma's hand, May I not be allowed a quarter of an hour's conversation with Miss Byron in your presence, Ladies? said he, speaking low. We have indeed only friends and relations present: But it will be most agreeable, I believe, to the dear Lady, that what I have to say to her, and to you, may be rather reported *to* the gentlemen, than heard *by* them.

By all means, Sir Charles, said my grandmamma. Then whispering to my aunt, No man in this company *thinks*, but Sir Charles. Excuse me, my dear.

The moment Sir Charles applied himself in this particular manner to them, my heart, without hearing what he said, was at my mouth. I arose, and withdrew to the cedar-parlour, followed by Lucy and Nancy. The gentlemen, seeming to recollect themselves, withdrew likewise, to another apartment. My aunt came to me—Love!—But ah! my dear, how you tremble!—You must come with *me*. And then she told me what he had said to my grandmamma and her.

I have no courage—None at all, said I. If apprehension, if timidity, be signs of Love, I have them all. Sir Charles Grandison has not one.

Nay, my dear, said Lucy, impute not to him want of respect, I beseech you.—*Respect*, my Lucy! What a poor word!—Had I only respect for him, we should be nearer an equality.—Has he said any-thing of Lady Clementina?

Don't be silly, Harriet, said my aunt. You used to be—

Used to be!—Ah, madam! Sir Charles's heart, at *best*, a divided heart! I never had a trial till now.

I tell you all my foibles, Lady G.

My aunt led me in to Sir Charles and my grandmamma. He met me at my entrance into the room, and in the most engaging manner, my aunt having taken her seat, conducted me to a chair which happened to be vacant between her and my grandmother. He took no notice of my emotion, and I the sooner recovered myself, and still

the sooner, as he himself seemed to be in some little confusion. However, he sat down, and with a manly, yet respectful air, his voice gaining strength as he proceeded, thus delivered himself:

Never, Ladies, was man more particularly circumstanced than he before you. You know my story: You know what once were the difficulties of my situation with a family that I must ever respect; with a Lady of it whom I must ever revere: And you, madam (to my grand-mamma) have had the goodness to signify to me, in a most engaging manner, that Miss Byron has added to the innumerable instances which she has given me of her true greatness of mind, a *kind*, and even a *friendly* concern for a Lady who is the Miss Byron of Italy. I ask not excuse for the comparison. The heart of the man before you, madam (to me) in sincerity and frankness, emulates your own.—

You want not excuse, Sir, said my grandmamma—We all reverence Lady Clementina: We admire her.

He bowed to *each* of us; as my aunt and I looked, I believe, assentingly to what my grandmamma said. He proceeded:

—Yet, in so particular a situation, altho' what I have to say, may, I presume, be collected from what you know of my story; and tho' my humble application to Miss Byron for her favour, and to you, Ladies, for your interest with her, have not been discouraged; something, however, may be necessary to be said, in this audience, of the state of my own heart, for the sake of this dear Lady's delicacy, and yours. And I will deliver myself with all the truth and plainness which I think are required in treaties of this nature, equally with those set on foot between nation and nation.

I am not insensible to Beauty: But the beauty of person *only*, never yet had power over more than my eye; to which it gave a pleasure like that which it receives from the flowers of a gay parterre. Had *not* my heart been out of the reach of *personal* attractions, if I may so express myself; and had I been my own master; Miss Byron, in the first hour that I saw her (for her beauty suffered not by her distress) would have left me no other choice: But when I had the honour of conversing with her, I observed in her mind and behaviour that true dignity, delicacy, and noble frankness, which I ever thought characteristic in the Sex, but never met with, in equal degree, but in *one* Lady. I soon found, that my admiration of her fine qualities was likely to lead me into a gentler, yet a more irresistible passion: For of the Lady abroad I then could have no reasonable, at least no *probable* hope: Yet were there circumstances between her and me, which I thought, in strict justice, obliged me to attend the issue of certain events.

I called myself therefore to account, and was alarmed when I found that Miss Byron's graces had stolen so imperceptibly on my

heart, as already to have made an impression on it too deep for my tranquillity. I determined therefore, in honour, in justice, to both Ladies, to endeavour to restrain a passion so new, yet likely to be so fervent.

I had avocations in town, while Miss Byron was with my sisters in the country. Almost afraid of trusting myself in her presence, I pursued the *more* willingly those avocations in person, when I could have managed some of them, perhaps, near as well by other hands. Compassion for the one Lady, because of her calamity, might, at that time, I found, have been made to give way, *could those calamities have been overcome*, to Love for the other. Nor was it difficult for me to observe, that my sisters and Lord L. who knew nothing of my situation, would have chosen for a sister the young Lady present, before every other woman.

Sometimes, I will own to you, I was ready, from that self-partiality and vanity which is too natural to men of vivacity and strong hopes, to flatter myself, that I might, *by my sisters interest*, have made myself *not unacceptable* to a Lady, who seemed to be wholly disengaged in her affections: But I would not permit myself to dwell on such hopes: Every look of complaisance, every smile, which used to beam over that lovely countenance, I attributed to her natural goodness, and frankness of heart, and to that grateful spirit which made her over-rate a common service that I had been so happy as to render her. Had I even been free, I should have been careful not to deprive myself of that animating sunshine, by a too early declaration. For well did I know, by *other mens* experience, that Miss Byron, at the same time that her natural politeness, and sweetness of manners, engaged every heart, was not, however, easily to be won.

But, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent a competition which had grown so fast upon me, I still found my uneasiness increase with my affection for Miss Byron. I had then but one way left—It was, to strengthen my heart, in Clementina's cause, by Miss Byron's assistance: In short, to acquaint Miss Byron with my situation; to engage her generosity for Clementina, and thereby deprive myself of the encouragement my fond heart might have hoped for, had I indulged my wishes of obtaining her favour. My end was answered, as to the latter. Miss Byron's generosity was engaged for the Lady; but was it possible that my obligations to her for that generosity should not add to my admiration of her?

At the time I laid before her my situation (it was in Lord L's Study at Colnebrooke) she saw my emotion. I could not conceal it. My abrupt departure from her, must convince her, that my heart was too much engaged for that situation (*a*). I desired Dr. Bartlett to

(a) See part 2, p. 132.

take an airing with me, in hopes, by his counsels, to compose my disordered spirits (*b*). He knew the state of my heart: He knew, with regard to the proposals I had formerly made to the family at Bologna, relating to Religion and Residence (as I had also declared to the brothers of the Lady) that no worldly grandeur should ever have induced me to allow, in a *beginning* address, the terms I was willing, as a compromise, to allow to that Lady; for thoroughly had I weighed the inconveniencies which must attend such an alliance: The Lady zealous in her Religion; the Confessor who was to be allowed her, equally zealous; the spirit of making proselytes so strong, and held by Roman Catholics to be so meritorious; and myself no less in earnest in my Religion; I had no doubt to pronounce, I told the good Doctor, in confidence, 'that I should be much more happy in marriage with the Lady of Selby-house, were she to be induced to honour me with her hand, than it was possible I could be with Lady Clementina, even were they to comply with the conditions I had proposed; as I doubted not but that Lady would *also* be, were her health restored, with a man of her own Nation and Religion:' And I owned to him, besides, 'that I could have no hope of conquering the opposition given me by the friends of Clementina; and that I could not at times but think hardly of the indignities cast upon me by some of them.'

The doctor, I knew, at the same time that he lamented the evil treatment Clementina met with from her mistaken friends, and her unhappy malady; and admired her for her manifold excellencies; next to adored Miss Byron: And he gave his voice accordingly. 'But here, doctor, is the case, said I—Clementina is a woman with whom I had the honour of being acquainted before I knew Miss Byron: Clementina has infinite merits: She herself refused me not: *She* consented to accept of the terms I offered: She even besought her friends to comply with them. She has an opinion of my honour, and of my tenderness for her. Till I had the happiness of knowing Miss Byron, I was determined to await either her recovery or release; and will Miss Byron herself, if she knows that, forgive me (the circumstances not changed) for the change of a resolution of which Clementina was so worthy? The treatment the poor Lady has met with, *for my sake*, as once she wrote, tho' virgin modesty induced her to cross out those words, has heightened her disorder. She still, to this moment, wishes to see me: While there is a possibility, tho' not a probability, of my being made the humble instrument of restoring an excellent woman, who in herself deserves from me every consideration of tenderness, *ought* I to wish to engage the heart (were I able to succeed in my wishes) of the *equally*-excellent Miss Byron?

(*b*) Ibid.

—Could I be happy in my own mind, were I to try, and to succeed? And if not, must I not be as ungrateful to her, as ungenerous to the other?—Miss Byron's happiness cannot depend on *me*. She *must* be happy in the happiness she will give to the man of her choice, *whoever* shall be the man!

We were all silent. My grandmamma and aunt seemed determined to be so; and I *could* not speak. He proceeded:

You know not, dear Miss Byron, I wished you *not* to know, the conflicts my mind laboured with, when I parted with you on my going abroad. My destiny was wrapt up in doubt, and uncertainty. I was invited over: Signor Jeronymo was deemed irrecoverable: He wished to see me, and desired but to *live* to see me. My presence was requested as a last effort to recover his noble sister. You yourself, madam, applauded my resolution to go: But, that I might not be thought to wish to engage you in my favour (so circumstanced as I was, that to have done so, would have been to have acted unworthily to *both* Ladies) I insinuated my hopelessness of ever being nearer to you than I was.

I was not able to take a formal leave of you. I went over. Success attended the kind, the soothing treatment which Clementina met with from her friends. Success also attended the means used for the recovery of the noble Jeronymo. Conditions were again proposed. Clementina, on her restoration, shone upon us all even with a brighter lustre than she did before her disorder. All her friends consented to reward with the hand of their beloved daughter, the man to whom they attributed secondarily the good they rejoiced in. I own to you, Ladies, that what was before *honour* and *compassion*, now became *admiration*; and I should have been unjust to the merits of so excellent a woman, if I could not say, *Love*. I concluded myself already the husband of Clementina; yet it would have been strange, if the welfare and happiness of Miss Byron were not the next wish of my heart. I rejoiced that (despairing as I did of such an event before I went over, because of the articles of Religion and Residence) I had not sought to engage more than her friendship; and I devoted myself wholly to Clementina—I *own it, Ladies*—And had I thought, Angel as she came out, upon proof, that I could not have given her my heart, I had been equally unjust, and ungrateful. For, dear Ladies, if you know all her story, you must know, that occasion called her out to act gloriously; and that gloriously she answered the call.

He paused. We were still silent. My grandmamma and aunt looked at each other by turns. But their eyes, as well as mine, at different parts of his speech shewed their sensibility. He proceeded, gracefully looking down, and at first with some little hesitation:

I am sensible, it is with a very ill grace, that, *refused*, as I must in

justice call it, tho' on the noblest motives, by Clementina, I come to offer myself, and so soon after her refusal, to a Lady of Miss Byron's delicacy. I should certainly have acted more laudably, respecting my own character *only*, had I taken at least the usual time of a *Widower-Love*. But great minds, such as Miss Byron's, and yours, Ladies, are above common forms, where decorum is not too much neglected. As to myself, what do I, but declare a passion, that would have been, but for one obstacle, which is now removed, as fervent as man ever knew? Dr. Bartlett has told me, madam [*to me*], that you and my sisters have seen the Letters I wrote to him from Italy: By the contents of some of those, and of the Letters I left with *you*, madam [*to my grandmamma*], you have seen Clementina's constant adherence to the step she so greatly took. In this Letter, received but last Wednesday [taking one out of his bosom], you will see (my last Letters to them unreceived, as they must be) that I am urged by all her family, for the sake of setting *her* an example, to address myself to a Lady of my own country. This *impels* me, as I may say, to *accelerate* the humble tender of my vows to you, madam. However hasty the step may be thought, in my situation; Would not an inexcusable neglect, or seeming indifference, as if I were balancing as to the person, have been attributable to me, had I, for *dull* and *cold* form's sake, been capable of postponing the declaration of my affection to Miss Byron? And if, madam, you can so far get over observances, which perhaps, on consideration, will be found to be punctilious only, as to give your heart, with your hand, to a man who himself has been perplexed by what some would call (particular as it sounds) a *double Love* (an embarrassment, however, not of his own seeking, or which he could possibly avoid) you will lay him under obligation to your goodness (to your magnanimity, I will call it) which all the affectionate tenderness of my life to come will never enable me to discharge.

He then put the Letter (a translation of it inclosed) into my hand. I have already answered it, madam, said he, and acquainted my friend, that I have actually tendered myself to the acceptance of a Lady worthy of a sisterly relation to their Clementina; and have not been rejected. Your goodness must enable me (I humbly hope it will) to give them still stronger assurances of your favour: On my happiness they have the generosity to build a part of their own.

Not well before, I was more than once apprehensive of fainting, as he talked, agreeable as was his talk, and engaging as was his manner. My grandmamma and aunt saw my complexion change at his particular address to me, in the last part of his speech. Each put her kind hand on one of mine, and held it on it, as my other hand held my handkerchief now to my eyes, and now as a cover to my self-felt varying cheek.

At the same moment that he ceased speaking, he took our triply-united hands in both his; and in the most respectful, yet graceful manner, his Letter laid in my lap, pressed each of the three with his lips; mine twice. I could not speak. My grandmamma and aunt, delighted, yet tears standing in their eyes, looked upon each other, and upon me; each as expecting the other to speak. I have perhaps, said he, with some emotion, taken up too much of Miss Byron's attention on this my first personal declaration: I will now return to the company below. To-morrow I will do myself the honour to dine with you. We will for this evening postpone the important subject. Miss Byron, I presume, will be best pleased to have it so. I shall to-morrow be favoured with the result of your deliberations. Mean time may I meet with an interceding friend in every one I have had the pleasure to see this day! I must flatter myself with the honour of Miss Byron's *whole* heart, as well as with the approbation of all her friends. I cannot be thought, at *present*, to deserve it; but it shall be the endeavour of my life so to do.

He withdrew, with a grace which was all his own.

The moment he was gone from us, my grandmamma threw her arms about her Harriet, then about my aunt; and they congratulated me, and each other.

We were all pained at heart, when we read the Letter. It is from Signor Jeronymo, urging your brother to set the example to his sister, which they so much want her to follow. I send you the translation. Pray return it. Poor Lady Clementina! Without seeing the last Letters he wrote to them, she seems to be tired into compliance. I will not say one half that is upon my mind on this occasion, as you will have the Letter before you. His last-written Letters will not favour her wishes. Poor Lady! Can I forbear to pity her? And still the more is she to be pitied, as your brother's excellencies rise upon us.

I besought my aunt to excuse me to the company.

Sir Charles joined his friends [His friends indeed they all are!] with a vivacity in his air and manner, which charmed every-body; while the silly heart of your Harriet would not allow her to enter into company the whole night. Indeed it wanted the inducement of his presence; for, to every one's regret, he declined staying supper; yet my uncle put it to him—What, Sir, do you choose to sup at your inn? My uncle will have it, that Sir Charles *looked* an answer of displeasure for suffering him to go to it at all. My uncle is a good-natured man. He will sometimes concede, when he is not convinced; and on every appearance which makes for his opinion, we are sure to hear of it.

I shall have an opportunity to-morrow morning early [This morning I might say] to send this long Letter by a neighbour, who is obliged to ride post to town on his own affairs.

Had I *not* had this agreeable employment, rest, I am sure, would not have come near me. Your brother, I hope, has found it. Remember, I always mean to include my dear Lady L. in this correspondence: Any-body else, but discretionally. My dear Ladies both, Adieu.

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XIX

*Signor JERONYMO della PORRETTA,
To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON*

*Bologna, Sunday, { Sept. 24
 Oct. 5*

WE have at last, my Grandison, some hopes given us, that our dear Clementina will yield to our wishes.

The General, with his Lady, made us a visit from Naples, on purpose to make a decisive effort, as he called it; and vowed that he would not return till he left her in a disposition to oblige us. The Bishop at one time brought the Patriarch to reason with her; who told her, that she ought not to think of the veil, unless her father and mother consented to her assuming it.

Mrs. Beaumont was prevailed upon to favour us with her company. She declared for us: And on Thursday last Clementina was still harder set. Her Father, Mother, the General and his Lady, the Bishop, all came into my chamber, and sent for her. She came. Then did we all supplicate her to oblige us. The General was at first tenderly urgent: The Bishop besought her: The young Marchioness pressed her: Her Mother took her hand between both hers, and in silent tears could only sigh over it: And, lastly, my Father dropt down on one knee to her—My daughter, my child, said he, oblige me. Your Jeronymo could not refrain from tears.

She fell on her knees—O my Father, said she, rise, or I shall die at your feet! Rise, my Father!

Not, my dear, till you consent to oblige me.

Grant me but a little time, my Father! my dear, my indulgent Father!

The General thought he saw a flexibility which we had never before seen in her on this subject, and called upon her for her *instant* determination. Shall a Father kneel in vain? said he. Shall a Mother in weeping silence in vain entreat?—Now, my Sister, comply—or—He sternly stopt.

Have patience with me, said she, but till the Chevalier's next Letters come: You expect them soon. Let me receive his next Letter.

And putting her hand to her forehead—Rise, my Father, or I die at your feet!

I thought the General pushed too hard. I begged that the next Letters might be waited for.

Be it so, said my father, rising, and raising her: But whatever be the contents, remember, my dearest child, that I am your Father, your indulgent Father; and oblige me.

My dear Clementina, said the General, will not this paternal goodness prevail upon you? Your Father, Mother, Brothers, are all ready to kneel to you; Yet are we all to be slighted? And is a foreigner, an Englishman, a Heretic (great and noble as is the man; a man, too, whom you have so gloriously refused) to be preferred to us all? Who can bear the thoughts of such a preference!

And remember, my Sister, said the Bishop, that you already know his opinion. You have already had his advice, in the Letters he wrote to you in the month's correspondence which passed between you, before he left Italy. Think you, that the Chevalier Grandison can recede from an opinion solemnly given, the circumstances not having varied?

I have not been well. It is wicked to oppose my Father, my Mother: I cannot argue with my Brothers. I have not been well. Spare me, spare me, my Lords, to the General and the Bishop. My Father gives me time: Don't *you* deny it me.

My mother, afraid of renewing her disorder, said; Withdraw, my dear, if you choose to do so, and compose yourself: The intention is not to compel, but to persuade you.

O madam! said she, persuasion so strongly urged by my parents, is *more* than compulsion.—I take the liberty you give me.

She hurried to Mrs. Beaumont, and, throwing her arms about her, O madam, I have been oppressed! Oppressed by persuasion! By a kneeling Father! By a weeping Mother! By entreating Brothers!—And this is but persuasion!—Cruel persuasion!

Mrs. Beaumont then entered into argument with her. She represented to her the General's inflexibility: Her Father's and Mother's indulgence: The wishes of her two other Brothers: She pleaded your opinion given as an impartial man, not merely as a Protestant: She told her of an admirable young Lady of your own country, who was qualified to make you happy; of whom she had heard several of your countrymen speak with great distinction. This last plea, as the intimate friendship between you and Mrs. Beaumont is so well known, took her attention. She would not for the world stand in the way of the Chevalier Grandison. She wished you to be happy, she said, whatever became of her. Father Marescotti strongly enforced this point; and advised her to come to some resolution, *before* your

next Letters arrived, as it was not to be doubted, but the contents of them would support your former opinion. The Patriarch's arguments were re-urged with additional force. A day was named when she was again to be brought before her assembled friends. Mrs. Beaumont applauded her for the magnanimity she had already shewn, in the discharge of her first duty; and called upon her to distinguish herself equally in the filial.

Clementina took time to consider of these and other arguments; and after three hours passed in her closet, she gave the following written paper to Mrs. Beaumont; which, she said, she hoped, when read in full assembly, would excuse her from attending her friends in the proposed congress.

'I AM tired out, my dear *Mrs. Beaumont*, with your kindly-meant importunities:

With the importunities, prayers, and entreaties, of my *brothers*.

O my *mamma*, how well do you deserve even implicit obedience, from a daughter who has over-clouded your happy days! You never knew discomfort till your hapless Clementina gave it you! The sacrifice of my life would be a poor atonement for what I have made you suffer.

But who can withstand a *kneeling* Father? Indeed my papa, ever good, ever indulgent, I dread to see you! Let me not again behold you as on Thursday last.

I have denied to myself, and *such* the motive, that I must not, I do not repent it, the man I esteemed. I never can be his.

Father Marescotti, tho' he now loves the *man*, suggests, that my late disorder might be a judgment upon me for suffering my heart to be engaged by the *Heretic*.

I am absolutely forbidden to think of atoning for my fault by the only measure that, in my opinion, could have done it.

You tell me, Mrs. Beaumont, and all my friends, join with you, that honour, generosity, and the esteem which I avow for the Chevalier Grandison, as my friend, as my fourth brother, all join to oblige me to promote the happiness of a man I myself have disappointed. And you are of opinion, that there is one particular woman of his own country, who is capable of making him happy—But do you say, that I ought to give the *example*?—Impossible. Honour, and the punctilio of woman, will not permit me to do *that*!—

But thus pressed; thus dreading again to see a *kneeling* Father; a weeping Mother; and having reason to think I may not live long; that a relapse into my former malady, with the apprehensions of which Father Marescotti terrifies me, may be the punishment of my disobedience [Cruel Father Marescotti, to terrify me with an afflic-

tion I so much dread!]; and that it will be a consolation to me, in my departing hour, to reflect that I have obeyed my parents, in an article on which their hearts are immoveably fixed; and still further being assured, that they will look upon my resignation as a compensation for all the troubles I have given them, for many, many months passed—God enable me, I pray, to resign to *their* will. But if I *cannot*, shall I be still entreated, still persuaded?—I hope not.—I will do my endeavour to prevail on myself to obey—But whatever be the event of my Self-contendings, Grandison must give the example.'

How did we congratulate ourselves, when we read this paper, faint as are the hopes it gives us!

Our whole endeavour is now, to treat her with tender observance, that she may not think of receding. Nor will we ask her to see the person she knows we favour, till we can assure her, that you will set her the example. And if there be a Lady with whom you think you could be happy, may not this, my dear Grandison, pleaded by you, be a motive with her?

The Count of Belvedere has made overtures to us, which are too great for our acceptance, were this alliance to take place. We have been told, but not by himself, the danger to which his despair had subjected him, in more than one visit to you at Bologna, had you not borne with his rashness. You know him to be a man of probity, of piety. He is a zealous Catholic; and you must allow, that a religious zeal is a strengthener, a confirmer, of all the social sanctions. He is learned; and, being a domestic man, he, contrary to the Italian custom, admires in a wife those intellectual improvements which make a woman a fit companion for her husband. You know how much the Marchioness excels almost all the women of quality in Italy, in a taste for polite literature: You know she has encouraged the same taste in her daughter; and the Count considers her as the only woman in Italy with whom he can be happy.

As you, my Grandison, cannot now be my brother by marriage, the Count of Belvedere is the only man in the world I can wish to be so. He is of Italy. My sister, always so dear to us, and he, will be ever with us, or we with them. He knows the unhappy way she has been in; and was so far from making that an objection, that when her malady was at the height (being encouraged by physicians to hope that her recovery would be the probable consequence) he would have thought himself the happiest of men, could he have been honoured with her hand. He knows her Love of you. He adores her for her motive of refusing you. He loves you; and is confident of the inviolable honour of both: Whose alliance, on all these considerations, can be so desirable to us as that with the Count of Belvedere?

Surely, my dear friend, it *must* be in your power to set the example: In *yours*, who could subdue a whole family of zealous Catholics, and keep your own religion; and who could engage the virgin heart of one of the most delicate women in the world. What woman, who has a heart to bestow; what family, that has a daughter or sister to give, can withstand you? Religion and Country of both the same?

Give us hope, therefore, my dear Grandison, that you will make the effort. Assure us, that you will not scruple, if you can succeed, to set the example; and on this assurance we will claim from Clementina the effects of the hope she has given us: And if we *can* prevail, will in England return you thanks for the numberless favours you have conferred upon us.

Thus earnestly, as well from inclination, as in compliance with the pressing entreaties of every one of a family which I hope are still, and ever will be, dear to you, do I, your Jeronymo, your Brother, your Friend, solicit you. Mrs. Beaumont joins with us. She scruples not, she bids me tell you, to pronounce, that you and Clementina will both be more happy; she, with the Count of Belvedere (your respective Countries so distant, your Religion so different); you, with an Englishwoman; than you could have been with each other. Mrs. Beaumont has owned to me in private, that you often in conversation with her, even while you had hope of calling Clementina yours, lamented, for her sake, as well as your own, the unhappy situation, with respect to Religion, you were both in; and that you had declared more than once to her, as indeed you did once to us, that in a *beginning* address you would not have compromised thus with a Princess. May we not expect every-thing, my Grandison, from your magnanimity? We hope it is in your *power*, and we doubt not your *will*, to contribute to our happiness. But whatever be the event, I beseech you, my dear friend, continue to love

Your JERONYMO

LETTER XX

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Grosvenor-Square, Sunday, Oct. 15

CAN I forgive your pride, your petulance?—No, Harriet; positively no! I write to scold you; and having *ordered* my Lord to sup abroad, I shall perhaps *oblige* you with a long Letter. We honest folks, who have not abundance of Love-fooling upon our hands, find ourselves happy in a good deal of quiet leisure; and I love to chide and correct you wise ones.—Thus then I begin—

Ridiculous parade among you! I blame you all. Could he not have been Mrs. Shirley's guest, if he was not to be permitted to repose under the same roof with his sovereign Lady and Mistress? But must you let him go to an inn?—What for? Why to shew the world he was but on a foot, at present, with your other humble servants; and be *thought* no more, by the insolent Greville, and affronted as an invader of his rights. Our Sex is a foolish Sex: Too little or too much parade. Lord help us! Were it not that we must be afraid to appear over-forward to the man *himself*, the world is a contemptible thing, and we should treat it as such.

And yet, after all, what with Lady Clementina, what with the world, and what with our own punctilio, and palpitating hearts, and-so-forth, and all that, and more than all that; I own you are pretty nicely circumstanced. But, my life for yours, you will behave like a simpleton, on occasion of his next address to you: And why? Did you ever know that people did not, who were full of apprehensions, who aimed at being very delicate, who were solicitous to take their measures from the judgment of those without them; pragmatistical souls, perhaps, who form their notions either on what they have *read*, or by the addresses to them of their own silly fellows, awkward and unmeaning, and by no means to be compared, for integrity, understanding, politeness, to my brother? Consider, child, that he having seen, in different countries, perhaps a hundred women, equally specious with the present mistress of his destiny, were form and outward grace to be the attractives, is *therefore* fitter to *give* than *take* the example.

But, Harriet, I write to charge you not to increase your own difficulties by too much parade: Your frankness of heart is a prime consideration with him. He expects not to meet with the *girl*, but the *sensible woman*, in his address to you. He is pursuing a laudable end—Don't tease him with pug's tricks—'What, your dear Lady G. should you have done!'—What, signifies asking me now? Did you not lay your heads together? And the wisest which ever were set on womens shoulders? But indeed I never knew consultations of any kind turn to account. It is only a parcel of people getting together, proposing doubts, and puzzling one another, and ending as they began, if not worse. Doctors differ. So many persons, so many minds.

And O how our petulant heart throbbed with indignation, because he came not to breakfast with you! What benefit has a polite man over an unpolite one, where the latter shall have his rusticity allowed for (O *that is his way!*) and when the other has expectations drawn upon him, which, if not *critically* answered, he is not to be forgiven!—He is a *prudent* man! He may have *overslept* himself—Might dream of *Clementina*. Then it was a fault in him, that he stayed to dine on

the road—His horses might want rest, truly!—Upon my word, Harriet, a woman in Love, is—a woman in Love. Wise or foolish before, we are all equally foolish then: The same froward, petulant, captious, babies!—I protest, we are very silly creatures, all of us, in these circumstances; and did not Love make men as great fools as ourselves, they would hardly think us worthy of their pursuit. Yet I am so true to the Free-masonry myself, that I would think the man who should dare to say half I have written, of our *Dollships*,¹ ought not to go away with his life.

My sister and I are troubled about this Greville. Inform us, the moment you can, of the particulars of what passed between my brother and him; pray do. We long also to see the Letter he has put into your hands, from Bologna. It is on the road, we hope.

Caroline and I are as much concerned for your honour, your punctilio, as you, or any of you, can be. But by the account you give of my brother's address to you in presence of your grandmother and aunt, as well as from our knowlege of his politeness, neither you nor we need to trouble our heads about it: It may be all left to him. He knows so well what becomes the character of the woman whom he hopes to call his wife, that you will be sure of your dignity being preserved, if you place a confidence in him. And yet no man is so much above mere formal regards as he is. Let me enumerate instances, from your Letter before me.

His own intention, in the first place, not to surprise you by his visits, as you apprehended he would, which would have made him look like a man of self-imagined consequence to you—His providing himself with accommodations at an inn; and not giving way to the invitation, even of your *sagacious* uncle Selby [I must railly him. Does he spare me?]²—His singling you out on Friday from your men-friends, yet giving you the opportunity of your aunt's and grandmother's company, to make his personal application to you for your favour—His requesting the interest of your other friends with you, as if he presumed not on your former acquaintance, and this after an application, not discouraged, made to your friends and you.

As to his equanimity in his first address to you; his retaining your hand, forsooth, before all your friends, and so-forth: never find fault with that, Harriet. [Indeed you do make an excuse for the very freedom you blame—So Lover-like!—] He is the very man, that a conscious young woman, as you are, should wish to be addressed by: So much courage, yet so much true modesty—What, I warrant, you would have had a man chalked out for you, who should have stood at distance, bowed, scraped, trembled; while you had nothing to do, but bridle, and make stiff courtesies to him, with your hands before you—Plagued with *his* doubts, and with *your own* diffidences;

afraid he would *now*, and *now*, and *now*, pop out the question; which he had not the courage to put; and so running on, simpering, fretting, fearing, two parallel lines, side by side, and never meeting; till some interposing friends, in pity to you both, put one's head pointing to the other's head, and stroking and clapping the shoulders of each, set you at each other, as men do by other dunghil-bred creatures.

You own, he took no notice of your emotion, when he first addressed himself to you; so gave you an opportunity to look up, which otherwise you would have wanted. Now don't you think you know a man-creature or two, who would, on such an occasion, have grinned you quite out of countenance, and insulted you with their pity for being modest?—But you own, that he had emotion too, when he first opened his mind to you—What a duce would the girl have?—Orme and Fowler in your head, no doubt! The tremblings of rejected men, and the fantasies of romantic women, were to be a rule to my brother, I suppose, with your mock-majesty!—Ah, Harriet! Did I not say that we women are very silly creatures?—But my brother is a *good* man—So we must have something to find fault with him for.—Hah, hah, hah, hah. What do you laugh at, Charlotte?—What do I laugh at, Harriet?—Why, at the idea of a couple of *Lovelyers*, taken each with a violent ague-fit, at their first approach to each other—Hands shaking—Knees trembling—Lips quivering—Tongue faltring—Teeth chattering—I had a good mind to present you with an ague-dialogue between such a trembling couple.—I, I, I, I, says the Lover—You, you, you, you, says the girl, if able to speak at all. But, Harriet, you shall have the whole, on demand. Rave at me, if you will: But Love, as it is called by boys and girls, shall ever be the subject of my ridicule. Does it not lead us girls into all manner of absurdities, inconveniencies, undutifulness, disgrace?—Villainous Cupidity!—It does.

To be serious—Neither does my brother address you in a stile that impeaches either his own understanding, or yours.—Another fault, Harriet, is it not?—But sure you are not so *very* a girl!

The justice he does to Lady Clementina and her family [Let me be very serious, when I speak of Clementina] is a glorious instance as well of his greatness of mind, as of his sincerity. He has no need to depreciate one Lady, to help him to exalt (or do justice, I should rather say, to) another. By praising her, he makes noble court to you, in supposing you, as you are, one of the most generous of women. How great is his compliment to *both* Ladies, when he calls Clementina the Miss Byron of Italy! Who, my dear, ever courted woman as my brother courts you? Indeed there can be but very few men who have such a woman to court.

He suffers you not to ask for an account of the state of his heart

from the time he knew you first, till now. He gives it to you, unasked. And how glorious is that account, both to you, and himself!

Let us look back upon his conduct when last in Italy, and when every step seemed to lead to his being the husband of another woman.

The recovery of Clementina, and of her noble brother, seem to be the *consequence* of his friendly goodness. The grateful family all join to reward him with their darling's hand; her heart supposed to be already his. He, like the man of honour he is, concludes himself bound by his former offers. They accept him upon those terms. The Lady's merits shine out with transcendent lustre in the eyes of every one, even of us his sisters, and of *you*, Harriet, and your best friends: Must they not in *his*, to whom *Merit* was ever the *first*, *Beauty* but the *second* attractive? He had no tie to any other woman on earth: He had only the tenderness of his own heart, with regard to Miss Byron, to contend with. *Ought* he not to have contended with it? He *did*; and so far conquered, as to enable himself to be *just* to the Lady, whose great qualities, and the concurrence of her friends in his favour, had converted Compassion for her into Love. And who, that hears her story, can forbear to love her? But with what tenderness, with what politeness, does he, in his Letter to his chosen correspondent, express himself of Miss Byron! He declares, that if *she* were not to be happy, it would be a great abatement of his own felicity. You, however, remember how politely he recals his apprehensions that you may not, on his account, be altogether so happy as he wishes, as the suggestions of his own presumption; and censures himself for barely supposing, that he had been of consequence enough with you to give you pain.

How much to your honour before he went over, does he account for your smiles, for your frankness of heart, in his company! He would not build upon them: Nor indeed could he know the state of your heart, as *we* did: He had not the opportunity. How silly was your punctilio, that made you sometimes fancy it was out of mere compassion that he revealed to you the state of his engagement abroad! You see he tells you, that such was his opinion of your greatness of mind, that he thought he had no other way but to put it in your power to check him, if his Love for you should stimulate him to an act of neglect to the Lady to whom (she having never refused him, and not being then in a condition either to claim him or set him free) he thought himself under obligation. Don't you revere him for his honour to her; the nature of her malady considered?—What must he have suffered, in this conflict!

Well, and now, by a strange turn in the Lady, but glorious to herself, as he observes, the obstacle removed, he applies to Miss Byron for her favour. How sensible is he of what delicacy requires from her!

How justly (respecting his Love for you) does he account for not postponing, for the sake of *cold* and *dull* form, as he justly expresses it, his address to you! How greatly does the Letter he delivered to you, favour his argument! Ah the poor Clementina! *Cruel* persuaders her relations! I hate and pity them, in a breath. Never, before, did hatred and pity meet in the same bosom, as they do in mine, on this occasion. His difficulties, my dear, and the uncommon situation he is in, as if he were offering you but a divided Love, enhance your glory. You are reinstated on the Female throne, to the lowermost footstep of which you once was afraid you had descended. You are offered a man, whose perplexities have not proceeded from the entanglements of intrigue, inconstancy, perfidy; but from his own compassionate nature: And could you, by any other way in the world than by this supposed divided Love, have had it in your power, by accepting his humbly-offered hand, to lay him under obligation to you, which he thinks he never shall be able to discharge? Lay *him*—Who?—Sir CHARLES GRANDISON—For whom so many virgin hearts have sighed in vain!—And what a triumph to our Sex is this, as well as to my Harriet!

And now, Harriet, let me tell you, that my sister and I are both in great expectations of your next Letter. It is, it must be, written before you will have this. My brother is more than man: You have only to shew yourself to be superior to the *forms* of woman. If you play the fool with him, now, that you have the power you and we have so long wished you; if you give pain to his noble, because sincere heart, by any the least shadow of Female affectation; you, who have hitherto been distinguished for so amiable a frankness of heart; you, who cannot doubt his honour—the honour of a man who solicits your favour in even a *great* manner, a manner in which no man before him ever courted a woman, because few men before him have ever been so particularly circumstanced; a manner that gives you an opportunity to outshine, in your acceptance of him, even the noble Clementina in her refusal; as bigotry must have been, in part, her motive; if, I say, you act foolishly, weakly, now—Look to it—You will depreciate, if not cast away, your own glory. Remember, you have a man to deal with, who, from our behaviour to Mrs. Oldham, at his first return to England, took measure of our minds, and, without loving us the less for it, looked down upon us with pity; and made us, ever since, look upon ourselves in a diminishing light, and as sisters who have greater reason to glory in their brother, than he has in them. Would you not rather, you who are to stand in a still nearer relation to him, invite his admiration, than his pity? Till Friday night last you had it: What Saturday has produced, we shall soon guess.

Not either Lord L. or Lord G. not Emily, not aunt Eleanor, now,

either see or hear read what you write, except here-and-there a passage, which you yourself would not scruple to hear read to them. Are you not our third sister? To each of us our next Self: And, what gives you still more dignity, the elected wife of our brother!

Adieu, my love! In longing expectation of your next, we subscribe

Your affectionate

CAROLINE L.
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Saturday, Oct. 14

MR. FENWICK has just now been telling us, from the account given him by that Greville, vile man, how the affair was between him and Sir Charles Grandison. Take it briefly, as follows:

About Eight yesterday morning, that audacious wretch went to the George at Northampton; and, after making his enquiries, demanded an audience of Sir Charles Grandison. Sir Charles was near dressed, and had ordered his chariot to be ready, with intent to visit us early.

He admitted of Mr. Greville's visit. Mr. Greville confesses, that his own behaviour was *peremptory* (his word for *insolent*, I suppose). I hear, Sir, said he, that you are come down into this county in order to carry off from us the richest jewel in it—I need not say whom. My name is Greville: I have long made my addresses to her, and have bound myself under a vow, that, were a Prince to be my competitor, I would dispute his title to her.

You seem to be a *princely* man, Sir, said Sir Charles, offended with his air and words, no doubt. You need not, Mr. Greville, have told me your name: I have heard of you. What *your* pretensions are, I know not; your vow is nothing to me: I am master of my own actions; and shall not account to you, or any man living, for them.

I presume, Sir, you came down with the intention I have hinted at? I beg only your answer as to that. I beg it as a favour, gentleman to gentleman?

The manner of your address to me, Sir, is not such as will intitle you to an answer for your *own* sake. I will tell you, however, that I am come down to pay my devoirs to Miss Byron. I hope for acceptance; and know not that I am to make allowance for the claim of any man on earth.

Sir Charles Grandison, I know your character: I know your

bravery. It is from that knowlege that I consider you as a fit man for me to talk to. I am not a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir.

I make no account of *who* or *what* you are, Mr. Greville. Your visit is not, at this time, a welcome one: I am going to breakfast with Miss Byron. I shall be here in the evening, and at leisure, then, to attend to any-thing you shall think yourself authorized to say to me, on this or any other subject.

We may be overheard, Sir—Shall I beg you to walk with me into the garden below? You are going to breakfast, you say, with Miss Byron. *Dear* Sir Charles Grandison, oblige me with an audience, of five minutes only, in the back-yard, or garden.

In the evening, Mr. Greville, command me any-where: But I will not be broken in upon now.

I will not leave you at liberty, Sir Charles, to make your visit where you are going, till I am gratified with one five minutes conference with you below.

Excuse me then, Mr. Greville, that I give orders, as if you were not here. Sir Charles rang. Up came one of his servants—Is the chariot ready?—Almost ready, was the answer.—Make haste. Saunders may see his friends in this neighbourhood: He may stay with them till Monday. Frederick and you attend me.

He took out a Letter, and read in it, as he walked about the room, with great composure, not regarding Mr. Greville, who stood swelling, as he owned, at one of the windows, till the servant withdrew; and then he addressed himself to Sir Charles in language of reproach on this contemptuous treatment.—Mr. Greville, said Sir Charles, you may be thankful, perhaps, that you are in my own apartment: This intrusion is a very ungentlemanly one.

Sir Charles was angry, and expressed impatience to be gone. Mr. Greville owned, that he knew not how to contain himself, to see his rival, with so many advantages in his person and air, dressed avowedly to attend the woman he had so long—Shall I say been troublesome to? For I am sure he never had the shadow of countenance from me.

I repeat my demand, Sir Charles, of a conference of five minutes below.

You have no right to make any demand upon me, Mr. Greville: If you think you have, the evening will be time enough. But, even then, you must behave more like a gentleman, than you have done hitherto, to intitle yourself to be considered as on a foot with me.

Not on a foot with you, Sir!—And he put his hand upon his sword. A gentleman is on a foot with a Prince, Sir, in a point of honour—

Go, then, and find out your Prince, Mr. Greville: I am no Prince. And you have as much reason to address yourself to the man you never saw, as to me.

His servant just then shewing himself, and withdrawing; Mr. Greville, added he, I leave you in possession of this apartment. Your servant, Sir. In the evening I shall be at your command.

One word with you, Sir Charles—One word—

What would Mr. Greville? turning back.

Have you made proposals? Are your proposals accepted?

I repeat, that you ought to have behaved differently, Mr. Greville, to be intitled to an answer to these questions.

Answer me, however, Sir: I beg it as a favour.

Sir Charles took out his watch.—After Nine: I shall make them wait. But thus I answer you: I *have* made proposals; and, as I told you before, I hope I shall be accepted.

Were you any other man in the world, Sir, the man before you might question your success with a woman whose difficulties are augmented by the obsequiousness of her admirers. But such a man as you, would not have come down on a fool's errand. I love Miss Byron to distraction. I could not shew my face in the county, and suffer any man out of it to carry away such a prize.

Out of the county, Mr. Greville! What narrowness is this! But I pity you for your Love of Miss Byron: And—

You *pity* me, Sir! interrupted he.—I bear not such haughty tokens of superiority. Either give up your pretensions to Miss Byron, or make me sensible of it, in the way of a gentleman.

Mr. Greville, your servant: And he went down.

The wretch followed him; and when they came to the yard, and Sir Charles was stepping into the chariot, he took his hand, several persons present—We are observed, Sir Charles, whispered he. Withdraw with me, for a few moments. By the great God of Heaven, you must not refuse me. I cannot bear that you should go thus triumphantly on the business you are going upon.

Sir Charles suffered himself to be led by the wretch: And when they were come to a private spot, Mr. Greville drew, and demanded Sir Charles to do the like, putting himself in a posture of defence.

Sir Charles put his hand on his sword, but drew it not. Mr. Greville, said he, know your own safety; and was turning from him, when the wretch swore he would admit of no alternative, but his giving up his pretensions to Miss Byron.

His rage, as Mr. Fenwick describes it from himself, making him dangerous, Sir Charles drew.—I only defend myself, said he—Greville, you keep no guard—He put by his pass with his sword; and, without making a push, closed in with him, twisted his sword out of his hand; and, pointing his own to his breast, You see my power, Sir—Take your life, and your sword.—But if you are either wise, or would be thought a man of honour, tempt not again your fate.

And am I again master of my sword, and unhurt? 'Tis generous—The evening, you say?

Still I say, I will be yours in the evening, either at your own house, or at my inn; but not as a Duellist, Sir: You know my principles.

How can this be? and he swore.—How was it done? Expose me not at Selby-house. How the devil could this be?—I expect you in the evening here.

And he went off a back-way. Sir Charles, instead of going directly into his chariot, went up to his apartment; wrote his Billet to my aunt to excuse himself, finding it full late to get hither in time, and being somewhat discomposed in his temper, as he owed to us: And then he took an airing in his chariot, till he came hither to dine.

But how should we have been alarmed, had we known that Sir Charles declined supping here, in order to meet the violent man again at his inn! And how did we again blame ourselves for taking amiss his not supping with us!

Mr. Fenwick says, that Mr. Greville got *him* to accompany him to the George.

Sir Charles apologized, with great civility, to Mr. Greville, for making him wait for him. Mr. Greville, had he been disposed for mischief, had no use of his right-arm. It was sprained by the twisting of his sword from it, and in a sling.

Sir Charles behaved to them both with great politeness; and Mr. Greville owned, that he had acted nobly by him, in returning his sword, even before his passion was calmed, and in not using his own. But it was some time, it seems, before he was brought into this temper. And what a good deal contributed to it, was, Sir Charles's acquainting him, that he had not given particulars at Selby-house, or to anybody, of the fray between them; but referred it to himself to give them, as he should think proper. This forbearance he highly applauded, and was even thankful for it. Fenwick shall, in confidence, said he, report this matter to your honour, and my own mortification, as the truth requires, at Selby-house. Let me not be hated by Miss Byron, on this account. My passion gave me disadvantage. I will try to honour you, Sir Charles: But I must hate you, if you succeed. One condition, however, I make: That you reconcile me to the Selby's, and Miss Byron; and if you are likely to be successful, let me have the credit of reporting, that it is by my consent.

They parted with civility; but not, it seems, till a late hour. Sir Charles, as Mr. Beauchamp and Dr. Bartlett have told us, was always happy in making, by his equanimity, generosity, and forgivingness, fast friends of inveterate enemies. Thank God, the issue was not unhappy!

Mr. Fenwick says, that the rencounter is very little guessed at, or

talked of [Thank God for that, too!]; and to those few, who have enquired of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick about it, it has been denied; and now Greville, as Mr. Fenwick had done before, declares he will give out, that he yields up all his hopes of Miss Byron; but says, that Sir Charles Grandison, of whose address every-body already talks, is the only man in England to whom he could resign his pretensions.

He insists upon Sir Charles's dining with him to-morrow; Mr. Fenwick's also. Sir Charles is so desirous that the neighbourhood should conclude, that he and these gentlemen are on a foot of good understanding, that he made the less scruple, for every-one's sake, to accept of his invitation.

I am very, very thankful, my dearest Lady G. that the constant blusterings of this violent man, for so many months past, are so happily overblown.

Mr. Fenwick, as I guessed he would, made proposals to my aunt and me for my Lucy. Lucy has a fine fortune: But if she had not, he shall not have her! Indeed he is not worthy of Lucy's mind. He must be related to *me*, he said: But I answered, No man must call Lucy Selby his, who can have any other motive for his wishes but her merit.

We hourly expect your brother. The new danger he has been in, on my account, endears him still more to us all. How, how will you forbear, said my uncle, throwing yourself in his arms at once, when he demands the result of our deliberations? If I follow Mr. Deane's advice, I am to give him my hand at the *first* word: If Lucy's and Nancy's, he is not to ask me *twice*: If my grandmamma's and aunt's [They are always good] I am to act as occasion requires, and as my own confided-in prudence will suggest at the time; but to be sure not to be guilty of affectation. But still, my dear Ladies, something sticks with me (and ought it not?) in relation to the noble Clementina!

LETTER XXII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Saturday Night, Oct. 14

Now, my dear Ladies L. and G. let me lay before you, just as it happened, for your approbation, or censure, all that has passed between the best of men and your Harriet. Happy shall I be, if I can be acquitted by his sisters.

My grandmamma went home last night, but was here before Sir Charles; yet he came a little after Eleven. We were all in the great parlour when he came. He addressed us severally with his usual politeness, and my grandmother, particularly, with such an air of reverence, as did himself credit, because of her years and wisdom.

We all congratulated him on what we had heard from Mr. Fenwick.

Mr. Greville and I, said he, are on very good terms. When I have the presumption to think my-*self* a welcome guest, I am to introduce him as my friend. Mr. Greville, tho' so long your neighbour, modestly doubts his own welcome.

Well he may, said my aunt Selby, after—No *afters*, dear madam, if you mean any-thing that has passed between him and me.

He again addressed himself to me. I rejoice, Sir, said I, that you have quieted so happily a spirit always thought uncontrollable.

You must tell me, madam, replied he, when I can be allowed to introduce Mr. Greville to you?

Shall I answer for my cousin, said Lucy?—I did not, Sir Charles, think you such a designer.—You were not, you know, to introduce Mr. Greville, till you were assured of being yourself a *very* welcome guest to my cousin.

I own my plot, replied he: I had an intent to surprise Miss Byron into an implied favour to myself.

You need not, Sir Charles, thought I, take such a method.

On his taking very kind notice of my cousin James; Do you know, Sir Charles, said my uncle (whose joy, when it overflows, seldom suffers the dear man to consult seasonableness) that that boy is already in Love with your Emily?—The youth blushed—

I am obliged to every-body who loves my Emily. She is a favourite of Miss Byron—Must she not then be a good girl?

She is indeed a favourite, said I; and so great a one, that I know not *who* can deserve her.

I said this, lest Sir Charles should think (on a supposition that my uncle meant something) that my cousin had *my* countenance.

Sir Charles then addressed himself to my grandmamma and aunt, speaking low—I hope, Ladies, I may be allowed in your presence to resume the conversation of yesterday with Miss Byron?

No, Sir Charles, answered my grandmamma, affecting to look serious, that must not be.

Must not be, madam! and he seemed surprised, and *affected* too. My aunt was a little startled; but not so much as she would have been, had she not known the lively turns which that excellent parent sometimes gives to subjects of conversation.

Must not be, I repeat, Sir Charles: But I will not suffer you to be long in suspense. We have always, when proposals of this kind have been made, referred ourselves to our Harriet. She has prudence: She has gratitude. We will leave her and you together, when she is inclined to hear you on the interesting subject. I know I am right. Harriet is above disguises. She will be obliged to speak for herself, when she has not either her aunt or me to refer to. She and you are

not acquaintance of yesterday. You, Sir, I dare say, will not be displeased with the opportunity—

Neither Miss Byron nor I, madam, could wish for the absence of two such parental relations. But this reference I will presume, to construe as a hopeful prognostic. May I *now*, through your mediation, madam (*to my aunt*) hope for the opportunity of addressing myself to Miss Byron?

My aunt, taking me to the window, told me what had passed. I was a little surprised at my grandmamma's reference to myself only. I expostulated with my aunt: It is plain, madam, that Sir Charles expected not this compliment.

Your grandmamma's motion surprised me a little, my dear: It proceeded from the fulness of her joy: She meant a compliment to you both: There is now no receding. Let us withdraw together.

What, madam, at *his* proposal? As if *expecting* to be followed?—See how my uncle looks at me! Every one's eyes are upon me!—In the afternoon, if it must be—as by accident. But I had rather you and my grandmamma were to be present. I mean not to be guilty of affectation to him: I know my own heart, and will not disguise it. I shall *want* to refer to you. I shall be silly: I dare not trust myself.

I wish the compliment had not been made, replied my aunt. But, my dear, come along with me.

She went out. I followed her; a little reluctantly, however; and Lucy tells me, that I looked so silly, as was enough, of itself, to inform every-body of the intent of my withdrawing, and that I expected Sir Charles would follow me.

She was very cruel, I told her; and in my case would have looked as silly as I; while *I* should have pitied *her*.

I led to my closet. My aunt seating me there, was going from me. Well, madam, and so I am to stay here quietly, I suppose, till Sir Charles vouchsafes to come? Would Clementina have done so?

No hint to him of Clementina in this way, I charge you: It would look ungrateful, and girlish. I will introduce him to you—

And stay with me, I hope, madam, when he is introduced. I tell you, Lady G. all my foibles.

Away went my aunt; but soon returned, and with her the man of men.

She but turned herself round, and saw him take my hand, which he did with a compliment that would have made me proud at another time, and left us together.

I was resolved then to assume all my courage, and, if possible, to be present to myself. He *was* to himself; yet had a modesty and politeness in his manner, which softened the dignity of his address.

Some men, I fancy, would have begun with admiring, or pretend-

ing to admire, the pieces of my own workmanship, which you have seen hang there: But not he. After another compliment made (as I presume, to re-assure me) on my restored complexion [I did indeed feel my face glow]; he spoke directly to his subject.

I need not, I am sure, said he, repeat to my dear Miss Byron what I said yesterday, as to the delicacy of my situation, with regard to what some would deem a divided or double Love. I need not repeat to you the very great regard I have, and ever shall have, for the Lady abroad. Her merit, and your greatness of mind, render any apology for so just a regard needless. But it may be necessary to say, what I can with truth say, that I love not my own Soul better than I love Miss Byron. You see, madam, I am wholly free, with regard to that Lady—free by her own choice, by her own will.—You see, that the whole family build a part of their happiness on the success of my address to a Lady of my own country. Clementina's wish always was, that I would marry; and only be careful, that my choice should not disgrace the regard she vouchsafed to own for me. Clementina, when she has the pleasure of knowing the dear Lady before me, if that *may* be, by the name of Grandison, will confess, that my choice has done the highest credit to the favour she honoured me with.

And will you not, my dear Lady G. be ready to ask, Could Sir Charles Grandison be really in earnest in this humble court (as if he doubted her favour) to a creature, every wish of whose heart was devoted to him? Did he not rather for his own sake, in order to give her the consequence which a wife of his ought to have, resolve to dignify the poor girl, who had so long been mortified by cruel suspense, and who had so often despaired of ever being happy with the Lord of her heart? O no, my dear, your brother *looked* the humble, the modest Lover; yet the man of sense, of dignity, in Love. I could not but be assured of his affection, notwithstanding all that had passed. And what *had* passed, that he could possibly have helped?—His pleas of the day before, the contents of Signor Jeronymo's Letter, were all in my mind.

He seemed to expect my answer. He only, whose generously-*doubting* eye kept down mine, can tell how I looked, how I behaved—But hesitatingly, tremblingly, both voice, and knees, as I sat; thus brokenly, as near as I remember, I answered, not withdrawing my hand, tho', as I spoke, he more than once pressed it with his lips:—The honour of Sir Charles Grandison—Sir Charles Grandison's honour—no one ever did, or ever can, doubt.—I must own—I must confess—There I paused.

What does my dear Miss Byron own?—What confess?—Assure yourself, madam, of my honour, of my gratitude.—Should you have *doubts*, speak them. I desire your favour but as I clear up your doubts.

I *would* speak them for you—I *have* spoken them for you. I own to you, madam, that there may be force in your doubts, which nothing but your generosity, and affiance in the honour of the man before you, can induce you to get over. And thus far I will own against myself, that were the Lady, in whose heart I should hope an interest, to have been circumstanced as I was, my own delicacy would have been hurt; owing, indeed, to the high notion I have of the true Female delicacy.—Now say, now *own*, now *confess*, my dear Miss Byron—what you were going to *confess*.

This, Sir, is my confession—and it is the confession of a heart which I hope is as sincere as your own—That I am dazled, confounded, shall I say? at the superior merits of the Lady you so nobly, so like yourself, glory still in esteeming as she well deserves to be esteemed.

Joy seemed to flash from his eyes—He bowed on my hand, and pressed it with his lips; but was either silent by choice, or could not speak.

I proceeded, tho' with a hesitating voice, a glowing cheek, and downcast eyes—I fear not, Sir, any more than *she* did, your honour, your justice, no nor your indulgent tenderness—*Your* character, *your* principles, Sir, are full security to the woman who shall endeavour to deserve from you that indulgence—But so justly high do I think of Lady Clementina, and her conduct, that I fear—ah, Sir, I fear—that it is impossible—

I stopt—I am sure I was in earnest, and must *look* to be so, or my countenance and my heart were not allied.

What *impossible*!—What fears my dear Miss Byron is *impossible*?

Why (thus kindly urged, and by a man of unquestionable honour) shall I not speak all that is in my mind? The poor Harriet Byron fears, she *justly* fears, when she contemplates the magnanimity of that exalted Lady, that with all her care, with all her endeavours, she never shall be able to make the figure to *HERSELF*, which is necessary for her own tranquillity (however *you* might generously endeavour to *assure* her doubting mind). This, Sir, is my doubt—And—*all* my doubt.

Generous, kind, noble Miss Byron! in a rapturous accent—And is this *all* your doubt? Then must yet the man before you be a happy man; for he questions not, if life be lent him, to make you one of the happiest of women. Clementina has acted gloriously in preferring to all other considerations her Religion and her Country: I can allow this in her favour, against myself: And shall I not be doubly bound in gratitude to her sister-excellence, who, having not those trials, yet the most delicate of human minds, shews in my favour a frankness of heart which sets her above little forms and affectation, and at the same time a generosity with regard to the merits of another Lady which has few examples?

He then on one knee, taking my passive hand between both his, and kissing it, once, twice, thrice—Repeat, dear, and ever-dear, Miss Byron, that this is *all* your doubt [I bowed assentingly: I could not speak]—A happy, an easy task, is mine! Be assured, dearest madam, that I will disavow every action of my life, every thought of my heart, every word of my mouth, which tends not to dissipate that doubt.

I took out my handkerchief—

My dear Miss Byron, proceeded he, with an ardour that bespoke his heart, you are goodness itself. I approached you with diffidence, with *more* than diffidence, with apprehension, because of your known delicacy; which I was afraid, on this occasion, would *descend* into punctiliousness.—May blessings attend my future life, as my grateful heart shall acknowledge this goodness!—

Again he kissed my hand, rising with dignity. I could have received his vows on my knees; but I was motionless; yet I had joy to be enabled to give him joy.—Joy to your brother! to Sir Charles Grandison!

He saw me greatly affected, and indeed my emotion increased on reflexion. He considerably said, I will leave you, my dear Miss Byron, to intitle myself to the congratulations of all our friends below. From this moment, after a thousand suspenses and strange events, which, unsought for, have chequered my past life, I date my happiness.

He most respectfully left me.

I was glad he did: Yet my eyes followed him. His very shadow was grateful to me, as he went downstairs. And there, it seems, he congratulated himself, and called for the congratulations of every one present, in so *noble* a manner, that every eye run over with joy.

Was I not right, said my grandmamma to my aunt (You half-blamed me, my dear) in leaving Sir Charles and my Harriet together? Harriet ever was above disguise. Sir Charles might have *guessed* at her heart; but he would not have *known* it from her own lips, had she had you and me to refer to.

Whatever *you* do, madam, answered my aunt, must be right.

My aunt came up to me. She found me in a very thoughtful mood. I had sometimes been accusing myself of forwardness, and at others was acquitting myself, or endeavouring to do so—yet mingling, tho' thus early, a hundred delightful circumstances with my accusations and acquittals, which were likely to bless my future lot. Such as, his relations and friends being mine, mine his; and I run them over all by name. But my Emily, my dear Emily! I considered as *my* ward, as well as his. In this way my aunt found me. She embraced me, applauded me, and cleared up all my self-doubtings, as to forwardness; and told me of their mutual congratulations below, and

how happy I had made them all. What self-confidence did her approbation give me!—And as she assured me, that my uncle would not railly, but extol me, I went down, with spirits much higher than I went up with.

Sir Charles and my grandmamma were talking together, sitting side by side, when I entered the room. All the company stood up at my entrance.—O my dear! what a Princess in every one's eye will the declared Love of such a man make me! How will all the consequence I had before, among my partial friends and favourers, be augmented!

My uncle said, *sideling* by me (kindly intending not to dash me) My sweet sparkler! [That was the name he used to call me, before Sir Charles Grandison taught me a lesson that made me thoughtful] You are now again my delight, and my joy. I thank you for not being—a fool—that's all. Egad, I was afraid of your *Femality*, when you came face to face.

Sir Charles came to me, and, with an air of the most respectful love, taking my hand, led me to a seat between himself and my grandmamma.

My ever-dear Harriet, said she, and condescended to lift my hand to her lips, I will not abash you; but must just say, that you have acquitted yourself as I wished you to do. I knew I could trust to a heart that ever was above affectation or disguise.

Sir Charles Grandison, madam, said I, has the generosity to distinguish and encourage a doubting mind.

Infinitely obliging Miss Byron, replied he, pressing one hand between both his, as my grandmamma held the other, your condescension attracts both my Love and Reverence. Permit me to say, That had not Heaven given a Miss Byron for the object of my hope, I had hardly, after what had befallen me *abroad*, ever looked forward to a wedded Love.

One favour I have to beg of you, Sir, resumed my grandmamma: It is, that you will never use the word *abroad*, or express *persons* by their *countries*; in fine, that you will never speak with reserve, when the admirable Clementina is in your thoughts. Mention her name with freedom, my dear Sir, to my child, to me, and to my daughter Selby—you may—We always loved and revered her: Still we do so. She has given an example to all her Sex, of a passion properly subdued—Of temporal considerations yielding to eternal!

Sir, said I, bowing as I sat, I join in this request.

His eyes glistened with grateful joy. He bowed low to each, but spoke not.

My aunt came to us, and sat down by Sir Charles, refusing his seat, because it was next me. Let me, said she, enjoy your conversa-

tion: I have heard part of your subject, and subscribe to it, with all my heart. Lady G. can testify for us all three, that we cannot be so mean, as to intend you a compliment, Sir, by what has been said.

Nor can I, madam, as to imagine it. You exalt *yourselves* even more than you do Clementina. I will let my Jeronymo know some of the particulars which have given joy to *my* heart. They will make *him* happy; and the excellent Clementina (I will *not* forbear her name) will rejoice in the happy prospects before me. She wanted but to be assured that the friend she so greatly honoured with her regard, was not likely (either in the qualities of the Lady's mind, or in her family-connexions) to be a sufferer by her declining his address.

May nothing now happen, my dear Lady G. to overcloud—But I will not be apprehensive. I will thankfully enjoy the present moment, and leave the future to the All-wise Disposer of events. If Sir Charles Grandison be mine, and reward by his kindness my Love, what can befall me, that I ought not to bear with resignation?

But, my dear Ladies, let me here ask you a question, or two.

Tell me, Did I ever, as you remember, suffer by suspenses, by *any*-thing?—Was there ever really such a man as Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?—Did I not tell you my *dreams*, when I told you of what I believed I had undergone from his persecuting insults? It is well, for the sake of preserving to me the grace of humility, and for the sake of warning (for all my days *preceding* that insult had been happy) that I wrote down *at the time* an account of those sufferings, those suspenses, or I should have been apt to forget now, that I ever was unhappy.

And, pray, let me ask, Ladies, Can you guess what is become of my illness? I was very ill, you know, when you, Lady G. did us the honour of a visit; so ill, that I could not hide it from you, and my other dear friends, as fain I would have done. I did not think it was an illness of such a nature, as that its cure depended on an easy heart. I was so much convinced of the merits of Lady Clementina, and that no other woman in the world ought to be Lady Grandison, that I thought I had pretty tolerably quieted my heart in that expectation. I hope I brag not too soon. But, my dear, I now feel so easy, so light, so happy—that I hardly know what's the matter with me—But I hope nobody will *find* the malady I have *lost*. May no disappointed heart be invaded by it! Let it not travel to Italy! The dear Lady there has suffered enough from a worse malady! Nor, if it stay in the island, let it come near the sighing heart of my Emily! That dear girl shall be happy, if it be in my power to make her so. Pray, Ladies, tell her she shall.—No, but don't: I will tell her so myself by the next post. Nor let it, I pray God, attack Lady Anne S. or any of the half-score Ladies, of whom once I was so unwilling to hear.

Our discourse at table was on various subjects. My cousin James was again very inquisitive after the principal courts, and places of note, in Italy.

What pleasure do I hope one day to receive from the perusal (if I shall be favoured with it) of Sir Charles's LITERARY JOURNAL, mentioned to Dr. Bartlett, in some of his Letters from Italy: For it includes, I presume, a description of palaces, cities, cabinets of the curious, diversions, amusements, customs, of different nations. How attentive were we all, to the answers he made to my cousin James's questions! My memory serves but for a few generals;¹ and those I will not trouble you with. Sir Charles told my cousin, that if he were determined on an excursion abroad, he would furnish him with commendatory Letters.

Mr. Greville and his insult were one of our subjects after dinner, when the servants were withdrawn. Lucy expressed her wonder, that he was so soon reconciled to Sir Charles, after the menaces he had for years past thrown out against any man who should be likely to succeed with me.

My uncle observed, that Mr. Greville had not for a long time had any hopes; that he always was apprehensive, that if Sir Charles Grandison were to make his addresses, he would succeed: That it had been his and Fenwick's custom, to endeavour to bluster away their competitors^(a). He possibly, my uncle added, might hope to intimidate Sir Charles; or at least, knowing his principles, might suppose he ran no risque in the attempt.

Mr. Deane said, Mr. Greville had told him, that the moment he knew Miss Byron had chosen her man, he would give up his pretensions; but that, as long as she remained single, he was determined to persecute her, as he himself called it. Perseverance he had known do every-thing, after an admired woman had run through her circle of humble servants, and perhaps found herself disappointed in her own choice; and for his part, but with *her*, he had no fondness for the married life; he cared not who knew it.

Sir Charles spoke of Mr. Greville with candour. He thought him a man of rough manners, but not ill-natured. He affected to be a joker, and often therefore might be taken for a worse man than he really was. He believed him to be careless of his reputation, and one who seemed to think there were wit and bravery in advancing free and uncommon things; and gloried in bold surprises. For my part, continued he, I should hardly have consented to cultivate his acquaintance, much less to dine with him to-morrow, but as he insisted upon it, as a token of my forgiving in him a behaviour that was really what a gentleman should not have pardoned himself for. I considered

(a) See part 1, p. 10.

him, proceeded Sir Charles, as a neighbour to this family, with whom you had lived, and perhaps chose to live, upon good terms. But neighbours are nuisances, especially if they are people of fortune. It is in the power of such to be very troublesome in their own persons, and they will often set loose their tongues to defy, provoke, insult, and do mischief to those they love not. Mr. Greville I thought, added he, deserved to be the more indulged, for the sake of his Love to Miss Byron. He is a proud man, and must be mortified enough in having it generally known, that she had constantly rejected his suit.

Why that's true, said my uncle. Sir Charles, you consider everybody. But I hope all's over between you —

I have no doubt but it is, Mr. Selby. Mr. Greville's whole aim now, seems to be, to come off with as little abatement of his pride, as possible. He thinks, if he can pass to the world as one who having no hope himself, is desirous to promote the cause of his friend, as he will acknowledge me to be, it will give him consequence in the eye of the world, and be a gentle method of letting his pride down easy.

Very well, said my uncle, and a very good contrivance for a proud man, I think.

It is an expedient of his friend Fenwick, replied Sir Charles; and Mr. Greville is not a little fond of it. And what, Ladies, and Gentlemen, will you say, if you should see me come to church to-morrow with him, sit with him in the same pew, and go with him to dinner in his coach? It is his request that I will. He thinks this will put an end to the whispers which have passed, in spite of all his precaution, of a quarrel between him and me. For he has given out that he strained his wrist and arm by a fall from his horse. Tell me, dear Ladies, shall I, or shall I not, oblige him in this request? He is to be with me to-night, for an answer.

My grandmamma said, that Mr. Greville was always a very odd, a very particular man. She thought Sir Charles very kind to us in being so willing to conciliate with him. My uncle declared, that he was very desirous to live on good terms with all his neighbours, particularly with Mr. Greville, a part of whose estate being intermixed with his, it might be in his power to be venacious, at least to his tenants. Mr. Deane thought the compromise was a happy one; and he supposed entirely agreeable to Sir Charles's generous wishes to promote the good understanding of neighbours; and to the compassion it was in his nature to shew, to an unsuccessful rival.

Sir Charles then turning to Lucy, May I, Miss Selby, said he, do you think, without being too deep a *dejeuner*, ask leave of Miss Byron, on the presumption of her goodness to me, to bring Mr. Greville to drink tea with her to-morrow in the afternoon?

Your servant, Sir Charles answered Lucy, smiling. But what say you, cousin Byron, to this question?

This house is not mine, replied I: but I dare say, I may be allowed the liberty, in the names of my uncle and aunt, to answer, that any person will be welcome to Selby-house, whom Sir Charles Grandison shall think proper to bring with him.

Mr. Greville, said Sir Charles, professes himself unable to see any of you (Miss Byron, in particular, without an introducer. He makes a high compliment to me, when he supposes me to be a proper one. If you give me leave, bowing to my uncle and aunt, I will answer him to his wishes; and hope, when he comes, every-thing will be passed by in silence that has happened between him and me.

Two or three lively things passed between Lucy and Sir Charles, on his repetition of her word *designer*. She began with advantage, but did not hold it; yet he gave her consequence in the little debate, at his own expence.

My grandmamma will go to her own church; but will be here at dinner, and the rest of the day. I have a thousand things more to say, all agreeable; but it is now late, and a drowsy fit has come upon me. I will welcome it. Adieu, adieu, my dear Ladies! Felicitate, I am sure you will,

Your ever-obliged, ever-devoted,

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXIII

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Sunday Noon, Oct. 15

WE were told, there would be a crowded church this morning, in expectation of seeing the new humble servant of Miss Byron attending her thither: For it is every-where known, that Sir Charles Grandison is come down to make his addresses to the young creature who is happy in every one's love and good wishes; and all is now said to have been settled between him and us, by his noble sister, and Lord G. and Dr. Bartlett, when they were with us.—And we are to be married—O my dear Lady G! you cannot imagine how soon. You see what credit you did us by your kind visit, my dear.

Many of the neighbourhood seemed disappointed, when they saw me led in by my uncle, as Mr. Deane led my aunt, and Nancy and Lucy only attended by their brother. But it was not long before Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Sir Charles, entered, and went into the pew of the former; which is over-against ours. Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick bowed low to us, severally, the moment they went into the pew, and to several others of the gentry.

Sir Charles had first other devoirs to pay: To false shame, you have said, he was always superior. I was delighted to see the example he set. He paid us his second compliments with a grace peculiar to himself. I felt my face glow, on the whispering that went round. I thought I read in every eye, admiration of him, even through the sticks of some of the Ladies fans.

What a difference was there between the two men and him, in their behaviour, throughout both the service, and sermon! Yet who ever beheld two of the three so decent, so attentive, so *reverent*, I may say, before? Were all who call themselves gentlemen (thought I, more than once) like *this*, the world would yet be a good world.

Mr. Greville had his arm in a sling. He seemed highly delighted with his guest; so did Mr. Fenwick. When the sermon was ended, Mr. Greville held the pew-door ready opened, to attend our movements; and when we were in motion to go, he, taking officiously Sir Charles's hand, bent towards us. Sir Charles met us at our pew-door: He approached us with that easy grace peculiar to himself, and offered, with a profound respect, his hand to me.

This was equal to a public declaration. It took every-body's attention. He is not ashamed to avow in public, what he thinks fit to own in private.

I was humbled more than exalted by the general notice. Mr. Greville (bold, yet low man!) made a motion, as if he gave the hand that Sir Charles took. Mr. Fenwick offered his hand to Lucy. Mr. Greville led my aunt; and not speaking low (subtle as a serpent!) My plaguy horse, said he, looking at his sling, knew not his master. I invite myself to tea with you, madam, in the afternoon. You will supply my lame arm, I hope, yourself.

There is no such thing as keeping private one's movements in a country-town, if one would. One of our servants reported the general approbation. It is a pleasure, surely, my dear Ladies, to be addressed to by a man of whom every one approves. What a poor figure must she make, who gives way to a courtship from a man whom every-body blames her for encouraging! Such women indeed generally confess indirectly the folly, by carrying on the affair clandestinely.

Sunday Evening

O my dear! I have been strangely disconcerted by means of Mr. Greville. He is a strange man. But I will lead to it in course.

We all went to church again in the afternoon. Every-body who knew Mr. Greville, took it for a high piece of politeness in him to his guest, that he came twice the same day to church. Sir Charles edified every-body by his chearful piety. Are you not of opinion, my dear Lady G. that wickedness may be always put out of countenance by

a person who has an established character for goodness, and who is not ashamed of doing his duty in the public eye? Methinks I could wish that all the profligates in the parish had their seats around that of a man who has fortitude enough to dare to be good. The text was a happy one to this purpose: The words of our Saviour: 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy Angels.'

Sir Charles conducted my aunt to her coach, as Mr. Greville officiously, but properly for his views, did me. We found Mr. Fenwick at Selby-house talking to my grandmamma on the new subject. She dined with us; but, not being very well, chose to retire to her devotions in my closet, while we went to church, she having been at her own in the morning.

We all received Mr. Greville with civility. He affects to be thought a wit, you know, and a great joker. Some men cannot appear to advantage without making their friend a butt to shoot at. Fenwick and he tried to play upon each other, as usual. Sir Charles lent each his smile; and, whatever he thought of them, shewed not a contempt of their great-boy snip-snap. But, at last, my grandmamma and aunt engaged Sir Charles in a conversation, which made the gentlemen so silent, and so attentive, that had they not flashed a good deal at each other before, one might have thought them a little discreet.

Nobody took the least notice of what had passed between Mr. Greville and Sir Charles, till Mr. Greville touched upon the subject to me. He desired an audience of ten minutes, as he said; and, upon his declaration, that it was the last he would ever ask of me on the subject; and, upon my grandmamma's saying, Oblige Mr. Greville, my dear; I permitted him to draw me to the window.

His address was nearly in the following words; not speaking so low, but every one might hear him, tho' he said aloud, Nobody must but me:

I must account myself very unhappy, madam, in having never been able to incline you to shew me favour. You may think me vain: I believe I am so: But I may take to myself the advantages and qualities which every-body allows me. I have an estate that will warrant my addresses to a woman of the first rank; and it is free, and unincumbered. I am not an ill-natured man. I love my jest, 'tis true; but I love my friend. You good women generally do not like a man the less for having something to mend in him. I could say a great deal more in my own behalf, but that Sir Charles Grandison (looking at him) quite eclipses me. Devil fetch me, if I can tell how to think myself *any*-thing before him. I was always afraid of him. But when I heard he was gone abroad, in pursuit of a former Love, I thought I had another chance for it.

Yet I was half-afraid of Lord D. His mother would manage a Machiavel. He has a great estate; a title; he has good qualities for a nobleman. But when I found that you could so steadily refuse him, as well as me; There must be some man, thought I, who is lord of her heart. *Fenwick* is as sad a dog as I; it cannot be he. *Orme*, poor soul! she will not have such a milk-sop as that, neither—

Mr. Orme, Sir, interrupted I, and was going to praise him—But he said, I will be heard out now: This is my dying speech; I will not be interrupted.

Well then, Sir, smiling, come to your last words, as soon as you can.

I have told you, before now, Miss Byron, that I will not bear your smiles. But now smiles or frowns, I care not. I have no hopes left; and I am resolved to abuse you, before I have done.

Abuse me! I hope not, Sir.

'Hope not!' What signify *your* hopes, who never gave me any? But hear me out. I shall say some things that will displease you; but more of another nature. I went on guessing who could be the happy man. That *second* Orme, Fowler, cannot be he, thought I. Is it the newly-arrived Beauchamp? He is a pretty fellow enough [I had all your footsteps watched, as I told you I would.] No, answered I myself, she refused Lord D. and a whole tribe of us, before Beauchamp came to England—Who the devil can he be?—But when I heard that the dangerous man, whom I had thought gone abroad to his matrimonial destiny, was returned, unmarried; when I heard that he was actually coming northward; I began to be again afraid of him.

Last Thursday night I had intelligence, that he was seen at Dunstable in the morning, in his way towards us. Then did my heart fail me. I had my spies about Selby-house: I own it. What will not Love and Jealousy make a man do? I understood, that your uncle and Mr. Deane, and a tribe of servants for train-sake, were set out to meet him. How I raved! How I cursed! How I swore!—They will not surely, thought I, allow my rival, at his *first* visit, to take up his residence under the same roof with this charming Witch!

Witch! Mr. Greville—

Witch! Yes, Witch! I called you ten thousand names, in my rage, all as bad as that. Here, Jack, Will, Tom, George, get ready instantly each a dozen firebrands! I will light up Selby-house for a bonfire, to welcome the arrival of the invader of my freehold! And prongs and pitchforks shall be got ready to push every soul of the family back into the flames, that not one of it may escape my vengeance—

Horrid man! I will hear no more.

You must! You shall! It is my dying speech, I tell you.—

A dying man should be penitent.

To what purpose?—I can have no hope. What is to be expected *for* or *from* a despairing man?—But then I had intelligence brought me, that my rival was not admitted to take up his abode with you. This saved Selby-house. All my malice then was against the George at Northampton. The keeper of it owes, said I to myself, a hundred thousand obligations to me; yet to afford a retirement to my deadliest foe!—But 'tis more manly, thought I, in person, to call this invader to account, if he pretends an interest at Selby-house; and to force him to relinquish his pretensions to the Queen of it; as I had made more than one gallant fellow do before, by dint of bluster.

I slept not all that night. In the morning I made my visit at the inn. I pretend to know, as well as any man, what belongs to civility and good manners; but I knew the character of the man I had to deal with: I knew he was cool, yet resolute. My rage would not let me be civil; and if it would, I knew I must be rude to provoke him. I *was* rude. I was peremptory.

Never were there such cold, such phlegmatic contempts, passed upon man, as he passed upon me. I came to a point with him. I heard he would not fight: I was resolved he should. I followed him to his chariot. I got him to a private place; but I had the devil, and no man, to deal with. He cautioned me, by way of insult, as I took it, to keep a guard. I took his hint. I had better not; for he knew all the tricks of the weapon. He was in with me in a moment. I had no sword left me, and my life was at the mercy of his. He gave me up my own sword—Cautioned me to regard my safety—Put up his; withdrew.—I found myself sensible of a damnable strain. I had no right-arm. I slunk away like a thief. He mounted his triumphal car; and pursued his course to the Lady of Selby-house. I went home, cursed, swore, fell down, and bit the earth.

My uncle looked impatient: Sir Charles seemed in suspense, but attentive. Mr. Greville proceeded:

I got Fenwick to go with me, to attend him at night, by appointment. Cripple as I was, I would have provoked him: He would not be provoked: And when I found that he had not exposed me at Selby-house; when I remembered that I owed my sword and my life to his moderation; when I recollected his character; what he had done by Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; what Bagenhall had told me of him: Why the plague, thought I, should I (hopeless as I am of succeeding with my charming Byron, whether *he* lives or dies) set my face against such a man? He is incapable either of insult or arrogance: Let me (Fenwick advised a scheme) let me make him my friend to save my pride, and the devil take the rest, Harriet Byron, and all—

Wicked man!—You was dying a thousand words ago—I am sick of you!—

You have not, madam, heard half my dying words yet—But I would not terrify you—Are you terrified?—

Indeed I am.

Sir Charles motioned as if he would approach us; but kept his place, on my grandmamma's saying, Let us hear his humour out: Mr. Greville was always particular.

Terrified, madam! What is *your* being terrified to the sleepless nights, to the tormenting days, you have given me? Cursing darkness, cursing light, and most myself!—O madam! with shut teeth, What a torment of torments have you been to me!—Well, but now I will hasten to a conclusion, in mercy to you, who, however, never shewed me any—

I never was cruel, Mr. Greville—

But you was; and most cruel, when most sweet-tempered. It was to that smiling obligingness that I owed my ruin! That gave me hope; that radiance of countenance; and that frozen heart!—O you are a dear deceiver!—But I hasten to conclude my dying speech—Give me your hand!—I will have it—I *will not eat it*, as once I had like to have done.—‘And now, madam, hear my parting words—You will have the glory of giving to the best of men, the best of wives. Let it not be long before you do; for the sake of many, who will hope on till then. As your *Lover*, I must hate him: As your *Husband*, I will love him. He will, he must, be kind, affectionate, grateful, to you; and you will deserve all his tenderness. May you live (the ornaments of human nature as you are) to see your children's children; all promising to be as good, as worthy, as happy, as yourselves! And, full of years, full of honour, in one hour may you be translated to that Heaven where only you can be more happy, than you will be, if you are both as happy as I wish and expect you to be!’

Tears dropt on my cheek, at this unexpected blessing; so like that of the wicked prophet of old, blessing where he was expected to curse (a).¹

He still held my hand—I will not, without your leave, madam—May I, before I part with it?—He looked at me as if for leave to kiss my hand, bowing his head upon it.

My heart was opened. God bless you, Mr. Greville! as you have blessed me.—Be a good man, and he will.—I withdrew not my hand.

He kneeled on one knee; eagerly kissed my hand, more than once. Tears were in his own eyes. He arose, hurried me to Sir Charles, and holding to him my then, through surprize, half-withdrawn hand—Let me have the pride, the glory, Sir Charles Grandison, to quit this dear hand to yours. It is only to yours that I would quit it—*Happy, happy, happy pair!—None but the brave deserves the fair.*—²

(a) Balaam, Numb. xxii. & seq.

Sir Charles took my hand—Let this precious present be mine, said he (kissing it), mine, with the declared assent of every one here; and presented me to my grandmamma and aunt. I was frightened by the hurry the strange man had put me into—

May I *but* live to see her yours, Sir! said my grandmamma, in a kind of rapture!

The moment he had put my hand into Sir Charles's, he ran out of the room, with the utmost precipitation. He was gone, quite gone, when he came to be enquired after; and every-body was uneasy for him, till we were told, by one of the servants, that he took from the window of the outward parlour his hat and sword; and by another, that he met him, his servant after him, hurrying away, and even sobbing as he flew.—Was there ever so strange a man?

Don't you pity Mr. Greville, my dear?

Sir Charles was generously uneasy for him.

Mr. Greville, said Lucy (who had always charity for him) has frequently surprised us with his particularities; but I hope, from the last part of his behaviour, that he is not the free-thinking¹ man he sometimes affects to be thought. I flatter myself, that Sir Charles had a righter notion of him than we, in what he said of him yesterday.

Sir Charles waited on my grandmamma home; so we had him not to supper. We are all to dine with her to-morrow. Your brother, you may suppose, will be a principal guest.

Monday Morning, Oct. 16

I have a Letter from my Emily; by which I find, she is with you; tho' she has not dated it. You was very kind in shewing the dear girl the overflowings of my heart in her favour. She is all grateful love, and goodness. I will soon write to her, to repeat my assurances, that my whole power shall always be exerted to do her pleasure. But you must tell her, as from yourself, that she must have patience. I cannot ask her guardian such a question as she puts, as to her living with me, till I am likely to *succeed*. Would the sweet girl have me make a request to him, that shall shew him I am supposing myself to be his, before I am so? We are not come so far on our journey by several stages. And yet, from what he intimated last night, as he waited on my grandmamma to Shirley-manor, I find, that his expectations are forwarder than it will be possible for me to answer: And I must, without intending the least affectation, for common decorum-sake, take the management of this point upon myself. For, my dear, we are every one of us here so much in Love with him, that the moment he should declare his wishes, they would be as ready to urge me to oblige him, were he even to limit me but to two or three days; as if they were afraid he would not repeat his request.

I have a Letter from Mr. Beauchamp. He writes, that there are no hopes of Sir Harry's recovery. I am very sorry for it. He does me great honour to write to me to give him consolation. His is a charming Letter—So full of filial piety!—Excellent young man! He breathes in it the true spirit of his *friend*.

Sir Charles and his Beauchamp, and Dr. Bartlett, correspond, I presume, as usual. What would I give to see all Sir Charles writes that relates to us!

Mr. Fenwick just now tells us, that Mr. Greville is not well, and keeps his chamber. He has my cordial wishes for his health. His last behaviour to me appears, the more I think of it, more strange, from such a man. I expected not that he would conclude with such generous wishes. Nancy, who does not love him, says, that it was such an overstrain of generosity from him, that it might well over-set him. Did you think that our meek Nancy could have said so severe a thing? But meekness offended (as she once was by him) has an excellent memory, and can be bitter.

We are preparing now to go to Shirley-manor. Our cousins Patty and Kitty Holles will be there at dinner. They have been for a few weeks past at their aunt's, near Daventry. They are impatient to see Sir Charles. Adieu, my dearest Ladies! Continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXIV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Monday Night, October 16

WE have been very happy this day at my grandmamma's. Your brother makes himself more and more beloved by all my friends; who yet declare, that they thought they could not have loved him better than they did before. My cousin Holles's say, they could sooner lay open their hearts to him, than to any man they ever saw; yet their freedom would never make them lose sight of their respect.

He told me, that he had breakfasted with Mr. Greville. How does he conciliate the mind of every one to him! He said kind and compassionate things of Mr. Greville; and *so* unaffectedly!—I was delighted with him. For, regardful as he would be, and is, of his own honour; no low, narrow jealousy, I dare say, will ever have entrance into his heart. *Charity thinketh no evil!* Of what a charming text is that a part (a)!—What is there equal to it, in any of the writings of the philosophers?

(a) 1 Cor. xiii. 5.

My dear Miss Byron, said he to me, Mr. Greville loves you more than you can possibly imagine. Despairing of success with you, he has assumed airs of bravery; but your name is written in large letters in his heart. He gave me, continued he, the importance of asking my *leave* to love you still.—What *ought* I to have answered?—

What *did* you answer, Sir?

That so far as I might presume to give it, I gave it. Had I the honour, added I, of calling Miss Byron mine, I would not barely *allow* your love of her; I would *demand* it.—Have I not assured you, Mr. Greville, that I look upon you as my *friend*?

You will quite subdue Mr. Greville, Sir, said I. You will, by the generosity of your treatment of him, do more than any-body else ever could—You will make him a good man.

Mr. Greville, madam, deserves pity, on more accounts than one. A wife, such a one as his good Angel led him to wish for, would have settled his principles. He wants steadiness: But he is not, I hope, a bad man. I was not concerned for his cavalier treatment of you yesterday, but on your own account; lest his roughness should give you pain. But his concluding wishes, and his preference of a rival to himself, together with the manner of his departure, unable as he was to withstand his own emotions, and the effect it had upon his spirits, so as to confine him to his chamber, had something great in it—And I shall value him for it, as long as he will permit me.

Sir Charles and my grandmamma had a good deal of talk together. Dearly does she love to single him out. What a pretty picture would they make, could they be both drawn so as not to cause a *profane* jester to fall into mistakes; as if it were an old Lady making Love to a handsome young man.

Let me sketch it out—See, then, the dear Lady, with a countenance full of benignity, years written by venerableness, rather than by wrinkles, in her face; dignity and familiarity in her manner; one hand on his, talking to him: His fine countenance shining with modesty and reverence, looking down, delighted, as admiring her wisdom, and not a little regardful of her half-pointing finger [Let that be, for fear of mistakes] to a creature young enough to be her grand-daughter; who, to avoid shewing too much sensibility, shall seem to be talking to two other young Ladies [Nancy and Lucy, suppose]; but, in order to distinguish the young creature, let her, with a blushing cheek, cast a sly eye on the grandmamma and young gentleman, while the other two shall not be afraid to look more free and unconcerned.

See, my dear, how fanciful I am: But I had a mind to tell you, in a new manner, how my grandmamma and Sir Charles seem to admire each other.

Mr. Deane and he had also some talk together; my uncle joined

them: And I blushed in *earnest* at the subject I only *guessed* at from the following words of Mr. Deane, at Sir Charles's rising to come from them to my aunt and me, who both of us sat in the bow-window. My dear Sir Charles Grandison, said Mr. Deane, you love to give pleasure: I never was so happy in my life, as I am in view of this long-wished-for event. You *must* oblige me: I insist upon it.

My aunt took it, as I did.—A generous contention! said she. O my dear! we shall all be too happy. God grant that nothing may fall out to disconcert us! If there *should*, how many broken hearts—

The first broken one, madam, interrupted I, would be the happiest: I, in that case, should have the advantage of every-body.

Dear love! you are too serious [Tears were in my eyes]: Sir Charles's unquestionable honour is our security!—If Clementina be stedfast; if life and health be spared you and him—If—

Dear, dear madam, no more *ifs*! Let there be but one *If*, and that on Lady Clementina's resumption. In that case, I will submit; and God only (as indeed He always ought) shall be my reliance for the rest of my life.

Lucy, Nancy, and my two cousin Holles's, came and spread, two and two, the other seats of the bow-window (there are but three) with their vast hoops; undoubtedly, because they saw Sir Charles coming to us. It is difficult, whispered I to my aunt (petulantly enough), to get him one moment to one's self. My cousin James (Silly youth! thought I) *stopt* him in his way to me; but Sir Charles would not long be stopt: He led the interrupter towards us; and a seat not being at hand, while the young Ladies were making a bustle to give him a place between them (tossing their hoops above their shoulders on one side) and my cousin James was hastening to bring him a chair; he threw himself at the feet of my aunt and me, making the floor his seat.

I don't know how it was; but I thought I never saw him look to more advantage. His attitude and behaviour had such a Lover-like appearance—Don't you see him, my dear?—His amiable countenance, *so* artless, yet *so* obliging, cast up to my aunt and me: His fine eyes meeting ours; mine, particularly, in their *own* way; for I could not help looking down, with a kind of proud bashfulness, as Lucy told me afterwards. How affected must I have appeared, had I either turned my head aside, or looked stiffly up, to avoid his!

I believe, my dear, we women in courtship don't love, that men, if ever so wise, should keep up to *us* the dignity of wisdom; much less, that they should be solemn, formal, grave—Yet are we fond of respect and observance too.—How is it?—Sir Charles Grandison can tell.—Did you think of your brother, Lady G. when you once said, that the man who would commend himself to the general favour of us young

women, should be a Rake in his address, and a Saint in his heart? Yet might you not have chosen a better word than *Rake*? Are there not more clumsy and foolish Rakes, than polite ones; except we can be so mistaken, as to give to impudence the name of agreeable freedom?

Sir Charles fell immediately into the easiest (shall I say the gallantest?) the most agreeable conversation, as if he must be all of a piece with the freedom of his attitude; and mingled in his talk, two or three very pretty humorous stories; so that nobody thought of helping him again to a chair, or wishing him in one.

How did this little incident familiarize the amiable man, as a still *more* amiable man than before, to my heart! In one of the little tales, which was of a gentleman in Spain serenading his mistress; we asked him, If he could not remember a sonnet he spoke of, as a pretty one? He, without answering, sung it in a most agreeable manner; and, at Lucy's request, gave us the English of it.

It is a very pretty sonnet. I will ask him for a copy, and send it to you, who understand the language.

My grandmamma, on Sir Charles's singing, beckoned to my cousin James; who going to her, she whispered him. He stepped out, and presently returned with a violin, and struck up, as he entered, a minuet-tune. Harriet, my Love! called out my grandmamma. Without any other intimation, the most agreeable of men, in an instant, was on his feet, reached his hat, and took me out.

How were we applauded! How was my grandmamma delighted! The words charming couple, were whispered round, but loud enough to be heard. And when we had done, he led me to my seat with an air that had all the real fine gentleman in it. But then he sat not down as before.—

I wonder if Lady Clementina ever danced with him.

My aunt, at Lucy's whispered request, proposed a dance between Sir Charles and her. You, Lady G. observed, more than once, that Lucy dances finely. Insulter! whispered I to her, when she had done, you know your advantages over me!—Harriet, replied she, what do *good* girls deserve, when they speak against their consciences?

My grandmamma afterwards called upon me for one lesson on the harpsichord; and they made me sing.

An admirable conversation followed at tea, in which my grandmother, aunt, my Lucy, and Sir Charles, bore the chief parts; every other person delighting to be silent.

Had we not, Lady G. a charming day?

In my next I shall have an opportunity, perhaps, to tell you what kind of a travelling companion Sir Charles is. For, be pleased to know, that for some time past a change of air, and a little excursion

from place to place have been prescribed for the establishment of my health by one of the best physicians in England. The day before Sir Charles came into these parts it was fixed, that to-morrow we should set out upon this tour. On his arrival, we had thoughts of postponing it, but having understood our intention, he insisted upon its being prosecuted; and, offering his company, there was no declining the favour, you know, early days as they, however, are. And altho' every body abroad talks of the occasion of his visit to us; he has been so far from directing his servants to make a secret of it, that he has ordered his Steward to answer to every curious questioner, that Sir Charles and I were of longer acquaintance than yesterday. But is not this, my dear, a cogent intimation that Sir Charles thinks some parade some delay, necessary? Yet don't he and we know how little a while ago it is, that he made his first declaration? What, my dear (should he be volitional for an early day) is the inference? My uncle too, so forward, that I am afraid of him.

We are to set out to-morrow morning Peterborough is to be our furthest stage one way. Mr Deane insists that we shall pass two or three days with him. All of us, but my grandmamma are to be of this party.

O my dear Lady G. what a Letter is just brought me, by the hand that carried up mine on Saturday! Bless me, what an answer! This wicked wish!—But I have not time to enter into so large a field. Let me only say, That for some parts I must heartily thank you and dear Lady L. for others, I do not, and imagine Lady L. would not have subscribed her beloved name, had she read the whole. What charming spirits have you, my dear, dear Lady G.!—But, Adieu, my ever-amiable Ladies, both.

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXV

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Thrapston, Tuesday Even. October 17

We passed several hours at Broughton (a), and arrived here in the afternoon. Mr Deane had insisted that we should put up at a nephew's of his, in the neighbourhood of this town. The young gentleman met us at Oundle, and conducted us to his house. I have got such a habit of scribbling, that I cannot forbear applying to my pen at every opportunity. The less wonder, when I have your brother for my subject, and the two beloved sisters of that brother to write to.

(a) The seat of the late Duke of Montagu.

It would be almost impertinent to praise a man for his horsemanship, who in his early youth was so noted for the performance of all his exercises, that his Father and General W. thought of the military life for him. Ease and unaffected dignity distinguish him in all his accomplishments. Bless me, madam! said Lucy to my aunt, on more occasions than one, this man is every-thing!

Shall I own, that I am retired to my pen, just now, from a very bad motive? *Anger*. I am, in my heart, even peevish with all my friends, for clustering so about Sir Charles, that he can hardly obtain a moment (which he seems to seek for, too) to talk with me alone. My uncle (He *does* dote upon him) always inconsiderately stands in his way, and can I say to a man so very inclinable to ratiocination, that he should allow *me* more, and *himself* less, of Sir Charles's conversation? I wonder my *aunt* does not give my uncle a hint. But she loves Sir Charles's company as well as my uncle.

This, however, is nothing to the distress my uncle gave me at dinner this day. Sir Charles was observing, upon the disposition of one part of the gardens at Boughton. That Art was to be but the handmaid of Nature—I have heard, Sir Charles, said my uncle, that you have made that a rule with you at Grandison-hall. With what pleasure should I make a visit there to *you and my niece*—

He stopt. He *needed not*. He might have said any-thing after this. Sir Charles looked as if concerned for *me*, yet said, that would be a joyful visit to him. My aunt was vexed for *my* sake. Lucy gave my uncle *such a look*!—

My uncle afterwards indeed apologized to me—*fat-heart*, I was a little blunt, I believe. But what a *due* need there be these niceties observed when you are *sure*?—I am sorry, however—But it would out—Yet you, Harriet, made it worse by looking so silly.

What, Lady G. can I do with this dear man? My uncle, I mean. He has been just making a proposal to me, as he calls it, and with such *honest* looks of forecast and wisdom—Look-ye, Harriet—I shall be always blundering about your *scrupulosities*. I am come to propose something to you that will put it out of my power to make mistakes—I beg you and your aunt to allow me to enter with Sir Charles into a certain subject; and this not for your sake—I know you won't allow of that—But for the *ease of Sir Charles's own heart*. Gratitude is *my* motive, and ought to be *yours*. I am sure he loves the very ground you tread upon.

I besought him for *every* sake dear to himself, not to interfere in the matter, but to leave these subjects to my aunt and me.—Consider.

Sir, said I, *consider*, how very lately the first personal declaration was made.

I do, I will consider every-thing—But there is danger between the cup and the lip.

Dear Sir (my hands and eyes lifted up) was all the answer I could make. He went from me hastily, muttering good-naturedly against *Femalities*.

Deane's Grove, Wedn. Sept. 27

Mr. Deane's pretty box you have seen. Sir Charles is pleased with it. We looked in at Fotheringay-castle (*a*), Milton (*b*), &c. Mr. Charles Deane, a very obliging and sensible young gentleman, attended his uncle all the way.

What charming descriptions of fine houses and curiosities abroad did Sir Charles give us when we stopt to bait, or to view the pictures, furniture, gardens, of the houses we saw!

In every place, on every occasion, on the road, or when we alighted, or put up, he shewed himself so considerate, so gallant, so courteous, to all who approached him, and *so* charitable!—Yet not indiscriminately to every-body that asked him: But he was bountiful indeed, on representation of the misery of two honest families. Beggars born, or those who make begging a trade, if in health, and not lame or blind, have seldom, it seems, any share in his munificence: But persons fallen from competence, and such as struggle with some instant distress, or have large families, which they have not ability to maintain; these, and such as these, are the objects of his bounty. Richard Saunders, who is sometimes his almoner, told my Sally, that he never goes out but somebody is the better for him; and that his *manner* of bestowing his charity is *such*, as, together with the poor peoples blessings and prayers for him, often draws tears from his eyes.

I have over-heard a dialogue that has just now passed between my uncle and aunt. There is but a thin partition between the room they were in, and mine; and he spoke loud; my aunt not low; yet earnest only, not angry. He had been proposing to her, as he had done to me, to enter into a certain subject, in pity to Sir Charles: None had he for his poor niece. No doubt, but he thought he was obliging me; and that my objection was only owing to *Femality*, as he calls it; a word I don't like. I never heard it from Sir Charles.

My aunt was not at all pleased with his motion. She wished, as I had done, that he would not interfere in these *nice* matters. He took offence at the exclusion, because of the word *nice*.¹ She said, He was

(a) The prison of Mary Queen of Scots.

(b) The seat of Earl Fitzwilliams.

too precipitating, a great deal: She did not doubt but Sir Charles would be full early in letting me know his expectations.

She spoke more decisively than she is used to do. He cannot bear her chidings, tho' ever so gentle. I need not tell you, that he both loves and reveres her; but, as one of the lords of the creation, is apt to be jealous of his prerogatives. You used to be diverted with his honest particularities.

What an *ignoramus* you women and girls make of me, Dame Selby! said he. I know nothing of the world, nor of men and women, that's certain. I am always to be *documented*¹ by you and your *minxes*! But the *duce* take your *niceties*: You don't, you can't, poor souls, as you are, distinguish *men*. You must all of you go on in one *rig-my-roll* way; in one beaten track. Who the *duce* would have thought it needful, when a girl and we all were wishing till our very hearts were *bursting*, for this man, when he was not in his own power, would think you must now come with your *hums*, and your *haws*, and the whole *circum-roundabouts* of female nonsense, to *stave-off* the point your hearts and souls are set upon? I remember, Dame Selby, tho' so long ago, how *you* treated your future Lord and Master when you *prank'd* it, as Lady and Mistress. You vexed my very Soul, I can tell you that! And often and often, when I left you, I swore bitterly, that I never would come again as a Lover—tho' I was a poor forsworn wretch—God forgive me!

My dear Mr. Selby, you should not remember past things. You had very odd ways—I was afraid, for a good while, of venturing with you at all—

Now, Dame Selby, I have you at a *why-not*,² or I never had; tho', by the way, your *un-evenness* increased my oddness.—But what oddness is in Sir Charles Grandison? If he is not *even*, neither you nor I were ever *odd*. What reason is there for *him* to run the *Female gauntlope*? I pity the excellent man; remembering how I was formerly vexed myself—I hate this *shilly-shally* fooling; this *know-your-mind* and *not know-your-mind* nonsense. As I hope to *live and breathe*, I'll, I'll, I'll blow you all up, without *gunpowder* or *oatmeal*, if an honest gentleman is thus to be fooled with; and after such a Letter too from his friend Jeronymo, in the names of the whole family. Lady G. for my money! [Ah, thought I, Lady G. gives better advice than she even *wishes* to know how to take!] I like her notion of parallel lines!—Sir Charles Grandison is none of your *gew-gaw whip-jacks*,³ that you know not where to have. But I tell you, Dame Selby, that neither you nor your niece know how, with your *fine* souls, and *fine* sense,⁴ to go out of the common *femality-path*, when you get a man into your gin, however superior he is to common *infanglements*,⁵ and low chicanery, and *dull* and *cold* forms, as Sir Charles properly called

them, in his address to the little *pug's-face*. [I *do* love her, with all her pretty ape's tricks: For what are you all, but, right or wrong, apes of one another?] And do you think, with *all your wisdom*, he sees not through you? He does; and, as a wise man, must despise you all, with your *femalities* and *forsooths*—

No femality, Mr. Selby, is designed—No—

I am impatient, Dame Selby, light of my eye, and dear to my heart and soul, as you are; I will take my own way, in this. I have no mind that the two dearest creatures in the world, to me, should render themselves *despicable* in the eyes of a man they want to think highly of them. And here if I put in, and say but a wry word, as you think it—I am to be called to account.—

My dear, did you not begin the subject? said my aunt.

I am to be closetted, and to be *documentized*,¹ proceeded he—Not another word of your *documentations*, Dame Selby! I am not in a humour to bear them: I will take my own way—And that's enough.

And then, I suppose, he stuck his hands in his sides, as he does when he is good-humouredly angry; and my aunt, at such times, gives up, till a more convenient opportunity, and then she always carries her point (And why? Because she is always reasonable); for which he calls her a *Parthian* woman.

I heard her say, as he stalked out royally, repeating, that he would take his own way; I say no more, Mr. Selby—Only consider—

Oy, and let Harriet consider, and do *you* consider, Dame Selby: Sir Charles Grandison is not a common man.

I did not let my aunt know that I heard this speech of my uncle: She only said to me, when she saw me, I have had a little debate with your uncle: We must do as well as we can with him, my dear. He means well.

Thursday Morning, October 19

After breakfast, first one, then another, dropt away, and left only Sir Charles and me together. Lucy was the last that went; and the moment she was withdrawn, while I was thinking to retire to dress, he placed himself by me: Think me not abrupt, my dearest Miss Byron, said he, that I take almost the only opportunity which has offered of entering upon a subject that is next my heart.

I found my face glow. I was silent.

You have given me hope, madam: All your friends encourage that hope. I love, I revere, your friends. What I have now to petition for, is, A confirmation of the hope I have presumed upon. CAN you, madam (the Female delicacy is more delicate than that of man *can* be) unequally as you may think yourself circumstanced with a man

who owns that once he could have devoted himself to another Lady; CAN you say, that the man before you is the man whom you CAN, whom you DO, prefer to any other?

He stopt; expecting my answer.

After some hesitations, I have been accustomed, Sir, said I, by those friends whom you so *deservedly* value, to speak nothing but the simplest truth. In an article of this moment, I should be inexcusable, if—

I stopt. His eyes were fixed upon my face. For my life I could not speak; yet wished to be able to speak—

If, If *what*, madam? and he snatched my hand, bowed his face upon it, held it there, not looking up to mine. I could then speak—If thus urged, and by SIR CHARLES GRANDISON—I did not speak my heart—I answer—Sir—I CAN—I DO. I wanted, I thought, just then, to shrink into myself.

He kissed my hand with fervour; dropt down on one knee; again kissed it—You have laid me, madam, under everlasting obligation: And will you permit me, before I rise—loveliest of women, will you permit me, to beg an early day?—I have many affairs on my hands; many more in design, now I am come, as I hope, to settle in my native country for the rest of my life. My chief glory will be, to behave commendably in the *private* life. I wish not to be a *public* man; and it must be a very particular call, for the Service of my King and Country united, that shall draw me out into public notice. Make me, madam, soon, the happy *husband* I hope to be. I prescribe not to you the time: But you are above empty forms. May I presume to hope, it will be before the end of a month to come?

He had forgot himself. He said, he would not prescribe to me.

After some involuntary hesitations—I am afraid of nothing so much, just now, Sir, said I, as appearing, to a man of your honour and penetration, affected. Rise, Sir, I beseech you! I cannot bear—

I will, madam, and rise as well as kneel, to thank you, when you have answered a question so very important to my happiness.

Before I could resume, Only believe me, madam, said he, that my urgency is not the insolent urgency of one who imagines a Lady will receive as a *compliment* his impatience. And if you have no scruple that you think of *high* importance, add, I beseech you, to the obligation you have laid him under to your condescending goodness (and add with that frankness of heart which has distinguished you in my eyes above all women) the very high one, of an early day.

I looked down—I could not look up—I was afraid of being thought affected—Yet how could I so soon think of obliging him?

He proceeded—You are silent, madam!—Propitious be your silence! Allow me to enquire of your *aunt*, for your kind, your con-

descending acquiescence. I will not now urge you further: I will be all hope.

Let me say, Sir, that I must not be precipitated. These are very early days.

Much more was in my mind to say; but I hesitated—I could not speak. Surely, my dear Ladies, it was too-too early an urgency. And can a woman be wholly unobservant of custom, and the laws of her Sex?—Something is due to fashion in dress, however absurd that dress might have appeared in the last age (as theirs do to us) or may in the next: And shall not those customs which have their foundation in modesty, and are characteristic of the gentler Sex, be intitled to excuse, and more than excuse?

He saw my confusion. Let me not, my dearest life, distress you, said he. Beautiful as your emotion is, I cannot enjoy it, if it give you pain. Yet is the question so important to me; so much is my heart concerned in the favourable answer I hope for from your goodness; that I must not let this opportunity slip, except it be your pleasure that I attend your determination from Mrs. Sélby's mouth.—Yet *that* I choose not, neither; because I presume for more favour from your own, than you will, on *cold* deliberation, allow your aunt to shew me. Love will plead for its faithful votary in a single breast, when consultation on the supposed fit and unfit, the object absent, will produce delay. But I will retire, for two moments. You shall be my prisoner mean time. Not a soul shall come in to interrupt us, unless it be at your call. I will return, and receive your determination; and if that be the fixing of my happy day, how will you rejoice me!

While I was debating within myself, whether I should be angry or pleased, he returned, and found me walking about the room.—Soul of my hope, said he, taking with reverence my hand; I now presume that you *can*, that you *will*, oblige me.

You have given me no time, Sir: But let me request, that you will not expect an answer, in relation to the early day you *so* early ask for, till after the receipt of your next Letters from Italy. You see how the admirable Lady is urged; how reluctantly she has given them but *distant* hopes of complying with their wishes. I should be glad to wait for the next Letters; for those, at least, which will be an answer to yours, acquainting them, that there is a woman with whom you think you could be happy. I am earnest in this request, Sir. Think it not owing to affectation.

I acquiesce, madam. The answer to those Letters will soon be here. It will indeed be some time before I can receive a reply to that I wrote in answer to Jeronymo's last Letter. I impute not affectation to my dearest Miss Byron. I can easily comprehend your motive: It is a generous one. But it befits me to say, that the next Letters

from Italy, whatever may be their contents, can *now* make no alteration to my part. Have I not declared myself to your friends, to you, and to the world?

Indeed, Sir, they may make an alteration on mine, highly as I think of the honour Sir Charles Grandison does me by his good opinion. For, pardon me, should the most excellent of women think of resuming a place in your heart—

Let me interrupt you, madam.—It cannot *be*, that Lady Clementina, proceeding, as she has done, on motives of piety, zealous in her religion, and all her relations now earnest in another man's favour, can alter her mind. I should not have acted with justice, with gratitude, to her, had I not tried her steadfastness by every way I could devise: Nor, in justice to *both* Ladies, would I allow myself to apply for *your* favour till I had *her* resolution confirmed to me under her own hand after my arrival in England. But were it *now* possible that she should vary, and were you, madam, to hold your determination in my favour suspended; the consequence would be this; I should never, while that suspense lasted, be the husband of *any woman on earth*.

I hope, Sir, you will not be displeased. I did not think you would so *soon* be so *very* earnest. But this, Sir, I say, Let me have reason to think, that my happiness will not be the misfortune of a more excellent woman, and it shall be my endeavour to make the man happy who *only* can make me so.

He clasped me in his arms with an ardor—that displeased me not—on reflexion—But at the time startled me. He then thanked me again on one knee. I held out the hand he held not in his, with intent to raise him; for I could not speak. He received it as a token of favour; kissed it with ardor; arose; *again* pressed my cheek with his lips. I was too much surprised to repulse him with anger: But was he not too free? Am I a prude, my dear? In the odious sense of the abused word, I am sure, I am not: But in the best sense, as derived from *prudence*, and used in opposition to a word that denotes a worse character, I own myself one of those who would wish to restore it to its natural respectable signification, for the sake of virtue; which, as Sir Charles himself once hinted (*a*), is in danger of suffering by the abuse of it; as Religion once did, by that of the word *Puritan*.

Sir Charles, on my making towards the door that led to the stairs, withdrew with such a grace, as shewed he was capable of recollection.

Again I ask, Was he not too free? I will tell you how I judge that he was: When I came to conclude my narrative to my aunt and Lucy, of all that passed between him and me, I blushed, and could not tell them how free he was. Yet you see, Ladies, that I can write it to you two.

Sir Charles, my uncle, and Mr. Deane, took a little walk, and returned just as dinner was ready. My uncle took me aside, and whispered to me; I am glad at my heart and soul the ice is broken. This is the man of true spirit—*Ads-heart*, Harriet, you will be Lady Grandison in a fortnight, at furthest, I hope. You have had a charming *confabulation*, I doubt not. I can guess you have, by Sir Charles's declaring himself more and more delighted with you. And he owns, that he put the question to you.—Hay, Harriet!—Smiling in my face.

Every one's eyes were upon me. Sir Charles, I believe, saw me look as if I were apprehensive of my uncle's raillery. He came up to us: My dear Miss Byron, said he, in my uncle's hearing, I have owned to Mr. Selby, the request I presumed to make you. I am afraid that he, as well as you, think me too bold and forward. If *you* do, madam, I ask your pardon: My hopes shall always be controuled by your pleasure.

This made my uncle complaisant to me. I was re-assured. I was pleased to be so seasonably relieved.

Friday Morning, October 20

You must not, my dear Ladies, expect me to be so *very* minute: If I am, must I not lose a hundred charming conversations? One, however, I will give you a little particularly.

Your brother desired leave to attend me in my dressing-room—But how can I attempt to describe his air, his manner, or repeat the thousand agreeable things he said? Insensibly he fell into talking of future schemes, in a way that punctilio itself could not be displeased with.

He had been telling me, that our dear Mr. Deane, having been affected by his last indisposition, had desired my uncle, my aunt, and him, to permit him to lay before them the state of his affairs, and the kind things he intended to do by his own relations; who, however, were all in happy circumstances. After which, he insisted upon Sir Charles's being his sole executor, which he scrupled, unless some other person were joined with him in the trust: But Mr. Deane being very earnest on this head, Sir Charles said, I hope I know my own heart. My dear Mr. Deane, you must do as you please.

After some other discourse, I suppose, said I, the good man will not part with us till the beginning of next week.

Whenever you leave him, answered he, it will be to his regret; it may therefore as well be soon: But I am sorry, methinks, that he, who has qualities which endear him to every one, should be so much alone as he is here. I have a great desire, when I can be so happy as to find myself a settled man, to draw into my neighbourhood friends who will dignify it. Mr. Deane will, I hope, be often our visiter at

the Hall. The love he bears to his dear god-daughter will be his inducement; and the air and soil being more dry and wholesome than this so near the fens, may be a means to prolong his valuable life.

Dr. Bartlett, continued he, has already carried into execution some schemes which relate to my indigent neighbours, and the lower class of my tenants. How does that excellent man revere Miss Byron!—My Beauchamp, with our two sisters and their Lords, will be often with us. Your worthy cousin Reeves's, Lord W. and his deserving Lady, will also be our visiters, and we theirs, in turn. The Mansfield family are already within a few miles of me: And our Northamptonshire friends!—Visitors and visited—What happiness do I propose to myself, and the beloved of my heart!—And if (as you have generously wished) the dear Clementina may be happy, at least not unhappy, and her brother Jeronymo recover; what, in this world, can be wanting to crown our felicity?

Tears of joy strayed down my cheek, unperceived by me, till they fell upon his hand, as it had mine in it. He kissed them away. I was abashed. If my dear Miss Byron permit me to go on, I have her advice to ask.—I bowed my assent. My heart throbbed with painful joy: I could not speak.

Will it not be too early, madam, to ask you about some matters of domestic concern? The lease of the house in St. James's Square is expired. Some difficulties are made to renew it, unless on terms which I think unreasonable. I do not easily submit to imposition. Is there any-thing that you particularly like in the situation of that house?

Houses, Sir, nay, Countries, will be alike to me, in the company of those I value.

You are all goodness, madam. I will leave it to my sisters, to enquire after another house. I hope you will allow them to consult you, as any one may offer. I will write to the owner of my present house (who is solicitous to know my determination, and says he has a tenant ready, if I relinquish it) that it will be at his command in three months time. When my dear Miss Byron shall bless me with her hand, and our Northamptonshire friends will part with her, if she pleases, we will go directly to the Hall.

I bowed, and intended to look as one who thought herself obliged.

Restrain, check me, madam, whenever I seem to trespass on your goodness. Yet how shall I forbear to wish you to hasten the day that shall make you wholly mine?—You will the rather allow me to wish it, as you will then be more than ever your own mistress; tho' you have always been generously left to a discretion that never was more deservedly trusted to. Your will, madam, will ever comprehend mine.

You leave me, Sir, only room to say, that if gratitude can make me a merit with you, *that* began with the first knowlege I had of you;

and it has been increasing ever since—I hope I never shall be ungrateful: *alors on va, on va, guen ton, ben n'as de l'air, pour...*

Tears again strayed down my cheek. Why did I weep?

Delicate sensibility! said he. He clasped his arms about me—But instantly withdrew them, as if recollecting himself—Pardon me, madam! Admiration will sometimes mingle with reverence. I must express my gratitude as a man—May my happy day be not far distant, that I may have no bound to my joy!—He took my hand, and again pressed it with his lips. My heart, madam, said he, is in your hand: You cannot but treat it graciously.

Just then came in my Nancy [Why came she in?] with the general expectation of us to breakfast!—Breakfast!—What, thought I, is breakfast!—The *world*, my Charlotte—But hush!—Withdraw, fond heart, from my pen! Can the *dearest* friend allow for the acknowledgement of impulses so fervent, and which, writing to the moment, as I may say, the moment only can justify revealing?

He led me down-stairs, and to my very seat, with an air *so* noble, yet *so* tender—My aunt, my Lucy, every-body—looked at me. My eyes betrayed my hardly-conquered emotion.

Sir Charles's looks and behaviour were so respectful, that every one addressed me as a person of increased consequence. Do you think, Lady G. that Lord G's and Lord L's respectful behaviour to their wives do not as much credit to their own hearts, as to their Ladies? How happy are you, that you have recollected yourself, and now encourage not others, by your example, to make a jest of a *husband's* Love!—Will you forgive me the recollection, for the sake of the joy I have in the reformation?—

I have read this Letter, just now, to my aunt and Lucy, all except this last saucy hint to you. They clasped me each in their arms, and said, They admired *him*, and were pleased with *me*. Instruct me, my dear Ladies, how to behave in such a manner, as may shew my gratitude (I had almost said my Love); yet not go so very far, as to leave the day, the hour, every-thing, to his determination!

But, on reading to my aunt and Lucy what I had written, I was ashamed to find, that when he was enumerating the friends he hoped to have near him, or about him, I had forgot to remind him of my Emily. Ungrateful Harriet!—But don't tell her that I was so absorbed in Self, and that the conversation was so interesting, that my heart was more of a passive than an active machine at the time. I will soon *find*, or *make*, an occasion to be her solicitress.¹ You once thought that Emily, for her *own* sake, should not live with us; but her heart

is set upon it. Dear creature! I love her! I will sooth her! I will take her to my bosom!—I will, by my sisterly compassion, intitle myself to all her confidence! She shall have all mine. Nor shall her guardian suspect her.—I will be as faithful to her secret, as you and Lady L. were (thankfully I remember it!) to mine. Don't you think, my dear, that if Lady Clementina [I bow to her merit whenever I name her to myself] had had such a true, such a soothing friend, to whom she could have revealed the secret that oppressed her noble heart, while her passion was young, it would have been attended with such a deprivation of her reason, as made unhappy all who had the honour of being related to her?

O my dear Lady G! I am undone! Emily is undone! We are all undone!—I am afraid so!—My intolerable carelessness!—I will run away from him! I cannot look him in the face!—But I am most, most of all, concerned for my Emily!

Walking in the garden with Lucy, I dropt the last sheet, marked 6, of this Letter (a).

I missed it not till my aunt this minute told me, that Sir Charles, crossing the walk which I had just before quitted, stooped, and took up a paper. Immediately my heart misgave me. I took out my Letter: I thought I had it all—But the fatal, fatal sixth sheet, is wanting: That must be what he stooped for, and took up. What shall I do!—Sweet Emily! now will he never suffer you to live with him. All my own heart laid open too!—Such prattling also!—I *cannot* look him in the face!—How shall I do, to get away to Shirley-manor, and hide myself in the indulgent bosom of my grandmamma?—What affectation, after this, will it be, to refuse him his day!—But he demands audience of me. Could any-thing (O the dear Emily!) have happened more mortifying to

Your HARRIET BYRON?

LETTER XXVI

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Friday Afternoon, October 20

I WAS all confusion when he, looking as unconscious as he used to do, entered my dressing-room. I turned my face from him. He seemed surprised at my concern. Miss Byron, I hope, is well. Has any-thing disturbed you, madam?

(a) Beginning, Why did I weep? p. 104.

My paper, my paper! You took it up—For the world I would not—The poor Emily!—Give it me; Give it me; and I burst into tears.—

Was there ever such a fool? What business had I to name Emily?

He took it out of his pocket. I came to give it to you; putting it into my hand. I saw it was your writing, madam: I folded it up immediately: It has not been unfolded since: Not a single sentence did I permit myself to read.

Are you sure, Sir, you have not read it; nor any part of it?—

Upon my honour, I have not.

I cleared up at once. A blessed reward, thought I, for denying my own curiosity, when pressed by my Charlotte, to read a Letter clandestinely obtained!

A thousand, thousand thanks to you, Sir, for not giving way to your curiosity. I should have been miserable, perhaps, for months, had you read that paper.

You now indeed raise my curiosity, madam. Perhaps your generosity will permit you to gratify it; tho' I should not have forgiven myself, had I taken advantage of such an accident.

I will tell you the contents of some parts of it, Sir.

Those which relate to my Emily, if you please, madam. The *poor* Emily, you said.—You have alarmed me. Perhaps I am not to be *quite* happy!—What of *poor* Emily! Has the girl been imprudent?—Has she already—What of the *poor* Emily?

And his face glowed, with impatience.

No harm, Sir, of Emily!—Only a request of the dear girl! [What better use could I have made of my fright, Lady G?] But the *manner* of my mentioning it, I would not for the world you should have seen.

No harm, you say!—I was afraid, by your concern for her—But can *you* love her, as well as ever? If you can, Emily must still be good.

I can: I do.

What then, dear madam, of *poor* Emily? Why *poor* Emily?—

I will tell you. The dear girl makes it her request, that I will procure of you one favour for her: Her heart is set upon it.

If Emily continue good, she shall only signify her wish, and I will comply. If *I* am not a Father to her, is she not fatherless?

Allow me, Sir, to call you kind! good! humane!

What I want of those qualities, Miss Byron will teach me, by her example.—But what would my Emily?—

She would live with her guardian, Sir—

With *me*, madam?—And with *you*, madam?—Tell me, own to me, madam, *And* with *you*?—

That is her wish—

And does my beloved Miss Byron think it a *right* wish to be granted? Will *she* be the instructing friend, the exemplary sister, now in that

time of the dear girl's life, when the eye, rather than the judgment, is usually the director of a young woman's affections?

I love the sweet Innocent: I could wish her to be always with me.

Obliging goodness! Then is one of my cares over. A young woman, from Fourteen to Twenty, is often a troublesome charge upon a friendly heart. I could not have asked this favour of you. You rejoice me by mentioning it. Shall I write a Letter, in your name, to Emily?

There, Sir, is pen, ink, and paper.

In *your* name, madam?

I bowed assent; mistrusting nothing.

He wrote; and doubling down, shewed me only these words—'My dear Miss Jervois, I have obtained for you the desired favour—Will you not continue to be as good as you have hitherto been?—That is all which is required of my Emily, by her ever-affectionate'—

I instantly wrote, '*Harriet Byron.*'—But, Sir, what have you doubled down?

Charming confidence!—What must he be, who could attempt to abuse it?—Read, madam, what you have signed.—

I did. How my heart throbbed.—And *could* Sir Charles Grandison, said I, thus *intend* to deceive? *Could* Sir Charles Grandison be such a plotter? Thank God you are not a bad man.

After the words, *I have obtained for you the desired favour*, followed these:

'You must be very good. You must resolve to give me nothing but joy; joy equal to the love I have for you, and to the sacrifice I have made to oblige you. Go down, my love, as soon as you can, to Grandison-hall: I shall then have one of the sisters of my heart there to receive me. If you are there in less than a fortnight, I will endeavour to be with you in a fortnight after. I sacrifice, at least, another fortnight's punctilio to oblige you. And will you not continue to be as good as you have *hitherto* been? That is all which is required of my Emily, by, &c.'

Give me the paper, Sir; holding out my hand for it.

Have I forfeited my character with you, madam?—holding it back, with an air of respectful gaiety.

I must consider, Sir, before I give you an answer.

If I have, why should I not send it away; and, as Miss Byron cannot deny her hand-writing, hope to receive the benefit of the supposed deceit? Especially as it will answer so many good ends: For instance, your own wishes in Emily's favour; as it will increase your own power of obliging; and be a means of accelerating the happiness of a man whose principal joy will be in making you happy.

Was it not a pretty piece of deceit, Lady G? Shall I own, that my heart was more inclined to reward than punish him for it? And really,

for a moment, I thought of the impracticableness of complying with the request, as if I was seriously pondering upon it, and was sorry it was not practicable. To get away from my dear Mr. Deane, thought I, who will not be in haste to part with us; some female bustlings to be got over on our return to Selby-house; proposal renewed, and a little paraded with [Why, Lady G. did you tell me that our Sex is a foolish Sex?]; the preparation; the ceremony; the awful ceremony! the parting with the dearest and most indulgent friends that ever young creature was blessed with; and to be at Grandison-hall, *all* within one month!—Was there ever so precipitating a man?

I believe verily, that I appeared to him as if I were considering of it; for he took advantage of my silence, and urged me to permit him to send away to Emily what he had written; and offered to give reasons for his urgency: Written as it is, said he, by me, and signed by you, how will the dear girl rejoice at the consent of both, under our hands! And will she not take the caution given her in it from me, as kindly as she will your mediation in her favour?

Sure, Sir, said I, you expect not a serious answer!—Upon his honour, he did—How, Sir! Ought you not rather to be thankful, if I forgive you, for letting me see that Sir Charles Grandison was capable of such an artifice, tho' but in jest; and for his reflexion upon me, and perhaps meant on our Sex, as if decorum were but *punctilio*? I beg my Lucy's pardon, added I, for being half-angry with her when she called you a *designer*.

My dearest creature, said he, I *am* a designer. Who, to accelerate a happiness on which that of his whole life depends, would not be innocently so? I am, in this instance, selfish: But I glory in my selfishness; because I am determined, if power be lent me, that every one, within the circle of our acquaintance, shall have reason to congratulate you as one of the happiest of women.

Till this artifice, Sir, shewed me what you *could* do, were you not a man of the strictest honour, I had nothing but affiance in you. Give me the paper, Sir; and, for your own sake, I will destroy it, that it may not furnish me with an argument, that there is not *one* man in the world who is to be implicitly confided in by a woman.

Take it, madam (presenting it to me, with his usual gracefulness); destroy it not, however, till you have exposed me as *such* a breach of confidence *deserves*, to your aunt, your Lucy—To your uncle Selby; and Mr. *Deane*, if you please.

Ah, Sir! you know your advantages! I will not, in this case, refer to them: I could sooner rely, dearly as they love their Harriet, on Sir Charles Grandison's justice, than on their favour, in *any* debate that should happen between him and me.

There never, madam, except in the case before us, can be room

for a reference: Your prudence, and my gratitude, must secure us both. Even now, impatient as I am to call you mine, which makes me willing to lay hold of every opportunity to urge you for an early day, I will endeavour to subdue that impatience, and submit to your will. Yet let me say, that if I did not think your heart one of the most laudably unreserved, yet truly delicate, that woman ever boasted, and your prudence equal, you would not have found me so acquiescent a Lover, early as you *suppose* my urgency for the happy day.

And is it *not* early, Sir? Can Sir Charles Grandison think me punctilious?—But you will permit me to write to Miss Jervois *myself*, and acquaint her with her granted wish, if—

If! No *if*, madam—Whatever you think right to be done, in this case, that do. Emily will be more particularly your ward than mine, if you condescend to take the trust upon you.

You will be pleased, dear Lady G. to acquaint Emily with the grant of her wish: She will rejoice. God give the dear creature reason for joy; and then I shall have double pleasure in having contributed to her obtaining of it. But, on second thoughts, I will write to her myself; for I allow not that she shall see or hear read every-thing I write to you. [Shall I own to you, that my grandmamma, and aunt, and Lucy, are of your mind? They all three wish—But who can deny the dear Innocent the grant of a request on which she has so long set her heart? And would it not be pity, methinks I hear the world say, some time hence, especially if any mishap [God forbid it!] should befall her, that Sir Charles Grandison, the most honourable of men, should so marry, as that a young Lady of innocence and merit, and mistress of a fortune, which, it might be foreseen, would encourage the attempts of designing men, could not have lived with his wife?—Poor child!—Then would the *world* have shaken its wise head (allow the expression); and well for me if it had judged so mildly of me.]

Our dear Mr. Deane, tho' reluctantly, has consented that we shall leave him on Monday next. We shall set out directly for Selby-house, where we propose to be the same night. My aunt and I have been urgent with him to go back with us; but he is cross, and *will* be excused.

Just now Lucy tells me, that Mr. Deane declared to my uncle, aunt, and her, that he will not visit us at Selby-house till we send for him and the settlements together, which he will have ready in a week—Strange expedition! Sure they are afraid your brother will change his mind, and are willing to put it out of the poor man's power to recede! Lucy smiles at me, and is sure, she says, that she may in confidence reveal all these matters to me, without endangering my *life*. My next Letter will be from Selby-house.

While that life continues, my dear Ladies, look upon me as assuredly

Yours, HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXVII

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Monday, Oct. 23

GO on, go on, with your narratives, my dear. Hitherto Caroline and I know not how either much to blame you, or totally to acquit you of *parade*, the man and his situation considered; and the state of your heart for so many months past; every one of your friends—consenting, shall I say?—*more* than consenting—*ardent*, to be related to him. Hark ye, Harriet, let me whisper you—My brother, whether he come honestly, or not, by his knowlege, I dare say, thinks not so highly of the Free-masonry part of marriage as you do!—You start. O Charlotte! you cry:—And, O Harriet! too—But, my dear girl, let my brother see, that you think (and no woman in the world does, if you don't) that the true modesty, after hearts are united, is to think little of parade, and much of the social happiness that awaits two worthy minds united by Love, and conformity of sentiment—After all, we are silly creatures, Harriet: We are afraid of wise men. No wonder that we seldom choose them, when a fool offers. I wish I knew the man, however, who dared to say this in my hearing.

Your grandmother Shirley is more than woman: My brother prodigiously admires her. I think you may trust to her judgment, if you suppose him too precipitating. Your aunt is an excellent woman! But I never knew a woman or man, who valued themselves on delicacy, and found themselves consulted upon it, but was apt to over-do the matter. Is not this a little, a *very* little, Mrs. Selby's case? Let her know, that I bid you ask this question of herself: She must be assured that I equally love and honour her; so won't be angry.

Your uncle is an odd, but a very honest Dunstable¹ soul! Tell him, I say so; but withal, that he should leave women to act as *women*, in these matters. *What a duce, what a pize*, would he expect perfection from them? He, whose arguments always run in the depreciating strain? If he *would*, ask him, *Where* should they have it, conversing, as they are obliged to do, with men? Men for their fathers, for their brothers, for their uncles—They *must* be a *little* silly, had they not a *fund* of silliness in themselves.—But I would not have them be most *out*,² in matters where they should be most *in*.

I think, however, so does Lady L. that so far as you have proceeded, you are tolerable; tho' not half so clever as he, considering situations. Upon my word, Harriet, allowing for every-thing, neither of Sir Charles Grandison's sisters expected that their brother would

have made so ardent, so polite, a Lover. He is so *prudent* a man, and that once had like to have been one of *your*, even *your* objections.—Yet so nobly sincere—so manly. O that my ape—But come, Harriet, as men go in this age of monkeys and Sir Foplings, Lord G. (for all *you*) is not to be despised. I, as a good wife ought, will take his part, whoever runs him down. Where much is not given, much, and-so-forth—

I have told Emily the good news: I could not help it, tho' you promise to write to her.

Poor thing! she is all ecstasy! She is not the only one who seeks, as her greatest good, what may possibly prove her greatest misfortune. But, for her sake, for your sake, and my brother's, I hope, under your directing eye, and by prudent management (the flame so young) a *little* cold water will do; and that if it *will* blaze, it may be directed towards Beauchamp's house.

Let me whisper you again, Harriet—Young girls finding themselves vested with new powers, and a set of new inclinations, turn their staring eyes out of themselves; and the first man they see, they imagine, if he be a single man, and but simpers at them, they must receive him as a Lover: Then they return downcast for ogle, that he may ogle on without interruption. They are soon brought to write answers to Letters which confess flames the writer's heart never felt. The girl doubts not her own gifts, her own consequence; she wonders that her father, mother, and other friends, never told her of these new-found excellencies: She is more and more beautiful in her own eyes, as he more and more flatters her. If her parents are *a*-verse, the girl is *per*-verse; and the more, the less discretion there is in her passion. She adopts the word *constancy*; she declaims against *persecution*; she calls her idle flame, LOVE; which only was a Something she knew not what to make of—and, like a wandering bee, had it not settled on this flower, would on the next, were it either bitter or sweet.

And this generally, with the thoughtless, is the beginning and progress of that formidable invader, miscalled *Love*; a word very happily at hand, to help giddy creatures to talk with, and look without confusion of face on, a man telling them a thousand lyes, and hoping, perhaps by illaudable means, to attain an end not in *itself* illaudable, when duty and discretion are, the one the guide, the other the gentle restraint.

But as to Emily—I depend on her *principles*, as well as on your affectionate discretion (when you will be pleased, among ye, to permit my brother *to be actually yours*) for restraining her imagination. There never beat in Female bosom an honester heart. Poor thing! she is *but* a girl! And who is the woman, or child, that looks on my brother without love and reverence?

For Emily's sake, you see, you must not have too many of your honest uncle's *circum-roundabouts*. He makes us laugh. I love to have him angry with his Dame Selby. Dear Harriet! when your heart's quite at ease, give us the courtship of the odd soul to *the light of his eyes*;¹ *his* oddness, and *her* delicacy! A charming contrast! You *did* help us to a little of it once (*a*), you know. Theirs, on the woman's side, could not be a match of Love at first: But who so happy as they? I am convinced, Harriet, that Love on one side, and discretion on the other, is enough in conscience; and, in short, much better than Love on both: For what room can there be for discretion, in the latter case? The man is guilty of an heterodoxy in Love, you know, who is *prudent*, or but suspected of being so!—Ah Harriet, Harriet! once more I say, we women are foolish creatures in our Love-affairs; and know not what's best for ourselves.—In your stile—'Don't you think so, Lucy?'—Yet I admire Lucy—She got over an improperly-placed Love; and now, her mad fit over [We have *all* little or much of it; *begun*, as I told you how] she is *so* cool, *so* quiet, *so* sedate—Yet once I make no doubt, looking forward to her present happy quiescence, would have thought it a state of insipidity. Dearly do we love racketing; and, another whisper, some of us to be racketed—But not *you*! you are an exception. Yes, to be sure!—But I believe you'll think me mad.

We like my brother's little trick upon you in the Billet he wrote, and which you signed, as if to Emily. You see how earnest he is, my dear. I long for his next Letters from Italy: I think that is a lucky plea enough for you, if you suppose parade necessary.

We have got Everard among us again. The sorry fellow—O Harriet! had you seen him, with his hat upon his two thumbs, bowing, cringing, blushing, confounded, when first he came into my royal presence—But I, from my throne, extended the golden sceptre to him, as I knew I should please my brother by it. He sat down, when I bid him, twisted his lips, curdled² his chin, hemm'd, stole a look of reverence at me, looked down when his eyes met mine; *mine* bold as innocence, *his* conscious as guilt; hemm'd again, turned his hat about; then with one of his not quite-forgotten airs of pertness, putting it under his arm, shook his ears, tried to look up, then his eye sunk again under my broader eye.—O my dear!—What a paltry creature is a man vice-bitten! and sensible of detected folly, and obligation!

Sir Charles has made a man of him, once more. His dress is as gay as ever; and, I dare say, he struts as much in it as ever, in company that knows not how he came by it. *He* reformed!—Bad habits are of the Jerusalem artichoke-kind; once planted, there is no getting them out of the ground.

(a) See p. 96, & seq.

Our good Dr. Bartlett is also with us, at present: He is in hopes of seeing my brother in town—'In town,' Harriet!—and the great affair un-solemnized!—Woe be to you, if—But let's see how you act when left to yourself. Prudent people, in other's matters, are not always prudent in their own; especially in their Love-affairs. A little over-nicety at setting out, will carry them into a road they never intended to amble in; and then they are sometimes obliged to the *less* prudent to put them in the path they set out from. Remember, my dear, *I* am at hand, if you bewilder yourself.

Dr. Bartlett tells us, that my brother has extricated this poor creature from his entanglements with his woman, by his interposition only by Letter: Some money, I suppose. The Doctor desires to be silent, on the means; but hints, however, that Everard will soon be in circumstances not unhappy.

I have got the Doctor to explain himself. Every day produces some new instances of womens follies. What would poor battered rakes and younger brothers do, when on their last legs, were it not for good-natured widows?—Ay, and sometimes for forward maids? This wretch, it seems, has acquitted himself so handsomely in the discharge of the *100l.* which he owed to his wine-merchant's relict, and the Lady was so full of acknowledgements, and obligations, and all that, for being paid but her due, that he has ventured to make addresses to her (Love, as it is called): and is well received. He behaves with more spirit before her, I suppose, than he does before me.

The widow had a plain, diligent, honest man, before. She has what is called *taste*, forsooth, or believes she has. She thinks Mr. Grandison a finer gentleman than him who left her in a condition to be thought worthy of the address of a gayer man. She prides herself, it seems, in the relation that her marriage will give her to a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character. Much *worse* reasons will have weight, when a woman finds herself inclined to change her condition. But Everard is very earnest that my brother should know nothing of the matter till all is over: So you (as I) have this piece of news in confidence. Lady L. has not been told it. His cousin, he says, who refused him his interest with Miss Mansfield, Lady W's sister, because he thought a further time of probation, with regard to his avowed good resolutions, necessary, would perhaps, for the widow's sake, if applied to, *put a spoke in his wheel*.

Everard, I can hardly allow myself to call him Grandison, avows a vehement passion for the widow. She is *rich*.—When they are set out together in *taste*, as she calls it, trade, or business, her first rise,

quite forgot, what a gay, what a frolick dance will she and her new husband, in a little while, lead up, on the grave of her poor, plain, despised one!

'Tis well, 'tis well, my dear Harriet, that I have a multitude of faults myself [Witness, to go no further back, this Letter] or I should despise nine parts of the world out of ten.

I find that Sir Charles, and Beauchamp, and Dr. Bartlett, correspond. Light is hardly more active than my brother, nor lightning more quick, when he has any-thing to execute that must or ought to be done. I believe I told you early, that was a part of his character. You must not then wonder, or be offended [Shall I use the word *offended*, my dear?] that you, in your turn, now he has found himself at liberty to address you, should be affected by his adroitness and vivacity in your *Femalities*, as uncle Selby calls them: Aptly enough, I think; tho' I do not love that men should be so impudent, as either to find us out, or abuse us. You cannot always, were you to *think* him too precipitating, separate bad qualities from good in the same person; since, perhaps, the one is the constitutional occasion of the other. Could he, for example, be half so useful a friend as he is, if he were to dream over a Love-affair, as you would seem to have him; in other words, gape over his ripened fruit till it dropt into his yaw-yaw-yawning mouth? He'll certainly get you, Harriet, within, or near, his proposed time. Look about you: He'll have you, before you know where you are. By *hook*, as the saying is, will he pull you to him, struggle as you will (he has already got hold of you) *or by crook*; inviting, nay, compelling you, by his generosity, gentle shepherd-like, to nymph as gentle. What you do, therefore, do with such a grace as may preserve to you the appearance of having it in your power to lay an obligation upon him. It is the opinion of both his sisters, that he values you more for your noble expansion of heart, and not ignorant, but generous frankness of manners, yet mingled with dignity; than for—even—your Beauty, Harriet—Whether you, who are in such full possession of every grace of person, care, as a woman, to hear of that, or not. His gay parterre similitude you remember, my dear. It is my firm belief, that those are the greatest admirers of fine flowers, who love to see them in their borders, and seldomest pluck the fading fragrance. The other wretches crop, put them in their bosoms, and in an hour or two, rose, carnation, or whatever, after one parting smell, throw them away.

He is very busy, where-ever he is. At his inn, I suppose, most. But he boasts not to you, or any-body, of what he does.

He writes now-and-then a Letter to aunt Nell, and she is *so* proud of the favour—Look you here, niece; Look you here!—But I sha'n't shew you *all* he writes.—On go the spectacles—for she will not for

the world part with the Letter out of her hands.—She reads one paragraph, one sentence, then another—On and off go the spectacles, while she conjectures, explains, animadverts, applauds; and so goes on till she leaves not a line unread: Then, folding it up carefully in its cover, puts it in her Letter or Ribband-case, which shall I call it? For having but few Letters to put in it, the case is filled with bits and ends of ribbands, patterns, and-so-forth, of all manner of colours, faded and fresh; with intermingledoms of gold-beaters skin,¹ plaisters for a cut finger, for a chopt lip, a kibe,² perhaps for corns;³ which she dispenses occasionally very bountifully, and values herself, as we see at such times by a double chin made triple, for being not un-useful in her generation. Chide me, if you will; the humour's upon me; hang me, if I care: You are only Harriet Byron, as yet. Change your name, and increase your consequence.

I have written a long Letter already; and to what end? Only to expose myself, say you? True enough. But now, Harriet, to bribe you into passing a milder censure, let me tell you all I can pick up from the Doctor, relating to my brother's matters. Bribe shall I call this, or gratitude, for your free communications?

Matters between the Mansfields and the Keelings are brought very forward. Hang particulars: No-body's affairs lie near my heart, but yours. The two families have already begun to visit. When my brother returns, all the gentry in the neighbourhood are to be invited, to rejoice with the parties on the occasion.

Be so kind, my dear, as to dismiss the good man, as soon as your punctilio will admit. We are contented, that, while he lays himself out so much in the service of others, he should do something for himself. You, my dear, we look upon as a high reward for his many great and good actions. But as he is a man who has a deep sense of favours granted, and values not the blessing the more, when it *ought* to be within his reach, because it is dear (as is the case of the sorry fellows in general) I would have you consider of it—that's all.

The Doctor tells me, also, that the wicked Bolton's ward is dead; and that every-thing is concluded, to Sir Charles's satisfaction, with him; and the Mansfields (reinstated in all their rights) are once more a happy family.

Sir Hargrave is in a lamentable way; Dr. Bartlett has great compassion for him. Would you have *me* pity him, Harriet?—You would, you say—Well, then, I'll try for it: As it was by his means you and we, and my brother, came acquainted, I think I *may*. He is to be brought to town.

Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp! He is past recovery. Had the physicians given him over when they first undertook him, he might, they say, have had a chance for it.

I told you, that Emily's mother was turned Methodist. She has converted her husband. A strange alteration! But it is natural for such sort of people to pass from one extreme to another. Emily every now-and-then visits them. They are ready to worship her, for her duty and goodness. She is a lovely girl: She every day improves in her person, as well as in her mind. She is sometimes with me; sometimes with Lady L.; sometimes with aunt Eleanor; sometimes with your Mrs. Reeves—We are ready to fight for her: But you will soon rob all of us. She is preparing for her journey to you. Poor girl! I pity her. *Such* a conflict in her mind, between her love of you, and tenderness for her guardian! Her Anne has confessed to me, that she weeps one half of the night; yet forces herself to be lively in company—After the example of Miss Byron, she says, when she visited you at Selby-house. I hope, my dear, all will be right. But to go to live with a beloved object—I don't understand it. You, Harriet, may. I never was in Love, God help me!

I am afraid the dear girl does too much for her mother. As they have so handsome an annuity, 400*l.* a year, so much beyond their expectation; I think she should not give, nor should they receive, any-thing considerable of her, without her guardian's knowlege. She is laying out a great deal of money in new cloaths, to do you and her guardian credit—on your nuptials, poor thing! she says, with tears in her eyes—but whether of joy, or sensibility, it is hard to decide; but I believe of both.

What makes me imagine she does more than she should, is, that a week ago she borrowed fifty guineas of me; and but yesterday came to me—I should do a very wrong thing, said she, blushing up to the ears, should I ask Lady L. to lend me a sum of money till my next quarter comes due, after I made myself your debtor so lately: But if you *could* lend me thirty or forty guineas more, you would do me a great favour.

My dear! said I; and stared at her!

Don't question, don't chide me, this one time. I never will run in debt again: I hate to be in debt. But you have bid me tell you all my wants.

I will not, my love, say another word. I will fetch you fifty guineas more.

More, my dear Lady G! that is a pretty rub: But I will always, for the future, be within bounds: And don't let my guardian know it—He would kill me, by his generosity; yet perhaps, in his own heart, wonder what I did with my money. If *he* thought ill of me, or that I was extravagant, it would break my heart.

Only, my dear, said I, remember that 400*l.* a year—Mrs. O'Hara cannot want any-thing to be done for her now.

Don't call her Mrs. O-Hara! She is very good: Call her my mother. I kissed the sweet girl, and fetched her the other fifty guineas.

I thought it not amiss to give you this hint, my dear, against she goes down to you. But do you think it right, after all, to have her with my brother and you?

Lady L. keeps close—She fasts, cries, prays, is vastly apprehensive: She makes me uneasy for her and myself. These vile men! I believe I shall hate them all. Did *they* partake—But not half so grateful as the blackbirds: They rather look big with insolence, than perch near, and sing a song to comfort the poor souls they have so dreadfully mortified. Other birds, as I have observed (sparrows, in particular) sit hour and hour, he's and she's, in turn; and I have seen the hen, when her rogue has staid too long, rattle at him, while he circles about her with sweeping wings, and displayed plumage, his head and breast of various dyes, ardently shining, peep, peep, peep; as much as to say, I beg your pardon, love—I was forced to go a great way off for my dinner.—Sirrr-rah! I have thought she has said, in an unforgiving accent—Do your duty now—Sit close—Peep, peep, peep—I will, I will, I will—Away has she skimmed, and returned to relieve him—when she thought fit.

Don't laugh at us, Harriet, in our mortified state [Begone, wretch—*What have I done, madam?* staring! What have you done!—My sorry fellow came in, wheedling, courting, just as I was pitying two meek sisters: Was it not enough to vex one?] Don't laugh at us, I say—*If you do!*—May my brother, all in good time, avenge us on *you*, prays, in malice;

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXVIII

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Wedn. Evening, Oct. 25

FIE upon you, Lady G! What a Letter have you written! There is no separating the good from the bad in it. With what dangerous talents are you entrusted! and what use do you make of them! I have written two long Letters, continuing my narrative of our proceedings; but I must take you to severe task for this before me; and *this* and *they* shall go together.

Wicked wit! What a foe art thou to decent chearfulness!—In a *woman's* hand such a weapon! What might we not expect from it, were it in a man's? How you justify the very creatures of that Sex, whom you would be thought to despise!

But you say, you would not allow in a man, the liberties you yourself take with your own Sex. How can you, my dear, be so partial to your faults, yet own them to be such? Would you rank with the worst of sinners? They do just so.

I may be a fool: I may be inconsistent: I may not know how with a grace to give effect to my own wishes: I may be able to advise better than act—Most pragmatistical creatures think they can be counsellors in another's case, while their own affairs, as my uncle would say, *lie at sixes and sevens*. But how does this excuse your freedoms with your whole Sex—With the Innocents of it, more particularly?

Let me say, my dear, that you take odious, yes, *odious*, liberties; I won't recal the word: Liberties which I cannot, tho' to shame you, repeat. Fie upon you, Charlotte!

And yet you say, that neither you nor Lady L. know how to blame me much, tho', the man considered, you will not totally acquit me of parade; and in another place, that so far as we have proceeded, we have behaved tolerably. Why, then, all this riot?—yes, riot, Charlotte! against us, and against our Sex? *What*, but for riot's sake?

'The humour upon you!'—The humour is upon you, with a witness! 'Hang you, if you care!'—But, my dear, it would be more to your credit if you *did* care; and if you checked the wicked humour.—Do you think nobody but you has such talents? Fain would I lower you, since, as it is evident, you take pride in your *licence*—Forgive me, my dear—Yet I will not say half I think of your wicked wit. Think you, that there are not many who could be as smart, as surprising, as you, were they to indulge a vein of what you call humour? Do you think your brother is not one? Would not he be too hard for you at your own weapons? Has he not convinced you that he could? But he, a *man*, can check the overflowing freedom.

But if I *have* set out wrong with your brother, I will do my endeavour to recover my path. You greatly oblige me with your conducting hand: But what necessity was there for you to lead me through briars and thorns, and to plunge me into two or three dirty puddles, in order to put me into the right path, when it lay before you in a direct line, without going a bow-shoot about?

Be pleased, however, to consider situation, on *my* side, as well as on your brother's: I might be a little excusable for my awkwardness, perhaps, were it considered, that the notion of a *double* or *divided Love*, on the man's part, came often into my head; indeed could not be long out; the Lady so superlatively excellent! his affection for her, so *allowably*, as well as *avowedly*, strong! Was it possible to avoid little jealousies, little petulancies, when slights were imaginable? The more, for the excellency of the man; the more for my past weakness of *so many months*? I pretend not, my dearest Charlotte, to be

got above nature: I know I am a weak silly girl: I am humbled in the sense I have of his and Clementina's superior merits. True Love will ever make a person think meanly of herself, in proportion as she thinks highly of the object. Pride will be up, sometimes; but in the pull two ways, between that and mortification, a torn coat will be the consequence: And must not the *tatterdemallion* (What a new language will my uncle teach me!) then look simply?

You bid me ask my aunt—You bid me tell my uncle—Naughty Charlotte! I will ask, I will tell, them, nothing. Pray write me a Letter next, that I can read to *them*. I skipt this passage—Read that—'um—'um—'um—Then skipt again—Hey-day! What's come to the girl, cried my uncle? Can Lady G. write what Harriet cannot read? [There was a rebuke for you, Charlotte!] For the love of God, let me read it!—He bustled, laughed, shook his shoulders, rubbed his hands, at the imagination—Some pretty roguery, I warrant: Dearly do I love Lady G. If you love me, Harriet, let *me* read; and once he snatched one of the sheets. I boldly struggled with him for it—For shame, Mr. Selby, said my aunt. My dear, said my grandmother, if your uncle is so impetuous, you must shew him no more of your Letters.

He then gave it up—Consider, Charlotte, what a fine piece of work we should have had with my uncle, had he read it through!

But, let me see,—What are the parts of this wicked Letter, for which I can sincerely thank you?—O my dear, I cannot, cannot, without soiling my fingers, pick them out—Your intelligences, however, are among those which I hold for favours.

Poor Emily! that is a subject which delights, yet saddens, me—We are *laudably* fond of distinguishing merit. But your brother's is so dazling—Every woman is one's rival. But no more of my Emily! Dear creature! the subject pains me!—Yet I cannot quit it.—You ask, If, after all, I think it right that she should live with me?—What can I say? For *her* sake, perhaps, it will not: Yet how is her heart set upon it! For my own sake, as there is no perfect happiness to be expected in this life, I could be content to bear a little pain, were that dear girl to be either benefited or pleased by it. Indeed I love her, at my heart—And, what is more—I love myself for so sincerely loving her.

In the wicked part of your Letter, what you write of your aunt Eleanor—But I have no *patience* with you, sinner as you are against light, and better knowlege! and derider of the infirmities, not of old maids, but of old age!—Don't you hope to live long, yourself? That worthy Lady wears not spectacles, Charlotte, because she never was so *happy* as to be married. Wicked Charlotte! to owe such obligation to the generosity of good Lord G. for taking pity of you in time

[Were you Four or Five-and-twenty when he honoured you with his hand at St. George's church?] and yet to treat him as you do, in more places than one, in this very Letter!

But I will tell you what I will do with this same strange Letter—I will transcribe all the good things in it. There are many which both delight and instruct; and some morning, before I dress for the day, I will [Sad task, Charlotte! But it shall be by way of penance for some of my faults and follies!] transcribe the intolerable passages; so make two Letters of it. One I will keep to shew my friends here, in order to increase, if it be possible, their admiration of my Charlotte; the bad one I will present to you. I know I shall transcribe it in a violent hurry—Not much matter whether it be legible, or not—The *hobbling* it will cause in the reading, will make it appear worse to you, than if you could read it as glibly as you write. If half of it *be* illegible, enough will be left to make you blush for the whole, and wonder what sort of a pen it was that somebody, unknown to you, put into your standdish.¹

After all, spare me not, my ever-dear, my ever-charming friend! spare only your *self*: Don't let Charlotte run away from both G's. You will then be always equally sure of my admiration and love. For dearly do I love you, with all your faults; so dearly, that when I consider your faults by themselves, I am ready to arraign my heart, and to think there is more of the roguery of my Charlotte in it than I will allow of.

One punishment to you, I intend, my dear—In all my future Letters, I will write as if I had never seen this your naughty one. Indeed I am in a kind of way, faulty or not, that I cannot get out of, all at once; but as soon as I can, I will, that I may better justify my displeasure at some parts of your Letter, by the observance I will pay to others. That is a sweet sentence of my Charlotte's: 'Change your name, and increase your consequence.' Reflect, my dear—How naughty must you have been, that such a charming instance of goodness could not bribe to spare you

Your ever-affectionate and grateful

HARRIET BYRON?

LETTER XXIX

Miss BYRON. In Continuation

Selby-house, Tuesday Morning, Oct. 24

MR. DEANE would not go back with us. He laid a strict charge upon me, at parting, not to be punctilious.

I am *not*, my dear Lady G. Do *you* think I am? The men are their own enemies, if they wish *us* to be open-hearted and sincere, and are not so *themselves*. Let them enable us to depend on their candour, as much as we may on that of Sir Charles Grandison, and the women will be inexcusable, who shall play either the prude or the coquet with them. You will say, I am very cunning, perhaps, to form at the same time a rule *from*, and an excuse *for*, my own conduct to this excellent man: But be that as it will, it is truth.

We sent our duty last night to Shirley-manor; and expect every moment the dear parent there with us.

She is come. I will go down; and if I get her by myself, or only with my aunt and Lucy, I will tell her a thousand thousand agreeable things, which have passed since last I had her tender blessing.

We have had this Greville and this Fenwick here. I could very well have spared them. Miss Orme came hither also, uninvited, to breakfast; a favour she often does us. I knew not, at first, how to behave to Sir Charles before her: She looked so jealous of him! so cold! Under her bent brow she looked at him: Yes, and No, were all her answers, with an air *so* stiff!—But this reserve lasted not above a quarter of an hour. Sir Charles addressed himself to *me*, with so much respect; to *her*, with so polite a freedom; that she could not hold her shyness.

Her brow cleared up; her eyes looked larger, and more free: Her buttoned-up pretty mouth opened to a smile: She answered, she asked, questions; gave her required opinion on more topics than one, and was *again* all Miss Orme.

Every-body took great notice of Sir Charles's fine address to her, and were charmed with him; for we all esteem Mr. Orme, and love his sister. How pleasant it was to see the sunshine break out in her amiable countenance, and the gloom vanishing, by degrees!

She took me out into the lesser parlour—What a strange variable creature am I! said she: How I hated this Sir Charles Grandison, before I saw him! I was vexed to find him, at first sight, answer what I had heard of him; for I was resolved to dislike him, tho' he had been an Angel! But, ah, my poor brother!—I am afraid, I myself shall be ready to give up his interest!—No wonder, my dear Miss Byron, that nobody else would do, when you had seen this man!—But still, let me bespeak your pity for my brother!—Would to Heaven you had not gone to London!—What went you thither for?

Sir Charles kindly enquired of her after Mr. Orme's health; praised him for his character; wished his recovery; and to be allowed

to cultivate the friendship of so worthy a man: And all this with an air so sincere!—But good men must love one another.

Sir Charles has just now declared to my aunt, that he thinks of going up to town, or to Grandison-hall, I forget if they told me which, to-morrow or next day: Perhaps he knows not *to which* himself. I was surprised. Perhaps he is tired with us. Let me recollect—*Thursday was Se'nnight*; Why indeed he has been down with us twelve days!—No less!

But he has no doubts, no suspenses, from *us*, to keep Love awake: His path is plain and smooth before him. He has demanded his day: We think we cannot immediately, and after so short a time past since his declaring himself, give it him—And why should he lose his precious time among us? I suppose he will be so *good* as to hold himself in readiness to obey *our* summons—He expects a summons from *us*, perhaps!—

O my dear Lady G! am I not perverse? I believe I am. Yet where there is room, from past circumstances, to dread a slight, tho' none may be intended, and truly as I honour and revere Lady Clementina, my mind is not always great enough (perhaps from consciousness of demerit) to carry itself above apprehension and petulance, noble as is the man.

My uncle is a little down upon it; and why? Because, truly, my grandmamma has told him, that it is really too early yet to fix the day; and he reverences, as every-body does, her judgment.

But why, he asks, cannot there be preparation making? Why may not something be seen *going forward*?

What! before the day is named? my aunt asks—As Harriet had desired to have his next Letters arrive before she directly answered his question, she could *not* recede.

He went from them both greatly dissatisfied, and exclaiming against womens love of power, and never knowing how to make a right use of it.

A message from Sir Charles. He desires to attend me. I believe I shall be a little sullen: I know my heart: It is all his own; and I am *loth* to disoblige him—But he was far, far more attendant on Lady Clementina's motions: Don't you think so, Lady G? But she was all excellence—Well—But hush!—I say no more!—

I will give you an account of our conversation. I verily believe, that, had he not touched the poor snail with too hasty a finger, which

made her shrink again into her shell, I might have been brought to name the week, tho' not the day.

But I will not anticipate.

He entered with a very polite and affectionate air. He enquired after my health, and said, I looked not well—Only *vexed*, thought I!

It is impossible, I believe, to hold displeasure in the presence of a beloved object, with whom we are not mortally offended. My dearest Miss Byron, said he, taking my passive hand, I am come to ask your advice on twenty subjects. In the first place, here is a Letter from Lady G. recommending to me a house near her own [He gave it to me. I read it]. Should you, madam, approve of Grosvenor Square?'

I was silent: You will guess how my captious folly appeared to him, by what he said to me. He respectfully took my hand—Why so solemn, dear madam? Why so silent? Has any-thing disturbed you? Some little displeasure seems to hang upon that open countenance. Not at me, I hope?

Yes it *is*, thought I! But I did not intend you should see it.—I cleared up; and, without answering his question, said, It is in the neighbourhood of Lady L. I hope?

Thank you, madam, for that *hope*—It is. Nor far from your cousin Reeves's.

I can have no objection, Sir.

I will refer myself, on this subject, if you please, to my sisters, and Lord G. He values himself on his taste in houses and furniture, and will be delighted to be put into commission with my sisters on this occasion: Or shall I stay till the happy day is over, and leave the choice wholly to yourself?

Lady G. Sir, seems pleased with the house. She writes, that there is somebody else about it. It may not, then, be to be had.

Shall I, then, commission her to take it directly?

What you please, Sir.

He bowed to me, and said, Then that matter is settled. And now, madam, let me own all my arts. You would penetrate into them, if I did not. You see, that the great question is never out of my view—I cannot but hope and believe, that you are above regarding *mere* punctilio.—Have you, my dearest Miss Byron, thought, can you think, of some early week, in which to fix my happy day?—Some preparation on your part, I presume, will be thought necessary: As to mine, were you to bless me with your hand next week, I should be aforehand in that particular.

I was silent. I was considering how to find some middle way that should make non-compliance appear neither disobliging, nor affected.

He looked up at me with Love and Tenderness in his aspect; but, having no answer, proceeded:

Your uncle, madam, and Mr. Deane, will inform you, that the settlements are such as cannot be disapproved of. I expect every day some slight tokens of my affection for my dear Miss Byron, which will be adorned by the lovely wearer: I have not been so extravagant in them, as shall make her think I build on toys for her approbation. She will allow me to give her my notions on this subject. In the article of personal appearance, I think that propriety and degree should be consulted, as well as fortune. *Our* degree, *our* fortune, madam, is not mean; but I, who always wished for the revival of Sumptuary Laws, have not sought, in this article, to emulate Princes. In my own dress, I am generally a conformist to the fashion. Singularity is usually the indication of something wrong in judgment. I rather perhaps dress too shewy, tho' a young man, for one who builds nothing on outward appearance: But my father loved to be dressed. In matters which regard not morals, I chose to appear to his friends and tenants, as not doing discredit to his magnificent spirit (*a*). I could not think it becoming, as those perhaps do, who have the direction of the royal stamp on the coin, to set my face the contrary way to that of my predecessor. In a word, all my father's steps, in which I could tread, I did; and have chosen rather to build upon, than demolish, his foundations.—But how does my vanity mislead me! I *have* vanity, madam; I have pride, and some consequential failings, which I cannot always get above: But, anxious as I ever shall be for your approbation, my whole heart shall be open to you; and every motive, every spring of action, so far as I can trace it, be it to my advantage or not, shall be made known to you. Happy the day that I became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett! He will tell you, madam, that I am corrigible. You must perfect, by your sweet conversation, *un-coupled* with fear, what Dr. Bartlett has so happily begun; and I shall then be more worthy of you than at present I am.

O, Sir, you do me too much honour! You must be *my* monitor. As to the ornaments you speak of, I hope I shall always look upon simplicity of manners a grateful return to the man I shall vow to honour, and a worthy behaviour to all around me, as my principal ornaments!

His eyes glistened. He bowed his face upon my hand, to hide, as I thought, his emotion. Excellent Miss Byron! said he: Then, after a pause, Now let me say, that I have the happiness to find my humble application to you acceptable to every one of your friends. The only woman on earth, whom, besides yourself, I ever could have wished to call mine, and all her ever-to-be respected family (pleading their

(*a*) Miss Byron observes, part 1, p. 182, that Sir Charles's dress and equipage are rather gay than plain. She little thought, at that time, that he had such a reason to give for it as he here suggests.

own sakes) join their wishes in my favour; and, were you to desire it, would, I am sure, signify as much to you under their own hands. I know not whether I could so far have overcome my own scruples in behalf of your delicacy (placing myself, as persons always ought when they hope for favour, in the granter's place) as to supplicate you so *soon* as I have done, but at the earnest request of a family, and for the sake of a Lady, I must ever hold dear. The world about you *expects* a speedy celebration. I have not, I own, been backward to *encourage* the expectation: It was impossible to conceal from it the motive of my coming down, as my abode was at an inn. I came with an equipage, because my pride (How great is my pride!) permitted me not to own that I doubted. Have you, madam, a material objection to an early day? Be so good to inform me, if you have. I wish to remove every shadow of doubt from your heart.

I was silent. He proceeded:

Let me not pain you, madam!—lifting my hand to his lips—I would not pain you for the world. You have seen the unhappy Olivia! You have perhaps heard her story from herself. What must be the cause upon which self-partiality cannot put a gloss? Because I knew not how (It was shocking to my nature) to repulse a Lady, she took my pity for encouragement. Pity from a *Lady* of a man, is noble—The declaration of pity from a *man* for a woman, may be thought a vanity bordering upon insult. Of such a nature is *not* mine—She has some noble qualities—From my heart, for her character's sake, I pity Olivia! and the more, for that violence of temper which she never was taught to restrain. If, madam, you have any scruples on *her* account, own them: I will, for I honestly *can*, remove them.

O Sir! None! None!—Not the least, on that unhappy Lady's account—

Let me say, proceeded he, that Olivia reveres you, and wishes you (I hope cordially, for she is afraid still of your sister-excellence) to be mine. Give me leave to boast (It *is* my boast), that tho' I have had pain from individuals of your Sex, I can look back on my past life, and bless God that I never, from *childhood* to *manhood*, WILFULLY gave pain either to the MOTHERLY or SISTERLY heart(a); nor from *manhood* to the *present hour*, to any other woman.

O Sir! Sir!—What is it you call *pain*, if at this instant (and I said it with tears) *that* which your goodness makes me feel, is not so?—The dear, the excellent Clementina! What a perverseness is in *her* fate! She, and she *only*, could have deserved you!

He bent his knee to the greatly-honoured Harriet—I acknowledge with transport, said he, the joy you give me by your magnanimity; such a more than sisterly magnanimity to that of Clementina. How

(a) See his mother's written acknowledgement to this purpose, part 1, p. 368.

nobly do you authorize my regard for *her*!—In *you*, madam, shall I have all *her* excellencies, without the abatements which must have been allowed, had she been mine, from considerations of Religion and Country. Believe me, madam, that my Love of her, if I know my heart, is of such a nature, as never can abate the fervor of that I vow to you. To both of you, my principal attachment was to MIND: Yet let me say, that the *personal* union, to which you discourage me not to aspire, and the *duties* of that most intimate of all connexions, will preserve to *you* the *due* preference; as (allow me to say) it would have done to *her*, had she accepted of my vows.

O Sir! believe me incapable of affectation, of petulance, of disguise! My heart (Why should I not speak freely to Sir Charles Grandison?) is wholly yours!—It never knew another Lord! I will flatter myself, that, had you never known Lady Clementina, and had she not been a prior Love, you never would have had a divided heart!—What pain must you have had in the conflict! My regard for you, bids me acknowledge my own vanity, in my pity for you!

I gushed into tears—You must leave me, Sir—I cannot bear the exaltation you have given me!

I turned away my face: I thought I should have fainted.

He clasped me to his bosom: He put his cheek to mine: For a moment we neither of us could speak.

He broke the short silence. I dread the effects on your tender health, of the pain I, or rather your own greatness of mind, give you. Beloved of my heart! kissing my cheek, wet at that moment with the tears of both, forgive me!—And be assured, that Reverence will *always* accompany my Love. Will it be too much, just now, to re-urge the day that shall answer the wishes of Clementina, of her noble brothers, of all our own friends, and make you wholly mine?

His air was so noble; his eyes shewed so much awe, yet such manly dignity, that my heart gave way to its natural impulse—Why, Sir, should I not declare my reliance on your candour? My honour, in the world's eye, I entrust to you: But bid me not do an improper thing, lest my desire of obliging you should make me forget myself.

Was not this a generous resignation? Did it not deserve a generous return? But he, even Sir Charles Grandison, endeavoured to make his advantage of it. Letters from Italy unreceived! as if he thought my reference to those a punctilio also.

What a deposit!—Your honour, madam, is safely entrusted. Can punctilio be honour?—It is but the shadow of it. What but *that* stands against your grant of an early day?—Do not think me misled by my impatience to call you mine, to take an undue advantage of your condescension. Is it not the happiness of *both* that I wish to confirm? And shall I suffer false delicacy, false gratitude, to take

place of the true?—Allow me, madam—But you seem uneasy—I will prolong the time I had intended to beg you would permit me to limit you to. Let me request from you the choice of some one happy day, before the expiration of the next *fourteen*—

Consider, Sir!—

Nothing, madam, happening in my behaviour to cause you to revoke the generous trust: From *abroad* there cannot.

He looked to be in earnest in his request: Was it not *almost* an ungenerous return to my confidence in him? Twelve days only had elapsed since his personal declaration; the Letters from Italy which he had allowed me to wait for, unreceived; Lady D. one of the most delicate-minded of women, knowing too my preferable regard for your brother: And must not the *hurry* have the worse appearance for *that*? No preparation yet thought of: My aunt thinking his former urgency, greatly as she honours him, rather *too* precipitating—My spirits, hurried before, were really affected. Do not call me a silly girl, dearest Lady G: I endeavoured to speak; but, at the instant, could not distinctly.

I am sorry, madam, that what I have said has so much disturbed you. Surely, some one day in the fourteen—

Indeed, indeed, Sir, interrupted I, you have surprised me: I did not think you could have wished *so* to limit me—I did not expect—

What, loveliest of women! will you *allow* me to expect? The day is still at your own choice. Revoke not, however, the generous concession, till Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and our Lucy, are consulted. Will you, dearest madam, be determined by them?

Say not, Sir, to any of them, after such an instance of my confidence in you—for the honour of your accustomed generosity, say it not—that you could so limit me; and I will endeavour to forget it.

Consider, my dearest Miss Byron—

I believe my grandmamma is come, said I—

They are all goodness: They will indulge me. I will tell you, madam, taking my hand, and seating me, what is my intention, if you approve of it. All the country suppose that my application for your favour meets with encouragement: They expect, as I have told you, a speedy solemnization. I took my lodgings at some little distance from you, at a place of public entertainment; perhaps (pardon me, madam, for the sake of my ingenuousness) with some view, that the general talk [See, Lady G! it is well he is a good man!] would help to accelerate my happy day: But, madam, to continue my daily visits from thence, when my happiness is supposed to be near, will not perhaps *look* so well [We *are to be* studious of *looks*, it seems]—Indeed I would not be thought to despise the world's opinion: The world, when it will have patience to stay till it is master of facts, is not always wrong: It

can judge of others, better than it can act itself—The change of my lodgings to others in this house, or in Shirley-manor, will not perhaps be allowed till I am blessed with the hand of the dearest relation of both: I therefore think of going up to town, *declaredly* (Why not?) to prepare for our nuptials; and to return near the time agreed upon for the happy celebration. Then will either this house, or Shirley-manor, be allowed to receive the happiest of men.

He stopt: I was silent. He proceeded, looking tenderly, yet smilingly, in my downcast face, still holding my hand:—And now, dearer to me than life, let me ask you—Can you think it an unpardonable intrusion on your condescending goodness, that I make the time of my return to my Miss Byron not over-tedious?—Fourteen days, were you to go to the extent of them, would be an age to me, who have been for so many days past the happiest man that a person in expectation can be. I do assure you, madam, that I had not the insolence to suppose I was making you a request that was rather expected to be *forgiven*, than complied with. I thought myself not ungenerous to the confidence you reposed in me, that I gave you *so much* time. I thought of a *week*, and began apologizing, lest you should think it too short; but, when I saw you disturbed, I concluded with the mention of a *fortnight*. My dearest creature, think me not unreasonable in my expectations of your compliance—

What, Sir! in a fortnight?—

As to preparations, madam, you know the pleasure my sisters will have in executing any commissions you will favour them with on so joyful an occasion. Charlotte had not *so much* time for preparation. But were *not* every-thing to be in readiness by the chosen day, there will be time enough for all you wish, before you would perhaps choose to see company—Consider, my dearest life, that if you regard punctilio merely; punctilio has no determinate end: Punctilio begets punctilio. You may not half a year hence imagine *that* to be sufficiently gratified. Again I say, Do *you*, madam, consider: Let me adhere to the fourteen days, and within them crown the hope you gave me.

Within them!—Sir! I did not expect—

You tell me, my beloved Miss Byron, interrupted he, what you did *not* expect—Tell me, I beseech you, mistress as you are of one of the noblest of female hearts, what you *did* expect, when you condescend to make me the compliment, that, were it to be carried into effect, would engage my utmost gratitude.

I had not thought of *any* particular time: But I could *not* have made you that compliment, had I thought of a day so *very* early.

You have, madam, you *ought* to have, the option: Yet I own, that your declared generous confidence in me had elated me. The tempta-

tion was too great for me, not to wish to make use of the power you had, as I thought, put into my hands: And allow me to say, that I cannot give up my hope till your grandmamma and aunt decide that I ought.

How, Sir!—And can you thus adhere?—But I will allow of your *reference*—

And be determined by their advice, madam?

But I will not trust you, Sir, with pleading your own cause.

Are you not arbitrary, madam?

In this point, if I am, ought I *not* to be so?

Yes, if you will *resume* a power you had so generously resigned.

May I *not*, Sir, when I think it over-strained in the hands of the person to whom, in better hopes, it was delegated?

That, dear Lady, is the point to be tried. You consent to refer the merits of it to your grandmamma and aunt?

If I *do*, Sir, you ought not to call me *arbitrary*.

It is gracious, bowing, in my sovereign Lady, to submit her absolute will and pleasure to arbitration.

Very well, Sir!—But will you not submit to *my own* award?

Tell me, dear Miss Byron, tell me, if I do, how generous will you be?

I was far from intending—

Was, madam—I hope I may dwell upon that word, and repeat my question?

Am, Sir. I *am* far from intending—

No more, dear madam. I appeal to another tribunal.

Well, Sir, I will endeavour to recollect the substance of this conversation, and lay it, in writing, before the judges you have named. Lucy shall be one.

You will permit me, madam, to see your state of the case, before you lay it before the judges?

No, Sir! None but they must see it, till it makes part of a Letter to Lady G. who then shall shew it only to Lady L.

It is the harder to be thus prescribed to, my dear Miss Byron, because—

What, Sir, in my day?—

That was what I was going to urge, because *mine* will never come. Every day, to the end of my life, will be yours [Dear man!]
—Only, Sir, as I *deserve* your kindness, I wish not for it on other terms. And you shall be then sole judge of my deserts. I will not appeal to any other tribunal.

He gracefully bowed. I think, said he, smiling, I must withdraw my intended appeal: I am half-afraid of my judges; and perhaps ought to rely wholly on your goodness.

No, no, Sir! Your *intention* is your *act*. In *that* sense you have appealed to Cæsar (*a*).

I never before was in Love with despotism. You mention writing to my sisters: You correspond with them, I presume, as you formerly did with *our* Lucy. Let me tell you, madam, that you had not been *Miss Byron*, FOURTEEN days after I was favoured with the sight of those Letters, had I been at liberty to offer you my heart, and could I have prevailed on you to accept it. Your distress, your noble frankness of heart—

And let me own, Sir, as an instance of the frankness you are pleased to encourage, that gratitude for the deliverance you so nobly gave me, had as much power over *my* heart, as the openness of mine, and my distress, could have over yours.

Sweet excellence!—Complete your generous goodness to a grateful heart; it *is* a grateful one; and shorten the days of your *single* power, in order to enlarge it!

Lucy appeared; but seeing us engaged in conversation, was about to retire: But he, stepping to her, and taking both her hands—OUR Lucy, obligingly, said he, you must come in—You are to be one judge of three in a certain cause, that will come before you—And I hope—

No prejudgings, Sir Charles, said I—You are not to plead at all—Yet deeply interested in the event, Miss Selby! said he.

A bad sign, cousin Byron! said Lucy. I begin already to doubt the justice of your cause.

When you hear it. Lucy, make, as you usually do, the golden rule yours, and I have nothing to fear.

I tell you, before-hand, I am inclined to favour Sir Charles. No three judges can be found, but will believe, from his character, that *he* cannot be wrong: *1787*

But from mine, that *I* may! O my Lucy! I did not expect this from my cousin. You must not, I think, be one of my judges.

To this place, I have shewn my three judges. The following is their determination, drawn up by the dear Lady president, my grandmamma:

Sir Charles Grandison, against Harriet Byron
Et è Contra

WE, the underwritten, do find, upon the case laid before us by the said Harriet, That, in the whole conversation between the said Sir

(*a*) Alluding to Festus's answer to St. Paul, Acts xxv. 12.

Charles and her, she has behaved herself with that true virgin delicacy, yet with that laudable unreservedness, that might be expected from *her* character, and *his* merits. We think, the gentleman has the advantage of the Lady in the arguments for the early day contended for: and, if she had defended herself by little artifices and disguises, we should have had no scruple to decide against her: But as she has shewn, throughout the conversation, noble instances of generosity, trust reposed, and even acknowledged affection; we recommend to them both a compromise.

We allow, therefore, Sir Charles Grandison to pursue his intentions of going up to town, *declaredly* to prepare for the happy day; and recommend it to Harriet, in consideration of the merits of the requester (who lays his whole heart open before her, in a manner too generous not to meet with a like return) to fix as early a day as in prudence she can.

For the rest, May the Almighty shower down his blessings on both! May all their contentions, like this, be those of Love, and true Delicacy! May they live together many, very many, happy years, an example of conjugal felicity! And may their exemplary virtues meet with an everlasting reward!—So prays! so subscribes!

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY
 MARIANNE SELBY
 LUCY SELBY

To-morrow morning, when Sir Charles comes to breakfast, this paper will be presented to him by my grandmamma.

I wonder whether Sir Charles writes to Dr. Bartlett an account of what passes here. If he does, what would I give to see his Letters! and, particularly, what he thinks of the little delays he meets with! But do, dear Lady G. acquit me of affectation and parade. Indeed it is not that. I hope he himself acquits me, and censures himself; for, upon my word, he is unreasonably hasty.

I could not but express a little curiosity about his hint of Lady Olivia's favourable opinion of me, tho' not at the time; and he was so good as to shew me, and my grandmamma and aunt, a most extraordinary character which she gave me in a long Letter. I saw it was a long Letter (I was very *Eve-ish*, my dear). Lucy said afterwards, that I did *so leer* at it: An ugly word, importing *sliness*! and, after I was angry at myself for giving her the idea that put her upon applying it, I chid her for using it.

Lady Olivia writes such high things, my dear! I blushed—I did not, could not, deserve them. I always pitied her, you know; but now you cannot imagine how much more than ever I pitied her. Do all of us, *indeed*, as the men say, love flattery?—I did not think I did

—I shall find out all the *obliquities* of my heart, in time. I was supposed once to be so *good* a creature—as if none other were half so good!—Ah, my partial friends! you studied your Harriet in the dark; but here comes the sun darting into all the crooked and obscure corners of my heart; and I shrink from his dazzling eye; and, compared to Him (and *Clementina*, let me add) appear to myself such a Nothing—

Nay, I have had the mortification, once or twice, to think myself less than the very Olivia, upon whom, but lately, secure of my mind's superiority to her mind, I looked down with a kind of proud compassion: And whence this exaltation of Olivia, and self-humiliation?—Why, from her magnifying beyond measure the poor Harriet, and yielding up her own hopes, entreating him, as she does, to address me; and that with such honourable distinction, as if my acceptance of him were doubtful, and a condescension.

I wish I could procure you a copy of what your brother read to me—Ah, my dear! it is very soothing to my pride!—But what is the *foundation* of that pride? Is it not my ambition to be thought worthily of by the best of men? And does not praise stimulate me to resolve to *deserve* praise? I will *endeavour* to deserve it. But, my dear, this Olivia, a fine figure herself, and loving in spite of discouragement, can praise, to the object of her Love, the *person*, and still more, the *mind*, of her rival!—Is not that great in Olivia? Could *I* be so great, if I thought myself in danger from *her*?

LETTER XXX

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Selby-house, Wedn. Oct. 25

SIR CHARLES came not this morning till we were all assembled for breakfast. I had begun to think, whether, if I had been Sir Charles, and he had been Miss Byron, I would not have been here an hour before, expecting the decision of the judges to whom a certain cause was referred. O my dear Lady G.! how narrow-minded I am, with all my quondam heroism! The knowledge of his past engagements with the excellent Clementina, and of his earnest wishes then to be hers, makes me, on every occasion that can be tortured into an appearance of neglect or coldness, so silly!—Indeed I am ashamed of myself. But all my petulance was dispelled, the instant he shone upon us.

Well, my dear Ladies, said he, the moment he took his place, whisperingly to my grandmamma (who sat between my aunt and Ludy), Is sentence given?

It is, Sir Charles—He took my hand, cross my Nancy's lap, as she sat between him and me—I have hopes, my dear Miss Byron [from the foolishness in my looks, I suppose] that you are *cast*.¹

Have patience, Sir, said I—It is well that the best of us are not always to be our own carvers.²

He looked, Lucy said afterwards, with eyes of love upon me, and of apprehension on his judges; and the discourse turned upon indifferent subjects.

I retired as soon as breakfast was over; and he demanded his sentence.

My uncle was, as he called it, *turned out of door* before my grand-mamma gave your brother the paper.

Sir Charles read it—You are not serious upon it, Sir Charles, said my grandmamma.—I am infinitely obliged to you, Ladies, replied he. I love to argue with my dear Miss Byron: I must attend her, this moment.

He sent up Sally before him, and came up. I was in my closet; and scrupled not to admit him.

Henceforth, my dearest dear Miss Byron, said he, the moment he approached me (as I stood up to receive him) I salute you undoubtedly mine—And he saluted me with ardor—I knew not which way to look—So *polite* a Lover, as I thought him!—Yet never man was so gracefully free!—It remains now, madam, proceeded he, still holding my hand, to put to trial your goodness to me [You have done that already, thought I!] in the great question, by which I am to conduct myself for the next week, or ten days.

Week or ten days, thought I! Surely, Sir, you are an incroacher.

You see, Sir, said I, when a little recovered, what judges who, on such points as these, cannot err, have determined.

Yes, they *can*, interrupted he: As *Ladies*, they are parties—But I submit. Their judgment must be a law to me—I will go up to town, as they advise. I cannot, however, be long absent from you. When I return, I will not put up at a public place. Either your uncle, or your grandmother, must allow me to be their guest. This will oblige you, I hope, even for *dear* punctilio sake, to honour me with your hand very soon after my return.

He paused: I was silent. His first address had put me out. Remember, madam, I said, resumed he, that I cannot be long absent: You are above being governed by mere punctilio. Add to the obligations your generous acceptance of me has laid me under—Why sighs my Angel? [It was, my dear Lady G. an involuntary sigh!]
—For the world, I would not give you either sensible or lasting pain. But if the same circumstances would make your nomination of a day as painful to you, some time hence, as now, then bless me with as early

a day as you CAN give me, to express myself in the words of my judges.

This, Sir, said I (but I hesitated, and looked down) is one of the solemn points which precede one of the most solemn circumstances of my life. You seem more in earnest for an early day than I could have expected. When I have declared that affectation has no part in the more distant compliance, I may be allowed, by the nicest of my own Sex; to lay open to a man so generous, tho' so precipitating, my whole heart. Indeed, Sir, it is wholly yours—I blushed, as I felt, and turned away my face. It *was* a free declaration: But I was resolved to banish affectation. He bowed profoundly on my hand, and kissed it. Gratitude looked out in his eyes, and appeared in his graceful manner, tho' attentively silent.

You was my deliverer, proceeded I. An esteem founded on gratitude, the object so meritorious, ought to set me above mere forms—Our judges say, that you have the advantage in the argument.

I will lay no stress, madam, on this part of their judgment in my favour—To your goodness, and to that so nobly-acknowledged esteem, I wholly refer myself.

I myself think, proceeded I, that you have the advantage in the argument—All that is in my power, I would wish to do, to oblige you—

Condescending goodness!—Again he bowed on my hand.

Do you think, Sir—

Why hesitates my Love?

Do you think, six weeks—

Six ages, my dearest, dearest creature?—Six weeks! For Heaven's sake, madam—He looked, he spoke, impatience.

What can a woman, who has owned your title to *expect* to be obliged, say?—Let me, at least, ask (and I unaffectedly hesitated) a *month*, Sir—from this day—And that you will acknowledge yourself not perversely or weakly treated.

He dropt on one knee, and kissing my hand, once, twice, thrice, with rapture, *Within* the month! then I hope—I cannot live a month from you—Allow me to return in the first fortnight of the month—

O Sir! and take up your residence with us, on your return?

Undoubtedly, madam.—Consider, Sir—Do you also, dearest madam, consider; and banish me not from you for so very long a time.

My heart *wanted*, I thought, to oblige him; but to allow him to return sooner, as he was to take up his abode with us, what was that, but, in effect, complying with his first proposal?

Permit me, Sir, to retire. Indeed you are too urgent.

He asked my excuse; but declared, that he would not give up his

humble plea (*humble* he called it) unless my grandmamma and aunt told him, that he ought.

On his leaving me to return to company below, he presented me with four little boxes. Accept, my beloved Miss Byron, said he, of these trifles. I received them not till this morning. While I had the Day to *hope* from you, my heart would not suffer me to offer them, lest you should suspect me mean enough to imagine an influence from them. I oblige myself by the tender, and I comply with custom, which I am fond of doing, whenever I can innocently do it. But I know, that you, my dear Miss Byron, value the heart more than a thousand times the value of these—Mine, madam, is yours, and will be yours to the end of my life.

What could I say?—My heart, on recollection, reproaches me for my ungraceful acceptance. I courtesied. I was silly. Sir Charles Grandison only can be present to every occasion.

He *looked* as if my *not* refusing them was a favour more than equivalent to the value of the presents. My dearest life! said he, on my putting them on my toilette, how much you oblige me!—Shall I conduct you to our friends below? Will you acquaint your grandmamma and aunt with our debate, and my bold expectation?

I stood still. He took my hand, pressed it with his lips, and, with a reverence more than usually profound, as if he had *received* instead of *conferred* a favour, withdrew. Never was a present so gracefully made! I cannot describe the grace with which he made it.

My uncle, it seems, as soon as he went down, asked him, How we had settled the great affair? My grandmamma and aunt in a breath, as he paid his compliments to them, asked him, If their Harriet had been good?—or, as good as he expected?

Miss Byron, said he, has taken more time than I could have wished she had. A month, she talks of.

Has she complied so far? said my grandmamma. I am glad of it. I was afraid she would have insisted upon more time—So was I, said my aunt. But who can withstand Sir Charles Grandison? Has the dear girl given you the very day, Sir?

No, madam. If she had, I should have hoped it would have been considerably *within* the month. As yet, Ladies, I hope it will.

Nay, Sir Charles, if you are not pleased with a month, said my aunt—Hush, dear Ladies!—Here comes the Angel.—Not a word, I beseech you, on that side of the question—She will think, if you applaud her, that she has consented to too short a term—You must not make her uneasy with herself.

Does not this look as if he imagined there was *room* for me to be so?—I *almost* wish—I don't know what I wish; except I could think but half so well of myself as I do of him: For then should I look forward with less pain in my joy than now too often mingles with it.

Your brother excused himself from dining with us: That Greville has engaged him. Why would he permit himself to be engaged by him? Greville cannot love him: He can only admire him, and that every-body does, who has been but once in his company. Miss Orme, even Miss Orme, is in Love with him. I received a note from her while your brother was with us. These are the contents:

Dear Miss Byron,

I am in Love with your young Baronet. It is well that your Beauty and your Merit secure you, and make every other woman hopeless. To see and know Miss Byron, is half the cure, unless a woman were presumption itself. O my poor brother!—But will you let me expect you, and as many of the dear family as you can bring, at breakfast to-morrow morning?—Sir Charles Grandison, of course. Shew your own obligingness to me, and your power over him, at the same time. Your cousin Holles's will be with me, and three sister-toasts of York; besides *that* Miss Clarkson of whose Beauty and Agreeableness you have heard me talk. They long to see you. You *may* come. Poor things! how will they be mortified! If any one of them can allow herself to be less lovely than the others, she will be least affected by your superiority. But let me tell you, that Miss Clarkson, had she the intelligence in her eyes that Somebody else has, and the dignity with the ease, would be as charming a young woman. But we are all prepared, I to love, they to admire, your gentleman. Pray, pray, my dear, bring him, or the disappointment will kill

Your KITTY ORME

Lucy, acquainting Sir Charles with the invitation, asked him, If he would oblige Miss Orme. He was at our command, he said—So we shall breakfast to-morrow at *The Park*.

But I am vexed at his dining from us to-day. So little time to stay with us! I wish him to be *complaisant* to Mr. Greville; but need he be so *very* obliging? There are plots laying for his company all over the county. We are told, there is to be a numerous assembly, all of gentlemen, at Mr. Greville's. Mr. Greville humorously declares, that he hates all women, for the sake of one.

We have just opened the boxes. O my dear Lady G.! your brother is either very proud, or his fortune is very high! Does he not say, that he always consults fortune, as well as degree, in matters of outward appearance? He has not, in these presents, I am sure, consulted either the fortune or degree of your Harriet—Of your *happy* Harriet, I

had like to have written: But the word *happy*, in this place, would have looked as if I thought these jewels an addition to my happiness. How does his bounty insult me, on my narrow fortune!—Narrow, unless he submit to accept of the offered contributions of my dear friends—*Contributions!*—Proud Harriet! how art thou, even in thy exaltation, humbled!—*Trifles*, he called them! The very ornamenting one's self with such *toys*, may, in his eye, be thought trifling, tho' he is not above complying with the fashion, in things indifferent: But, the cost and beauty of these jewels considered, they are *not* trifles. The jewel of jewels, however, is his heart! How would the noble Clementina—Hah, *Pen!* Heart, rather, Why, why, just now, this check of *Clementina?*—*I know why*—Not from want of admiration of her; but when I am allowing my heart to open, then does—Something *here*, in my inmost bosom [Is it Conscience?] strike me, as if it said, Ah, Harriet!—Triumph not; rejoice not! Check the overflowings of thy grateful heart!—Art thou not an invader of another's rights?

LETTER XXXI

Miss BYRON: *In Continuation*

Thursday Morning, Oct. 26

I WILL hurry off a few lines. I am always ready before these fiddling girls: Lucy and Nancy, I mean. Never tedious, but in dressing! They will over-do the morning appearance. I could beat them. So well acquainted with propriety as they are; and knowing the beauty of elegant negligence. Were I not afraid of Lucy's repartee; and that she would say I was laying out for a compliment; I would tell them, they had a mind to try to eclipse Miss Clarkson, and the Yorkshire Ladies. Your brother *supped*, as well as dined, at that Greville's. Fie upon him! I did not think he had so little command of himself!—Vain Harriet! Perhaps he *chose* to be rather *there* than *here*, for *novelty*-sake. I shall be saucy, by-and-by. He is below, strongly engaged in talk with my aunt—About *me*, I suppose: Ay, to be sure! methinks your Ladyship says. He can talk of nobody else!—Well, and what if one would wish he *could* not? [*What are these girls about?*] No less than one-and-twenty gentlemen at Greville's, besides the Prince of them all. They all were ready to worship him. Fenwick looked in just now, and tells us so. He says, that your brother was the liveliest man in the company. He led the mirth, he says, and visibly exerted himself the more, finding the turn of the conversation likely to be what might be expected from such a company of all men. Wretches! Can twenty of them, when met, be tolerable creatures, not a woman among them, to soften their manners, and give polite-

ness to their conversation?—Fenwick says, they engaged him at one time into talk of different regions, customs, usages. He was master of every subject. Half a score mouths were open at once whenever he spoke, as if distended with *gags*, was his word; and every one's eyes broader than ever they were observed to be before. Fenwick has humour; a little: Not much; only by accident. So unlike *himself* at times, that he may pass for a different man. His aping Greville, helps his oddness.—How I ramble! You'll think I am aping my dear Lady G. Mocking's catching!—[*O these girls!*—] I think time lost when I am not writing to you. You cannot imagine what a thief I am to my company. I steal away myself, and get down, before I am missed, half a score times in a couple of hours. Sir Charles sung to the wretches: They all sung. They encored him without mercy.—He talks of setting out for town on Saturday, early. Lord bless me! what shall I do when he is gone?—Do you think *I* say this? If I *do*, I am kept in countenance: Every-body says so, as well as I—But ah, Lady G.!—He has invited all the gentlemen, the whole Twenty-one, and my cousin James, and my uncle, to dine with him at his inn, to-morrow!—*Inn!* nasty inn! Why did we let him go thither?—I am afraid he is a reveller. Can he be so *very* good a man? O yes, yes, yes! wicked Harriet! What is in thy heart, to doubt it? A fine reflexion upon the age; as if there could not be *one* good man in it! and as if a good man could not be a man of vivacity and spirit! From whom can spirits, can chearfulness, can debonnairness, be expected, if not from a *good* man?—I will shew these girls, by the quantity I have written, how they have made me wait. Prating, I suppose, to my Sally, about Sir Charles: They can talk of nobody else.—*Ready!* Yes, you dear creatures! So you ought to have been a leaf and half of my writing ago!—Adieu, Lady G. till our return from Miss Orme's.

Thursday Noon

Just come back from Miss Orme's. Sir Charles and my grand-mamma are now got together, in serious talk. I know I was the subject, by the dear parent's looking often smiling upon me, as I sat at distance, and by his eye (taking the reference, as I may call it, of hers) turned as often towards me; so I stole up to my pen.

We were very politely treated by Miss Orme. Miss Clarkson is a charming young Lady: The three Yorkshire sisters are lovely women. Sir Charles has told us, that mere Beauty attracts only his eye, as fine flowers do in a gay parterre. I don't know *that*, my dear: That's the *philosophical*² description of himself. The *same* men and women are not always the *same* persons. The Ladies, one and all, when his back was turned, declared, that he was the gallantest man they ever were in company with. He said the easiest, politest things, they ever heard

spoken.—They never were in his company *before*: They might else have heard *as* fine. Such dignity they observed (so does every-body), yet so much ease, in all he said, as well as in his whole behaviour—*Born* to be a public man, would his pride permit him to aim at being so!—Not a syllable, however, but what might be said to each with the strictest truth. Sir Charles Grandison [It is Lucy's observation, as well as mine] addresses himself to women, *as* women, not as goddesses; yet does honour to the persons, and to the sex. Other men, not knowing what better to say, make Angels of them, all at once. The highest things are ever said by men of the lowest understandings; and, their bolts once shot, the poor souls can go no further. So silly!—Has not your Ladyship some of these in your eye, who make out the rest, by grinning in our faces, in order to convince us of their *sincerity*? Complimental men don't consider, that if the women they egregiously flatter were what they would have them believe they think them, they would not be seen in such company.

But what do you think the elder sister of the three said of your brother?—She was sure, those eyes, and that vivacity and politeness, were not given him for nothing. *Given him for nothing!* What a phrase is that! In short, she said, that *practice* had improved his natural advantages. *This* I have a good mind to say of *her*—Either she has not charity, or her heart has paid for enabling its mistress to make such an observation. *Practice!* What meant she by the word?—Indeed your brother was not quite so *abstractedly* inattentive, *I* thought, to the Beauty of Miss Clarkson, but he might give some *little shadow* of ground for observation to a censorious person.

I sometimes think, that, free and open as his eyes are, his character might suffer, if one were to judge of his heart by them. Lord L. I remember, once said, that Ladies abroad used to look upon him as their own man, the moment they beheld him.—Innocently so, no doubt, and in their conversation-assemblies. Poor Lady Olivia, I suppose, was so caught! at an unhappy moment, perhaps, when her caution was half-asleep, and she was loth to have it too rudely awakened. But ought I, your Harriet, to talk of this?—Where was *my* caution, when I suffered *myself* to be surprised?—O but my *gratitude* was my excuse. Who knows what Olivia might have to plead?—We have not her whole story, you know. Poor Lady! I pity her! To cross the seas, as she did!—Ineffectually!

But can you bear this pen-prattling; the effects of a mind more at ease than it ever expected to be?

I will go down. *Can* I be so long spared? I am just thinking, that were I one of the creatures called Coquettes, the best way to attract attention, when it grew languid, is, to do as I do from zeal in writing to you—Be always going out and returning, and not staying long

enough in a place to tire one's company, or suffer them to turn their eyes upon any-body else. Did *you* every try such an experiment, Charlotte? But you never *could* tire your company. Yet I think you have a spice of that character in yours. Don't you think so, yourself?—But don't own it, if you do—Hey-day! What's the matter with me! I believe by my flippancy I am growing quite well, and as saucy as I used to be—Poor Lady Clementina! I wish she were happy! Then should I be so:

My dear Lady G. we had a charming conversation this day: My grandmamma and your brother bore the principal parts in it. It began with dress, and fashion, and such-like trifling subjects; but ended in the noblest. You know my grandmamma's chearful piety. Sir Charles seemed at first only designing to attend to her wisdom; but she drew him in. O my dear! he seems to be, yet not to know it, as good a man, as she is a woman! Yet years so different!—But austerity, uncharitableness, on one hand; ostentation, affectation, on the other; these are qualities which can have no place in his heart. Such a glorious benevolence! Such enlarged sentiments!—What a happy, thrice happy woman, thought I, several times, must she be, who shall be considered as a partaker of his goodness! Who shall be blest not only *in* him, but *for* him; and be his, and he hers, to all eternity!

My aunt once, in the conclusion of this conversation, said, How happy would it be, if he could reform certain gentlemen of this neighbourhood! And as they were so fond of his company, she hoped he would attempt it.

Example, he answered, and a *silent* one, would do more with such men than *precept*. *They have Moses, and the prophets.*¹ They know when they do wrong, and what is right. They would be afraid of, and affronted at, a man pretending to instruct them. Decency, from such men, is as much as can be expected. We live in such an age, added he, that I believe more good may be done by seeming to relax a little, than by strictness of behaviour. Yet I admire those, who, from a full persuasion of their duty, do *not* relax; and the more, if they have got above moroseness, austerity, and uncharitableness.

After dinner, Mr. Milbourne, a very good man, minister of a Dissenting congregation in our neighbourhood, accompanied by Dr. Curtis, called in upon us. They are good friends; made so by the mediation of my grandmamma, some years ago, when they did *not* so well understand each other. Dr. Curtis had been with us more than once, since Sir Charles was our visiter. He greatly admires him, you need not doubt. It was beautiful, after compliments had passed

between Sir Charles and the gentlemen, to see the *modest man* shine out in your brother's behaviour. Indeed he was free and easy; but attentive, as expecting entertainment and instruction from *them*; and leading *each* of them to give it in his own way.

They staid but a little while; and when they were gone, Sir Charles said, He wanted no other proof of their being good men, than they gave by their charity, and friendship to each other. My uncle, who, you know, is a zealous man *for the Church*, speaking a little severely of persons whom he called *Schismatics*; O Mr. Selby! said Sir Charles, let us be afraid of prescribing to tender consciences. You and I, who have been abroad, in countries where they account us *worse* than *Schismatics*, would have been loth to have been prescribed to, or compelled, in articles for which we ourselves are only answerable to the common Father of us all!

I believe in my conscience, Sir Charles, replied my uncle, if the truth were known, you are of the mind of that King of Egypt, who said, He looked upon the diversity of religions in his kingdom with as much pleasure as he did on the diversity of flowers in his garden.

I remember not the name of that King of Egypt, Mr. Selby; but I am *not* of his mind. I should not, if I were a King, take *pleasure* in such a diversity: But as the *examples* of Kings are of great force, I would, by making my own as faultless as I could, let my people see the excellence of my persuasion, and my uniform practical adherence to it; instead of discouraging erroneous ones by unjustifiable severity. Religious zeal is generally a fiery thing: I would as soon quarrel with a man for his Face, as for his Religion. A good man, if not over-heated by zeal, *will be* a good man, whatever be his faith; and should always be intitled to our esteem, as he is to our good offices as a fellow-creature.

The *Methodists*, Sir Charles; What think you of the *Methodists*! Say you love 'em; and, and, and, adds-dines,¹ you shall not be my nephew.

You now, my dear Mr. Selby, make me afraid of you. You throw out a menace, the *only* one you could perhaps think of, that would make me temporize. ^{1. 291}

You need not, you need not, be afraid, Sir Charles, said my uncle, laughing! What say *you*, Harriet? *Need* he? *Hay?* looking in my downcast face. Why speak you not, *lovely Love?* Need Sir Charles, if he *had* disoblged *me*, to have been *afraid?*—Hay?

Dear Sir! you have not of a long time been so—

So, *what*, Harriet? So, *what*, dearest? looking me quite down.

Fie, Mr. Selby! said my grandmamma. Sir Charles, stepping to me, very gallantly took my hand—O Mr. Selby, you are not kind, said he: But allow me to make my advantage of your unkindness.

My dear Miss Byron, let you and me withdraw; in compassion to Mr. Selby, let us withdraw: We will not hear him chidden, as I see the Ladies think he ought to be.

And he hurried me off. The surprize made me appear more reluctant than I was in my heart.

Every one was pleased with his air and manner; and by this means he relieved himself from subjects with which he seemed not delighted, and obtained an opportunity to get me to himself.

Here had he stopt, he would have been welcome: But hurrying me into the Cedar-parlour; I am jealous, my Love, said he; putting his arm round me: You seemed loth to retire with me. Forgive me: But thus I punish you, whenever you give me cause: And, dear Lady G. he downright kissed me—My lip; and not my cheek—and in so fervent a way—I tell you every-thing, my Charlotte—I could have been angry—had I known *how*, from surprize. Before I could recollect myself, he withdrew his arm; and, resuming his usual respectful air, it would have made me look affected, had I then taken notice of it. But I don't remember any instance of the like freedom used to Lady Clementina.

My lovely Love, said he, to express myself in your uncle's stile, which is that of my heart, tell me, Can you have pity for a poor man, when he is miserable, who, on a certain occasion, shewed *you* none? See what a Letter Sir Hargrave Pollexfen has written to Dr. Bartlett; who asks my advice about attending him.

I obtained leave to communicate it to you, my dear Ladies. Be pleased to return it to me. I presume, you will read it here.

Dear Dr. Bartlett,

Can your company be dispensed with by the best of men, for one, two, three days?—I have not had a happy hour since I saw you and Sir Charles Grandison at my house on the Forest. All is gloom and horror in my mind: My despondency is, must be, of the blackest kind. It is blacker than remorse: It is all repining; but no repentance: I cannot, cannot, repent. Lord God of Heaven and Earth, what a wretch am I! with such a fortune; such estates! I am rich as Cræsus, yet more miserable than the wretch that begs his bread from door to door; and who oftener meets repulses, than relief. What a glorious choice has your patron made! Youth unbroken; conscience his friend; he cannot know an enemy. O that I had lived the life of your patron! I cannot see a creature who does not extol him. My wine-merchant's name is Danby—Good God! What stories does he tell of him! Lord Jesus! What a heart must he have, that would permit him to do such things as Danby reports of him, of his own knowlege! While I—As young a man as himself, for what I know—With powers

to do good, as great, perhaps greater than his own.—Lord! Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it, for the last three or four years of my life! who might have reached Threescore-and-ten with comfort! whereas now, at Twenty-eight, I am on the very brink of the grave. It appears to me as ready dug: It yawns for me: I am neither fit to die, nor to live. My days are dreadful: My nights are worse: My bed is a bed of nettles, and not of down. Not one comfortable thought, not one good action, to revolve, in which I had not some vile gratification to promote! Wretched man! It is come home to me, with a vengeance.

You prayed by me: You prayed for me. I have not been so happy since—Come, and make me easy—happy I can never be, in this world—For pity, for charity sake, come and teach me how to bear life, or how to prepare for its cessation. And if Sir Charles Grandison would make me one more visit, would personally join in prayer with you and me, a glimpse of comfort would once more dart in upon my mind.

Try your interest with him, my dear Sir, in my behalf; and come together. Where is he?—The great God of Heaven and Earth prosper to him all his wishes, be he where he will, and be they what they will. Every-body will find their account in his prosperity. But I! what use have I made of the prosperity given me?—Merceda gone to his account: Bagenhall undone: Jordan shunning me! Narrow-soul'd Jordan! He is reformed; but, not able to divide the *man* from the *crime*, he thinks he cannot be in earnest, but by hating both. God help me! I cannot, now, if I would, give him a bad example! He need not be afraid of my staggering him in his good purposes.

One favour, for God's sake, procure for me—It is, that the man whose life once I sought, and thought myself justified by the provocation; who afterwards saved mine, for a *time* saved it, reserved as I was for pains, for sufferings, in mind and body, worse than death—That *this* man will be the Executor of my last Will. I have not a friend left. My relations are hungering and watching for my death, as birds of prey over a field of battle. My next heirs are my worst enemies, and most hated by me. Dear Sir Charles Grandison, my deliverer, my preserver, from those bloody Frenchmen, if you are the good man I think you, complete your kindness to him whom you have preserved; and say, you will be his Executor. I *will* (because I *must*) do justice to the pretensions of those who will rejoice over my remains; and I will leave you a discretionary power, in articles wherein you may think I have shewn hatred. For justice-sake, then, be my Executor. And do you, good Bartlett, put me in the way of repentance; and I shall then be happy. Draw me up, dear Sir, a Prayer, that shall include Confession. You cannot suppose me too bad a man, in a

Christian sense. Thank God, I am a Christian in belief, tho' I have been a Devil in practice. You are a heavenly-minded man; give me words which may go to my heart; and tell me what I shall say to my God.

Tell Sir Charles Grandison, that he *owes* to me the service I request of him. For if he had not interposed so hellishly as he did, on Hounslow-heath, I had been the husband of Miss Byron in two hours, and she would have thought it her duty to reform me! And, by the great God of Heaven, I swear, it was my intention to be reformed, and to make her, if I could have had but her *Conjuncty*, tho' not her *Love*, the best of husbands. Lord God of Heaven and Earth! what a happy man had I then been!—Then had I never undertaken that damned expedition to France, which I have rued ever since. Let your patron know how much I owe to him my unhappiness, and he will not, in justice, deny any reasonable, any honest request, that I shall make him.

Lord help me! What a long Letter is here! My Soul complains on paper. I do nothing but complain. It will be a relief, if your patron and you will visit, will pray for, will pity.

The most miserable of men,

HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN

Your brother's eye followed mine, as I read. I frequently wept. In a soothing, tender, and respectful manner, he put his arm round me, and, taking my own handkerchief, unresisted, wiped away the tears as they fell on my cheek. These were his soothing words as my bosom heaved at the dreadful description of the poor man's misery and despair: Sweet humanity!—Charming sensibility!—Check not the kindly gush!—Dew-drops of Heaven! wiping away my tears, and kissing the handkerchief!—Dew-drops of Heaven, from a mind, like that Heaven, mild and gracious!—Poor Sir Hargrave!—I will attend him!

You *will*, Sir! That is very good of you!—Poor man! What a hand, as he says, has he made of it!

A hand, indeed! repeated Sir Charles, his own benign eyes glistening.

And will you be his Executor, Sir?—You will, I hope?

I will do any-thing that my dear Miss Byron wishes me to do; any-thing that may comfort the poor man, if indeed he has not a person in whom he *would* to confide, whether he is *willing* to do so, or not. My endeavour shall be, to reconcile him to his relations: Perhaps he hates them because they are likely to be his heirs: I have known men capable of such narrowness.

When we came to the place where the unhappy man mentions my

having been likely to be his in two hours time, a chilness came over my heart; I shuddered. Ah, Sir! said I, how grateful ought I to be to *my deliverer*!

Ever-amiable goodness! resumed he, How have I been, how am I, how shall I be, rewarded?—With tender awe he kissed my cheek—Forgive me, Angel of a woman! A man can shew his Love but *as a man*. Your heart is the heart I wish it to be! Love, Humanity, Graciousness, Benevolence, Forgivingness, all the amiable qualities which can adorn the Female mind, are, in perfection, yours! Be your Sister-excellence happy! God grant it! and I shall be the happiest man in the world. You, madam, who can pity your oppressor when in misery, can allow of my grateful remembrance of that admirable woman.

Your tender remembrance of Lady Clementina, Sir, will ever be grateful to me.—God Almighty make her happy!—for your sake! for the sake of your dear Jeronymo; and for mine!

There spoke Miss Byron, and Clementina, both in one! Surely you two are informed by one mind! What is distance of countries! What obstacles can there be, to dis sever Souls so paired!

But, Sir!—*Must* Clementina be *compelled* to marry? *Must* the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandison; who still avows her Love, and only prefers her God to him; be *obliged* to give her hand to another man?

Would to Heaven that her friends, tender, indulgent, as they have always been to her, would not drive too fast! But how can I, of all men, remonstrate to them in this case, when they think nothing is wanting to obtain her compliance, but the knowlege that she never *can* be mine?

O Sir! you shall *still* call her yours, if the dear Lady changes her resolution, and *wishes* to be so—*Ought* you not?

And *could* Miss Byron—

She *could*, she *would*, interrupted I—Yet dear, very dear, I am not ashamed to own it, would now the resignation cost me!

Exalted loveliness!

I never, but by such a trial, can be as great as Clementina!—Then could I, as *she* does, take comfort in the brevity of human life. Never, never, would I be the wife of any other man. And shall the *nobler* Clementina be *compelled*?

Good God! lifting up his hands and eyes, With what noble minds hast thou distinguished these two women!—Is it for this, madam, that you wish to wait for the next Letters from Italy? I have owned before, that I presumed not to declare myself to you till I was sure of Clementina's adherence to a resolution so nobly taken. We will, however, expect the next Letters. My situation has not been happy.

Nothing but the consciousness of my own integrity (excuse, madam, the seeming boast) and a firm trust in Providence, could, at certain times, have supported me.

My mind, my Charlotte, seemed too high wrought. Seeing me much disturbed, he resumed the subject of Sir Hargrave's Letter, as a somewhat less-affecting one. You see, my dearest Miss Byron, said he, a kind of necessity for my hastening up. Another melancholy occasion offers: Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp desires to see me, before he dies.—What a chequered life is this!—I received Sir Hargrave's Letter to Dr. Bartlett, and this intimation from my Beauchamp, by a particular dispatch, just before I came hither. I grudge the time I must lose to-morrow: But we must make some sacrifices to good neighbourhood and civility. Poor Greville had a view, by inviting all his neighbours and me, to let himself down with a grace, in a certain case. He made a merit of his resignation to me, before all the company; every one of which admired my dear Miss Byron. Well received as I was, by every gentleman then present, I could not avoid inviting them, in my turn; but I will endeavour to recover the time. Have I your approbation, madam, for setting out on Saturday morning, early?—I am afraid I must borrow of the Sunday some hours, on my journey. But visiting the sick is an act of mercy.

You will be so engaged to-morrow, Sir, said I, with your numerous guests (and my uncle and cousin James will add to the number) that I suppose we shall hardly see you before you set out (early, as you say that will be) on Saturday morning.

He said, He had given orders already (and, for fear of mistakes, should inforce them to-night) for the entertainment of his guests; and he would do himself the pleasure of breakfasting with us in the morning.—Dear Lady Clementina, forgive me!—I shall not, I am afraid, know how to part with him, tho' but for a few weeks.—How could you let him depart from *you*; you knew not but it would be for ever?—But you are a wonder of a woman!—I am, at least at this present writing, a poor creature, compared to you!

I asked his leave to shew my grandmamma and aunt, and my Lucy, as well as his two sisters, Sir Hargrave's Letter. He wished that they *only* should see it.

The perusal cost the three dear friends just named some tears. My grandmamma, Lucy tells me (for I was writing to you when they read it) made some fine observations upon the different situations in which the two gentlemen find themselves at this time. I myself could not but recollect the gay, fluttering figure that the poor Sir Hargrave made at Lady Betty Williams's, perpetually laughing; and compare it with the dark scene he draws in the Letter before me; all brought about in so short a space!

There are, I am told, *worse* men than this: Were those who are but *as bad*, to be apprized of the circumstances of Sir Hargrave's story, as fully as we know them, would they not reflect and tremble at his fate, even tho' that of Merceda (whose exit, I am told, was all horror and despair) and of the unhappy Bagenhall, were not taken into the shocking account?

This last wretch, it seems, his spirits and constitution both broken, is gone, nobody knows whither, having narrowly escaped in person, from an execution that was out against him, body and goods; the latter all seized upon; his wife, and an unhealthy child, and she big with another, turned out of doors; a mortgagee in possession of his estate: The poor woman wishing but for means to transport herself and child to her mean friends at Abbeville; a collection set on foot in her neighbourhood, for that purpose, failing; for the poor man was neither beloved, nor pitied.

These particulars your brother's trusty Richard Saunders told my Sally; and in confidence, that your brother, a little before he came down, being acquainted with her destitute condition, sent her, by him, twenty guineas. He never saw a deeper scene of distress, he said.

The poor woman, on her knees, received the bounty; blessed the donor; owned herself reduced to the last shilling; and that she thought of applying to the parish for assistance to carry her over.

Sir Charles staid not to supper. My grandmamma, being desirous to take leave of her favourite in the morning, has been prevailed upon to repose here to-night.

I must tell you, my Charlotte, all my fears, my feelings, my follies. You are *now*, you know, my Lucy. Something arises in my heart, that makes me uneasy: I cannot account to myself for this great and sudden change of behaviour in Greville. His extraordinary civilities, even to fondness, to your brother! Are they consistent with his blustering character, and constant threatnings of any man who was likely to succeed with me? A turn of behaviour so sudden! Sir Charles and he in a manner strangers, but by character—And did he not so far prosecute his menaces, as to try, wicked wretch! what bluster and a drawn sword would do, and smart for it? Must not that disgrace incense him?—My uncle says, he cannot be a true spirit; witness his compromise with Fenwick, after a rencounter, which, being reported to be on my account, had like to have killed me at the time. And if not a true spirit, may he not be treacherous? God preserve your Brother from all secret as well as open attacks! And do you, my dear Ladies, forgive the tender folly of

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXII

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Friday Morn. Eight o'Clock, October 27*

THE apprehensions with which I was so weak as to trouble you, in the conclusion of my last, laid so fast hold of my mind, that, going immediately from my pen to my rest, I had it broken and disturbed by dreadful, shocking, wandering dreams. The terror they gave me, several times awakened me; but still, as I closed my eyes, I fell into them again. Whence, my dear, proceed these ideal vagaries, which, for the time, realize pain or pleasure to us, according to their hue or complexion, or rather according to our own?

But such *contradictory* vagaries never did I know in my slumbers. Incoherencies of incoherence!—For example—I was married to the best of men: I was *not* married: I was rejected with scorn, as a presumptuous creature. I sought to hide myself in holes and corners. I was dragged out of a subterraneous cavern, which the sea had made when it once broke bounds, and seemed the dwelling of howling and conflicting winds; and when I expected to be punished for my audaciousness, and for repining at my lot, I was turned into an Angel of light; stars of diamonds, like a glory, encompassing my head: A dear little baby was put into my arms. Once it was Lucy's; another time it was Emily's; and at another time Lady Clementina's!—I was fond of it, beyond expression.

I again dreamed I was married: Sir Charles again was the man. He did not love me. My grandmamma and aunt, on their knees, and with tears, besought him to love their child; and pleaded to him my Love of him of long standing, begun in gratitude; and that he was the only man I ever loved. O how I wept in my dream! My face and bosom were wet with my real tears.

My sobs, and my distress and *theirs*, awakened me; but I dropt asleep, and fell into the very same resverie. He upbraided me with being the cause that he had not Lady Clementina. He said, and *so* sternly! I am sure he cannot look so sternly, that he thought me a much better creature than I proved to be: Yet methought, in my own heart, I was not altered. I fell down at his feet. I called it my misfortune, that he could not love me: I would not say it was his fault. It might, perhaps, be his misfortune too!—And then I said, Love and Hatred are not always in one's power. If you cannot love the poor creature who kneels before you, *that* shall be a cause sufficient with me for a divorce: I desire not to fasten myself on the man who cannot love me. Let me be divorced from you, Sir—You shall be at liberty to assign any cause for the separation, but *crime*. I will

bind myself never, never to marry again; but you shall be free—And God bless you, and her you can love better than your poor Harriet. Fool! I weep as I write!—What a weak creature I am, since I have not been well!

In another part of my resverie he loved me dearly; but when he nearly approached me, or I him, he always became a ghost, and flitted from me. Scenes once changed from England to Italy, from Italy to England: Italy, I thought, was a dreary wild, covered with snow, and pinched with frost: England, on the contrary, was a country glorious to the eye; gilded with a sun not too fervid; the air perfumed with odours, wafted by the most balmy Zephyrs from orange-trees, citrons, myrtles, and jasmines. In Italy, at one time, Jeronymo's wounds were healed; at another, they were breaking out afresh. Mr. Lowther was obliged to fly the country: Why, did not appear. There was a fourth brother, I thought; and he, taking part with the cruel Laurana, was killed by the General. Father Marescotti was at one time a martyr for his Religion; at another, a Cardinal; and talked of for Pope.

But still, what was more shocking, and which so terrified me that I awoke in a horror which put an end to all my resveries (for I slept no more that night)—Sir Charles, I thought, was assassinated by Greville. Greville fled his country for it, and became a vagabond, a Cain, the Accursed, I thought, of God and Man—I, your poor Harriet, a widow; left in the most calamitous circumstance that a woman can be in—Good Heaven!—But, avaunt, recollection!—Painful, *most* painful recollection of ideas so terrible! none of your intrusions—

No more of these horrid, horrid incongruities, will I trouble you with! How have they run away with me! I am hardly now recovered from the tremblings into which they threw me!

What, my dear, is the reason, that tho' we know these dreams, these fleeting shadows of the night, to be no more than *dreams*, illusions of the working mind, fettered and debased as it is by the organs through which it conveys its confined powers to the grosser matter, body, then sleeping, inactive, as in the shades of death; yet that we cannot help being strongly impressed by them, and meditating interpretation of the flying vapours, when reason is broad awake, and tells us, that it is weakness to be disturbed at them?—But Superstition is, more or less, I believe, in every mind, a natural defect. Happily poised is that mind, which, on the one hand, is too strong to be affected by the slavish fears it brings with it; and, on the other, runs not into the contrary extreme, Scepticism, the parent of infidelity!

You cannot imagine, my dear, the pleasure I had, the more for my

various dream, when your brother, so amiably serene, Love, Condescension, Affability, shining in his manly countenance, alighted, as I saw him through my window, at the same time I had the call to breakfast—Dear Sir! I could have said, Have not you been disturbed by cruel, perplexing, contradictory visions? Souls may be near, when Bodies are distant. But are we not one Soul? Could yours be unaffected, when mine was so much disturbed?—But, thank God, you are come! Come safe, unhurt, pleased with me! My fond arms, were the ceremony passed, should welcome you to your Harriet. I would tell you all my disturbances from the absurd illusions of the past night, and my mind should gather strength from the confession of its weakness.

He talked of setting out early to-morrow morning. His first visit, he said, should be to Sir Harry Beauchamp; his next to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Poor Sir Harry! he said, and sighed for him.

Tender-hearted man! as Clementina often called your brother! he pitied Lady Beauchamp. His poor Beauchamp!—The loss of a father, he said, where a great estate was to descend to the son, was the test of a noble heart. He could answer for the sincerity of his Beauchamp's grief, on this trying occasion. Of what joy, said he [sitting between two of the best of women, equally fond of him, speaking low] was I, was *my* father, deprived! He had allowed me to think of returning to the arms of his paternal love. I make no doubt, but on looking into his affairs (his son, perhaps his steward) he would have done for his daughters, what I have done for my sisters. We should both of us have had a new life to begin, and pursue: A happy one, from my duty and his indulgence, it must have been. I had planned it out.—With all humility I would, by degrees, have laid it before him, first one part, then another, as his condescension would have countenanced me.

Vile, vile resveries!—Must not this young man be the peculiar care of Heaven? How could my disturbed imagination terrify me but in a dream, that the machinations of the darkest mind (as his must be [Greville is not so bad a man] who could meditate violence against virtue so sacredly guarded) could be permitted to prevail against his life!

My grandmamma once, with tears in her eyes, as he talked of taking leave, laid her hand upon his, and instantly withdrew it, as if she thought the action too free. He took her hand, and, with both his, lifted it to his lips—Venerable goodness! he called her. She looked *so* proud, and *so* comforted! every one *so* pleased!—It is a charming thing to see blooming youth fond of declining age!

They dropt away one by one, and I found myself left alone with him. Sweetly tender was his address to me!—How shall I part with

my Harriet? said he. My eyes were ready to overflow. By a twinkling motion, I thought to disperse over the whole eye the self-felt too ready tear: My upper-lip had the motion in it, throbbing, like the pulsation which we call the life-blood—I was afraid to speak, for fear of bursting into a fit of tenderness; yet was conscious that my very silence was more expressive of tenderness than speech could have been. With what delight did his eager eye (as mine, now-and-then glancing upward, discovered) meditate my downcast face, and silent concern! Yet such was his delicacy, that he took not that notice of it, in words, which, if he had, would have added to my confusion: It was enough for him, that he saw it. As he was contented *silently* to enjoy the apparent affection, I am not sorry he *did* see it. He merited even open and unreserved assurances of Love. But I the sooner recovered my spirits, for his delicate non-observance. I could not, circumstanced as we were, say I *wished* for his speedy return; yet, my dear, my purest wishes were, that he would not be long absent. My grandmamma pleases herself with having the dear man for her inmate, on his return: There is therefore no need, for the sake of the world's speech, to abridge my month; yet *ought* we to be shy of giving consequence to a man who through delicacy is afraid to let us see that he assumes consequence from our speechless tenderness for him?—He restored me to speech, by a change of subject—

Two melancholy offices shall I have to perform, said he, before I have the honour to attend again my dearest Miss Byron: What must be the heart that melts not at another's woe!—As to Sir Hargrave, I don't apprehend that he is near his end; as is the case of poor Sir Harry. Sir Hargrave labours under bodily pains, from the attack made upon him in France, and from a constitution ruined perhaps by riot: And, having nothing of consolation to give himself from reflexions on his past life, as we see by his Letter, his fears are too strong for his hopes. But shall I tell him, if I find it will give him comfort, that *you* wish his recovery, and are sorry for his indisposition? Small crevices let in light, sometimes upon a benighted imagination. He must consider his attempt upon your free-will (tho' not meant upon your honour) as one of the enormities of his past life.

I was overpowered with this instance of his generous goodness. Teach me, Sir, to be good, to be generous, to be forgiving—like you!—Bid me do what you think proper for me to do—Say to the poor man, whose insults upon you in his challenge were then my terror (O how much my terror!) in my name say, all that you think will tend to give him consolation.

Sweet excellence! Did I ever hope to meet in woman with such an enlargement of heart!—Clementina only, of all the women I ever knew, can be set in comparison with you: And *had* she been granted
S.C.G.—53

to me, the union of minds between us from difference of Religion, could not have been so perfect, as yours and mine must be.

Greatly gratified as I was by the compliment, I was sorry, methought, that it was made me at the expence of my Sex. His words, 'Did I ever hope to meet in woman with such an enlargement of heart!' piqued me a little. Are not women as capable as men, thought I, of enlarged sentiments?

The leave he took of me was extremely tender. I endeavoured to check my sensibility. He departed with the blessings of the whole family, as well as mine. I was forced to go up to my closet: I came not down till near dinner-time; I *could* not; and yet my uncle accompanied my cousin James to Northampton: So that I had no apprehensions of his raillery. One *wants* trials sometimes, I believe, to make one support one's self with some degree of *outward* fortitude, at least. Had my uncle been at home, I should not have dared to have given so much way to my concern: But soothing and indulgence, sometimes, I believe, add to our imbecility of mind, instead of strengthening our reason.

My uncle made it near eleven at night before he returned, with my cousin James. Not one of the company, at his quitting it, seemed inclinable to move. He praised the elegance of the entertainment, and the ease and chearfulness, even to vivacity, of Sir Charles. How *could* he be so lively!—How many ways have men to divert themselves, when any-thing arduous attacks them!—While we poor women!—But your town-diversions—Your Ranelaghs, Vaux-halls—bid fair to divert such of us as can carry ourselves out of ourselves!—Yet are we likely to pay dear for the privilege; since we thereby render our Sex cheap in the eyes of men, harden our fronts, and are in danger of losing that modesty, at least of *outward* behaviour, which is the characteristic of women!

Saturday Morning

He is gone: Gone indeed! Went early this morning. Every mouth was last night, it seems, full of his praises: The men admire him as much as the women. I am glad of it, methinks; since that is an indirect confession, that there are few among them like him. Not so much superiority over our Sex therefore, in the other, in general, with their *enlarged hearts*. Have not we a Clementina, a Mrs. Shirley, and a long &c.?—I praise *you* not, my dear Lady L. and Lady G. to your faces; so I leave the &c. untranslated.

We do *so* look upon one another here! Are *so* unsatisfied with ourselves! We are not half so good company as we were *before* Sir

Charles came among us. How can that be? But my grandmamma has left us too!—that's one thing. She is retired to Shirley-manor, to mortify,¹ after so rich a regale: Those were her words.

I hope your brother will write to us. Should I not have asked him? To be sure he will; except his next Letters from Italy should be— But, no doubt, he will write to us. Mr. Greville vows to my uncle, he will not come near me. He can less and less, he says, bear to think of my marrying; tho' he does what he can to comfort himself with reflecting on the extraordinary merit of the man, who alone, he says, can deserve me. He wishes the day were over; and the D—I's in him, he adds, if the irrevocableness of the event does not cure him. Mr. Fenwick had yesterday his final answer from Lucy; and he is to set out on Monday for Carlisle. He declares, that he will not return without a wife: So, thank Heaven, his heart is whole, notwithstanding his double disappointment.

But my heart is set on hearing how the excellent Clementina takes the news of your brother's actual address, and probability of succeeding. I should not think it at all surprising, if, urged as she is, to marry a man indifferent to her (the Lord of her heart unmarried) she should retract—O my Charlotte!—What a variety of strange, strange, What-shall-I-call-them? would result from such a retraction and renewal of claim! I never thought myself superstitious; but the happiness before me is so much beyond my merit, that I can hardly flatter myself, at times, that it will take place.

What think you, my dear, made me write so apprehensively?—My aunt had just shewn me a Letter she had written to you—desiring you—to exercise for us your fancy, your judgment. I have no affectation on this subject—I long ago gave affectation to the winds—But so hasty!—So undoubting!—Are there not many possibilities, and some probabilities, against us?—Something presumptuous!—Lord bless me, my dear, should any-thing happen—Jewels bought, and already presented—Apparel—How would all these preparations aggravate! My aunt says, he *shall* be obliged: Lucy, Nancy, the Miss Holles's, join with her. They long to be exercising their fancies upon the patterns which they suppose your Ladyship and Lady L. will send down. My uncle hurries my aunt. So as *something* is going forward, he says, he shall be easy. There is no resisting so strong a tide: So let them take their course. They are all in haste, my dear, to be

considered as relations of your family; and to regard all yours as kindred of ours. Happy, happy, the band, that shall tie both families together!

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXIII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Miss BYRON*

London, Monday Night, Oct. 30

YOUR humanity, my dear and ever-dear Miss Byron, was so much engaged by the melancholy Letter of Sir Hargrave to Dr. Bartlett, which I communicated to you; and by the distress of my Beauchamp, on the desperate state of his father's health; that I know you will be pleased to hear that I have been enabled to give some consolation to both.

Sir Harry, who is in town, wanted to open his mind to me with regard to some affairs which made him extremely uneasy; and which, he said, he could not reveal to any-body else. He shewed some reluctance to entrust the secrets to *my* bosom. There shall they ever rest. He has found himself easier since. He rejoiced to me on the good understanding subsisting, and likely to subsist, between his Lady and Son. He desired me to excuse him for joining me with them, without asking my leave, in the trusts created by his Will: And on this occasion, sending for his Lady, he put her hand in mine, and recommended her, and her interests, as those of the most obliging of wives, to my care.

I found Sir Hargrave at his house in Cavendish-Square. He is excessively low-spirited. Dr. Bartlett visited him at Windsor, several times. The Doctor prevailed on him to retain a worthy clergyman, as his chaplain.

The poor man asked after you, madam. He had heard, he said, that I was soon likely to be the happiest of men: Was it so? He wept at my answer; lamented the wretched hand, as he called it, that *he* had made of it, blessed as he was with such prosperous circumstances, in the prime of youth; and wished he had his days to come over again, and his company to choose. Unhappy man! He was willing to remove from *himself* the load which lay upon him. No doubt but this was the recourse of his companions, likewise, in extremity. He blessed my dearest Miss Byron, when I told him, she pitied him. He called himself by harsh, and even shocking names, for having been capable of offending so much goodness.

What subjects are these, to entertain my Angel with!—But tho' we should not *seek*, yet we ought not perhaps to *shun* them, when they naturally, as I may say, offer themselves to our knowlege.

But *another* subject calls for the attention of my dearest, loveliest of women: A subject that will lay a still stronger claim to it than either of the solemn ones I have touched upon. I inclose the Letter which contains it. You will be so good as to read it in English to such of our friends as read not Italian.

This Letter was left to Mrs. Beaumont to dispatch to me; whence its unwished-for delay: For she detained it, to send with it an equally-obliging one of her own. The contents of this welcome Letter, my dearest Miss Byron, will render it unnecessary to wait for an answer to my last to Signor Jeronymo; in which I acquaint him with my actual address, and the hopes I presume to flatter myself with. I humbly hope you will think so.

I am not afraid that one of the most generous of women will be affected with the passage in which Signor Jeronymo expresses his pity for her, because of the affection, he says, I must ever retain for his noble sister (*a*). He says right. And it is my happiness, that you, the sister-excellence of the admirable Clementina, will allow me to glory in my *gratitude* to her. You will still more readily allow me so to do, when you have perused this Letter. Shall not the man who hopes to be qualified for the Supreme Love, of which the purest Earthly is but a type, and who aims at an universal benevolence, be able to admire, in the mind of Clementina, the same great qualities which shine out with such lustre in that of Miss Byron?

With what pride do I look forward to the visit that several of this noble family intend to make us, because of the *unquestionable* assurance that they will rejoice in my happiness, and admire the Angel who is allowed to take place in my affections of the Angel who would not have scrupled to accept of my vows, had it not been, as she expresses herself (*b*), for the *intervention of invincible obstacles*!

Mrs. Beaumont, in her Letter, gives me the particulars of the conversation between her and Clementina, almost in the same words with those of Jeronymo, in the Letter inclosed. She makes no doubt that Lady Clementina will, in time, yield to the entreaties of her friends in favour of a man against whom, if she can be prevailed upon to forego her wishes to assume the veil, she can have no one objection. You will see, madam, by the inclosed, what they hope for in Italy from us; what Clementina, what Jeronymo, what a whole excellent family, hope for. You know how ardently my *own* family wish you to accelerate the happy day: Yours refer themselves wholly to you—Pardon me, my dearest Miss Byron, I will tell you what are my hopes—They are, that, when I am permitted to return to Northamptonshire, the happy day shall not be postponed *three*.

And now, loveliest and dearest of women! allow me to expect

(*a*) See p. 161. (*b*) See p. 164.

the honour of a line, to let me know how much of the tedious month, from last Thursday, you will be so good as to abate. Permit me to say, that I can have nothing that needs to detain me from the beloved of my heart, after Friday next.

If, madam, you insist upon the *whole* month, I beg to know, out of what part of our nuptial life, the LAST or the FIRST (happy, as I hope it will be) you would be willing to deduct the week, the fortnight, that will be carried into the blank space of courtship, by the delay? I hope, my dear Miss Byron, that I shall be able to tell *you*, years and years after we are ONE, that there is not an hour of those past, or of those to come, that I would abate, or wish to throw into that *blank*. Permit me so to call it. The days of courtship cannot be *our* happiest. Who celebrates the day of their first acquaintance, tho' it may be remembred with pleasure?—Do not the happy pair date their happiness from the day of marriage? How justly then, when hearts are *assured*, when minds *cannot alter*, are those which precede it, to be deemed a blank!

After all, your *cheerful* compliance with my wishes, is the great desirable. Whatever shall be your pleasure, must determine me. My utmost gratitude will be engaged by the condescension, *whenever* you shall distinguish the day of the year, distinguished as it will be to the end of my life, that shall give me the greatest blessing of it, and confirm me

For ever Yours.

CHARLES¹³ GRANDISON

LETTER XXXIV

*Signor JERONYMO della PORRETTA,
To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON*

[Inclosed in the preceding]

Bologna, Oct. 18. N. S.

I GAVE you, my dear Grandison, in mine of the 5th, the copy of a paper written by my sister, which filled us with hopes of her compliance with the wishes of all her family. She took time for deliberation; time was given her; but still she insisted on receiving your next Letters before she came to any resolution. Mrs. Beaumont herself was of opinion, that the dear creature only meditated delay: That also was ours. What, invincibly determined, as she is, to adhere to the resolution she has so greatly taken, can she hope for, (said we among ourselves) from the expected Letters? For she had declared herself to be *so* determined, to my brother Giacomo, who actually assured her of all our consents to an alliance with you, if she repented of that resolution.

All this time we offered not to introduce, nor even to name, to her, the Count of Belvedere. Awed by her former calamity, and by an excursiveness of imagination, which at times shewed itself in her words and behaviour, we avoided saying or doing any-thing that was likely to disturb her. Giacomo himself, tho' he wanted to return to Naples, had patience with her pretty trifling, beyond our expectation. At last arrived yours of the 29th of September (*a*); kindly inclosing a copy of yours to her, of the same date (*b*). We question not but your reply to mine of the 5th current, is on the road; nor that the contents will be such as we may hope for, from considerations of our happiness and your own: But these, we thought, without waiting for that, would answer the desired end. I will tell you what was said by every one, on the perusal of both.

Is this the man, said the General, whom I sometimes so rudely treated? I rejoice that we were reconciled before he left us. I had formed a notion to his disadvantage; that he was capable of art, and hoped to keep his hold in my sister's affections, in view of some turn in his favour: But he is the most single-hearted of men. These two Letters will strengthen our arguments. Clementina, who has more than once declared that she wishes him married to an English woman, cannot now, that she will see there is a woman with whom he thinks he can be happy, wish to stand in his way. These will furnish us with means to attack her in her strongest hold; in her generosity, her delicacy; and will bring to the test her veracity. The contents of these Letters will confirm her before half-taken resolution, as in her paper, to oblige us (*c*). Let *Laurana*, as the Chevalier says, go into a nunnery: Clementina will marry, or she is a false girl; and the Sforza women will be disappointed.

My mother applauded you, and rejoiced to hear that there is a woman of your own nation who is capable of making you more happy than her daughter could.

What difficulties, said the young Marchioness, (ever your friend) must a situation so critical have laid him under! A man so humane! And what further difficulties must he have to surmount, in offering to a woman, whom even Olivia, as he says, admires, a hand that has been refused by another? May this admired woman be propitious to his suit!

She must, she must, said the Bishop. If she has a heart disengaged, she cannot refuse a man so accomplished. Jeronymo, hasten to be well. If she favour him, we will all go over, and congratulate them both.

I, for my part, said I, would give up years of life to see my friend as happy in marriage as he deserves to be.

(*a*) See Letter v. p. 9. (*c*) See p. 61.

(*b*) See Letter iv. p. 7.

We must tell Clementina, said my father, as our Giacomo has hinted, that it will not become her generosity to stand in the way of the Chevalier's happiness.

We sent up your Letter to our sister, by Camilla. She was busy (Mrs. Beaumont sitting by her at work) in correcting the proportion which once you found fault with, in a figure in her piece of Noah's Ark, and the rising Deluge. A Letter, madam, from the Chevalier—To me! said she; and overturned the table on which her materials lay, in haste to take it.

When we thought she had had time to consider of the contents, we sent up to request the favour of speaking with Mrs. Beaumont. We owned to her, that we had a copy of your Letter to Clementina; and asked, What the dear creature said to the contents of it?

She read it, answered Mrs. Beaumont, in her own closet. I thought she was too long by herself. I went to her. She was in tears. O Mrs. Beaumont! as soon as she saw me, holding out the Letter—See here!—The *Chevalier* is against me!—Cruel, I could *almost* say, cruel Grandison!—He turns my own words upon me. I have furnished him with arguments against myself—What shall I do?—I have for many days past repented that I gave, under my hand, reason to my friends to expect my compliance. I cannot, cannot, confirm the hopes I gave!—What shall I do?

I took it, read it, continued Mrs. Beaumont, and told her, that the Chevalier's arguments were unanswerable. I dwelt upon some of them. She wept, and was silent.

We then, my dear Grandison, shewed Mrs. Beaumont your Letter to me. She read it—How, said she, has this excellent young man been embarrassed! I know, from some of my countrymen, the character of the Lady whom he mentions: She is an excellent woman!—May I take up this Letter, and read it to Lady Clementina?

By all means, answered the General; and support, dear madam, the contents of both with your weight. It will be from perverseness *now*, if she withstand us. Bid her remember, that she has had once at her feet a kneeling father! Bid her remember the written hopes she has given us!

Mrs. Beaumont went up with it. I will give you an account of what my sister said as she read it. O Grandison! read it but cursorily: You will more and more admire and love the Clementina, who, before her malady, was always considered as one of the first of women; and the glory of our house!

She desired to have it in her own hands: Mrs. Beaumont, to whose pen we owe the account, looked over her, and followed her eye, as she read (a).

'And did he still, said she, *after* he had got to England, hope for a change in my resolution?'—Heaven knows—She stopt; sighed, and read on.

'He foresaw that my friends would press me to marry!'—I foresaw it too!—I have indeed been pressed; vehemently pressed!

'Rather than any other'—Ah, Chevalier!—Why, why, were the obstacles Religion and Country! None less should have—She stopt—Then, reading to herself, proceeded:

'It was not presumptuous to hope'—No, Grandison; presumptuous it could not be.

'It was *justice* to Clementina, to attend the event, and to wait for the promised Letter.' Kind, considerate Grandison!—You were all patience, all goodness!—O that—There she stopt. Then proceeding:

'Fourth brother! Not interested in the event.'—Indeed I *did* write so—

'Give up all his hopes!'—Dear Grandison!

'It could not be expected that he should give the argument all its weight.'—He has given it too much!

'Duty to yield to the entreaties of all my friends;' Ah, Grandison!

'Difficult situations!'—Difficult indeed! And here am I, who have more than any other in the world, enhanced his difficulties!—Unhappy Clementina!—Then reading on—

Good God! Mrs. Beaumont! 'There is an English Lady, with whom he was *actually*—Does he not hint in Love?'—Nay, then—Take it, take it, Mrs. Beaumont!—I can read no further—*Compassion* only, I suppose, brought him over to me!—I cannot bear that!—Yet snatching it from her, and reading,

'Beauty her least perfection'—[Happy English Lady!] 'Either in my eyes, or her own!'—Have I not wished him *such* a woman?—'Had I never *known* Clementina!'—How could I be so captious!

'Loves her with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina'—Thank you, Chevalier! Indeed I have no impurity in my Love—My God only have I preferred to you: And I bless God for enabling me to give so *due* a preference!—'or, as her own heart can boast.'—Just such a wife did I wish him; and shall I not rejoice, if such a one will hold out her hand to make him happy?

She sighed often, as she read on; but spoke not, till she came to the words, 'That she was to you, what you might truly call, a first Love;' A first Love, repeated she: He was indeed mine! Permit me to say, my dear friends, a first and *only* one.

'It became him, he says, in honour, in gratitude, tho' the difficulties in his way seemed insuperable (And so they *must* seem) to hold himself in suspense, and not offer to make his addresses to any other woman.'—Generous, noble Grandison!—He *did* love me—Dis-

couraged as he was; nay, insulted by some of us [Giacomo hears me not, looking round her]; *He*, the generous Grandison, *did* love me. She wiped her eyes.

Recovering herself, and reading on—See here, Mrs. Beaumont—‘He thought himself obliged, in honour to me, and to the persons themselves, to decline proposals of advantage.’ Surely he must think me an ingrateful creature.

But (reading on) did he ‘balance in his mind between this Lady and me?’—He did. But it was because of his uncertainty with *me*.

Reading to herself, to the words, ‘Almost an *equal* interest,’ How is that, said she, repeating them?—O, it is explained—‘But when his dear Clementina’ [Do I go too fast for your eye, Mrs. Beaumont?] ‘began to shew signs of recovery,’ [She sighed] ‘and seemed to confirm the hopes I had given him of my *partiality* for him,’ [Modest, good man!] ‘then did I content myself, says he [Look, Mrs. Beaumont] ‘with wishing another husband to the English Lady, more worthy of her than my unhappy situation could have made me.’—Excellent English Lady! If it were in my power, I would make you amends for having shared a heart with you (so it seems) that ought, *my* circumstances and *your* merit considered, to have been all your own!

‘What a disappointment was my rejection of him?’—See, these are his words.—And these too; that ‘he admires me, however, for my *motives*.

‘Marriage, he says, is not in his power; for there is but one woman in the world, now *I* have refused him, that he can think worthy of succeeding *me*.’—What honour he does me. Thank God she is an English woman! O that I had any influence over her! Sweet Lady! amiable English woman, let not punctilio deprive you of such a man as this!—Shew her this Letter, my good Grandison! Let me transcribe from it, *rather*, for your perusal, happy English Lady! certain passages in it, so delicate, so worthy of himself, and of you.

‘Thousands, of whom he is not worthy,’ he says. How, how can he say so?

‘She has for an admirer every one who knows her.’—She shall have me for an admirer, Mrs. Beaumont, if she will accept of my fourth brother. She *will* accept of him, if she deserves the character he gives her: Let me tell you, Lady, that your heart is narrower than that of Clementina, if you think it a diminution to your honour, that he has loved that Clementina. Why cannot you and I be Sisters? My love shall be but a sisterly love. You may depend upon the honour of the Chevalier Grandison. He will do *his* duty in every relation of life! What can be your doubts?

‘Even Olivia, he says, admires you!’—And will such a woman

stand upon punctilious observances, like women of ordinary consequence, having to deal with common men?—O that I knew this Lady! I would convince her, that he ‘can do justice to *her* greater, and to *my* lesser merits; and yet not appear to be divided by a double Love; altho’ he should own to all the world, as he says he will,’ [See, see, Mrs. Beaumont, these are his very words] ‘his affection for Clementina, and glory in it!’

O Mrs. Beaumont! how my Soul, putting her hand to her forehead, then to her heart, loves his Soul! nor but for *one* obstacle, that would have shaken my Faith, and endangered my Salvation (had I got over it) should his Soul *only* have been the object of my Love.

Let me but continue single, my dear friends; indulge me in the wish that has been so long next my heart; and take not advantage of the hopes I have given you in writing; and I shall pass happily through this short life; a life that deserves not the bustle which we make about it. Ask me not either to ‘set or follow the example you propose to me:’ I cannot, cannot, do either. Unkind Chevalier, why, why would you strengthen *their* hands, and weaken *mine*?—Yet, if it became your justice, what had I *but* justice to expect from a just man; who has so eminently performed all his own duties, and particularly the filial; which he here calls an article of Religion?

When she came to the concluding part of this Letter, and your wishes for her perfect recovery, health and welfare, and for the happiness of us all; May every blessing, said she, he wishes us, be his!

Then folding up the Letter, and putting it in her bosom; This Letter, and that which accompanied it, (meaning yours to her) I must read over and over!

Shall I say, my Grandison, that I half-pity the lovely Harriet Byron, tho’ her name should be changed to yours? You *must* love Clementina: Were a sovereign Princess her rival, you *must*. Clementina! who so generously can give up a Love as fervent as ever glowed in a virgin heart, on superior motives; motives which regard Eternity; and receive joy in the prospect of your happiness with another woman, on a persuasion that that woman can make you happier than she herself could, because of a difference in Religion.

My sister choosing to retire to her closet, to re-peruse the two Letters, Mrs. Beaumont, knowing our curiosity, put down what had passed; intending, as she said, to write a copy of it for you.

How were we all, on perusing it, charmed with our Clementina!—I insisted, that nothing, at present, should be said to her of the Count of Belvedere, and of our wishes in his favour. My father gave into my opinion. He said, he thought the properest time to mention the Count to her was, when we had an answer to the Letter I wrote

to you on the 5th current, if that could give us assurances that you had made your addresses to the charming Byron, and were encouraged. The General was impatient; but he acquiesced, on finding every one come into my motion; but said, that if all this lenity did not do, he must beg leave to have his own measures pursued.

Some little particularity has appeared in the dear creature since I have written the above. She has been exceedingly earnest with her mother, to use her interest with my father, and us, to be allowed to go to England: But desires not the permission till you are actually married. She pleads my health, because of the salutary springs you mentioned to me.

Several other pleas she offered; but, to say truth, they carried with them such an air of flightiness, that I am loth to mention them: Yet all of them were innocent, all of them were even laudable. But (shall I say?) that some of them appeared too romantic for a settled brain to be so earnest, as she was, in having them carried into execution.

We have no doubt, but all her view is, to avoid marriage, by such a strange excursion. Dear creature, said the Bishop, speaking of her just now, the veil denied her, she must have *some* point to carry: I wish we saw less rapidity in her manner.

I, Grandison, for my part, remember how much she and we all suffered by denying her the farewell-visit from you, on your taking leave of Italy the time before the last.

But we think an expedient has offered, that will divert her from this *wildness*, as I must call it: Mrs. Beaumont has requested, that she may be allowed to take her with her to Florence for some weeks. Clementina is pleased with our readiness to oblige them both; and they will soon go.

But all this time she is uniform and steady in her wishes for your marriage. She delights to hear Mrs. Beaumont talk of the perfections of the Lady to whom we are all desirous of hearing you are united. You had written, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, a character given of this young Lady by Olivia, upon a personal knowlege of her. Mrs. Beaumont shewed it to Clementina.

How generously did the dear creature rejoice in it! Just such a woman, said she, did I wish for the Chevalier. Olivia has shewn greatness of mind in this instance. Perhaps I have thought too hardly of Olivia. Little did I think, I should ever have requested a copy of any-thing written by Olivia. Ill-will disables us from seeing those beauties in the person who is the object of it, which would otherwise strike us to her advantage. You must oblige me, added she, with a copy of this Extract.

Oct. 20. N. S.

You will be pleased, I know, my Grandison, with every particular that shall tend to demonstrate the pleasure the dear Clementina takes in hoping you will be soon the happy man we all wish you to be.

This morning she came down with her work into my chamber. I invite myself, Jeronymo, said she. I will sit down by you, till you are disposed to rise. She then, of her own motion, began to talk of you; and I, putting it to her (as her mother did yesterday) whether she would be really glad to hear of your nuptials, received the same answer she then made; *She sincerely should*: She hoped the next Letters would bring an account that it was so. But then, Jeronymo, continued she, I shall be teased, persecuted. Let me not, my brother, be persecuted. I don't know, whether downright compulsion is not more tolerable than over-earnest entreaty. A child, in the first instance, may contract herself, as I may say, within her own compass; may be hardened: But the entreaty of such friends as undoubtedly mean one's good, dilates and disarms one's heart, and makes one wish to oblige them; and so renders one miserable, whether we do or do not comply. Believe me, Jeronymo, there is great cruelty in persuasion, and still more to a soft and gentle temper, than to a stubborn one: Persuaders know not what they make such a person suffer.

My dearest Clementina, said I, you have shewn so glorious a magnanimity, that it would be injuring you, to suppose you are not equal to every branch of *duty*. God forbid that you should be called to sustain an unreasonable trial—In a reasonable one, you must be victorious.

Ah Jeronymo! How little do I deserve this fine compliment!—Magnanimity, my brother!—You know not what I yet, at times, suffer!—And have you not seen my reason vanquished in the unequal conflict? She wept. But let the Chevalier be married, and to the Angel that is talked of; and let me comfort myself, that he is not a sufferer by my with-holding my hand—And *then* let me be indulged in the single life, in a place consecrated to retirement from this vain world; and we shall *both* be happy!

Mrs. Beaumont came to seek her. I prevailed on her to sit down, and on my sister to stay a little longer. I extolled my sister to her: She joined in the just praise. But one act of magnanimity, said Mrs. Beaumont, seems wanting to complete the greatness of your character, my Love, in this particular case of the expected marriage of the Chevalier Grandison.

What is that, Mrs. Beaumont?—all attention.

You see his doubts, his apprehensions, of appearing worthy of

the Lady so highly spoken of, because of that delicacy of situation (which, as you observe, Olivia also hints at) from what may be called a divided Love: Miss Byron may very well imagine, as his Love of you commenced before he knew her, that she may injure you if she receive his addresses: You had the generosity to wish, when you were reading those his apprehensions, that you *knew* the Lady, and were able to influence her in his favour.

Well, Mrs. Beaumont—

Can I doubt that Lady Clementina is *able* to set her name to the noble sentiments, that so lately, on reading his Letter, flowed from her lips?

What would Mrs. Beaumont have me do?

Let me lead you to your own closet. Pen, ink, and paper, are always before you there. Assume your whole noble Self, and we shall see what that assumption will produce.

All that is in my power, to do, replied she, for promoting the happiness of a man who has suffered so much through my means, it is my duty to do.

She gave her hand to Mrs. Beaumont; who led her to her closet, and left her there. The following is the result. Generous, noble creature!—But does it not shew a raised imagination? especially in the disposition of the lines?

Best of Men! }
Best of Women! } Be ye ONE.

CLEMENTINA wishes it!

GRANDISON, Lady, will make *you* happy.

Be it *your* study to make *Him* so!—

Happy, as CLEMENTINA would have made him,
Had not obstacles invincible intervened.

This will lessen her regrets:

For

His Felicity, Temporal and Eternal,
Was ever the wish next her heart.

GOD be merciful to you both,

And lead you into his paths:

Then will everlasting Happiness be your portion.

Be it the portion of CLEMENTINA!—

Pray for Her!—

That, after this transitory life is over,
She may partake of Heavenly Bliss:

And

(Not a stranger to you, Lady, HERE)

Rejoice with you both HEREAFTER!

CLEMENTINA della PORRETTA

The admirable creature gave this to Mrs. Beaumont: Send this, madam, said she, if you think proper, to your friend and my friend, the Chevalier Grandison. Tell him, that I shall think myself very happy, if it may serve as a testimonial, to the Lady whose merits intitle her to his Love, of my sincere wishes for their mutual happiness: Tell him, that at present I wish for nothing more ardently, than to hear of his Nuptials being celebrated.

Dear Grandison! let your next give us an opportunity to felicitate you on this desirable event. In this wish joins every one of a family to whom you are, and ever will be, dear. Witness, for them all,

The Marquis and Marchioness della PORRETTA
I. T. R. Bishop of Nocera
JERONYMO della PORRETTA
J. P. M. MARESCOTTI
HORTENSIA BEAUMONT

LETTER XXXV

Miss BYRON, *To* Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Wednesday, Nov. 1

How, Sir, have the contents of your friend Jeronymo's Letter affected me!—I am more and more convinced, that, however distinguished my lot *may* be, Clementina only can deserve you. What a vain creature must I be, if I did *not* think so! And what a disingenuous one, so thinking, if I did not acknowlege it!

I cannot, Sir, misconstrue your delicate sensibilities. My own teach me to allow for yours.

'Best of men,' I can, I do, with Clementina, think you: But Harriet's ambition will be gratified, in being accounted second to HER.

And *does* Clementina 'wish us ONE!'—Most noble, most generous of women!

'Grandison, you say, will make me happy.'

But ah, my lovely pattern! *can* Harriet be happy, even with her Grandison, if *you* are not so?

Believe me, LADY! *your* happiness will be essential to *hers*.

God give YOU happiness! *Harriet prays for it!*

My next-to Divine Monitress, it *shall* be my study to make Him happy!

But, most excellent of women, *have* you *regrets*? Regrets, which can only be lessened by the joy you will have in his happiness!—And with another!

Superlative goodness!

Why, why, when he would allow to you the exercise of your Religion, and only insists on the like liberty, are the obstacles you hint at *invincible*!

O Sir! I can pursue this subject no further. Thus far an irresistible impulse carried me.

How should I be able to stand before this Lady, were the visit she was so earnest to be allowed to make to England to take place; yet, in such a case, with what pleasure should I pay my reverence to her *mind in her person*!

And does SHE, do her *family*, do YOU, Sir, wish us *speedily* ONE?—Are you not satisfied with the given month?—Is not a month, Sir, *your declaration so lately made*, a short term? (And let me ask you, but within parentheses, Do you not, on an occasion so *very* delicate, in your limited *three* days after your return to us, treat the not-insensible Harriet a little more—Help me, Sir, to a word—than might have been expected from a man so *very* polite?)—And can you so generously, yet so seriously, ask me, From *which* parts of the Nuptial Life, the LAST (What a dreadful idea do you raise in that solemn word!) or the FIRST, I would deduct the week's or fortnight's supposed delay?—O Sir! what a way of putting it is this!—Thus I answer—'From *neither*!' My honour is your honour. Determine YOU, most generous of men, for

Your HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XXXVI

Miss JERVOIS, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Tuesday, Oct. 31

Honoured Sir,

You will think your ward very bold to address you by Letter; especially as she is a very poor inditer, and as you are in town: But her heart is in trouble, and she must write; and must beg the favour of you, the most indulgent guardian that ever poor Orphan had, to answer her by pen and ink. For whether you can forgive her or not, she will be equally incapable of bearing your goodness, or your displeasure. How weakly I express myself! I find I shall write worse to you, than to any-body else. And why? Because I wish to write best. But I have great awe, and no genius. I am a poor girl in *every* sense, as you shall hear by-and-by. I hope you won't be *very* angry with me. If you are, I shall be worse than poor—I shall be miserable.

But to come before my guardian as a delinquent, when I have ambition enough to wish to shine in his eyes, if so it could have been!—It is a very great mortification indeed!—If you were to acquit me, I shall have had great punishment in that thought.

But to open my troubled heart to you—Yet how shall I? I thought to tell it you yesterday; but for my life I could not. Did you not observe me once, Sir, hanging upon the back of your chair, unable to stand in your sight? O how I felt my face glow!—*Then it was* I thought to have spoken my mind; but you were so kind, so good to me, I could not, might I have had the world. You took my hand—I shall be very bold to repeat it; but am always so proud of your kind notice, that I can't help it: And you said, drawing me gently to you, 'Why keeps my Emily behind me? What can I do for my Emily! Tell me, child; Is there any-thing I can do for my ward?' Yet, tho' the occasion was so fair, I could not tell you. But I shall tire you, before I come to the point (to the fault, I should say) that has emboldened me to write.

This then is the truth of the matter:

My poor mother, Sir, is very good now, you know. You have taken from her all her cares about this world: She and her husband live together happily and elegantly: They want for nothing; and are grown quite religious: So that they have leisure to think of their Souls good. They make me cry for joy, when-ever I go to them. They pray for you, and heap blessings upon you; and cry to think they ever offended you.

But, Sir, I took it into my head, knowing it was a vast way for them to go from Soho to somewhere in Moorfields to hear the preacher they admire so much, and coach-hire, and charities, and *contributions*, of one kind or other (for their minister has no establishment) and old debts paying off, that at present, tho' I believe they are frugal enough, they can't be much aforehand—So, thought I, shall I ride in my guardian's coach, at one time, in Lady G's at another, in Lady L's at another, tho' so much better able to walk than my poor mother; while she is growing into years, and when infirmities are coming on; and my guardian's example before me, so opening to one's heart?—I ventured, therefore, unknown to my mother and her husband, unknown to any-body, by way of surprize, to bespeak a plain neat chariot, and agreed for a coachman, and a pair of horses; for I had about 130 guineas by me when I bespoke it. Out of this, thought I (which is my own money, without account) I shall be able to spare enough for the first half-year's expences; after which, they will be in circumstances to keep it on: And as quarters come round, thought I, I will stint myself, and throw in something towards it; and then my poor mother and her husband can go to serve God, and take sometimes an airing, or so, where they please; and make an appearance in the world, as the mother of the girl who is intitled to so large a fortune. And I don't grudge Mr. O-Hara; for he is vastly tender of my mother now: Which must be a great comfort to her,

you know, Sir, now she is come to be sorry for past things, and apt to be very spiritless, when she looks back—Poor dear woman!

But here, Sir, was the thing: Believing it became me, as Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, intended to shew their respect to you, on a certain happy occasion, by new cloaths, to shew mine the same way; I went to the mercer's, and was so tempted by two patterns, that, not knowing which to choose, I bought of both; not thinking, at the time, of the bespoke chariot. To be sure I ought to have consulted Lady L. or Lady G.; but, foolish creature as I was, I must be for surprising them too, with my fine fancy.

Then I laid out a good deal more than I intended, in milanery matters: Not but I had my penyworths for my penny: But the milaners are so very obliging; they shew one this pretty thing, and that fashionable one; and are so apt to praise one's taste; and one is so willing to believe them, and to be thought mighty clever; that there is no resisting the vanity they raise. I own all my folly: I ever will, Sir, when I am guilty of any greater silliness than ordinary; for I have no bad heart, I hope, tho' I am one of the flowers I once heard you compare some of us to, who are late before they blow into discretion.

But now, good Sir, came on my distress: For the bespoke chariot was ready; ready sooner, by a fortnight, than I expected. I thought my quarter would be nearer ended; and I had made a vast hole in my money. I pulled up a courage; I had need of it; and borrowed fifty guineas of Lady G.; but, from this foolish love of surprises, cared not to tell her for what. And having occasion to pay two or three bills (I was a thoughtless creature, to be sure) which unluckily, tho' I had asked for them before, were brought in just then, I borrowed another sum, but *yet* told not Lady G. for what; and the dear Lady, I believe, thought me an extravagant girl: I saw she did, by her looks.

But, however, I caused the new chariot to be brought privately to me. I went in it, and it carried me to Soho; and there, on my knees, made my present to my mother.

But do you think, Sir, that she and Mr. O-Hara, when I confessed that I had not consulted you upon it, and that neither Lady L. nor Lady G. nor yet Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, knew a syllable of the matter, would accept of it? They would not: But yet they both cried over me for joy, and blessed me.

It is put up somewhere—And there it lies, till I have obtained your pardon first, and your direction afterwards. And what shall I do, if you are angry at your poor ward, who has done so inconsiderate a thing, and run herself into debt?

Chide me, honoured Sir, if you please. Indeed you never *yet* did chide me. But yours will be chidings of Love; of *paternal* Love, Sir.

But if you are angry with me more than a day; if you give me reason to believe you think meanly of me, tho', alas! I may deserve it; and that this rashness is but a prelude to other rash or conceited steps (for that is the fear which most terrifies me) and is therefore to be resented with severity; then will I fly to my dear Miss Byron, that now is!—And if she cannot soften your displeasure, and restore me to your *good opinion*—(Mere pardon will not be enough for your truly-penitent ward) then will I say, Burst, heart! Ingrateful, inconsiderate Emily! Thou hast offended thy Guardian! What is there left in this life, that is worth thy cares!

And now, Sir, I have laid my troubled heart open before you. I know you will not so much blame the thing, even should you not approve of it, as the manner; doing it (after you had been so extremely generous and considerate to my mother) without consulting either you, or your sisters. O my vanity and conceit! They, they, have misled me. They never shall again, whether you forgive me, or not.

But good, indulgent, honoured Sir, my Guardian, my Protector, let not my punishment be the reversing of the gracious grant which my heart has been so long wishing to obtain, and which you had consented to, of being allowed to live immediately in your own eye, and in the presence of my dear Miss Byron, that now is. This rash action should rather induce you to confirm, than reverse it. And I promise to be very good. I ever loved her. I shall add filial honour, as I may say, to my love of her. I never will do any-thing without consulting her; and but what you, the kindest Guardian that ever poor Orphan had, would wish me to do.

And now, Sir, honour me with a few lines from your own hand; were it but to shew me that this impertinence has not so far tired you, as (should you think it just to banish me from your presence for *some time*) to make you discourage applications to you, by pen and ink, from, Sir,

*Your truly sorrowful Ward,
and ever-obliged and grateful.*

EMILY JERVOIS

LETTER XXXVII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Miss JERVOIS

Wedn. Nov: 1

I WRITE to the dear child of my tenderest cares, because she requests me to write: Else, I had hastened to her in person, to comfort her doubting heart; and to assure her, that nothing but a fault premeditated, and persisted in, that might have affected her present or future

reputation, and consequently her happiness, could make me, for half an hour, offended with her. Your good intentions, my dear child, will ever be your security with me. Men, as well as women, are often misled by their love of surprises: But the greatest surprize my Emily could give me, would be, if she could do any *one* thing that would shew a faulty heart.

Once more, my dear, pay your duty to your mother in the chariot which has been the causless occasion of so much concern to you; and tell her, and Mr. O-Hara, that they have greatly obliged me in declining the acceptance of the chariot, so dutifully presented, till they knew my mind: But that, not so much in the compliment paid to me, as your *guardian*, as because it has given me an opinion of their own generosity and discretion. Tell them, that I greatly approve of this instance of your duty to your mother, and of your regard, for her sake, to Mr. O-Hara: Tell them, that I join with my ever-amiable ward in requesting their acceptance of it; and do you, my dear, tell Miss Jervois, that I greatly honour her for this new instance of her goodness of heart.

I inclose a note, and will, to make you easy, carry it to its proper account, that will enable you to pay the debt which you with so dutiful an intention have contracted.—Forgive you, my dear! I love, I admire, you for it. I will not have you *stint* yourself, as you call it, in order to contribute to the future expence of the chariot. The present is but a handsome one, respecting your fortune. Be therefore, for your mother's life, the whole expence yours; and it may possibly contribute not a little to the ease of mind of both (as they now live together not unhappily) if you have the goodness to assure Mr. O-Hara, that you are so well satisfied with his kind treatment of your mother, that you will, on supposition of the continuance of it, before you enter into engagements which may limit your own power, or make your will dependent on that of another person, secure a handsome provision for him, for his life, in case he survive your mother.

I thank you, my dearest ward, for the affection you express for my beloved Miss Byron. She loves you so tenderly, that it would have been a concern to me, had she *not* engaged your love and confidence. You highly oblige me by promising to consult her on all material occasions. The benefit *you* will receive from her prudent advice and example, and the delight *she* will receive from your company, will be a happiness to all three. My Emily may depend upon everything to make it completely so, that shall be in the power of

*Her faithful Friend,
and humble Servant,*

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXXVIII

*Miss JERVOIS, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON**Thursday, Nov. '2*

A FEW lines, Sir; a very few—Not to shew my vanity, my pride, in being allowed to write to my Guardian; nor to presume to draw him into an intercourse of Letters. No, Sir, I write only to thank you, which I do a thousand thousand times, for the ease, the joy, you have given to my heart. O how I dreaded to open your Letter! But I could not have expected it to be so *very* indulgent to a faulty girl. Not *one* rebuke! O Sir! how *very* good you are! And to send me the money to clear my debts! To bid me make my present! In so *gracious* a manner to bid me! And to put me upon promising a provision for life for Mr. O-Hara, if he survive my mother; which will not oblige them to live a narrower life while they are together, in order to save, in view of such an unhappy event—I flew to them, with the good news—I read the whole Letter to them. O how their hearts blessed you at their eyes, for they could not presently speak; and how my tears mingled with theirs! O Sir, you made us all infants!—I, for my part, am still a baby!—Did I ever cry so much for grief, as you have made me cry for joy?—It is well something now-and-then comes to check one's joy; there would be no bearing it, else. But I shall encroach on your precious time. Thank you, thank you, Sir, a hundred thousand times. My mother is happy! Mr. O-Hara is happy! My Miss Byron will soon be the happiest of all human beings, thank God!—You, my Guardian, must be one of the happiest of men! May every-body else be happy that you wish to be so! And then how happy will be, good Sir,

*Your dutiful Ward, and obliged Servant,
ever to be commanded,*

EMILY JERVOIS

They say you set out for Northamptonshire next *Monday* or *Tuesday*, at furthest. Lord bless me!—Lord bless you! I would say—And bless every-body you love!—Amen!—for ever and ever!

LETTER XXXIX

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.**Thursday, Nov. 2*

I HAVE laid before you, my dear Lady G. your brother's and Signor Jeronymo's Letters; as also my answer to your brother's: My spirits never were so unequal. All joy at one time; apprehension at another; that something will still happen.—Greville is reported to be so gloomy! so silent! He hates me, he says.—And here, unexpectedly, is poor Mr. Orme returned. Amended in his health a little, those who have seen him say, and he thinks so—I am glad of it. And here are we sitting in judgment, my aunt Lady-president, on the patterns you have sent: My uncle too will have his opinion be taken—And Mr. Deane, who threatened he would not come to Selby-house till the settlements were to be signed, or read, I cannot tell what—will be here on Saturday.

Mr. Orme has desired leave to visit me to-morrow. My uncle so hurries my spirits; not with his raillery, as he used to do—but with his joy. He talks of nothing but the coming down of your brother, and the limited three days after; and numbers the days, nay, the hours, as they fly: For he supposes Sir Charles will be here on Monday, at furthest; and calls that a delay of particular grace and favour. For has he not said, says he, that nothing after Friday can, on his part, detain him from us?

But, Lady G. will he not write, before he comes, to my last? Say my uncle what he pleases, your brother can't be down before Saturday se'nnight, at soonest.

Your fancy and Lady L's determine us. My aunt has undertaken this province: She therefore will write to you what she thinks fit. Is there not too much glare in the flowered silver, as you describe it? Don't, my dear, let me be a bride in a masquerade habit. Humility becomes persons of some degree. We want not glare: We are *known* to be able to afford rich dresses; need them not, therefore, to give us consequence: Simplicity only can be elegance. Let me not be gaudy: Let not fancy, or art, or study, be seen in my dresses. Something must be done, I grant, on our *appearance*; for an appearance we must not dispense with here in the country, whatever you women of quality may do in town. But let me not, I beseech you, or as little as possible, be marked out for a *lustre*; and be so good as to throw in a hint to this purpose to the dear busy girls here, as from yourselves; for they are exercising their fancies, as if I were to be a Queen of the

May. Your authorities will support me, if they give me cause to differ in opinion from them.

Miss Orme has just been with me. She confirms her brother's amendment. She is sorry that his impatience has brought him over, when the climate was so favourable to him. She says, I shall find him sincerely disposed to congratulate me on my happy prospect; of which she has given him ample particulars. He could not, she says, but express himself pleased, that neither Fenwick nor Greville, but that one of so superior a character, is to be the man.

What greater felicity can a young creature propose to herself, in the days of courtship, than to find every one in her family, and out of it, applauding her choice? Could I, a few weeks ago, have thought—But hushed be vanity! Pride, withdraw! Meek-eyed Humility, stand forth!—Am I indeed to be the happiest of women? Will nothing happen—O no, no! Heaven will protect your brother—Yet this Greville is a trouble to me. Not because of my horrid dream; I am not so superstitious as to let that disturb me: But from a hint he gave Miss Orme.

She met him this morning at a neighbouring Lady's. He thus accosted her: I understand, madam, that your brother is returned. He is a happy man. Just in time, to see Miss Byron married. Fenwick, a dog! is gone to howl at Carlisle, on the occasion. Your brother and I have nothing to do but howl in recitative to each other, here.

My brother, Mr. Greville, said Miss Orme, I am sure, will behave like a man on the occasion: Nor can you have reason to howl, as you call it. Sir Charles Grandison is *your* particular friend, you know.

True, Miss Orme, affecting to laugh off this hit, I thought I could have braved it out; but now the matter comes near, it sticks here, just here, pointing to his throat: I cannot get it through my gizzard. Plaguy hard of digestion! making faces, in his light way.

But will your brother, proceeded he, be contented to stay within the noise of the bells, which will (in a few days perhaps) be set a ringing, for ten miles round? Sir Charles drives on at a d—nable rate, I hear. 'But he must let me die decently, I can tell him: We will not part for ever with the flower of our county, without conditions.' Shall *you* see the Siren, madam? If you do, tell her, that I have no chance for peace, but in hating her heartily. But (whispering Miss Orme) bid her NOT TO BE TOO SECURE.

I was strangely struck with these words; for my spirits were not high before. I repeated them; I dwelt upon them, and wept.—Fool that I was! But I soon recollected myself; and desired Miss Orme not to take notice of my tender folly.

Friday

I have had a visit from Mr. Orme. He has given *me* some pleasure. I added not to *his* melancholy. He asked me several interesting questions, which I would not have answered any other man, as I told him. I shall always value Mr. Orme. Your brother is the most generous of men: But were he not so very generous, he ought to allow for my *civility* to this worthy man; since I can applaud *him* with my whole heart, for *loving* the noble Clementina. What a narrow-hearted creature must I be, if I did not? But as a woman's honour is of a more delicate nature, I believe, than a man's, with regard to *personal* love; so perhaps (if this be allowed me) man may be as jealous of a woman's *civility* (in general cases, I mean) as a woman may be of a man's *Love* to another object. This may sound strange, at first hearing, Lady G. but I know what I mean. Nobody else does, Harriet, perhaps you will say. But they would, I reply, if I were to explain myself; which, at present, if you apprehend me not, I have no inclination to do.

How did this worthy man praise Sir Charles Grandison! He must see that my pride, no, not pride, my gratitude, was raised by it, as well to the *praiser* as *praised*. He concluded with a blessing on us both, which he uttered in a different manner from what that Balaam-Greville uttered his: It was followed with tears, good man! and he left me almost unable to speak. How grateful in our ears are the praises bestowed on those whom we fondly love!

Lucy thinks I had best go to my grandmamma's before he comes down; and that he should visit me there from Selby-house. Neither my aunt nor I am of this opinion; but that he should himself go to Shirley-manor, and visit us from thence. For is not Selby-house my usual place of residence? My grandmamma will be delighted with his company, and conversation. But as he cannot think of coming down before the latter end of next week, at the soonest, it is time enough to consider of these things. Yet can a young creature, the awful solemnity so near, and with a man whom she prefers to all others, find room in her head for any other topic?

I have a Letter from my good Mrs. Reeves. She and my cousin are so full of this happy subject, that they invite themselves down to us; and hope we will excuse them for their earnestness on this occasion. They are prodigiously earnest. I wonder my cousin can think of leaving her little boy! My aunt says, there is no denying them. How so?—Surely one may excuse one's self to friends one so dearly loves! Your presence, my Charlotte, I own, would be a high satisfaction to me: Yet you would be a little unmanageable, I doubt. There can be no hope of Lady L's: But if there were, neither she, nor any-body

else, could keep you orderly.—Poor dear Emily!—My aunt wishes, that we *could* have had her with us: But, for her own sake, it must not be. How often do I revolve that reflexion of your brother's; that, in our happiest prospects, the sighing heart will confess imperfection! But I will not add another word, after I have assured you, my dearest Ladies, that I am, and ever will be,

Your grateful and most affectionate humble Servant,

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XL

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Miss BYRON

Friday, Nov. 3

RECEIVE, dearest, loveliest, of women, the thanks of a most grateful heart, for your invaluable favour of Wednesday last. Does my *Harriet* (Already, methinks, I have sunk the name of Byron into that of Grandison), do Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, think, that I have treated one of the most delicate of Female minds indelicately, in the *wish* (not the *prescription*) I have presumed to signify to the beloved of my heart; that within three days after my *permitted* return to Northamptonshire, I may be allowed to receive, at the Altar, the greatest blessing of my life? I would not be thought ungenerous. I signified my wishes; but I told you, in the same Letter, that your *cheerful* compliance was to me the great desirable. In every-thing, from the date of the condescending Letter before me, to the last of my life, shall your wishes determine mine. I will have your whole heart in the grant of every request I make to you, or you shall have the cheerful acquiescence of mine with your will. Permit me to say, that the family-punctilio was not out of my thoughts, when I expressed my own ardent wishes to you. Does not the world about you expect, on the return of the happy man, a speedy solemnization? I imagined, that whether he be permitted to make the place of his abode Selby-house or Shirley-manor, you would not that the happy day should be long deferred, which should give him rank as one of the dear family.

Our Equipages, my dearest life, are all in great forwardness. In tenderness to you, I have forborne to consult you upon some parts of them, as my regard for your judgment would otherwise have obliged me to do. The Settlements are all ready. Our good Mr. Deane is ready to attend you with them. Allow me, then, to do myself the honour of presenting myself before you at Selby-house, on Tuesday next. I will leave it to you to distinguish the happiest day of my life,

whether within the succeeding three, four, five, or even six, of my return.

If I have not your commands to the contrary, Tuesday morning then, if not Monday night, shall present to you the most ardent and sincere of men, pouring out on your hand his grateful vows for the invaluable favour of Wednesday's date, which I consider in the sacred light of a plighted Love; and, as such, have given it a place next my heart.

My most respectful compliments to all whom we both so justly hold dear, conclude me, dearest madam,

*Your most grateful, obliged,
and ever-affectionate,*

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XLI

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Monday Morning, Nov. 6

I SEND you, my dearest Lady G. a copy of your brother's Letter of Friday last; Lucy has transcribed it for you. Lucy is very obliging. She desires to be allowed to correspond with you; and makes a merit of these transcriptions for an introduction: That is her view. I give you fair notice of it, that you may either check or encourage her, as you think fit.

Have I not cause to think your brother a little out of the way in his resolution of so sudden a return?—This night perhaps, or to-morrow morning—I am vexed, my dear, because he is such an anticipater, that he leaves not to me the merit of obliging him *beyond* his expectation. However, I shall rejoice to see him. The moment he enters the room where I am, he can have no faults.

My aunt, who thinks he is full hasty, is gone to dine with my grandmamma, and intends to settle with that dear parent everything for his reception at Shirley-manor. Nancy is gone with her. My uncle, at Mr. Orme's invitation, is gone to dine with that worthy man.

Monday Afternoon

O my dearest Lady G! what shall we do? All quarrels are at an end! all petulance! all folly!—I may never, never, be his at all!—I may, before the expected time of his arrival, be the most miserable of women!—Your brother, best of men!—may be—Ah—my Charl—

Terrified to death, my pen fell from my fingers—I fainted away—Nobody came near me. I know I was not long insensible—My terrors broke through even the fit I fell into—Nothing but death itself could make me long insensible, on such an occasion—O how I shall terrify you!—Dearest Lady G.—But here, here comes my Lucy—Let her give the occasion of my anguish.

The following written by Miss Lucy Selby

AT my cousin's request, while she is lain down, I proceed, my good Lady G. to account to you for her terrors, and for mine also.—Dear creature!—But don't be too much terrified: God, we hope, God, we pray, will protect your brother! Mr. Greville cannot be capable of the shocking mischief, barbarity, villainy, which, it is apprehended, he has in view: God will protect your brother!

Here, a note was brought from an *anonymous* hand—I don't know what I write, from an *unknown* hand; signifying, that Mr. Greville was heard to threaten the life of your brother; and we are told, by more than one, that he is moody, and in a bad way as to his mind. And he left his house this morning; so the note says (And *that* he *certainly* did) and was seen to take the London road, with several servants, and others—And the dear Harriet has distracted herself and me with her apprehensions. My aunt out, my uncle out, none but maid-servants at home. We, before she came up to her closet, ran up and down, directing, and undirecting; and she promised to go up, and try to compose herself, till my uncle came from *The Park*, where he is to dine with Mr. Orme. He is sent for—Thank God my uncle is come!—

By Miss Byron

And what, my dear Lady G. can his coming signify? Lucy is gone down to shew him the anonymous writer's note. Dear, dear Sir! Lord of my wishes! forgive me all my petulance. Come safe—God grant it!—Come safe! And Hand and Heart I will be yours, if you require it, to-morrow morning!

Here follows the copy of the alarming note. I broke the seal. It was thus directed:

To GEORGE SELBY, Esq; With speed, speed, speed

Honoured Sir,

A very great respecter of one of the most generous and noblest of men (Sir Charles Grandison, I mean) informs you, that his life is in great danger. He over-heard Mr. Greville say, in a rageful manner, as by his voice, 'I never will allow such a prize to be carried from me. He shall die the death,' and swore to it. He was a little in wine, it is true; and I should have disregarded it for that reason, had I not informed myself that he is set out with armed men this morning. Make what use you please of this: You never will know the writer. But love and reverence to the young Baronet is all my motive. So help me God!

Two of my uncle's tenants, severally, saw the shocking creature on the London road, with servants. What will become of me, before morning, if he arrives not this night in safety!

Monday Night, Eleven

My uncle dispatched two servants to proceed on the London road as far as they could go for day-light. He himself rode to Mr. Greville's. Mr. Greville had been out all day, and well attended—Expected, however, to return at night.—To prepare for his escape (who knows?) after the blackest of villainies. My aunt is in tears; my uncle recollects aggravating circumstances. Our preparations, your brother's preparations, Mr. Deane's expected arrival of to-morrow—Lucy weeps; Nancy wrings her hands—Your Harriet is in silent anguish—She can weep no more!—She can write no more!

Tuesday Morning, 8 o'Clock, Nov. 7

What a dreadful night have I had! Not a wink of sleep.

And nobody stirring. Afraid to come down, I suppose, for fear of seeing each other. My eyes are swelled out of my head.—I wonder my uncle is not down. *He* might give orders about something—I know not what! What dreadful visions had I ready, as it seemed, to continue my disturbance, could I have closed my eyes to give seeming form to the flying shadows! Waking dreams: For I was broad awake: Sally sat up with me. Such startings! such absences!—I never was so before. Such another night would I not have for the world! I can only write. Yet *what* do I write? To what purpose?—You must not see what I have written. Now on my knees, praying, vowing: Now—*O my Lucy!*

Lucy entered just here—Nancy followed her—Nancy tormented me with her resveries of the past night: My aunt is not well; she has not slept: My uncle fell into a dose, about his usual rising-time: He has had no rest. My grandmamma must not know the occasion of our grief, till it cannot be kept from her—*If*—But no more—Dreadful *If*—

LETTER XLII

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation*

Tuesday 12 o'Clock, Nov. 7

In a small hand, under the Superscription of the inner Cover.

My dearest Lady G. pray read the first page of this Letter, before you open the other dreadful one, sealed with five seals, and stitched to the Cover (that it may not slide *officiously* into your hands). Lucy will have me send the whole of that shocking Letter. Against my judgment, I comply.

WE met this morning soul-less, and forlorn, all equally unable either to give or receive consolation. The officious note was taken up, laid down, taken up again; the hand endeavoured to be guessed at: And at last it was concluded, to dispatch a servant to Mr. Greville's, to learn news of the supposed traitor.

But, behold! before the servant could return, in a riding-dress, having alighted at the outward gate, entered the hall your noble brother. I was the first whom he saw; the first who saw him. I was just going out, intending (yet hardly knowing my intention) to walk in the Elm-row fronting the house, in order to shorten the way of the returning servant with news.

He cast himself at my feet. Something he said, and more he intended to say; excusing his early return, and thanking me for my favour of the Wednesday before; when my joyful surprize overpowered both my speech and senses.—And what will you say to me, when I tell you, that, on my recovery, I found myself in his arms, mine clasped about his neck?

He was surprised at my emotion! Well he might—Every one, in a moment, crowded about him—My aunt also folded her arms around him—Welcome, welcome, welcome, was all she could, at the instant, say.

I, utterly abashed, trembling, and doubting my feet, motioned to quit the hall for the parlour—But nobody minded me; all were busied in congratulating the joy of every heart; till Sally presenting

herself, I leaned upon her, and, staggering to the parlour, threw myself into an elbow-chair.

Your brother, attended by all my friends, followed me in. My heart again bid him welcome, tho' my eye could not, at that instant, bear his. He took my hand, as I sat, between both his, and, in the most respectful manner, pressing it with his lips, besought me to compose myself.

They had hinted to him in the hall, the cause of all our emotions—They had as much reason to blush, as I had.—Nancy, it seems, even Nancy, snatched his hand, and kissed it, in raptures. How dear is he to us all! He sees it, now: There can be no reserves to him, after this. Punctilio! *Family-punctilio!* mentioned he in his Letter!—We have now no pretensions to it—

His eyes shone with grateful sensibility. Look down upon me, loveliest of women, said he, with a bent knee; Look down upon me, and tell me, you forgive me, for my early return. But tho' returned, I am entirely at your devotion.

Lucy says, she never saw me more to my advantage. I looked down upon him, as he bid me, smiling through my tears. He stole gently my handkerchief from my half-hid face; with it he dried my unaverted cheek, and put it, she says, in his bosom. I have lost it.

My uncle and aunt withdrew with him, and acquainted him with all particulars. To them he acknowledged, in words of eloquent Love, my uncle said, the honour done him by me, and by us all, in the demonstrations we had given of our tender regard for him.

I was, by the time of their return to us, pretty well recovered. Sir Charles approached me, without taking notice of the emotion I had been in. Mr. and Mrs. Selby tell me, said he, to me, that I am to be favoured with a residence at our venerable Mrs. Shirley's. This, tho' a high honour, looks a little distant; so would the next door, if it were not under the same roof with my Miss Byron: But, smiling tenderly upon me, I shall presume to hope, that this very distance will turn to my account. Mrs. Shirley's Harriet cannot decline paying her accustomed duty to the best of grandmothers.

Bowing, I shall not, Sir, said I, be the more backward to pay my duty to my grandmamma, for your obliging her with your company.

Thus, resumed he, snatching my hand, and ardently pressing it with his lips, do I honour to myself for the honour done me. How poor is man! that he cannot express his gratitude to the object of his vows, for obligations conferred, but by owing to her new obligation!

Then turning round to my aunt—It is incumbent upon me, madam, said he, to pay my early devoirs to Mrs. Shirley, the *hospitable* Mrs. Shirley, repeated he, smiling; which looked as if he expected to be here. *There*, besides, (looking pleasantly upon my aunt) I may be asked—*here* I am not—to break my fast.

This set us all into motion. My uncle ran out to look after Sir Charles's servants, who, it seems, in our hurry, were disregarded: Their horses in the court-yard; three of them walking about, waiting their master's orders. My uncle was ready, in the true taste of old English hospitality, to *pull* them in.

Chocolate was instantly brought for their master; and a dish for each of us. We had made but a poor breakfast, any of us. I could get nothing down before. My aunt put a second dish into my hand: I took her kind meaning, and presented it to Sir Charles. How gratefully did he receive it! Will it *always* be so, Lady G.? My Love, heightened by my duty, shall not, when the obligation is doubled, make me less deserving of his politeness, if I can help it.

But still this dreadful note, and Greville's reported moodiness, made us uneasy. The servant we sent returned, with information that Mr. Greville came home late last night. He was not stirring, it seems, tho' Eleven o'Clock, when the servant reached his house. He is said to be not well; and, as one servant of his told ours, so very fretful, and ill-tempered, that they none of them know how to speak to him. God grant—But let me keep to myself such of my apprehensions as are founded on conjecture—Why should I not hope the best? Is not your beloved brother at present safe? And is he not the care of Providence?—I humbly trust he is.

Sir Charles took the note. I think I have seen the hand, said he: If I have, I shall find out the writer. I dare say, it is written with a good intention.

My uncle and we all expressed, some in words, some by looks, our apprehensions.

There cannot possibly be room for any, said Sir Charles, always present to himself. Mr. Greville loves Miss Byron. It is no wonder, as his apprehensions of losing all hopes of her for ever, grow stronger, that he should be uneasy. He would make but an ill compliment to her merit, and his own sincerity, if he were not. But such a stake as he has in his country, he cannot have desperate intentions. I remember, to his advantage, his last behaviour here. I will make him a visit. I must engage Mr. Greville to rank me in the number of his friends.

What he said gave us comfort. No wonder if we women love courage in a man: We *ought*, if it be true courage, like that of your excellent brother. After all, my dear, I think we must allow a natural superiority in the minds of men over women. Do we not want protection? And does not that want imply inferiority?—Yet if there be two sorts of courage, an *acquired* and a *natural*; why may not the former be obtained by women, as well as by men, were they to have the same education? NATURAL courage may belong to either. Had Miss Barnevelt, for example, had a boy's education, she would have prob-

ably challenged her man, on provocation given; and he might have come off but poorly.

But we have more silly antipathies than men, which help to keep us down: Whether those may not sometimes be owing to affectation, do you, Lady G. who, however, have as little affectation as ever woman had, determine. A frog, a toad, a spider, a beetle, an earwig, will give us mighty pretty tender terror; while the heroic men will trample the insect under foot, and look the more brave for their barbarity, and for our *delicate* screaming. But for an *adventure*, if a Lover get us into one, we frequently leave him a great way behind us. Don't you think so, Lady G.?—Were not this Greville still in my head, methinks I could be as pert as ever.

Sir Charles told us, that he should have been with us last night, but for a visit he was obliged to pay to Sir Harry Beauchamp; to make up for which hindrance, he took horse, and ordered his equipage to follow him.

He is gone to pay his duty, as he is pleased to call it, to my grandmamma, in my uncle's coach, my uncle with him. If they cannot prevail on my grandmamma to come hither to dinner, and if she is desirous Sir Charles should dine with her, he will oblige her—*by my aunt's leave*, was his address to her. But perhaps she will have the goodness to add her company to his, as she knows *that* will give us all double pleasure: She loves to give pleasure. Often does the dear Lady say, 'How can palsied age, which is but a terrifying object to youth, expect the indulgence, the love, of the young and gay, if it does not study to promote those pleasures which itself was fond of in youth? Enjoy innocently your season, girls, once said she, setting half a score of us into country dances. I watch for the failure of my memory; and shall never give it over for quite lost, till I forget what were my own innocent wishes and delights in the days of my youth.'

Tuesday, Five o'Clock

My uncle and Sir Charles came back to dinner; my grandmamma with them. She was so good as to give them her company, at the first word. Sir Charles, as we sat at dinner, and afterwards, saw me weak in mind, bashful, and not quite recovered; and he seemed to watch my uncle's eyes, and so much diverted him and all of us, that my uncle had not opportunity to put forth, as usual. How did this kind protection assure me! I thought myself quite well; and was so cheerfully silent when Sir Charles talked, that my grandmamma and aunt, who had placed me between them, whispered me severally—You look charmingly easy, love—You look like yourself, my dear. Yet still this mischievous Greville ran in my head.

My uncle took notice, that Sir Charles had said, he guessed at the writer of the note. He wished he would give him an *item*, as he called it, whom he thought of.

You observe, Sir, answered Sir Charles, that the writer says, Mr. Greville was in wine. He professes to be an encourager of the people of the George in Northampton. He often appoints company to meet him there. I imagine the writer to be the head waiter of the house: The bills delivered me in, seem to have been written in such a hand as the note, as far as I can carry the hand-writing in my eye.

Ads-heart, said my uncle, that's undoubtedly right: Your name's up, Sir, I can tell you, among men, women, and children. This man, in his note, calls you (Look, else!) the most generous and noble of men. He says, we *shall never know the writer!* - Ads-dines! the man must deal in art magic, that conceals himself from you, if you have a mind to find him out.

Well, but, said Lucy, if this be so, I am concerned for the reality of the information. Such threatenings as Mr. Greville throws out, are not to be slighted. Very true, said my uncle. Mr. Deane and I (Mr. Deane will certainly be here by-and-by) will go, and discourse with Greville himself to-morrow, please the Lord.

Sir Charles begged that this matter might be left to his management. Mr. Greville and I, said he, are upon such a foot, as, whether he be so sincerely my friend as I am his, or not, will warrant a visit to him; and he cannot but take it as a civility, on my return into these parts.

Should he be affronting, Sir Charles? said my uncle—

I can have patience, if he should. He cannot be grosly so.

I know not *that*, replied my uncle: Mr. Greville is a *roister!*

Well, dear Mr. Selby, leave this matter to me. *Were* there to be danger; the way to avoid it, is not to appear to be afraid of it. One man's fear gives another courage. I have no manner of doubt of being able to bring Mr. Greville with me to an amicable dish of tea, or to dinner, which you please, to-morrow.

Ads-heart, Sir, I wish not to see at *either*, the wretch who could threaten the life of a man so dear to us all.

Sir Charles bowed to my uncle for his sincere compliment. I have nothing to do, said he, but to invite myself either to breakfast, or dine with *him*. His former scheme of appearing to the world well with me, in order to save his spirit, will be resumed; and all will be right.

My aunt expressed her fears, however, and looked at me, as I did at her, with a countenance, I suppose, far from being unapprehensive: But Sir Charles said, You must leave me, my dear friends, to my own methods; nor be anxious for my safety. I am not a rash man: I can pity Mr. Greville; and the man I pity, cannot easily provoke me.

We were all the easier for what the charmingly-cool, because truly-brave, man said on a subject which has given us all so much terror.

But was he not very good, my dear, not to say one word all this day of the important errand on which he came down? And to *lead* the subjects of conversation with design, as my aunt and grandmamma both thought, as well as I, that my uncle should *not*? and to give me time to recover my spirits? Yet when he did address himself to me, never were tenderness and respect so engagingly mingled. This my uncle observed, as well as my Aunt and Lucy. How the duce, said he, does this Sir Charles manage it? He has a way no man but him ever found out—He can court without speech: He can take one's heart, and say never a word. Hay, Harriet! looking archly.

.

Mr. Deane is come—In charming health and spirits—Thank God! With what cordiality did Sir Charles and he embrace each other!

Sir Charles attended my grandmamma home: So we had not his company at supper. No convenience without its contrary. He is her own son: She is his own parent. Such an unaffected love, on both sides!—Such a sweetly-easy, yet respectful, familiarity between them! What additional pleasures must a young woman in my situation have, when she can consider herself as the bond of union between the family she is of, and that she is entering into! How dreadful, on the contrary, must be *her* case, who is the occasion of propagating dissention, irreconcilable hatred, and abhorrence between her own relations and those of the man to whom she for life engages herself!

My grandmother and Sir Charles were no sooner gone, than my uncle began to talk with Mr. Deane on the subject that is nearest all our hearts. I was afraid the conversation would not be managed to my liking; and having too just an excuse to ask leave to withdraw, from bad, or rather no rest, last night, I made use of it; and here in my closet (preparing now, however, for it) am I

Your ever-affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XLIII

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Wednesday Morning, Nov. 8*

SIR CHARLES let my grandmother come hither by herself. He is gone to visit that Greville. We are all in pain for him: But Mr. Deane comforts us.

After breakfast, thus began my uncle upon me.

Here, Dame Selby, are we still *at a fault*.¹ Harriet knows not what she would be at; and you uphold her in her *nonsense*. Delicacy! Delicacy! The duce take me, if I have any notion of it!—What a *pize* are you about?

Dear Sir! why am I blamed? said I. What would you have me do, that I have *not* done?

Do! why I would have you give him his Day, and keep to it; *that* I would have you do: And not shilly-shally for ever—and subject the best of men to insults. All your men will be easy and quiet, when the ceremony is over, and they know there is no remedy.

My good Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma, you now blame without reason. Sir Charles was full hasty. Harriet was a little more nice, perhaps, her Lover considered, than she needed to be. Yet I don't know, but I, in her case, should have done as she did; and expected as much time as she was willing to take. It was not a *very* long one, Mr. Selby, from the declaration he made; and he is a man himself of great delicacy. Harriet very readily acknowledged to him the preference she gave him to all men; and when she found him very earnest for a short day, she, by her last Letter, threw herself generously into his power. He is full of acknowledgements upon it; and so he ought to be. To me he has said all that a man should say of his gratitude, upon the occasion; and he declared to me last night, that it was with difficulty he forbore taking advantage of her goodness to him: But that he checked himself, and led to other subjects, seeing how much the dear creature was disordered, and being apprehensive, that if he had begun upon one so interesting, or even wished to talk with her alone, he should have increased her disorder.

Oy, Oy! Sir Charles is considerate; and Harriet should be grateful: But indeed my Dame Selby is as silly, to the full, as Harriet. She is for having Harriet keep *her* in countenance in the dance she led me, so many years ago—Lady G. for my money. She finds you all out in your Masonry.²

Mr. Selby, said my aunt, I only refer myself to what our venerable parent just said.

And so don't think it worth while to hold an argument with me, I suppose?

I did not know, my dear, that you wanted to hold an argument.

Your servant, madam—with that sly leer—*So* like Harriet! and Harriet *so* like you!

But, Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma, will you be pleased to tell the dear child, if you think her wrong, what is the next step she should take?

Think her wrong!—Next step!—Why the next step is, as she has promised to oblige him, and to be directed by him, to keep her word; and not *hum* nor *haw* about the matter.

Mr. Deane, who had been shewn and told every-thing that had passed since we saw him last, said, You don't *know* that my daughter Byron will make unnecessary parade, Mr. Selby. Sir Charles you find, in tenderness to her, asked no question yesterday; made no claim—*She* could not begin the subject.

But, said Lucy, I cannot but say, that my cousin is in some fault. Look you there, now! said my uncle.

We all stared at Lucy; for she spoke and looked very seriously.

Might she not have said, proceeded she, when Sir Charles surprised her at his first arrival (what tho' her heart was divided between past terror, and present joy?) Here I am, Sir, at your service: Are you prepared for to-morrow?—And then made him one of her best *courtesies*.

Sauce-box!—Well, well, I believe I have been a little hasty in my judgment (rapping under the table with his knuckles): But I am so afraid that something will happen between the cup and the lip—Here, last night, I dreamt that Lady Clementina and he were going to be married—Give me your hand, my dear Harriet, and don't revoke the *kindness* in your last Letter to him, but whatever be the day he proposes, comply; and you will win my heart for ever.

As Sir Charles *leads*, Harriet must *follow*, resumed my grandmamma. You men are sad prescribers in these delicate cases, Mr. Selby. You will be put to it, my dear love, taking my hand, before this day is over, now you seem so purely¹ recovered. Sir Charles Grandison is not a dreaming Lover. Prepare your mind, my child: You'll be put to it, I do assure you.

Why, oy; I can't but say, Sir Charles is a man—Don't you, my *lovely Love*, be too much a woman!—Too close a copier of your aunt Selby here!—and, as I said, you will have my heart for ever—Oy, and Sir Charles's too; for he is not one of your sorry fellows that can't distinguish between a favour and a folly.

My uncle then went out with a flourish, and took Mr. Deane with him; leaving only my grandmamma, my aunt, my Lucy, and your Harriet, together.

We had a good deal of talk upon the important subject. The conclusion was, that I would refer Sir Charles to my grandmamma, if he were urgent for the day, and she was vested with a discretionary power to determine for her girl.

Such of my cloaths, then, as were near finished, were ordered to be produced, with some of the nuptial ornaments. They were all to sit in judgment upon them.

Surely, Lady G. these are solemn circumstances, lightly as my uncle thinks of them. Must not every thoughtful young creature, on so great a change, and for life, have conflicts in her mind, be her prospects ever so happy, as the day approaches? Of what materials must the hearts of runaways, and of fugitives, to men half-strangers to them, be compounded?

My aunt has just left with me the following Billet, from Sir Charles, directed to my uncle, from Mr. Greville's:

Dear Mr. Selby,

I regret every moment that I pass out of Selby-house, or Shirley-manor: And as I have so few particular friends in these parts out of your family, I think I ought to account to you for the hours I do: Nor will I, now our friendship is so unalterably fixed and acknowledged, apologize for giving myself, by this means, the consequence with your family, that every one of yours, for their single sakes, are of to me, superadded to the tenderest attachments to one dear person of it.

I found the gentleman in a less happy disposition than I expected.

It is with inexpressible reluctance that he thinks, as my happy day draws near, of giving up all hopes of an object so dear to him. He seemed strangely balancing on this subject, when I was introduced to him. He instantly proposed to me, and with some fierceness, that I would suspend all thoughts of marriage for *two* months to come, or at least for *one*. I received his request with proper indignation. He pretended to give reasons respecting himself: I allowed not of them.

After some canvassings, he swore, that he would be complied with in *something*. His alternative was, the dining with him, and with some of his chosen friends, whom he had invited.

I have reason to think these friends are those to whom he expressed himself with violence at the George, as overheard, I suppose, by the waiter there.

He rode out, he owned, yesterday morning, with intent to meet me; for he boasts, that he knows all my motions, and those of a certain beloved young Lady. Let him; let every-body, who think it their concern to watch our steps, be made acquainted with them:

The honest heart aims not at secrets. I should glory in receiving Miss Byron's hand, from yours, Sir, before ten thousand witnesses.

Mr. Greville had rode out the night before; he did not say to meet me; but he knew I was expected at Selby-house, either on Monday night, or yesterday morning: And on his return, not meeting me, he and his friends passed their night at the George, as mentioned, and rode out together in the morning—In hopes of meeting me, he said; and to engage me to suspend my happy day. Poor man! Had he been in his *right mind*, he could not have hoped (had he met me on the road) to have been *heard* on such a subject.

An act of oblivion, and thorough reconciliation, he calls it, is to pass, in presence of his expected friends.

You will not take notice of what I have hinted at, out of the family, whatever was designed.

In the temper he would have found me in, had he met me, nothing unhappy could have happened; for he is really to be pitied.

We are now perfect friends. He is full of good wishes. He talks of a visit to Lady Frampton, of a month. I write thus particularly, that I may not allow such a subject as this to interfere with that delightful one which engrosses my whole attention; and which I hope, in the evening, will be honoured with the attention of the beloved and admired of every heart, as well as of that of

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

CH. GRANDISON

Poor wicked Greville!—May he go to Lady Frampton's, or where-ever else, so it be fifty miles distant from us. I shall be afraid of him, till I hear he has quitted, for a time, his seat in this neighbourhood.

What a glorious quality is courage, when it is divested of rashness! When it is founded on integrity of heart, and innocence of life and manners! But, otherwise founded, Is it not rather to be called *savagery*, and *brutality*?

How much trouble have I given your brother! What dangers have I involved him in! It cannot be possible for me ever to reward him.—But the proudest heart may deem it a glory to owe obligation to Sir Charles Grandison.

LETTER XLIV

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation**Wednesday Night, Nov. '8*

SIR CHARLES broke away, and came hither by our tea-time. I was in my closet, writing. They all crouded about him. He avoided particulars: Only said, that all was friendship between Mr. Greville and himself; and that Mr. Greville came with him part of the way; full of his resumed scheme, of appearing to be upon a good understanding with him, and a friend to the alliance between him and us.

Sir Charles looked about him, as if for somebody he saw not. My aunt came up to me: My dear, do you know who is come? She then told me the above particulars. We had a summons to tea. Down we hastened. He met us both at the parlour-door. O madam, said he, what precious hours have I lost!—I have been patience itself!

I congratulated him on what my aunt had told me. I found he intended, as he says in his Billet, that the particulars he gave in it should answer our curiosity; and to have done with the subject. What a charming possession of himself, that he could be in such a brangle, as I may call it,¹ and which might have had fatal consequences; yet to be so wholly, and so soon, divested of the subject; and so infinitely agreeable upon half a score others, as they offered from one or other as we sat at tea!

Tea was no sooner over, but he singled me out—May I, madam, beg the favour of a half-hour's audience?

Sir, Sir! hesitated the simpleton, and was going to betray my expectation, by expressing some little reluctance; but, recollecting myself, I suffered him to lead me into the Cedar-parlour. When there, seating me—Now, madam, let me again thank you, a thousand and a thousand times, for the honour of your last condescending Letter.

He but just touched my hand, and appeared so *encouragingly* respectful!—I must have loved him then, if I had not before.

You have, my dearest Miss Byron, a man before you, that never can be ungrateful. Believe me, my dearest Life, tho' I have urged you as I have, you are absolutely your own mistress of the day, and of every day of my life, as far as it shall be in my power to make you so. You part with power, my lovely Miss Byron, but to find it with an increase. Only let me beseech you, now I have given it you back again, not to permit your heart to be swayed by *mere* motives of punctilio.

A charming glow had overspread his cheek; and he looked as when I beheld him in his sister's dressing-room, after he had rescued

me from the hands of the then cruel, now mortified, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Punctilio, *mere* punctilio, Sir, shall *not* weigh with me. What I wrote to you, I intended to comply with. My heart, Sir, is—*Yours!*—I would have said—Why would not my tongue speak it?—My, my, I stammered—Why did I stammer?—Had I not owned it *before* to be so?—My grandmamma, Sir, and aunt—I could not at that instant, for my life, say another word.

Sweet confusion! I urge you no more on this topic, just now: I joyfully take your reference. Then drawing a chair next me, he kissed his own hand, and held it out, as it were, courting mine. I yielded it to him, as by an involuntary motion—yet my heart was forwarder than my hand. He tenderly grasped it—retaining it—and instead of urging the approaching day, talked to me as if it were past.

I have a request to make to your grandmother, your uncle and aunt, your Lucy, and our Mr. Deane; it is a very bold one: That when I have been blessed with your hand, they will be so good as to accompany their beloved Harriet, then no more Byron, but Grandison, to my family-seat, and see the beloved of every heart happily fixed, and in possession of it. The house is venerable (I will not call it old); but large and convenient. Compassion for your neighbouring admirers, will induce you to support me in this request. You cannot bear, I imagine, without a lessening of your own joy (if I prove the just, the grateful man to you, that, if I know myself, I shall be) either to see at church, or in your visits, those men who preferred you to all women; or, if they forbear the one or the other, to account with a gentle sigh for their forbearance. Other women might triumph secretly on such occasions; but I, even I, the successful, the distinguished man, shall not forbear some inward pity for them. Now, madam, an excursion of a month or two, if no more, made by those dear friends, who otherwise will be loth, so soon as I wish, to part with you; will *wean*, as I may say, these unhappy men from you. Mr. Orme, Mr. Greville, will not then be obliged to quit their own houses, and this neighbourhood. I shall not, whenever I step into company, see dejected men, whose dejection is owing, as they will think, to my happiness: All your *new* relations will attend you, in turn, in the house that I always loved, and wished to settle in; your own relations with you, and witnesses of our mutual happiness—Support me, generously support me, in this proposal, when I shall be intitled, by your goodness, to make it.—Silent, my dearest Love!—If I have been too early in thus opening my heart to you, do me the justice to suppose that it is owing to my wishes to pass over another interesting subject which must take place before my proposal can; and which, however, engages my whole heart.

I might well be silent: I could not find utterance for the emotions of my heart. I withdrew my hand to take my handkerchief (You have often told me, Lady G. that I was born in an April morning); but putting it into my other hand, I gratefully (I hope not too fondly) laid it in his way to take it again. He did, with an air that had both veneration and gratitude in it—My dearest Life, tenderly grasping it—how amiable this goodness!—You are not, I see, displeased.

Displeased!—O, Sir Charles!—But, alas! while I am too-too happy, the exalted Lady abroad!—She, she, only! Your friend Jeronymo's last Letter—

Thus brokenly did I express (what my heart was full of) her worthiness, my inferiority.

Exalted creature!—Angelic goodness! You are Clementina and Harriet, both in one: One mind certainly informs you both.

Just then came in my aunt Selby. I have, madam, said he to her, been making a request to your beloved niece: I am exceedingly earnest in it. She will be so good as to break it to you; and I hope—

O Sir! interrupted my too eager aunt, supposing it had been for the Day, Mrs. Shirley has the power—

My dear aunt Selby! said I.

What have I said, Love?—

He caught eagerly at it—Happy mistake! said he. My dear Mrs. Selby, I thank you!

He bowed, kissed my hand, and left me, to go to my grandmamma, to inform himself of what he had to hope for, as to the Day, from her.

I told my aunt what the request was, and what a conversation we had had: And what, madam, said I, have you done!

My aunt approved of his proposal. It will be the pride of your uncle's heart and mine, to see you settled in Grandison-hall.

What short work did my grandmamma make of it! In less than a quarter of an hour Sir Charles returned, overjoyed, with an open Billet in his hand, from the venerable parent. This is it:

'To me, my Harriet, you have referred the most important Day of your life. May the Almighty shower down his blessings on it! Thursday, next week, is the Day, that, God willing, shall crown the happiness of us all. Make no objections, my dearest child. Hasten to me, and say you acquiesce cheerfully in the determination of

Your ever-affectionate

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY'

Had you seen, my dear Charlotte, with what tender respect your brother approached me, and with what an inimitable grace he offered me the open Billet, how would you have been charmed with him!

The excellent Mrs. Shirley, said he, would not permit me to bring this inestimable paper folded. I have contemplated the propitious lines all the way. On my knee let me thank you, my dear Miss Byron, for your acquiescence with her determination. He kissed my hand on one knee.

He saw me disturbed [Could I help it? There is something awful in the fixing of the *very* Day, Lady G. but I tried to recover myself. I would fain avoid appearing guilty of affectation in his eyes.] I will not add a word more, my Angel, said he, on the joyful subject. Only tell me, Shall we hasten to attend the condescending parent?

My duty to *her*, Sir, said I (but with more hesitation than I wished) shall be an earnest of that which I am so soon, so *very* soon, to vow to *you*: And I gave him my hand.

There is no describing to you, my dear Lady G. the looks, the manner, with which it was received, by the most ardent, and yet most respectful, of Lovers.

I had scarce approached my grandmamma, and begun to utter something of the *much* my heart was filled with, when my Uncle and Mr. Deane (by mistake, I believe) were admitted.

Well, let us know every-thing about it, said my uncle—I hope Sir Charles is pleased. I hope—

The Day was named to him.

Well, well, thank God! And he spoke in an accent that expressed his joy.

Your niece has pleased you now, I hope, Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma.

Pretty well! pretty well! God grant that we meet with no *Put-offs*! I hardly longed so much for my own Day with my Dame Selby there, as I have done, and do, to see my Harriet Lady Grandison—God, God, bless you, my dearest love! and kissed my cheek—You have been very, *very* good, in the main—And, but for Dame Selby, would have been better, as far as I know.

You don't do me justice, my dear, replied my aunt.

Don't I?—Nor did I ever—taking kindly her hand—It was impossible, my dear Sir Charles Grandison, for such a man as I to do justice to this excellent woman. *You* never, Sir, will be so *froppish* as I have been: It was in my nature: I could not help it: But I was always sorry for it *afterwards*.—But if Harriet make you no worse a wife than my Dame Selby has made me, you will not be unhappy—And yet I was led a tedious dance after her, before I knew what she would be at—I had like to have forgot that. But one thing I have to request, proceeded my uncle—Mr. Deane and I have been talking of it—God bless your dear souls, all of you, oblige me—It is, That we may have a joyful Day of it; and that all our neighbours and tenants may

rejoice with us. I must make the village smoke. No *hugger-mugger* doings—Let private weddings be for doubtful *happiness*—

O my uncle! said I—

And O my niece, too! I *must* have it so. Sir Charles, what say *you*? Are you for chamber-marriages?—I *say*, that such are neither *decent*, nor *godly*. But you would not allow Lady G. to come off so—And in your own case—

Am for doing as in Lady G's. I must hope to pay my vows at the Altar to this excellent Lady. What says my Miss Byron?

I, Sir, hope to return mine in the same sacred place (my face, as I felt, in a glow); but yet I shall wish to have it as private as possible.¹

Why, oy, to be sure—When a woman is to do any-thing she is ashamed of—I think she is right to be private, for *example*-sake. Shall *you* be ashamed, Sir Charles?

Sir Charles has given it under his hand, this very day, said Lucy, interrupting him, as he was going to speak, that he shall glory in receiving my cousin's hand before ten thousand witnesses.

Make but my dearest Miss Byron easy on this head, said Sir Charles (That task, Ladies, be yours); and, so the Church be the place, I shall be happy in the manner.

The ceremony, said my grandmamma, *cannot* be a private one with us: Every-body's eyes are upon us. It would be an affectation in us, that would rather raise, than allay, curiosity.

And I have as good as promised the two pretty Nedhams, said my uncle—and Miss Watson and her cousin are in expectation—

O my uncle!

Dear Harriet, forgive me! These are your companions from childhood! You can treat them but once in your life in this way. They would be glad at heart to return the favour.

I withdrew: Lucy followed me—*You*, Lucy, I see, said I, are for these public doings—But you would not, if it were your own case.

Your case is *my* case, Harriet. I should hardly bear being made a shew of with any other man: But with such a man as yours, if I did not *hold up my head*, I should give leer for stare, to see how envy sat upon the womens faces. *You* may leer at the *men*, for the same reason. It will be a wicked day, after all, Harriet; for a general envy will possess the hearts of all beholders.

Lucy, you know, my dear Lady G. is a whimsical girl.

So, my dear, the solemn Day is fixed. If you could favour me with your supporting presence—I know, if you come, you will be very good, now I have not, as I hope you will think, been guilty of much, no not of any, parade.—Lucy will write Letters for me to Lady D. to my cousin Reeves's, and will undertake all matters of ceremony for her Harriet. May I but have the happiness to know that Lady

Clementina—What *can* I wish for Lady Clementina?—But should she be unhappy—that would be an abatement of my felicity indeed!

There is no such thing as thinking of the dear Emily. What a happiness, could I have seen Lady L. here!—But that cannot be! May the Day that will in its *anniversary* be the happiest of my life, give to *Lord* and *Lady L.* their most earnest wishes!

Sir Charles dispatches Frederick to-morrow to town with Letters: He will bring you mine. I would not go to rest till I had finished it.

What have I more to say?—I seem to have a great deal. My head and my heart are full: Yet it is time to draw to a conclusion.

Let me, my dearest Lady G. know, if I am to have any hopes of your presence? Will you be so good as to manage with Emily?

My aunt bids me suppose to you, that since we are to have all the world of *our* acquaintance, you should bring down your aunt Grandison with you.—We have at both houses a great deal of room.

Sir Charles just now asked my grandmamma, Whether Dr. Curtis would be satisfied with a handsome present, if every one's dear Dr. Bartlett were to perform the ceremony? My grandmamma answered, That Dr. Curtis was one of my admiring friends. He had for years, even from my girlhood, prided himself with the hopes of joining my hand in marriage, especially if the office were performed in Northamptonshire. She was afraid he would think himself slighted; and he was a very worthy man.

Sir Charles acquiesced. But, greatly as I respect Dr. Curtis, I should have preferred the venerable Dr. Bartlett to any man in the world. A solemn, solemn subject, tho' a joyful one!

Adieu, adieu, my dear Lady G. Be sure continue to love me. I will, if possible, deserve your Love.

Witness HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XLV

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Friday Morning, Nov. 10

EXPECT a Letter of hurry, in answer to one, two, three, four, five, six, I don't know how many, of yours; some filled with tenderness, some with love, some with nicety, sense, and nonsense. I shall reckon with you soon for one of them, in which you take intolerable liberties with me. O Harriet! tremble at my resentment. You are downright scurrilous, my dear.

I imputed extravagance to Emily, in my last. The girl's a good girl. I was too hasty. I will shew you two Letters of hers, and one of my

brother, which clears up the imputation. I love her more and more. Poor girl! Love peeps out in twenty places of hers: In his, he is the best of men: But that you knew before.

And so the honest man kissed you; kissed your lip! O Lud! O Lud! how could you bear him afterwards in your sight?—Forgiving creature!—And so you were friends with him before you had time to shew your anger.—Nothing like doing impudent things in a hurry.—Sometimes respectful, sometimes free: Why this is the way of all the fellows, Harriet!—And so they go on till the respectfulness is drawn off, and nothing but the lees are left; and after two or three months are over, the once squeamish palate will be glad of *them*.

I like your uncle better than I like either your aunt or you—He likes me.

What a miserable dog (Take the word for shortness, I am in haste) is Sir Hargrave!

Your plea against Clementina being *compelled*, or *over-persuaded* (the same thing) I much like. You are a good girl.

Betwixt her excellencies and yours, how must my brother's soul be divided!—I wonder he thinks of either of you. Ass and two bundles of hay,¹ Harriet. But my brother is a nobler animal: He won't starve. But I think, in my conscience, he should have you both. There might be a law made, that the case should not be brought into precedent till two such women should be found, and such a man; and all three in the like situation.

Bagenhall! a miserable devil! Excellent warning-pieces!²

Wicked Harriet! You infected me with your horrible inferences from Greville's temper, threatenings, and-so-forth. The conclusion of this Letter left me a wretch!—If these megrims are the effect of Love, thank Heaven, I never knew what it was.—*Sufficient to the day*, and-so-forth.³

Devilish girl! to torment me with your dreams! If you ever tell me of any more of them, except they are of a different sort, woe be to you!

I like your parting scene, and all that. Your *realities*, thank Heaven, are more delightful than your *resveries*. I hope you'll always find them so.

And so you were full of apprehensions on the favour your aunt did me in employing me about your *nuptial equipments*. Long ago 'you gave affectation to the winds.' Good! But the winds would not accept of your present. They puffed it you back again, and your servants never told you it was brought home. I repeat, my dear, that my brother is much more clever, in these scenes of Love and Courtship, than his mistress. You are a pretty cow, my love: You give good store of milk, but you have a very careless heel. Yet when you *be-*

think you, you are very good; but not always the same Harriet. Your nurse in your infancy, *see-sawed* you—*Margery-down*—and you can't put the pretty play out of your practice, tho' it is out of your memory. I can look back, and sometimes by your frowardness, sometimes by your crowing, know how it was with you eighteen years ago.

My brother's Letter to you, after he has mentioned his visits to the two sick Baronets, is that of a man who shews you genteelly, and politely, that he is sensible he has a pretty trifler to deal with. I wish you would square your conduct, by what you must imagine a man of his sense would think of you. I should be too proud a minx, in your case, to owe obligation to my man for bearing with me—Spare me, spare me, Harriet! I have hit myself a terrible box o' the ear. But we can find faults in others, which we will not allow to be such in ourselves—But here is the difference between your conduct now, and what mine was. I *knew* I was wrong, and resolved one day to amend. You think yourself right, and, while you so think, will hardly ever mend, till your man ties you down to good behaviour.

Jeronymo's Letter! O the next-to-divine Clementina! Indeed, Harriet, I think she out-soars you. I adore her. But will she be prevailed upon to marry?—She will!—If she does—Then—But, dear Soul!—Pressed as she is—Having refused, instead of being refused, the beloved of her heart, she will still be greater than any of her Sex, if she does; the man proposed, so unexceptionable; so tenderly loving her, in the height of her calamity, as well as in her prosperity!—Gratitude to him, as well as Duty to her parents; parents so indulgent as they have always been to her; will incline her to marry. May she be happy! I am pleased with your solicitude for her happiness.

I like your answer to my brother: A good and well-deserved resignation. Let's see how you keep to it.

You do keep to it—as *I expected*—Ah, Harriet! you are quite a girl, sometimes; tho', at others, more than woman! 'Will he not ask leave to come down?' Fine resignation!—'Will he not write, first?'—Yes, yes, *he* will do every-thing he ought to do. Look to your own behaviour, child; don't fear but *his* will be all as it should be. As to your finery, how now, Harriet! Are *you* to direct every-thing; yet pretend to ask advice? Be contented that every-thing is *done for you* of this sort, and learn to be humble. Sure we that have passed the Rubicon, are not to be directed by you, who never came in sight of the river. But you, maidens, are poor, proud, pragmatical mortals. You profess ignorance; but in *heart* imagine you are at the tip-top of your wisdom.

But here you come with your horrid fears again. Would to the Lord the Day were over; and you and my brother *were*—Upon my life—you are a—But I won't call you names.

Lucy thinks you should go to Shirley-manor when my brother comes down. Egregious folly! I did not think Lucy could have been so silly.

Concerning our cousin Reeves's wanting to be present at your nuptials—your invitation to me—and what you say of Emily—more anon.

Well, and so my brother has sent you the expected Letter. Does it please you, Harriet? The duce is in you, if it don't.

But you are *not* pleased with it, it seems. He is too hasty for you. Where's the boasted-of resignation, Harriet? True *Female* resignation!

Tell Lucy, I am obliged to her, for her transcriptions. I shall be very proud of her correspondence.

'Your *aunt* thinks he is full hasty.'—Your aunt's a simpleton, as well as you! My service to her.

But is the D—l in the girl again? What would have become of Lady L. and me, had you not sent both Letters together that relate to Greville's supposed malignance? I tremble, nevertheless, at the thought of what might have been. But I will not forgive Lucy for advising you to send to us your horribly-painted terrors. What could possess *her* to advise you to do so, and *you*, to follow her advice? I forgive not either of you. In revenge I will remind you, that you are one of the *good women* to whom he owes all the embarrassments of his past life.

But a caution, Harriet!—Never, never, let foolish dreams claim a moment of your attention—Imminent as seemed the danger, your superstition made it more dreadful to you than otherwise it would have been. You have a mind superior to such foibles: Act up to its native dignity, and let not the follies of your nurses, in your infantile state, be carried into your maturer age, to depreciate your womanly reason. Do you think I don't dream, as well as you?

Well might ye all rejoice in his safety. 'Hang about his neck, for joy!' So you ought, if you thought it would do him honour. Hush, hush, proud girl! don't scold me! I think, were a king your man, he would have been honoured by the charming freedom. 'Cast himself at your feet!' And you ought to have cast yourself at his. 'There can be no reserve to him after this,' you say. Nor ought there, had it not *been* for this. Did you not signify to him, by Letter, that you would resign to his generosity? Let me whisper you, Harriet—Sure you proud maiden minxes *think*—But *I* did once—I wonder in my heart, oftentimes—But men and women are cheats to one another. But we may, in a great measure, thank the poetical tribe for the fascination. I hate them all. Are they not inflamers of the worst passions? With regard to the *Epics*, would Alexander, madman as he was, have been so *much* a madman, had it not been for Homer? Of what

violences, murders, depredations, have not the Epic poets been the occasion, by propagating false honour, false glory, and false religion?¹ Those of the *amorous class* ought in all ages (could their future genius's for tinkling sound and measure have been known) to have been strangled in their cradles.² Abusers of talents given them for better purposes (for all this time, I put Sacred poesy out of the question); and *avowedly* claiming a right to be *licentious*, and to overleap the bounds of decency, truth, and nature.

What a rant! How came these fellows into my rambling head? O, I remember—My whisper to you led me into all this stuff.

Well, and you at last recollect the trouble you have given my brother about you. Good girl! Had I remembered that, I would have spared you my reflexions upon the poets and poetasters of all ages, the *truly*-inspired ones excepted: And yet I think the others should have been banished *our* commonwealth, as well as Plato's.³

Well, but, to shorten *my* nonsense, now *you* have shortened yours—The Day is at last fixed—Joy, joy, joy, to you, my lovely Harriet, and to my Brother! And it must be a public affair!—Why—that's right, since it would be impossible to make it a private one. My honest man is mad for joy. He fell down on his knees, to beg of me to accept of *your* invitation, and of *his* company. I made a merit of obliging him, tho' I would have been as humble to *him*, rather than not be with you; and yet, by one saucy line, I imagine you had rather be without me.

Your cousin Reeves's are ready to set out.

God bless you, invite aunt Nell: She thinks herself neglected. A nephew whom she so dearly loves! Very hard! she says.—And she never was but at one wedding, and has forgot how it was; and may never be at another—Pink and yellow, all is ready provided, go down or not—O but, if you choose not her company, I will tell you how to come off—Give her your word and honour that she shall be a person of prime account at your first Christening. Yet she would be glad to be present on both occasions.

But ah, the poor Emily!—She has also been on her knees to me, to take her down with me—What shall I do?—Dear Soul! she embarrasses me! I have put her upon writing to her Guardian, for his leave: I believe she has written. If she knew her own case, I think she would not desire it.

Poor Lady L!—She is robbed, she says, of one of the greatest pleasures of her life. Ah, Charlotte! said she to me, wringing my hand, these husbands owe us a great deal. This is an humbling circumstance. Were not my Lord and yours the best of husbands—

The best of husbands! Wretches! said I. You may forgive yours, Caroline—You are a good creature; but not I mine. And something

else I said, that made her laugh in the midst of her *lacrymals*. But she begs and prays of me, not to go down to you, unless all should be over with her. I can do her no good; and only increase my own apprehensions, if I am with her. A blessed way two poor souls of sisters of us are in. Sorry fellows!

And yet, Harriet, with such prospects as these before them, some girls leap windows, swim rivers, climb walls—Duce take their folly: Their choice is their punishment. Who can pity such rash souls as those? Thanks be praised, you, Harriet, are going on to keep in countenance the two anxious sisters,

*Who, having shot the gulph, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty;*

Says a good man, on a still *more* serious occasion.

Good news! joyful news!—I shall, I shall, go down to you. Nothing to hinder me! Lord L. proud as a peacock, is this moment come for me: I am hurrying away with him. A fine boy!—Sister safe!—Harriet, Lucy, Nancy, for your own future encouragement! Huzzah, girls!—I am gone.

LETTER XLVI

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Thursday, Nov. 9

MY aunt is so much afraid that every-thing will not be ready, that she puts me upon writing to you, to hasten what remains—I am more than half a fool—But that I always was. My spirits sink at the thoughts of so public a Day. The mind, my grandmamma says, can but be full; and it would have been filled by the circumstance, had not the publicness of the Day given me something more of grievance.

I am afraid, sometimes, that I shall not support my spirits; that I shall be ill—Then I think something will happen—Can it be, that I shall be the wife of Sir Charles Grandison? I can hardly believe it.—Sir Charles is tenderly concerned for me. It would be impossible, he says, that the Day could be private, unless I were to go to London; and the very proposing of that would put my uncle out of all patience, who prides himself in the thought of having his Harriet married from his own house: Nor could I expect my grandmamma's presence. He does all he can to assure my heart, and divert me: A thousand
S.C.G.—55

agreeable lively things he says: So tender, so considerate, in his joy!—surely I shall be too happy. But will you come? Can you? And if you do, will you be good? Will you make my case your own?

My uncle, at times, is prodigiously headstrong. Every hour he does or says something wrong; yet we dare not chide him. Thursday next will be one of the greatest days of his life, he says; and it shall be all his own. He either sings, hums, or whistles, in every motion. He resolves, he says, to get his best dancing legs in readiness. He started up from table after dinner this day, and caught hold of Lucy's hand, and whisked her round the room. *Dear toad*, he called her; a common address of his to Lucy (I say, because she has a jewel in her head);¹ and flourishing about with her in a very humorous manner, put her quite out, on purpose to laugh at her; for she would have been in, if he would have let her, for the humour-sake. He was a fine dancer in his youth.

Miss Orme breakfasted with us this morning. She, no doubt, threw herself in our way on purpose to hear the news of the appointed Day confirmed. My uncle officiously told her, it would be one day next week. She named the very day, and turned pale, on his owning she was not mistaken. She hoped, she said, her brother would bear the shock, as he had been long destitute of hope. But, said she, he promised me, before he went abroad, to carry me to London on a visit to some relations there. I will remind him; and hope to prevail on him to set out next Monday or Tuesday.

God bless you! my dear Miss Byron, said she, at parting; may your bustle be happily over! I shall pity you. You will pay for being so universally admired. But your penance will be but for two days; the *very* Day, and that of your *appearance*; and in both your man will bear you out: His merit, his person, his address. Happy Miss Byron!—The universal approbation is yours. But I must have you contrive some how, that my brother may see him before he is yours: His heart will be the easier afterwards.

—Sent for down by my grandmamma.—Dear Lucy, make up the Letter for me. I know you will be glad of the opportunity.

Continued by Lucy.] 'Will Lady G. admit me, in this abrupt manner, into her *Imperial presence*! I know she will, on this joyful occasion, accept of any intelligence. The poor Harriet! My uncle Selby would invite all the country, if they came in his way. Four of my cousin's old playfellows have already been to claim his promise. He wished, he said, he had room for all the world; it should be welcome.

'He will have the Great Barn, as it is called, cleared out; a tight large building, which is to be illuminated at night with a profusion of lights; and there are all his tenants, and those of Shirley-manor, to be treated, with their wives, and such of their sons and daughters

as are more than Twelve years old. The treat is to be a cold one. Hawkins, his steward, who is well respected by them all, is to have the direction of it. My uncle's October is not to be spared. It will cost two days, at least, to roast, boil, and bake, for them. The carpenters are already sent for. Half a dozen bonfires are to be lighted up, round the Great Barn; and the stacks of wood are not to be spared, to turn winter into summer, as my uncle expresses himself.

'Neither the poor nor the populace are to be admitted, that the confusion, almost unavoidable from a promiscuous multitude, may be avoided. But notice will be given, that two houses in the neighbouring village, held by tenants of the family, and one near Shirley-manor, will be opened at Twelve on Thursday, and be kept open for the rest of the day, till Ten at night, for the sake of all who choose to go thither. The Churchwardens are preparing a list of the poor people; who, on Friday morning, *were* to receive *Five* shillings apiece, which Sir Charles has desired to make *Ten*; on condition that they shall not be troublesome on the day.

'Poor Sir Hargrave, to whom all this joyful bustle is primarily owing!—I tell Harriet, that she has not, with all her punctilio, been half punctilious enough. She should have had him, after all, on the motive of Prince Prettiman in the *Rehearsal*.¹

'Dear madam, can your Ladyship allow of this idle rattle? But I have not time to make up for it by a ceremonious conclusion; tho' I am, with the truest respect, Lady G's

Most obedient humble Servant,

LUCY SELBY'

LETTER XLVII

Lady G. To Miss BYRON

Saturday, Nov. 11

I WRITE a few lines, if, writing to you, I can write a few, by the special messenger that carries down all the remaining apparatus, which was committed to my care. We women are sad creatures for delaying things to the last moment. We hurry the men: We hurry our workwomen, milaners, mantuamakers, friends, allies, confederates, and ourselves. When once we have given the Day, night *and* day, we neither take rest, nor give it: When, if we had the *rare* felicity of knowing our minds sooner, all might go on fair and softly. But then the gentle passion, I doubt, would glide into insipidity. Well, and I have heard my brother say, 'That things in general are best as

they are.' Why I believe so; for all these honest souls, as mantua-makers, attire-women, work-women, *enjoy* a hurry that is occasioned by a wedding, and are half as well pleased with it, as if it were their own. They simper, smirk, gossip, over Bridal finery; spread this upon their arms or shoulders; admire that—Look you here—Look ye there! And is not this?—Is not that?—And, Did you ever!—No, never, in my born days!—And is the Bride, do you say, such a lovely creature?—And is the Bridegroom as handsome a man, as she a woman?—O lud! O dear!—Would to Heaven Northamptonshire were nearer, that one might see how charming, how graceful, how becoming! and-so-forth.

And why should not we women, after all, contrive to make hurry-skurries [You see how I correct myself as I go along] and make the world think our affairs a great part of the business of it, and that nothing can be done without us? Since, after a few months are over, new novelties take place, and we get into corners, sigh, groan, look silly and meagre, and at last are thrown into *straw*, as it is called; poor Caroline's case; who repines, that she can't be present on this new bustle in the family. But I am to write her word of every-thing—Look to your behaviour, Harriet, on the great occasion.

But a word about Caroline—Were it not for her being deprived of this pleasure, the good creature would be very happy. Lord L. and she are as fond as apes. She has quite forgot all her sufferings for him. He thanks her for his boy. She follows with her eye the little stranger, and is delighted with all that is done *with* him, *to* him, *for* him: Is pleased with every-body, even with the very servants, who croud in, by permission, to see his little Lordship, and already claim an interest in him. Upon my word, she makes a very pretty fond mother. And aunt Nell, who, by the way, was at the Crying-out, and was then *so* frightened! *so* thankful to God! and *so* happy in her own situation! [No, not for the world, would she be other than she was!] now grudges the nurses half their cares.

What good creatures are we women!

Well, but I don't know what to do about Emily. The first vice of the first woman was curiosity, and it runs through all her daughters. She has written to her Guardian, and nothing but an absolute prohibition will hinder her from making one in your train. Did the dear girl know the state of her own heart, she would choose to be a thousand miles off, rather than go. I have set her woman and mine to discourage her. I have reasoned with her myself; but there is no such thing as giving her one's *true* reasons; nor would I, willingly: Because she herself, having not found out her Love to be Love, I hope the fire may be smothered in her own heart, by the aid of time and discretion, before discovery; whereas, if the doors of it were to

be opened, and the air let in, it might set the whole tenement in a blaze. Her Guardian's denial or assent will come, perhaps, in time; yet *hardly*, neither; for we shall set out on Monday. Aunt Nell is so pleased with her nursery of the *little Peer*, as she primly calls him, that you are rid of even her *wishes* to be with you. Being sure of this, I complimented her, that I knew your aunt Selby would have invited her, but that Lady L. would not be able to live without her company, all the world, and the world's wife, attentive and engrossed by your affair. She, good creature! was pleased—So as she could but be thought of importance by somebody, I knew she would be happy. I told her, that you invited nobody, but left all to your friends—Ay, poor dear Soul, said she; she has enough to think of, well as she loves your brother—And sighed for *you*—Worthy Ancient! The sigh a little deeper, perhaps, for some of her own Recollections.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves would not stay for us. What will you do with us all?—Croud you, I fear. But dispose of *us*, at Shirley-manor, or Selby-house, as you please. Yours, and aunt Selby's, and grand-mamma Shirley's concern for us, is all we are solicitous about. But servants rooms, nay, cocklofts, hay-lofts, will do. We like to be put to our shifts, now-and-then—Something to talk of—

But I can tell you, if you don't know it already, Lord W. and his Lady are resolved to do you honour on this occasion; but they will be but little trouble to you. My Lord's steward has a half-brother, a gentleman-farmer, in your neighbourhood—Sheldon—They will be there: But perhaps you know of this a better way. They will make a splendid part of your train. Gratitude is their inducement.

Lord L. has just now told me, that my sister, in tenderness to him, and in honour to you, has besought *him* to be present. O Harriet! what will you do with yourself?—Aunt Nell and I have the heart-burn' for you. But Lord L. *must* be welcome: He is one of those who so faithfully kept your secret.

So, in *our* equipages, will be Lord L. my honest man, Emily, and your Charlotte: Lord L's equipages will be at the service of any of your guests; as will our spare one—I wish Beauchamp could permit himself to be present (I hope he will) on the nuptials of the friend so dear to him, with a Lady he so greatly admires.

My woman and Emily's will be all our Female attendants: One nook will serve them both.

My poor man will be mad, before the day comes. He *does* love you, Harriet. My brother, he says, will be the happiest man in the world—*himself excepted*—A hypocrite! He just popt this in, to save himself—Why dost make this exception, friend? said I—Thou knowest it to be a mere compliment—Indeed, indeed (*two* indeeds, which implied, that *one* might have been doubted) I am *now* (A sar-

casm in his word *now*) as happy as mortal man can be—Ah, flatterer! and shook my head—A recognition of my sovereignty, however, in his being afraid to speak his conscience. A little of the old leaven, Harriet! I can't help it. It is got out of my heart, half out of my head; but, when I take the pen, it will tingle now-and-then, at my finger's end.

Adieu, my Love! God bless you!—I can enter into your joy. A Love so pure, and so fervent. The man Sir Charles Grandison—And into your *pain*, also, in view of a solemnity so near, and to you so awful. With all my roguery, I sympathize with you. I have not either a wicked or unfeeling heart. Such as yours, however, are the true spirits; such as mine are only bully and flash.

Lucy, you are a good girl. I like the whim of your concluding for Harriet; I also like your tenants dining-room, and other managements, as the affair must unavoidably be a public one.

Neither of you say a word of good Mr. Deane: I hope he is with you. He cannot be a cypher where-ever he comes, except on the right-side of the figure, to increase its consequence. Don't be afraid of your uncle; I, I, I, will manage him, never fear.

There are other passages, Harriet, in your last Letter, which I ought to have answered to—But forgive me, my dear; I had laid it by (tho' pleased with it in the main); and, having answered the most material part, by dispatching your things, forgot it as much as if I had not received it, till the moment I came to conclude. Once more, Adieu, my dearest Harriet.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVIII

Miss JERVOIS, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Friday, Nov. 20

No sooner, dear and honoured Sir, is one boon granted me, but I have another to beg; yet I blush as I write, for my troublesomeness. I told you, Sir, I had furnished myself with new cloaths, on a very joyful occasion—Indeed it is on a *very* joyful occasion. You would lay me under a new obligation to your goodness, if you would be pleased to allow me to attend Lady G. in her journey down. I shall know, by this fresh favour, that you have *quite* forgiven your dutiful ward. I presume not to add another word—But I dare say, dear Miss Byron, that now is, will not be against it, if you are not.—God bless you, my honoured good Sir—But God, I hope, I am sure, *will* bless you; and so shall I, as surely I ought, whether you grant this favour, or not, to

Your ever-obliged, and grateful

EMILY JERVOIS

LETTER XLIX

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Miss JERVOIS**Sunday, Nov. 12*

IT would give me great pain to deny to my good Miss Jervois the grant of any request she shall think fit to make to me. You shall know, you say, by the grant of this favour, that I have quite forgiven my ward. Was such a test wanted, my dear? I assure you, that what you have lately done for your mother, tho' I was not consulted in it, has heightened my opinion of the worthiness of your heart.

As to your request, I have pleasure in leaving every-thing relating to the happy event to my beloved Miss Byron and her friends. I will entreat her to underwrite her mind on this subject. She grieves that the solemnity cannot be private; which, beloved as she is in this neighbourhood, would be vain to attempt.

If her aunt has no objection from want of room, there cannot, my dear Emily, be any from

Your affectionate and true Friend,

CH. GRANDISON

Underwritten

My dearest Miss Jervois will excuse me, that I gave her not a formal invitation, when I intimated my wishes for Lady G's presence on the approaching solemn occasion, tho' at so many miles distance. It is a *very* solemn one. One's heart, my dear, cannot be so much disengaged, as to attend to invitations for the *very* Day, as it might on its *anniversary*. We shall have too great a number of friends. O my dear! can you bear to make one in so large a company? I shall not be able to attend to any of my friends on the Day: No, not to you, my Love. Can you bear with my inattention to every-body, to every subject, but one? Can you desire to see your Harriet (joyful as the occasion is, and the chosen wish of her heart) look and behave like a foolish creature? If you can, and Lady G. will take charge of my lovely young friend, all mine will rejoice in being able to contribute to your pleasure, as well as

Your ever-affectionate

HARRIET BYRON

LETTER L

*Lady G. To Lady L.**Selby-house, Tuesday, Nov. 14*

WELL, my Sister, my Friend, my dear Lady L. how do you? *As well as can be expected*, I hope: The answer of a thousand years old, to every enquirer, careful or ceremonious. And how does my dear little boy? *As well as can be expected*, too—I am glad of it.

Here we are!—Every body well, and happy.

I was afraid my brother would have looked more *polite* upon us than *familiar*, as he invited us not: But, no!—He was all himself, as Harriet says. He met us at our coach-door. He handed out his ward. She could not speak. Tears were in her eyes. I could have beat her with my fan. He kissed her cheek. My dear child, I thank you most sincerely for your goodness to your mother.

I was afraid that her joy would then have been too much for her. She expanded, she collected, her plumes. Her spread arms (soon, however, closed) shewed me, that she with difficulty restrained herself from falling at his feet. He turned from her to me. My best Charlotte, how do you? The journey, I hope, has not incommoded you. He led me out, and, taking each of the honest men by the hand, My dear Lords, you do me honour. He then congratulated Lord L. on the present you had made him, and the family, he said.

At the inner-gate met us our sweet Harriet, with joy upon one brow, half the cares of this mortal life on the other—She led us into the Cedar-parlour, my brother returning to welcome in the two honest men, and threw her arms about my neck—My dearest Lady G. how much does your presence rejoice me!—I hope (and looked at me) your journey—Be quiet, Harriet!—You must not think so much of these matters, my Love. She was a little abashed—Don't be afraid of me; I will be very good, said I. Then will I be very thankful, replied she.

My lovely Emily! turning to her: How does my sweet friend? Welcome, once more, to Selby-house.

The girl's heart was full—She, thanking her only by a deep courtesy, abruptly withdrew to the window; and, trying for a third hem, in hopes to stifle her emotion, it broke into a half-sob, and tears followed.

Harriet and I looked; *she* compassionately, *I* vexedly, I believe; and both shook our heads at each other.

Take no notice, said I, seeing Harriet move towards the window to her—It will go off of itself. Her joy to see her Harriet, that's all.

But I *must* take notice (for she found that Emily heard her) My dear Emily, my lovely young friend—why, why—

I will tell you, madam, interrupted she, and threw her arms about Harriet's neck, as Harriet (sitting in the window) clasped hers about her waist; and I will tell you truth, and nothing but the truth—You wrote so cool to me, about my coming—And yet I to come! But I could not help it—And I thought you now looked a little severely upon me—But Love, and, I will say, Duty to you, my dearest Miss Byron, AND NOTHING ELSE, made me so earnest to come. Say you forgive me.

Forgive you, my dearest Emily!—I had only your sake, my dear, in view. If I wrote with less warmth than you expected, forgive *me*. Consider my situation, my Love. You are, and ever will be, welcome to me. Your griefs, your joys, are mine—Give me which you please.

The girl burst into fresh tears—I, I, I am now as unable, sobbed she, to bear your goodness, as before I was your displeasure—But hide, hide me! Here comes my Guardian!—What now, when he sees me thus, will become of me?

She heard his voice at the door, leading in the two Lords; and they followed by Mr. Selby, Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy.

Sir Charles went to the two young Ladies. Harriet kept her seat, her arms folded about Emily; Emily's glowing face in her bosom.

Sweet emotion! said he, my Emily in tears of joy!—What a charming picture!—O my Miss Byron, how does your tenderness to this amiable child oblige me! I sever you not; clasping his generous arms about them both.

I have afflicted my dear Emily, Sir, without intending it. I wrote coldly, my precious young friend thinks; and her Love for me makes her sweetly-sensible of my supposed ingratitude. But believe me, my dear, I love you with a true sisterly tenderness.

I took the dear girl aside, and gently expostulated with her, upon the childishness of her behaviour, and the uneasiness she would give to Miss Byron, as well as to herself, by repetitions of the like weakness of mind.

She promised fair; but, Lady L. I wish there were more of the child, and less of the woman, in this affair. Poor thing! she was very thankful for my advice; and expressed how wrong she was, *because* it might discourage her Guardian and Miss Byron, that *now was*, from letting her live with them: But for my life, said she, whatever was the matter with me, I could not help my foolishness.

Miss Nancy Selby took Emily up with her; and uncle Selby and I had a little lively hit at each other, in the old stile. We drew my brother in. I had not tried his strength a good while: But, as Harriet said in one of the sauciest Letters she ever wrote, I soon found he was the wrong person to meddle with. Yet he is such a charming raillier, that I wonder he can resist his talent. *No* wonder, Harriet

would say; because he has talents so superior to that which, she says, runs away with his poor sister.

Emily came down to us very composed, and behaved prettily enough: But had my brother as much mannish vanity as some of the sorry fellows have, who have no pretence for it, he would discern the poor Emily's foible to have some little susceptibility in it. I am glad he does not; for it would grieve him. I have already told him of the sufferings of poor Lady Anne S. on her hearing he is near marriage; and he expressed great concern upon it for that really-worthy woman.

Mr. Reeves, his wife, and Mr. Deane, were abroad when we arrived. They came in to tea. Our mutual congratulations on the expected happy event, cheered our own hearts, and would have delighted yours. Charming, charming, is the behaviour of my brother to his Bride-elect. You can have no notion of it; because at Colnebrooke we always saw him acting under a restraint; owing, as since we have found, to Honour, Conscience, and a prior Love.

He diverts and turns the course of subjects that he thinks would be affecting to her; yet in such a manner, as it is hardly perceivable to be his intention to do so: For he makes something of the begun ones contribute to the new ones, so that, before uncle Selby is aware of it, he finds himself in one that he had not in his head when he sat out.—And then he comes with his 'What a pize was I going to say? But this is not what I had in my head.' And then, as my brother knows he misses his scent, only because it has not afforded the merry mortal something to laugh at; he furnishes him with some lively and innocent occasion which produces that effect, and then Mr. Selby is satisfied. Mrs. Selby and Lucy see how my brother manages him; yet find it so delicately done, that something arises from it that keeps the honest man in credit with himself and every-body else, for face-tiousness, good-humour, good heart, and those qualities which really are his due, and make him in his worst subjects tolerable, and in his best valuable.

Venerable Mrs. Shirley is to be here all to-morrow and next day. Mr. Deane has chosen Shirley-manor for his abode, for the time he stays; so has James Selby, in order to make more room at Selby-house for us women. There too Mr. and Mrs. Reeves take up, of choice, their lodgings, tho' here all day.

Poor Harriet! She told *me* once, that fear makes cowards loving. She is so fond of me and Lucy, and her aunt, at times, it would be a sin not to pity her. Yet Lucy once tossed up her head, upon my saying so—Pity her! why, yes, I think I do, now you have put me in the head of it: But I don't know whether she is not more to be envied. Lucy is a polite girl. She loves her Harriet. But she knew I should be pleased with the compliment to my brother.

Harriet has just now looked in upon me—Writing, Lady G. And of me?—To Lady L. I suppose?

She clasped her arms about me: Ah, madam! Thursday! Thursday! What of Thursday?

Is the day after to-morrow!

Every child can tell that, Harriet.

Ah but I, with such happiness before me, am sillier *than* a child!

Well, but I can tell you something, Harriet.

What is that?

That the next day to Thursday, is Friday—The next to that is Saturday—The next—

Pish! I'll stay no longer with you, giving me a gentle tap—I would not have answered you so:

Away she tript, desiring her affectionate compliments to dear Lady L.

Let me see! Have I any more to write? I think not. But a call for supper makes me leave my paper unsubscribed.

Emily behaved very prettily at supper; but it would have been as well, if she had not thought so herself: For she boasted of her behaviour afterwards to me. That made it look like an *extraordinary* in her own account.

Mr. Selby sung us a song, with a good Fox-hunter air. There is something very agreeable in his facetiousness: But it would become nobody else. I think you and I agreed at Dunstable, that he is a fine, jolly, hearty, handsome-*ish* man—He looks shrewd, arch, open, a true country gentleman aspect; what he says is *so-so*—What he means is better.—He is very fond of your Lord—But I think rather fonder of *mine*—A criterion, Lady L!

As for Lord G. he is in the situation of Harriet's Singleton—He is prepared to laugh the moment Mr. Selby opens his mouth; especially when he twists his neck about, turns a glass upside-down, and looks under his bent brows, at the company round, yet the table always in his eye: For then we know, that something is collected, and ready to burst forth,

Well, good night! good night! good night!—Has my Godson-elect done crying yet? What a duce has *he* to cry at? Unswaddled, unpinioned, unswathed, legs and arms at full liberty: But they say crying does good to the brats—opens their pipes—and-so-forth—But tell him, that if he does not learn to laugh, as well as cry, he shall not be related to

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LI

*Lady G. In Continuation.**Wedn. Nov. 15*

WEDNESDAY is come, and, as Harriet says, to-morrow is Thursday. Ah, Harriet! rich as content! poor as patience!

I have been talking to her: Half-comforting her, half-laughing at her. She says, I am but half-good.—All the world is come.—Lord W. and his ever-agreeable Lady, Beauchamp, as I am alive, with them! I wish I could see this rogue Emily in love with him. He is certainly in love with her.

‘I know it—I know it!—Do you go down, about your business.’

Only Lord G. come to tell me what I knew before.

Harriet’s gone down to be complimented. She has hardly spirits to compliment.

‘Well, well, I’ll only tell Lady L. who is come. Does not the poor soul keep her bed? And are we not to be as complaisant to our ill friends, as our well?—I am coming, child.’

Emily, with her pretty impertinence. Neither Lord G. nor Emily, can be any-thing, when strangers come, and I stand not by them to shew their signification.

Duce! a third messenger—O! Mrs. Selby herself. I’ll tell you more by-and-by, Lady L. ‘Your servant, Mrs. Selby. I attend you.’

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The two Miss Nedhams, Miss Watson, Miss Barclay, the two Miss Holles’s, Mr. Deane—‘So, so, so, Harriet, said I, what is the meaning of this?’—My uncle’s doings! I have no spirits. Sir Charles should not have been so passive: He, and no-body else, could have prevailed upon my uncle. My aunt has held him in, till her arms ached. O the dear restiff man! She has now let go; and you see how he prances over the whole meadow, the reins upon his neck.

Dear girl! said I, I am glad you are so fanciful.

I would fain be lively, if I could, said she. Never any creature had more reason, Lady G.—My heart is all Gratitude, and, I will say, Love.

Good girl! hold up your head, my dear, and all will be as it should be.

Sir Charles staid to attend hither the most venerable of women. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are to come with them. You must, as you expect me to be minute, be content with bits and scraps, written by snatches of time. I pity you for your still-life, my dear Lady L. and think

your request, that I will so write, as to make you suppose yourself on the spot, a reasonable one.

Here is come the man of men!

With what respect (all his Respect has Love in it) did he attend Mrs. Shirley to her seat! And then hastening to Lord and Lady W. he saluted them both, and acknowledged the honour done him by their presence; an honour, he said, that he could not have expected, nor therefore had the thought, the distance so great, of asking for it.

He then paid his compliments, in the most affectionate manner, to his amiable friend Beauchamp; who, on his thanking him for his uninvited presence, said, He could not deny himself being present at a solemnity that was to complete the happiness of the best of men, and best of friends.

Sir Charles addressed himself to the young Ladies who were most strangers to him; apologizing to them, as they were engaged with Mr. Selby, Mr. Deane, and Lord G. that he did not at first. He sat a few minutes with them: What he said, I heard not; but they smiled, blushed, and looked delighted upon each other. Every-body followed him in his motions, with their eye. So much presence of mind, never met with so much modesty of behaviour, and so charming a vivacity.

The young Ladies came only *intendedly* to breakfast; and that at Mr. Selby's odd invitation. They had the good sense to apologize for their coming this day, as they were to make part of the cavalcade, as I may call it, to-morrow. But the odd soul had met the four at a neighbouring Lady's, where he made a gossiping visit, and would make them come with him.

I observed, that nobody cared to find fault with him; so I began to rate him; and a very whimsical dialogue passed between us at one end of the room, while Sir Charles, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady W. and Harriet, were in close talk at the other.

I made the honest man ashamed of himself; and every-body in our circle was pleased with us. This misled me to go on; and so, by attending to his nonsense, and pursuing my own, I lost the opportunity of hearing a conversation, which, I dare say, would have been worth repeating to you by pen and ink. Harriet shall write, and give it you.

Mr. Orme and his Sister, we are told, set out yesterday for London. Mrs. Selby and Harriet are yet afraid of Greville.

The gentlemen and some of the Ladies, myself (but not Harriet) among them, have been to look at the preparations made in the lesser Park, for the reception of the tenants. Mr. Selby prided himself not

a little on his contrivances there. When we returned, we found Harriet at one end of the great parlour, sitting with Emily; her grandmother, Mr. Selby, Lucy, in conversation at the other; the good girl's hand in hers, Emily blushing, looking down, but delighted, as it seemed; Harriet, with sweetness, love, and compassion, intermingled in her aspect, talking to her, and bending over her, her fine neck. I thought I never saw her look so lovely. Elder sister like, and younger, one instructing in love, the other listening with pleasure. They (unobserved by themselves) took every body's attention, as the room filled with the company, who all crowded about Mrs. Shirley, affecting not to heed the two friends. What would I give, said Lady W. to Sir Charles and her Lord, for a picture of those two young Ladies (Emily just then kissed the hand of her lovely friend with emotion, and Harriet lifted up Emily's to her lips) if Love, Dignity, and such Expression, could be drawn in the face of one Lady; and that Reverence, Gratitude, and modest Attention, in the other? I congratulate you, Sir Charles, with all my heart. I have observed with rapture, from every look, every word, and from the whole behaviour of Miss Byron, that your goodness to hundreds will be *greatly* recompensed. O my good Lord W. turning to him, Miss Byron will pay all our debts.

Every attitude, every look, of Miss Byron's, said my Lord, would furnish out a fine picture. I cannot keep my eye from her, wherever she is.

My brother bowed, delighted.

How pleased was Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby—Every-body! But what a different man is Lord W. to what he once was! lifted up from low keeping, to a wife, who, by her behaviour, good sense, politeness, gives him consequence. Once I thought him one of the lowest of men. I denied him, in my heart, a relation to my mother, and thought him a savage.

The two young Ladies, finding themselves observed, stood up, in a parting posture; but Emily seeming eager to detain her dear friend's attention, Harriet took a hand of Emily's in each of hers.

I had sidled that way—Yes, my dear, said the lovely Harriet, a friendship unalterable by time or fate, as you say. Dearest Emily, command me ever.

Emily looked about her—O madam, I want to *kneel* to you. I will ever, ever—My good Lady G. said Harriet, approaching me, one of Emily's hands in hers, we have promised a friendship that is to continue to the end of our lives. We are to tell each the other all her faults. How causelessly has my Emily been accusing herself!—The most ingenuous of human hearts is hers.

She left Emily's hand in mine, and bent towards Mrs. Shirley, and the whole circle of friends surrounding her chair.

O my dear Lady G! said Emily, whisperingly, as we followed the meek-eyed Goddess of Wisdom [Such her air, her manner, her amiableness, seemed in my thought, at that time, to make her], never, never, was such graciousness! I cannot bear her goodness. What a happy creature shall I be, if I follow her example, and observe her precepts!—You cannot, my dear, said I, have a better guide: But, Love, you must not be capricious, as you were at first coming. She professed she would not. I have been excusing myself to her, madam, said the dear girl, and am forgiven.

My brother met the lovely creature. He took her hand, and, leading her towards her grandmother, We have been attentive, my dearest life, to you and Emily. You love *her*: She adores *you*. My Beauchamp, you know not the hundredth part of the excellencies of this admirable woman.

You were born for each other. God preserve you both, for an example to a world that wants it.

Harriet courtesied to Beauchamp. Her face was overspread with a fine crimson; but she attempted not to speak. She squeezed herself, as it were, between the chairs of her grandmamma and aunt; then turned about, and looked *so* charmingly! Miss Jervois, Sir, said she, to my brother, has the best of hearts. She *deserves* your kind care. How happy is she, in such protection!

And how much happier will she be in yours, madam! replied he. Of what a care, my Emily, turning to her, has this admirable Lady already relieved my heart! the care the greater, as you deserve it all. In every-thing take her direction: It will be the direction of love and prudence. What an amiable companion will you make her! and how happy will your love of each other make me!

Emily got behind me, as it were. Speak for me to my guardian, promise for me, madam—You never, never, shall break your word through my fault.

Beauchamp was affected. Graciousness, said he, looking at Harriet, and Goodness, looking at Emily, how are they here united! What a happy man will he be, who can intitle himself to a Lady formed upon such an example!

A sun-beam from my brother's eye seemed to play upon his face, and dazle his eyes. The fine youth withdrew behind Lady W's chair. Mr. Selby, who had been so good as to give us his silent attention, then spoke, with a twang through his nose. Adad, adad, said he, I don't know what to make of myself—But go on, go on; I love to hear you.

Your good Lord, my dear, enjoyed the pleasure we all had: Mine tossed up his head, and seemed to snuff the wind: And yet, my dear Lady L. there was nothing so very extraordinary said; but the *manner* was the thing, which shewed a meaning, that left language behind it.

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My brother is absolutely passive as to the oeconomy of the approaching solemnity. Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady W. your Charlotte, and Lucy, are the council appointed; but uncle Selby will put in, to marshal this happy proceeding. *What a pize*, he says, is not Harriet his daughter? Will it not be his Day?

Mrs. Selby tries to smile off his oddity; but now-and-then we see her good-naturedly redden at it, as if for his sake. Lucy looks at her uncle as if she could hardly away with his particularities; but Mrs. Shirley has always something to say for him. She enters into his character: She knows the honesty, as well as generosity, of his heart: That it all proceeds from joy and love; and always allows for him—as I would have my friends allow for me: And, to say truth, I, for my own part, like him the better for wanting allowances; because his case, in that respect, is mine. Ah, my dear! it is the thoughtful, half-asleep, half-awake, blinking cat, that catches the mouse. Such as your Charlotte, with their kittenish tricks, do but fright away the prey; and, if they could catch it, had rather play with it, than kill it.

Harriet is with her virgins: Her dress is left to her own choice. I stept in just now—She met me at her dressing-room door, and looked *so* lovely! *so* silly! and *so* full of unmeaning meaningness [Do you understand me, Lady L?] She sighed—What would my Harriet say to me? said I, taking her hand.—I don't know, again sighed—But love me, Lady G.—Can I help it? said I; and, putting my arms about her, kissed her cheek.

Uncle Selby has provided seven gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to match the number of the Ladies; for there will be sixteen of us: Mr. *Godfrey*, Mr. *Steele*, Mr. *Falconbridge*, three agreeable young men, sons of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, Mr. Selby's chosen friends and companions in his field-sports; his cousin *Holles*, brother to the Miss *Holles's*, an admirer of Miss *Nedham*; young Mr. *Roberts*, an admirer of Miss *Barclay*; Mr. *Allestree*, a nephew of Sir John, a young man of fine qualities, engaged to Miss *Dolly Nedham*; and Lord *Reresby* of Ireland (related to Mr. Selby's favourite Sir Thomas *Falconbridge*), a young nobleman of shining parts, great modesty, good-nature, and, what is worth them all, Mrs. Shirley says, a man of virtue.

Lord W. was very desirous of giving so rich a jewel as Harriet to his nephew, in return, as he said, for *as* rich a jewel which he had presented to him; but Mr. Selby would not admit of that. I told him, on his appeal to me, that he was right, once in his life.

Mr. Selby talks much of the music he has provided for to-morrow. He speaks of it as a *band*, I assure you.¹

We have had a most agreeable evening. My brother was the Soul of the company. His address to his Harriet was respectfully-affectionate, yet, for her sake, not very peculiar. Every-body, in turn, had his kindest notice, and were happy in it. The next day's solemnity was often hinted at by Mr. Selby, and even by my flippant Lord—But Sir Charles always insensibly led to more general subjects; and this supported the spirits of the too-thoughtful Harriet, and she behaved, on the whole, very prettily. His joy visibly was joy; but it seemed to be joy of so familiar and easy a nature, as if it would last.

He once occasionally told the happy commencement of his acquaintance with Miss Byron; on purpose, I saw, to remind her, that he ought not to be thought of as a stranger to her, and to engage her in an easy familiarity. But there was a delicacy observed by him in the remembered commencement. He put it not from the time that he rescued her from Sir Hargrave; but from the first visit she made me in St. James's Square; tho' she, with great gratitude, carried it back to its real commencement.

Mrs. Shirley retired soon, as is her custom, her Harriet attending her. The old Lady is lame, and infirm; but, as she sits, is a very fine woman; and every-body sees that she was once a beauty. I thought I never saw beauty in full bloom so beautiful as when it supported beauty in ruins, on the old Lady's retiring, with a face *so* happy, leaning one arm on her lovely grandchild, a neat crutch-stick in the other, lightening her weight to the delicately-formed supporter of her old age. It was so striking a picture, that every soul, all standing up, from reverence, on her retreating, observed it; and no one knew which observed it first, when the door shut out the graceful figures.

The old Lady's lameness is owing, it seems, to a strained sinew, got in leading up a dance, not many years ago, proposed by herself, in order to crown the reconciliation which she had brought about, between a couple that had, till then, been unhappy; and which her good-nature and joy made her not sensible of till she sat down. Pity, pity, that any-thing should have hurt so benign, so chearful, so benevolent, a woman! Why did not Harriet tell us this circumstance? It would have heightened our value for her: And the more, if she had told us, as is the truth, that she never considers it as a hurt (so honourably come by) but when she thinks she is troublesome to those about her.

Harriet returned to company more chearful than when she left it, enriched with her grandmother's blessings, and prayers for her and my brother (as she whispered me) and in having been allowed to support the tottering parent.

Harriet, said I, aloud, you were a very naughty girl to accuse me, as once you did, of reflecting upon age. You never, in my eyes, looked

support, my love; you will have Sir Charles Grandison, bound, both by Duty and Love, to support you.

She threw her arms about me: I will endeavour to behave as I ought, in a circumstance that shall intitle me to such protection, and to such a Sister.

My fidgetting Lord thrust in (unsent for) his sharp face; and I chiding him for his intrusion, she slept away, or I had designed to attend her to her chamber; and there, perhaps, should we have staid together most part of the night. If I had, I don't suppose that I should have deprived *her* of any rest. What makes my foolish heart throb for her? so happy as she is likely to be!—But sincerely do I love her.

I should have told you, that Emily behaved very prettily. Mr. Beauchamp had a rich opportunity to engage her, while the settlements were executing.

On our return to them, the poor girl was wiping her eyes. How now, Emily? said I, softly. O madam, Mr. Beauchamp has been telling me how ill Sir Harry is! His own eyes set mine the example. How I pity him! And how good he is!—No wonder my Guardian loves him.

Beauchamp may possibly catch her in a weeping fit. The heart, softened by grief, will turn to a comforter. Our own grief produces Pity for another: Pity, Love. They are next neighbours, and will call in to ask kindly how a sufferer does: And what a heart must that be, that will not administer comfort when it makes its neighbourly call, if comfort be in its power.

'Lord G. you are very impertinent.' I said to the scribbling vein, my Caroline. And here this man—'Say another word, Lord G. and I'll sit up all night—Well, well, now you return not sauciness for threatening, I will have done.'

Good night—Good morrow, rather, Lady L.—O Lady L! *Good morrow* may it be!

CH. G.

LETTER LII

Lady G. } *To Lady L.*
Miss SELBY, }

THURSDAY Morning, Nov. 16

YOU shall find me, my dear Sister, as minute as you wish. Lucy is a charming girl. For the humour's sake, as well as to forward each other, on the joyful occasion, we shall write by turns.

It would look as if we had determined upon a public day, in the

very face of it, were we to appear in full dresses: The contrary, therefore, was agreed upon yesterday. But every one, however, intends to be dressed as elegantly as Morning-dresses can make them. Harriet, as you shall hear, is the least shewy. All in Virgin white. She looks, she moves, an Angel! I must go to the dear girl. 'Lucy, where are you?'

'Here, madam—But how can one write, when one's thoughts—'

'Write as I bid you. Have I not given you your cue?'

Lucy; taking up the pen.] Dear Lady L. I am in a vast hurry. Lord W. Lady W. and Mr. Beauchamp, are come in my Lord's coach. Sir Charles, Mr. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, have been here this *half-hour*. Has Lady G. dated? No, I protest! We women are above such little exactnesses. Dear Lady L! the Gentlemen and Ladies are all come. They say the Church-yard is crouded with more of the living, than of the dead, and there is hardly room for a spade. What an image, on such a day! We are all out of our wits between joy and hurry. My cousin is not well; her heart misgives her! Foolish girl!—She is with her grandmamma and my grandmamma Selby. One gives her hartshorn, another salts. 'Lady G. Lady G. I must attend my dear Miss Byron: In an hour's time that will be her name no longer.'

Lady G.] Here, here, child!—Our Harriet's better, Lady L. and ashamed of herself. Sir Charles was sent for up, by her grandmother and aunt, to sooth her. Charming man! Tenderness and Love are indeed Tenderness and Love in the brave and manly heart. Emily will not be married, on any consideration. There is terror, and not joy, she says, in the attending circumstances. Good Emily, continue to harden thy heart against Love, and thoughts of Wedlock, for two years to come; and then change thy mind, for Beauchamp's sake!

'Dear Lucy, a line or two more. Your uncle, I hear his voice, summoning—The man's mad; mad indeed, Lady L.—In *such* a hurry!' —Lucy, They are not yet all ready.

'Nor I, says the raptured saucy-face, to take up the pen—Not a line more can I, will I, write, till the knot is tied.'

Nor I, my dear Lady L. till I can give you joy upon it.

I fib: For this hurrying soul himself, in driving every-body else, has forgot to be quite ready—But we are in very good time. Lucy has brought me up the Order of Procession, as Earl-marshal Selby has directed it.

Here I pin it on.

First Coach (Mr. *Selby's*)

THE BRIDE, - - - Mr. SELBY
 Mrs. SHIRLEY, - - - THE BRIDEGROOM

Bride-Men & Maids

Second Coach (Mrs. *Shirley's*)

Miss EMILY JERVOIS, - Lord RERESBY
 Miss NEDHAM, - - - Mr. BEAUCHAMP

Third Coach (Sir *Charles's*)

Miss BARCLAY, - - - Mr. FALCONBRIDGE
 Miss WATSON, - - - Mr. ALLESTREE

Fourth Coach (Lord *W's*)

Mrs. SELBY, - - - Lord W.
 Lady W. - - - Lord L.

Fifth Coach (old Mrs. *Selby's*)

Old Mrs. SELBY, - - - Lord G.
 Lady G. - - - Mr. DEANE

Sixth Coach (Mr. *Reeves's*)

Mrs. REEVES, - - - Mr. JAMES SELBY
 Miss LUCY SELBY, - - - Mr. REEVES

Seventh Coach (Sir *John Holles's*)

Miss NANCY SELBY, - - - Mr. HOLLES
 Miss KITTY HOLLES, - - - Mr. STEELE

Eighth Coach (Lord *G's*)

Miss PATTY HOLLES, - - - Mr. GODFREY
 Miss DOLLY NEDHAM, - - - Mr. ROBERTS

Each coach four horses. Sir Charles's state-coach to be reserved for the day of public appearance.

[From Selby-house to the Church, Half a mile, in Coaches; Foot-way not so much.]

Emily was very earnest to be Bride-maid, tho' advised to the contrary.

Mr. Beauchamp was a Brideman, at his own request also.

I will go back to the early part of the morning.

We were each of us serenaded, as I may say, by direction of this joyful man uncle Selby (*awakened*, as he called it, to music) by James Selby, playing at each person's door an air or two, the words from an Epithalamium (whose, I know not);

*The Day is come, you wish'd so long:
Love pick'd it out amidst the throng:
He destines to himself this Sun,
And takes the reins, and drives it on.*

It is indeed a fine day. The sun seemed to reproach some of us; but Harriet slept not a wink. No wonder.

I hastened up to salute her. She was ready dressed. Charming readiness, my Love, said I!—I took the opportunity while I was able, answered she.

Lucy, Nancy, were with her, both dressed, as she, for the Day; that they might have nothing to do but attend her. What joy in their faces! What sweet carefulness in the lovely Harriet's!—And *will* this Day, said she once, in a low voice, to me, give me to the Lord of my Heart?—Let not *grief* come near it; *joy* can be enough painful!

Her grandmamma was soon ready. Harriet hurried in to her grandmamma's apartment, to crave her blessing.

Lucy.] My cousin, her spirits over-hurried, was ready to faint in her grandmother's arms; but, revived by the soothings, the blessings, of her venerable parent, soon recovered. Let nobody be frightened, said her grandmother: Affright not, by your hurrys, my lovely child! A little fatigued; her spirits are hurried: Her joy is too much for them.

What a charming presence of mind has Mrs. Shirley! Lady G. bids me write any-thing to your Ladyship, so I will but write; and forbids me apologizing either for manner or words.

Sir Charles was admitted. She stood up the moment she saw him, Love and Reverence in her sweet aspect. With a kind impatience he hastened to her, and threw himself at her feet, taking her hand, and pressing it with his lips—Resume your magnanimity, my dearest Life: With the man before you, by God's blessing, you will have *more* than a chance for happiness.

Forgive me, Sir, said she, sitting down (She could hardly stand): I can have no doubt of your goodness: But it is a great Day! The Solemnity is an awful one!

It is a great, a solemn, Day to *me*, my dearest creature! But encourage my joy by your smiles. It can suffer abatement only by giving you pain.

Generous goodness! But—

But what, my Love? In compliment to the best of Parents, to the kindest of Uncles, resume your usual presence of mind. I else, who shall glory before a thousand witnesses in receiving the honour of your hand, shall be ready to regret that I acquiesced so chearfully with the wishes of those parental friends for a public celebration.

I have not been of late well, Sir: My mind is weakened. But it would be ungrateful, if I did not own to you, that my joy is as strong as my fear: It overcame me. I hope I shall behave better. You should not have been called to be a witness of my weakness—

This Day, my dearest Love, we call upon the world to witness to our mutual vows. Let us shew that world, that our Hearts are one; and that the Ceremony, sacred as it is, cannot make them more so. The engagement is a holy one: Let us shew the Multitude, as well as our surrounding Friends, that we think it a laudable one. Once more I call upon you, my dearest Life, to justify my joy by your *apparent* approbation. The world around you, loveliest of women, has been accustomed to see your *Lovers*; shew them now the Husband of your choice.

O Sir! you have given me a motive! I will think of it throughout the whole Sacred Transaction. She looked around her, as if to see if every-body were ready that moment to attend her to Church.

Lady G.] The Ceremony is happily over; and I am retired to oblige my Caroline. You have the form of the Procession. When every-thing was ready, Mr. Selby thought fit to call us down in order into the Great Hall, according to it, marshalling his Fours; and great pride and pleasure did he take in his office. At his first summons, down came the Angel, and the four young Ladies, and each of the four had her partner assigned her.

Emily seemed, between the novelty and the parade, to be wholly engaged.

Harriet, the moment she came down, flew to her grandmamma, and kneeled to her, Sir Charles supporting her as she kneeled, and as she arose. A tender and sweet sight!

The old Lady threw her arms about her, and twice or thrice kissed her forehead; her voice faltring—God bless, bless, sustain my child!—Her aunt kissing her cheek. Now, now, my dearest Love, whispered she, I call upon you for fortitude.

She visibly struggled for resolution; but seemed, in all her motions, to be in a hurry, as if afraid she should not hold it. She passed me with such a sweet confusion! Charming girl! said I, taking her hand, as she passed, and giving way to her quick motions, for fear restraint should disconcert her.

When her uncle gave the word for moving, and approached to take her hand, she in her hurry, forgetting her cue, put it into Sir Charles's. Hold, hold, said her uncle, sweeping his bosom with his chin, in his arch way, that must not yet be. My brother, kissing her hand, presented it, in a very gallant manner, to her uncle. I yield it to you, Sir, said he, as a precious trust; in an hour's time to be confirmed mine by Divine, as well as Human Sanctions.

Mr. Selby led the lovely creature to the coach, but stopt at the door with her, for Mrs. Shirley's going in first: The servants at distance all admiring, and blessing, and praying, for their beloved young Lady.

Sir Charles took the good Mrs. Shirley's hand in one of his, and put the other arm round her waist, to support her. What honour you do me, Sir! said she. I think I may throw away *this* (meaning her ebony crutch-stick): Do I ail any-thing? Her feet, however, seconded not her spirits. My brother lifted her into the coach. It was so natural to him to be polite, that he offered his hand to his beloved Harriet; but was checked by her uncle (in his usual pleasant manner): Stay your time, too ready Sir, said he. Thank God it will not be so long before *both* hands will be yours.

We all followed, very exactly, the order that had been, with so much proud parade, prescribed by Earl-marshal Selby.

The coach-way was lined with spectators. Mr. Selby, it seems, bowed all the way, in return to the salutes of his acquaintance. Have you never, Lady L. called for the attention of your company in your coach, to something that has passed in the streets, or on the road, and at the same time thrust your head through the windows so that nobody could see but yourself? So it was with Mr. Selby, I doubt not. He wanted every one to look in at the Happy Pair; but took care that hardly any-body but himself should be seen. I asked him afterwards, If it were not so? He knew not, he said, but it might. I told him, he had a very jolly comely face to shew, but no head. He does not spare me: But true jests are not always the most welcome. Tell a Lady of Forty, that she is Sixty or Seventy, and she will not be so angry as if she were guessed to be Eight or Nine-and-thirty. The one nobody will believe; the other every-body. My Lord G. I can tell you, fares well in Mr. Selby's company.

'Lucy, my dear girl, take the pen—You don't know, you say, what I wrote last—Read it, my girl—You have it—Take the pen; I want to be among them.'

Lucy.] Lady G. must have her jest, whether in the right place, or not. Excuse me, both Sisters. How *could* she, however, in a part so interesting? She says, I must give an account of the Procession, and she will conduct them into the Church; I out of it. I cannot, she says, after so many wishes, so many suspenses, so much expectation, before it came to this, be too minute. Every woman's heart leaps, she says, when a Wedding is described; and wishes to know all, *how and about it*. Your Ladyship will know, that these words are Lady G's own: But what can I say of the Procession?

The poor Harriet—Fie upon me—The rich Harriet, was not sorry,
s.c.g.—56

I believe, that her uncle's head, now on this side, now on the other, in a manner, filled the Coach: But when it stopt at the Church-yard, an inclosed one, whose walls keep off coaches near a stone's throw from the Church-porch, then was my lovely cousin put to it; especially as her grandmother walked so slow. We were all out of our Coaches before the Father and the Bride entered the Porch. I should tell your Ladyship, that the passage from the entrance of the Church-yard to the Church is railed in. Every Sunday the croud (gathered to see the gentry go in and come out) are accustomed to be bounded by these rails; and were the more contentedly so now: The whole Church-yard seemed one mass (but for that separating passage) of living matter, distinguished only by separate heads; not a hat on the mens; pulled off, perhaps, by general consent, for the convenience of seeing, more than from designed regard in *that* particular. But, in the main, never was there such silent respect shewn, on the like occasion, by mortal mob. We all of us, Lady L. have the happiness of being beloved by high and low.

But one pretty spectacle it is impossible to pass by. Four girls, tenants daughters, the eldest not above Thirteen, appeared with neat wicker-baskets in their hands, filled with flowers of the season. Cheerful way was made for them. As soon as the Bride, and Father, and Sir Charles, and Mrs. Shirley, alighted, these pretty little Flora's, all dressed in white, chaplets of flowers for head-dresses, large nose-gays in their bosoms, white ribbands adorning their stays and their baskets; some streaming down, others tied round the handles in true lover's knots; attended the company, two going before, two other here and there, and every-where, all strewing flowers: A pretty thought of the tenants, among themselves. Sir Charles seemed much pleased with them: Pretty dears he called them, to one of them.

God bless you, and *God* bless you, was echoed from many mouths. Your brother's attention was chiefly employed on Mrs. Shirley, because of her age and lameness. Here my good Lady G. perhaps would stop to remark upon the worthy nature of the English populace, when good characters attract their admiration; for even the populace took notice, how right a thing it was for the finest young Gentleman their eyes ever beheld, to take such care of so good an old Lady. He *deserved* to live to be old himself, one said: They would warrant, others said, that he was a sweet-temper'd man; and others, that he had a good heart. In the Procession one of us picked up one praise, another another. Tho' Lady G. Lady W. and the four Bride-maids, as well as the Lords, might have claimed high notice; yet not any of them received more than commendation: We were all considered but as Satellites to the Planets that passed before us. What, indeed, were we more? But let me say, that Mrs. Shirley had her share in

Reverence, as the lovely Couple had theirs in Admiration. But O how my dear cousin was affected, when she alighted from her uncle's coach!

The Churchwardens themselves were so complaisant as to stand at the Church-door, and opened it, on the approach of the Bride, and her Nuptial Father. But all the pews near the Altar were, however, filled (one or two excepted, which seemed to be left for the company) with Ladies and well-dressed women of the neighbourhood: And tho' they seemed to intend to shut the doors after we had all got in, the Church was full of people. Mr. Selby was displeased, for his Niece's sake; who, trembling, could hardly walk up to the Altar. Sir Charles seated *his* venerable charge on a covered bench on the left-side of the Altar; and by her, and on another covered bench on the right-side, without the rails, we all, but the Bride-maids and their partners, took our seats. They stood, the Men on the Bridegroom's side; the Maids on Harriet's—Never—

Lady G.] 'Are you within the Church, Lucy?—You are, I protest. Let me read what you have done. Come, pretty well, pretty well.—You were going to praise my brother: Leave that to me. I have an excellent knack at it.'

Never was man so much, and so deservedly, admired. He saw his Harriet wanted support and encouragement. The Minister stood suspended, a few moments, as doubting whether she would not faint. My dearest Love, whispered Sir Charles, remember you are doing honour to the happy, thrice happy, man of your Choice: Shew he is your Choice, in the face of this Congregation. Pardon me, Sir! I will endeavour to be all you wish me.

Sir Charles bowed to the Minister to begin the Sacred Office. Mr. Selby, with all his bravery, trembled, and, overcome by the Solemnity of the Preparation, looked now pale, now red. The whole Congregation were hushed and silent, as if nobody were in the Church but persons immediately concerned to be there. Emily changed colour frequently. She had her handkerchief in her hand; and (pretty enough!) her sister Bride-maids, little thinking that Emily had a reason for her emotion, which none of them had, pulled out *their* handkerchiefs too, and *permitted* a gentle tear or two to steal down their glowing cheeks. I fixed my eye on Emily, sitting outward, to keep her in order. The Doctor began—'*Dearly Beloved*'—Ah, Harriet! thought I; thou art much quieter now, than once thou wert at these words (a).

No *impediments* were confessed by either of the parties, when they were referred to by the Minister, on this head. I suppose this reference

(a) When Sir Hargrave Pollexfen would have compelled her to be his, part 1, p. 155.

would have been omitted by Sir Hargrave's snuffling Parson. To the question, to my brother, '*Wilt thou have,*' &c. he cheerfully answered, *I will*. Harriet did not say, *I will not*. '*Who giveth this woman,*' &c. I, I, I, said uncle Selby; and he owns, that he had much ado to refrain saying—'*With all my heart and soul!*' Sir Charles seemed to have the office *by* heart; Harriet *in* her heart: For before the Minister could take the Right-hand of the good girl to put it into that of my brother, his hand knew its office; nor did her trembling hand decline the favour. Then followed the words of acceptance; '*I Charles, take thee, Harriet,*' &c. on *his* part; which he audibly, and with apparent joy and reverence in his countenance, repeated after the Minister. But not quite so alert was Harriet, in *her* turn: Her hand was rather taken, than offered. Her lips, however, moved after the Minister; nor seemed to hesitate at the little piddling word *obey*; which, I remember, gave a qualm to my poor heart, on the like occasion. The Ring was presented. The Doctor gave it to Sir Charles; who, with his usual grace, put it on the finger of the most charming woman in England; repeating after the Minister, audibly, '*With this Ring I thee wed,*' &c. She brightened up; when the Minister, joining their Right-hands, read, '*Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.*' And the Minister's address to the company, declaring the Marriage, and pronouncing them Man and Wife, in the name of the Holy Trinity; and his blessing them; swelled, she owns, her grateful heart, ready to bursting. In the Responses, I could not but observe, that the Congregation generally joined, as if they were interested in the celebration.

Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a more charming flush than usual on his face, his lively Soul looking out at his fine eyes, yet with an air as modest as respectful, did credit to our Sex before the applauding multitude, by bending his knee to his sweet Bride, on taking her Hand, and saluting her, on the conclusion of the ceremony—May God, my dearest Life, said he, audibly, be gracious to *your* Grandison, as he will be good to *his* Harriet, now no more Byron!—She courtesied low, and with so modest a grace, that every soul blessed her; and pronounced her the loveliest of women, and him the most graceful and polite of men.

He invited Dr. Curtis to the Wedding-dinner, and led his Bride into the Vestry; where already were her grandmother, her aunt, Lady W. her Lord, mine, and Lord L. She was followed by her Virgin train; they by their partners. She threw herself, the moment she beheld her grandmother, at her feet. Bless, bless, madam, your happy, happy Child.

God for ever bless the Darling of my heart!

Sir Charles bent his knee to the venerable Lady, with such a

condescending dignity, if I may so express myself; Receive and bless, also, your Son, my Harriet's reverend parent, and mine.

The dear Lady was affected. She slid off her seat on her knees, and with up-lifted hands and eyes, tears trickling on her cheeks; Thou, Almighty, bless the dear Son of my wishes!

He raised her, with pious tenderness, and saluted her. Excellent Lady!—He would have said more, but was affected—Every-body was—And having seated the old Lady, he turned to Mrs. Selby—Words are poor, said he; my actions, my behaviour, shall speak the grateful sense I have of your goodness, saluting her; of yours, madam, to Mrs. Shirley; and of yours, my dearest Life, addressing himself to his lovely Bride, who seemed hardly able to sustain her joy, on so respectful a recognition of relation to persons so dear to her. Let me once more, added he, bless the Hand that has blessed me!

She cheerfully offered it: I give you, Sir, my Hand, said she, courtesying, and with it a poor Heart—A poor Heart, indeed! But it is a grateful one! It is all your own!

He bowed upon her Hand: He spoke not: He seemed as if he could not speak.

Joy, Joy, Joy, was wished the Happy Pair, from every mouth. 'See, my dear young Ladies,' said the happy and instructing Mrs. Shirley, addressing herself to them, 'the Reward of Duty, Virtue, and Obedience! How unhappy must those Parents and Relations be, whose Daughters, unlike our Harriet, have disgraced themselves, and their families, by a shameful Choice—As my Harriet's *is*, such, looking around her, be *your* Lot, my amiable Daughters!'

They every one besought her Hand, and kissed it; and some by speech, all by looks and courtesies, promised to cherish the memory of this happy transaction, for their benefit.

Emily, when she approached the venerable Lady, sobbing, said, Bless me, me also bless, my dear grandmamma Shirley!—Let me be your own Granddaughter.—She embraced and blessed the dear girl—Ah, my Love! said she, But *will* you supply the place of my Harriet to me? *Will* you be my Harriet? *Will* you live with me, and Mrs. Selby—as Harriet did?—Emily started. Ah, madam! you are all goodness! Let me try to make myself, in some little way, agreeable to my dear Miss Byron that was, and live a little while in the sun-shine of my Guardian's eye; and then how proud shall I be to be thought, in any the least degree, like your Harriet!

This I thought a good hint of Mrs. Shirley. Our Harriet (my dear Caroline) shall not be made unhappy by the chit; nor shall the dear girl neither, if I can help it, be made so by her own foible. We will watch over both, for the good of both, and for the tranquillity of the best of men.

Beauchamp's joy shone through a cloud, because of his Father's illness; but it *did* shine.

Mr. Selby and my Lord were vastly alive. Lord L. was fervent in his joy, and congratulations; but he was wiser than both put together. Nothing was wanting to shew that he was excessively pleased; but I was afraid the other two would not have considered the Vestry as part of the Church; and would have struck up a tune without music.

How sincerely joyful, also, were Lord and Lady W! My Lord's eyes burst into tears more than once: Nephew, and dear Nephew, at every word, whether speaking of or to my brother; as if he thought the Relation he stood in to him, a greater glory than his Peerage, or ought else that he valued himself upon, his excellent Lady excepted.

Upon my Honour, Caroline, I think, as I have often said, that people may be *very* happy, if not *most* happy, who set out with a moderate stock of Love, and supply what they want in that, with Prudence. I really think, that my Brother and Harriet cannot be happier than are this now worthy Couple; times of life considered on both sides, and my Lord's inferior capacity allowed for. For certainly, men of sense are most capable of joyful sensations, and have their balances; since it is *as* certain, that they are also most susceptible of painful ones. What, then, is the stuff, the nonsense, that romantic girls, their romancing part of life not wholly elapsed, prate about, and din one's ears with, of *first* Love, *first* Flame, but *first* Folly? Do not most of such give indication of gunpowder constitutions, that want but the match to be applied, to set them into a blaze? Souls of tinder, discretions of flimsy gauze, that conceal not their folly—One day they will think as I do; and perhaps before they have daughters who will *convince* them of the truth of my assertion.

But here comes Lucy.—'My dear girl, take the pen—I am too *sentimental*. The French only are proud of sentiments! at this day; the English cannot bear them: Story, story, story, is what they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable.'

Lucy.] 'Bless me, Lady G! you have written a great deal in a little time. What am I to do?

Lady G.] You brought the Happy Pair into Church. I have told Lady L. what was done there: You are to carry them out.

Lucy.] 'And so I will.'—My dearest Love, said her charming man to my cousin, who had a little panic on the thoughts of going back through so great a croud, imagine, as you walk, that you see nobody but the happy man whom you have honoured with your Hand: Every-body will praise and admire the loveliest of women. Nobody,

I hope, will blame your Choice. Remember at whose request it was, that you are put upon this difficulty: Your Grandmamma's and Uncle's. She, one of the best of women, was so married to one of the best of men: I was but acquiescent in it. Shew, my dearest Life, all your numerous admirers and well-wishers, that you are not ashamed of your Choice.

O Sir! how charmingly do you strengthen my mind! I will shew the world, that my Choice is my Glory.

Every-body being ready, she gave her Hand to the Beloved of her Heart.

The Bells were set a ringing the moment the Solemnity was concluded; and Sir Charles Grandison, the Son of our venerable Mrs. Shirley, the Nephew of my uncle and aunt Selby, Husband of my dear and ever-dear Harriet, and the Esteemed of every heart, led his graceful Bride through a lane of applauding and decent-behaving spectators, down through the Church—and still more thronging multitudes in the Church-yard; the four little Flora's again strewing flowers at their feet, as they passed. My sweet girls, said he, to two of them, I charge you, complete the honour you have done us, by your presence at Selby-house: You will bring your companions with you, my Loves.

My uncle looked around him as he led Mrs. Shirley: *So* proud! and *so* stately! By some undesigned change, Mr. Beauchamp led Miss Jervois. She seemed pleased, and happy; for he whispered to her, all the way, praises of her Guardian. *My* Guardian, twice or thrice, occasionally, repeated she aloud, as if she boasted of standing in some relation to him.

The Bride and Bridegroom stopt for Mrs. Shirley, a little while, at the Coach-side: A very grateful accident to the spectators. He led them both in, with a politeness that attends him in all he does. The Coach wheeled off, to give way to the next; and we came back in the order we went.

'Now, my dear Lady G. you, who never were from the side of your dear new sister for the rest of the day, resume the pen.'

Lady G.] 'I will, my dear; but in a new Letter. This fourth sheet is written down to the very edge. Caroline will be impatient: I will send away this.'

Joy to my Sister! Joy to my Aunt! Joy to the Earl! To Lady Gertrude! To our dear Dr. Bartlett! To every one, on an event so happy; and so long wished for by us All!

'Sign, Lucy, sign.'

'After your Ladyship.'

There, then, CHARLOTTE G.
And, *There, then,* LUCY SELBY

LETTER LIII

Lady G. To Lady L. In Continuation

THIS happy event has been so long wished for by us all; we are so much delighted with the Bride, as well as the Bridegroom; so many uncertainties, so many suspenses, have fallen in; so little likelihood once that it ever would have been; and you are so miserably tied by the leg, poor Caroline! and so little to divert you, besides the once smiling to the ten times squalling of your little stranger; that Compassion, Love, both, incite me to be minute; that so you may be as much with us in idea, as we all wished you could have been in person.

Crouds of people lined the way, in our return from Church, as well as in our way to it; and blessings were pronounced upon the Happy Pair, by hundreds, at their alighting at Selby-house.

When we were all assembled in the Great Hall, mutual congratulations flowed from every mouth: Then did every man salute the happy, happy Bride: Then did the equally-happy Bridegroom salute every Lady—There was among us the height of Joy; Joy becoming the awful Solemnity; and every one was full of the decency and delight which were given and shewn by the crouds of spectators of all ranks, and both Sexes; a delight and decency worthy of the characters of the admirable Pair: And Miss Nedham declared, and all the young Ladies joined with her, that if she could be secure of the like good behaviour and encouragement, she would never think of a Private Wedding for herself. Mr. Selby himself was overjoyed too much, even to utter a jest! Now, now, he said, he had attained the height of his ambition.

The dear Harriet *could* look up: She *could* smile around her. I led her, with Lucy, into the Cedar-parlour—Now, my dear Love, said I, the moment we entered it, throwing my arms about her, just as her lips were joyfully opening to speak to me, do I salute my real Sister, my Sister Grandison, in my dear Lady L's name, as well as in my own: God Almighty confirm and establish your happiness!

My dearest, dearest Lady G. how grateful, how encouraging, to my heart, is your kind Salutation! Your continued Love, and that of my dear Lady L. will be essential to my happiness.

May our Hearts be ever united! replied I. But they must: For were not our Minds kindred Minds before?

But you must love my Lucy, said she, presenting her to me.—You must love my Grand-

—Mamma, said I, catching the word from her, your Aunt, your Uncle, your Cousins, and your Cousins Cousins, to the twentieth Generation—And so I will: Ours yours; Yours ours! We are all of one Family, and will be for ever.

What a happy creature am I! replied she—How many people can *one* good man make so!—But where, where is my Emily, sweet girl? Bring to me, Lucy, bring to me, my Emily!

Lucy went out, and led in the sweet girl. With hands and eyes uplifted, My dear Miss Byron, that was, now Lady Grandison, said she, love me; love your Emily. I am now *your* Emily, *your* Ward; love me as well as you did when Miss Byron.

Harriet threw her arms about her neck; I do, I will, I must: You shall be my Sister, my Friend; *my* Emily now, indeed! Love me, as I will love you; and you shall find *your* happiness in *mine*.

Sir Charles entered; his Beauchamp in his hand. Quitting his, and taking hers, he kissed it. Once more, said he, do I thank my dearest Life for the honour she has done me: Then resuming, with his other hand, his Beauchamp's, he presented each to the other, as Brother and Sister.

Beauchamp, in a graceful manner, bowed on her hand: She courtesied to him with an air of dignity and esteem.

He then turning to Emily; Acknowledge, my dear, said he, your elder Sister: My Harriet will love her Emily. Receive, my dearest Life, your Ward. Yet (to Emily) I acquit not myself of the power, any more than of the will, of obliging you at first hand.

O Sir! said the sobbing girl, you are all goodness! But I will make no request to you, but through my dearest Lady Grandison's mediation. If she approve of it first, I shall not doubt of its fitness to be complied with.

Was not that pretty, in Emily?—O how Beauchamp's eyes loved her!

But why, Ladies, said Sir Charles, do you sequester yourselves from the company? Are we not all of a Family to-day? The four little Flora's with their baskets in their hands, were entering the gate, as I came in: Receive them, my Love, with your usual graciousness. We will join the company, and call them in. My Beauchamp, you are a Brideman; restore my Bride to her friends and admirers within.

He took Emily's hand. She looked *so* proud!—Harriet gave hers to Beauchamp. We followed them into the Great Hall: Mr. Selby had archness in his look, and seemed ready to blame us for withdrawing.—Sir Charles was aware of him. My dear Mr. Selby, said he, Will you not allow us to see the pretty Flora's?—By all means, said Mr. Selby; and hurried out, and introduced them. Sweet pretty girls! We had more leisure to consider the elegant rusticity of their dresses and appearance. They had their baskets in their hands, and a courtesy and a blush ready for every one in company. Sir Charles seemed to expect that his Bride would take notice of them first; but observing that she wanted presence of mind, he stepped to them,

took each by the hand, the youngest first, called them pretty Loves; I wish, said he, I could present you with as pretty flowers as you threw away in honour *to this company*; putting into each basket, wrapped up in paper, five guineas: Then presented them, two in each hand, to his Bride; who, by that time, was better prepared to receive them with that sweet ease and familiarity which give grace to all she says and does.

The children afterwards desiring to go to their parents, the polite Beauchamp himself, accompanied by Lucy, led them to them, and returned, with a request from all the tenants, that they might have the honour, some time in the day, to see the Bride and Bridegroom among them, were it but for two minutes. What says my Love? said Sir Charles. O, Sir! I cannot, cannot—Well, then, I will attend them, to make your excuse, as well as I can. She bowed her thanks.

The time before dinner was devoted to conversation. Sir Charles was nobody's; no, not very particularly his Bride's: He put every one upon speaking in turn. For about half an hour he sat between the joyful Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby; but even then, in talking to them, talked to the whole company: Yet, in his air and manner to both, shewed so much respect, as needed not the aid of a particular address to them in words.

This was observed to me by good Lord L. For Harriet (uneasy, every eye continually upon her, thoughtful, bashful) withdrawing, a little before dinner, with a cast of her eye to me, I followed her to her dressing-room. There, with so much expressiveness of meaning, tho' not of language; so much tenderness of love; so much pious gratitude; so much true virgin sensibility; did she open her heart to me; that I shall ever revolve what passed in that conversation, as the true criterion of Virgin Delicacy unmingled with Affectation. Nor was I displeased, that, in the height of her grateful Self-congratulation, she more than once acknowledged a sigh for the admirable Clementina. We just began to express our pleasure and our hopes in the good behaviour of our Emily, when we were called to dinner.

It was a sumptuous one.

Mr. Selby was very orderly, upon the whole: But he remembered, he said, that when *he* was married (and he called upon his Dame to confirm it) he was obliged to wait on his Bride, and the Company; and he insisted upon it, that Sir Charles should.

No, no, no, every one said; and the Bride looked a little serious upon it: But Sir Charles, with an air of gaiety that infinitely became him, took a napkin from the butler; and, putting it under his arm, I have only one request to make you, my dear Mr. Selby—When I am more awkward than I ought to be, do you correct me; and I shall have both pride and pleasure in the task.

Adad! said Mr. Selby, looking at him with pleasure—You may *be* any-thing, *do* any-thing; you cannot conceal the Gentleman. Ads-heart, you must always be the first man in company—Pardon me, my Lords.

Sir Charles was the modestest servitor that ever waited at table, while his napkin was under his arm: But he laid it down, while he addressed himself to the company, finding something to say to each, in his pithy, agreeable manner, as he went round the table. He made every one happy. With what delight did the elder Ladies look upon him, when he addressed himself to each of them! He stopt at the Bride's chair, and made her a compliment with an air of tenderness. I heard not what it was, sitting at distance; but she looked grateful, pleased; smiled, and blushed. He passed from her to the Bride-maids, and again complimented each of them. They also seemed delighted with what he said. Then going to Mr. Selby; Why don't you bid me resume the napkin, Sir?—No, no; we see what you can do: Your conformity is enough for me. You may now sit down, when you please. You make the waiters look aukward.

He took his seat, thanked Mr. Selby for having reminded him of his duty, as he called it, and was all Himself, the most graceful and obliging of men.

You know, my dear Lady L. how much I love to praise my brother. Neither I, nor the young Ladies, not even those who had humble servants present, regarded any-body but him. My poor Lord!—I am glad, however, that he has a tolerable good set of teeth—They were always visible. A good honest sort of man, tho', Lady L. whatever you may think of him.

After dinner, at Mr. Selby's reminding motion, Sir Charles and the men went to the tenants. They all wished him joy; and, as they would not sit down, while he stood, Sir Charles took a seat among them, and all the rest followed his example.

One of the honest men, it seems, remembered the Nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Byron, and praised them as the best and happiest of the human race: Others confirmed *his* character of both: Another knew the late Mr. Shirley, and extolled him as much: Another remembered the birth, another the christening, of the Bride; and others talked of what an excellent creature she was from infancy. Let me tell you, Sir, said one grey-headed man, you will have much ado to deserve her; and yet you are said to be as good as you are handsome. The women took up the cause: They were sure, by what they had heard, if any man in the world could deserve the Bride, it was Sir Charles Grandison; and they would swear for him by his looks. One of the honest men said, they should all have taken it as an *hugous* favour, were they allowed to wish the Bride joy, tho' at ever so great a *distance*.

Sir Charles said, He was sure the women would excuse her this day; and then the men would, in complaisance to them. We will hope, said he, looking all round him, before we leave Northamptonshire, for one happy dinner together.

They all got up to bow and courtesy, and looked upon each other; and the men, who are most of them freeholders, wished to the Lord for a new election, and that he would come among them. They had no great matter of fault to find, they said, with their present representatives; but any-body who would oppose Sir Charles Grandison, would stand no chance. The women joined in the declaration, as if they thought highly, as Sir Charles pleasantly observed, of their own influence over their husbands. They all wondered that he was not in Parliament, till they heard how little a while he had been in England.

He took leave of the good people (who, by their behaviour and appearance, did as much credit to their landlords as to themselves) with his usual affability and politeness; repeating his promise of a day of Jubilee, as some of them called it.¹

The Ball, at the request of the whole company, was opened by the Bride and Bridegroom. She was very uneasy at the general Call. Sir Charles saw she was, and would have taken out Miss Nedham; but it was not permitted.² The dear creature, I believe, did her best at the time; but I have seen her perform better: Yet she did exceedingly well. But such a figure herself, and such a partner; How could she do amiss?

Emily was taken out by Beauchamp. He did his best, I am sure; and almost as much excelled his pretty partner, as his beloved friend did his.

Emily, sitting down by me, asked if she did not perform very ill. Not *very* ill, my dear, said I; but not so well as I have seen you dance. I don't know, said she, what ails me: My heart is very heavy, madam. What can be the meaning of it? But don't tell Lady Grandison so. —High-ho!—Lady Grandison! What a sound is that? A charming sound! But how shall I bring my lips to be familiarized to it?

You are glad she is married, my love, I dare say?

Glad! To be sure I am! It is an event that I have long, long wished for: But new names, and new titles, one knows not how to frame one's mouth to presently. It was some time before I could call you Lady G. But don't you pity poor Lady Clementina, a little, madam?

A great deal, I do. But as she refused my brother—

Ah! dear! that's the thing! I wonder she could—when he would have let her have the free exercise of her Religion.

Had you rather your Guardian had had Lady Clementina, Emily?

O no! How can you ask me such a question, madam? Of all the women in the world, I wished him to have Miss Byron. But she is

too happy for pity, you know, madam!—Bless me! What does she look so thoughtful for? Why does she sigh so? Surely she can't be sorry!

Sorry! No, my Love! But a change of condition for life! New attachments! A new course of life! Her name sunk, and lost! The property, person and will, of another, excellent as the man is; obliged to go to a new house; to be ingrafted into a new family; to leave her own, who so dearly love her; an *irrevocable* destiny!—Do you think, Emily, new in her present circumstances; every eye upon her; it is not enough to make a considerate mind, as hers is, thoughtful!

All these are mighty hardships, madam! putting up her lip—But, Lady G. can you suppose she thinks them so? If she *does*—But she is a dear good Lady!—I shall ever love her! She is an ornament of our Sex! See, how lovely she looks! Did your Ladyship ever see so sweet a creature? I never did.

Not for Beauty, Dignity, Ease, Figure, Modesty, good Sense, did I ever!

She is my *Guardianess*, may I say? Is there such a word?—I shall be as proud of her, as I am of my Guardian. Yet there is no cause of sighing, I think!—See my Guardian! her Husband! Unfashionable as the word is, it is a pretty word. The *House-band*, that ties all together. Is not *that* the meaning?—Look round! How does he surpass all men!—*His* Ease, talk of Ease! *His* Dignity, talk of Dignity! As handsome a man, as she is a woman! See how every young Lady eyes him; every young Gentleman endeavours to imitate him. I wish *he* would take me out; I would do better.

This was the substance of the whispering Dialogue that passed between Emily and me—Poor girl!

Mr. Selby danced with Lucy, and got great applause. He was resolved, he said, to have one dance with the Bride. She besought him not to think of it. Her grandmamma, her aunt, intreated for her. She desired Sir Charles to interpose—If, my dearest Life, you *could* oblige your uncle—I cannot, cannot think of it, said she.

Lady G. said Sir Charles, be so good as to challenge Mr. Selby. I stood forth, and offered my hand to him. He could not refuse it. He did not perform so well as he did with Lucy. Go, said I, when we had done, sit down by your Dame, and be quiet: You have lost all your credit. *You* dance with a Bride!—Some people know not how to bear applause; nor to leave off when they are well. Lord L. took out Mrs. Selby. She dances very gracefully. My Lord, you know, is above praise. The young Lord Reresby and Miss Nedham distinguished themselves. *My* odd creature was in his element. He and Miss Barclay, and another time he and Emily, did very handsomely; and the girl got up her reputation. Lord W. did hobble,

and not ungracefully; with old Mrs. Selby; who had not danced, she said, for twenty years before; but, on so joyful an occasion, would not refuse Lord W's challenge: And both were applauded; the time of life of the Lady, the limpingness of my Lord, considered.

There was a very plentiful sideboard, of rich wines, sweetmeats, &c. We all disclaimed formal supper.

We went afterwards into country-dances. Mrs. Shirley retired about Ten. Harriet took the opportunity of attending her; and it was a seasonable relief to her. I had an intimation to attend her. I found her just dropt on her knees to her grandmamma; who, with her arms about her neck, was folding to her fond heart the darling of it. The sweet girl was *so* apprehensive!—I was called upon to give my opinion, whether she should return to the company, or not: I gave it, that she should; and that she should retire, for the night, about Eleven. As to the Bride-maids, I said, I would manage, that they should only attend her to her chamber, and leave her there, with her aunt, Lucy, and me. Lord L. undertook to make the gentlemen give up form; which, he said, they would the more easily do, as they were set into dancing.

After all, Lady L. we women, dressed out in ribbands, and gaudy trappings, and in Virgin-white, on our Wedding days, seem but like milk-white heifers led to sacrifice. We ought to be indulged, if we are not shameless things, and very wrong indeed, in our choice of the man we *can* love.

We returned to company. The Bridegroom was looking out for us. My dearest Life, said he, Are you returned?—I thought—There he stopt:

Mr. Selby broke from his partner, Miss Barclay, to whisk into the figure the Bride. Sir Charles joined the deserted Lady, who seemed much better pleased with her new partner than with her old one. Lord W. who was sitting down, took Mrs. Selby, and led her into the dance.

I drew Miss Nedham to the sideboard, and gave her her cue: She gave theirs to the three other Bride-maids.

About Eleven, Mrs. Selby, unobserved, withdrew with the Bride. The Bride-maids, one by one, waited on her to her chamber; saluted her, and returned to company.

The dear creature wanted presence of mind. She fell into my reflexion above. O my dear Lady G! said she, was I not right when I declared, that I never would marry, were it not to the man I loved above all the men in the world?

She complimented me twenty times, with being very good. She prayed for me; but her prayers were meant for herself. You remember, that she told me, on my apprehensiveness on the like occasion, that

fear made me loving to her. On her blessing me, Ah, Harriet, said I, you now find, that apprehension will make one *pious*, as well as *loving*.

My Sister, my Friend, my own, my Caroline's, my Brother's, *dear* Lady Grandison! said I, when I left her, near undressed, God bless you! And God be praised, that I can call you by these tender names! My Brother is the happiest of men; You of women. May we never love each other less than we do now. Look forward to the serene happiness of your future lot. If you are the Joy of our Brother, you must be our Joy; and the Jewel of our Family.

She answered me only by a fervent embrace, her eyes lifted up, surcharged, as I may say, with tears of joy, as in thankfulness.

I then rushed down-stairs, and into the company.

My brother instantly addressed me—My Harriet, whispered he, with impatience, returns not this night.

You will see Mrs. Selby, I presume, by-and-by, returned I.

He took his seat by old Mrs. Selby, and fell into talk with her, to avoid joining in the dances. His eye was continually turned to the door. Mrs. Selby, at last, came in. Her eyes shewed the tender leave she had taken of her Harriet.

My brother approached her. She went out: He followed her. In a quarter of an hour she returned.

We saw my brother no more that night.

We continued our dancings till between Three and Four.

I have often observed, that we women, whether weakly or robust, are hardly ever tired with dancing. It was so with us. The men, poor souls! looked silly, and sleepy, by two; all but my ape: He has a good many *Femalities*, as uncle Selby calls them. But he was brought up to be idle and useless, as women generally are. I *must* conclude my Letters whimsically, my dear: If I did not, you would not know them to be written by

Your CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LIV

Lady G. In Continuation

EMILY, Lucy, and I, went to pay our morning-congratulations as soon as we arose, which was not very early, to my brother, being told that he was in the Cedar parlour, writing. He received us like himself. I am writing, said he, a few very short Letters. They are to demand the felicitations, one, of our beloved Caroline; one of our aunt Grandison; one of the Earl of G. and one of our dear Dr. Bartlett. There is another; you may read it, Charlotte.

That also was a short one; to signify, according to promise, as I found, to Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, the actual celebration of his Nuptials. I returned it—'Like my brother,' was all I said. It concluded with a caution, given in the most ardent terms, against precipitating the admirable Clementina.

We went up to the Bride. She was dressing. Her aunt was with her, and her two cousin Holles's, who went not home the preceding night.

The moment we entered, she ran to us; and, clasping her arms about my neck, hid her blushing face in my bosom—My dearest, dearest Lady G. murmured she—Am I indeed your Sister, your Sister Grandison? And will you love me as well as ever?

My dearest, lovely Sister! My own Sister Grandison! My Brother's Wife! Most sincerely do I repeat, Joy, Joy, Joy, to my Harriet!

O Lady G! How you raise me! Your goodness is a seasonable goodness to me! I never, never, but by yours and your sister's example, shall be worthy of your brother!

Then disengaging herself from my arms; Yesterday, Lucy, said she, was a happy, happy Day! I have but one, one regret—There is a Lady in the world that deserves the best of men better than your Harriet—And, lifting up her hands and eyes, God preserve and protect her!—She shall be the subject of my prayers, as often as I pray for myself, and for him who is dearer to me than myself.

Then embracing Emily; Wish me Joy, my Love! In *my* Joy shall you find *your own*!

Emily wept, and even sobbed—You must, you must, treat me less kindly, madam. I cannot, cannot bear your good—your goodness. On my knees I acknowledge my other Guardian. God bless my dear, dear Lady Grandison!

At that moment, as they were folded in each other's arms, entered my brother—He clasped his round his sweet Bride; Pardon this intrusion, said he—Excellent creature, continue to love my Emily!—Continue, my dear Emily, to deserve the sisterly love of my Harriet!

Then turning to me, saluting me, My Charlotte loves my Harriet; so does our Caroline. She fondly loves you both. God continue your love to each other! What Sisters has Yesterday's happy event given to each other!—What a Wife to me!—We will endeavour, my Love (to her) to *deserve* our happiness; and, I humbly trust, it will be continued to us.

He saluted Mrs. Selby—My own Aunt Selby! What obligations am I under to you, and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, for giving to an Angel an Angel's education, and conferring on *me* the blessing!

Congratulate me, my dear Cousin Holles's, saluting each. May you both be as happy, whenever you alter your single state, as I will endeavour to make your lovely Cousin!

He withdrew, bowing to us, and with so much respectfulness to the happy Harriet, as delighted us all.

Lucy went down with him, to pay her morning compliments to the two Grandmamma's.

Sister, said Kitty Holles, after he was gone—we never, never, can think of marrying, after we have seen Sir Charles Grandison, and his behaviour.

Lucy came up with Nancy. They embraced their cousin. Your grandmamma and my grandmamma, my dearest cousin, are impatient to see you, in *your* grandmamma's chamber; and the gentlemen are crying out for their breakfasts in the great parlour. We hurried down. The Bride threw herself at her grandmamma's feet, for her blessing. It was given in such a tender and pious manner, that we were all affected by it. The best of Sons, of Men, said she, afterwards, has but just left me. What a blessing to all around him, is a good man! Sir Charles Grandison is every thing. But, my dear Loves, to the younger Ladies, Let a good man, let life, let manners, be the principal motive of your choice: In *goodness* will you have every sanction; and your Fathers, Mothers, Relations, Friends, every joy! My dearest Love, my Harriet, taking her hand, there was a time that I thought no man on earth could deserve you: Now it is my prayer, and will be, that you may deserve this man. But let us join the gentlemen. Fear not, my Harriet—Sir Charles's character will preserve with every one its dignity, and give a sanction to the solemnity that has united you to him. My dearest Love! be proud, and look assured: *You* may, or who can? Yesterday's transaction is your Glory; glory in it, my Harriet!

We attended the two elder Ladies down. Harriet, as bashful people ever do, increased her own difficulties, by staying behind with her Lucy. We were all seated at the breakfast-tables, and staid for them: Mr. Selby grew impatient; every one having declared themselves ready for breakfast. At last, down came the blushing Bride, with her Lucy. Sir Charles seeing Mr. Selby's countenance turning peevishly arch; just as he had begun 'Let me tell you, Niece,' and was coming out with something, he arose, and taking his Bride's hand, led her to her seat. Hush, my dear Mr. Selby, said he; Nobody must call to account my Wife, and I present.—How, Sir! How, Sir! Already have I lost my Niece?

Not so, Mr. Selby. All her duties will have strength given them by the happy event of yesterday: But you must not let a new-married man see how much easier it is to find fault that to be faultless.

Your servant, Sir! replied Mr. Selby—You'll one day pay for your complaisance, or my Niece is not a woman. But I was ready primed. You have robbed me of a jest; and that, let me tell you, would have been more to me than my breakfast.

After breakfast, Lucy gave us a lesson on the harpsichord. Sir Charles accompanied her finger, at the desire of the company.

Lord and Lady W. excused themselves to breakfast, but came to dinner. We entertained one another with reports of what passed yesterday; what people said; how the tenants feast was managed; how the populace behaved at the houses which were kept open. The Churchwardens List was produced of the Poor recommended by them: It amounted to upwards of 140, divided into two classes; one of the acknowledged poor, the other of poor housekeepers and labouring people who were ashamed to apply; but to whom the Churchwardens knew bounty would be acceptable. There were above thirty of these, to whom Sir Charles gave very handsomely, but we knew not what. The Churchwardens, who are known to be good men, went away blessing him, with hearts running over at their lips, as if they themselves were to find their account in his goodness.

Saturday

We have had a smart debate this morning, on the natural independency of our Sex, and the usurpation of the other. Particulars by-and-by.

My brother is an irresistible man. To-morrow he has carried it to make his appearance at Church, against all their first intentions, and that by their own consents. He had considered every-thing: They had not. Mr. Beauchamp has Letters which require him to go up to town: Lord and Lady W. are desirous to get thither; my Lord having some gouty warnings: I am obliged to go up; having hated to set about any-thing preparatory to your case, Caroline! [If the wretch were to come in my way just now, I should throw my standish at him, I believe.] The Earl and Lady Gertrude are in town; and I am afraid of another reprimand. The Earl never jests but he means the same as if he were serious. I shall take Emily with me, when I go. Mrs. Reeves wants to be with her little boy. Yet all these people are desirous to credit the appearance.—I had like to have forgot your good man—He longs to see his Caroline; and hopes to engage my brother to stand in person as his urchin's sponsor. So you see that there is a necessity to consent to make the appearance to-morrow, or the Bride will lose the flower of her company.

On Monday it stands determined, that Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Beauchamp, Emily, Lord L. Lord and Lady W. myself, and Lord G. will set out for London.

God continue the happiness of this charming Pair! Their behaviour to each other is just what I would wish it to be; tender, affectionate, without fulsome fondness. He cannot be more respectful to the dear creature now, than he was before marriage: But from his present

behaviour, I dare answer for him, that he will not be less so: And yet he is so lively, that he has all *the young man* in his behaviour, whenever occasions call for relaxation; even when subjects require seriousness, as they do sometimes, in conversations between Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Mr. Deane, and him; his seriousness, as Mrs. Shirley herself finely observed in his absence, is attended with such vivacity, and intermingled with such entertaining illustrations, all naturally arising from and falling into the subject, that he is sure of every one's attention and admiration. The features of his manly face, and the turn of his fine eye, observed she, on another occasion, are *cast* for pity, and not for censure. And let me add a speech of his, when he was called upon to censure a person, on a slight representation of facts. 'The whole matter is not before us, said he: We know not what motives he may have to plead by way of extenuation, tho' he may not be able entirely to excuse himself. But, as it appears to me, I would not have done so.'

But what, my dear, am I about? Are they not my brother's praises that I am expatiating upon? Was I ever to be trusted with that subject? Is there no man, I have been asked, that is like your brother? —He, I have answered, is most likely to resemble him, who has an unbounded charity, and universal benevolence, to men of all professions; and who, imitating the Divinity, regards the heart, rather than the head, and much more than either rank or fortune, tho' it were princely; and yet is not a leveller,¹ but thinks that rank or degree intitles a man who is not utterly unworthy of both, to respect.

I will write one more Letter, and then give way to other affairs. I never thought I should have been such a scribbler. But the correspondence between my Brother and Dr. Bartlett, into which we were all so eager to peep; that of this dear creature with her Lucy, which so much entertained us, and which led us, in her absence, to wish to continue the series of it; the story of Clementina so interesting; all our suspenses so affecting, and the state of this our lovely friend's heart so peculiar;² and the task removed from you to me, of promoting and contributing to the correspondence: All these, together, led me on. But now one Letter more shall conclude my task.

Lord L. has just now mentioned to my brother his wishes that he would stand Godfather to the little Lord. My brother caught his hand, and besought his pardon for not offering *himself*. You do me, my dear Lord, said he, both honour and pleasure. Where was my thought? But this dear creature, turning to his Bride, will be so good as to remind me of all my imperfections. I am in a way to mend;³ for the duties inseparable from my delightful new engagement will strengthen all my other duties.

I have taken upon me, Sir, said she, to request the favour of my Lord and Lady L's acceptance of me for a Godmother.

To which I have objections, said I. I have a prior claim. Aunt Eleanor has put in hers, Lady W. hers, and this before Miss Byron was *Lady Grandison*.

Your circumstance, my dear Lady G. according to a general observation of our Sex, is prohibitory.

Will you, my brother, appealed I, allow of superstitious observances, prognostics, omens, dreams?

O no! My Harriet has been telling me how much she suffered lately from a dream, which she permitted to give strength and terror to her apprehensions from Mr. Greville. Guard, my dear Ladies, against these imbecillities of tender minds. In these instances, if in no other, will you give a superiority to our Sex, which, in the debate of this morning, my Charlotte would not allow of.

I will begin my next Letter with an account of this debate; and if I cannot comprise it in the compass I intend to bring it into, my one more Letter may perhaps stretch into two.

LETTER LV

Lady G. In Continuation

THE debate I mentioned, began on Friday morning at breakfast-time; brought on by some of uncle Selby's good-natured particularities;¹ for he will always have something to say against women. I bespoke my brother's neutrality, and declared I would enter the lists with Mr. Selby, and allow all the other men present to be of his side. I had a flow of spirits. Man's usurpation, and woman's natural independency, was the topic. I carried on my argument very triumphantly: Now-and-then a sly hint, popt out by my brother, half-disconcerted me; but I called him to order, and he was silent: Yet once he had like to have put me out—Wrapping his arms about himself, with inimitable humour—O my Charlotte, said he, how I love my Country! ENGLAND is the *only* spot in the world, in which this argument *can* be properly debated!²—Very sly—Was it not?

I made nothing of Mr. Selby. I called him the tyrant of the family. And as little of Mr. Deane, Lord L. and still less of my own Lord, who was as eager in the debate as if it concerned him more than anybody to resist me; and this before my brother; who by his eyes, more than once, seemed to challenge me, because of the sorry creature's earnestness. All those, however, were men of straw, with me; and I thought myself very near making Mr. Selby ask pardon of his Dame for his thirty years usurpation. In short, I had half-established our Sex's superiority on the ruin of that of the sorry fellows, when

the debate was closed, and referred to Mrs. Shirley, as moderatrix; my brother still excluded any share in it.—She indeed obliged me to lower my topsails a little.

'I think,' said the venerable Lady,¹ women are generally too much considered as a species apart. To be sure, in the duties and affairs of life, where they have different or opposite shares allotted them by Providence, they ought not to go out of their own sphere, or invade the mens province, any more than the men theirs. Nay, I am so much of this opinion, that tho' I think the confidence which some men place in their wives, in committing all their affairs to their care, very flattering to the opinion both of their integrity and capacity; yet I should not choose (and that not out of laziness to avoid the trouble) to interfere with the management without-doors, which I think more properly the man's province, unless in some particular cases.

'But in common intercourse and conversation, why are we to be perpetually considering the *Sex* of the person we are talking to? Why must women always be addressed in an appropriated language; and not treated on the common footing of reasonable creatures? And why must they, from a false notion of modesty, be afraid of shewing themselves to *be such*, and affect a childish ignorance?

'I do not mean, that I would have women enter into learned disputes, for which they are rarely qualified: But I think there is a degree of knowlege very compatible with their duties; therefore not unbecoming them, and necessary to make them fit companions for men of sense: A character in which they will always be found more useful than that of a plaything, the amusement of an idle hour.

'No person of sense, man or woman, will venture to launch out on a subject with which they are not well acquainted. The *lesser* degree of knowlege will give place to the *greater*. This will secure subordination enough. For the advantages of education which men must necessarily have over women, if they have made the proper use of them, will have set them so forward on the race, that we can never overtake them. But then don't let them despise us for this, as if their superiority were entirely founded on a natural difference of capacity! Despise us *as* women, and value themselves merely *as* men: For it is not the hat or cap which covers the head, that decides of the merit of it.

'In the general course of the things of this world, women have not opportunities of sounding the depths of science, or of acquainting themselves perfectly with polite literature: But this want of opportunity is not entirely confined to *them*. There are professions among the men no more favourable to these studies, than the common avocations of women. For example; merchants, whose attention is

(and perhaps *more* usefully, as to public utility) chained down to their accounts. Officers, both of land and sea, are seldom much better instructed, tho' they may, perhaps, pass through a few more forms: And as for knowlege of the world, women of a certain rank have an equal title to it with some of them. A learned man, as he is called, who should despise a sensible one of these professions, and disdain to converse with him, would pass for a pedant; and why not for despising or undervaluing a woman of sense, who may be put on the same footing? Men, in common cõversation, have laid it down for a rule of good breeding, not to talk before women of things they don't understand; by which means, an opportunity of improvement is lost; a very good one too; one that has been approved by the ablest persons who have written on the education of children, because it is a means of learning insensibly, without the appearance of a task. Common subjects afford only common-place, and are soon exhausted: Why, then, should conversation be confined to such narrow limits, and be liable to continual repetition; when, if people would start less beaten subjects, many doubts and difficulties concerning them might be cleared up, and they would acquire a more settled opinion of things (which is what the generality much want, from an indolence that hinders them from examining) at the same time that they would be better entertained, than with talking of the weather, and such kind of insipidities.'

Lady W. applauding Mrs. Shirley's sentiments, Apopòs, said she; let me read you the speech (taking it out of her Pocket-book) of an East-India officer, to a pedant, who had been displaying his talents, and running over with terms of art, and scraps of Latin, mingled with a profusion of hard words, that hardly any of the company understood; and which, at the same time that it diverted all present, cured the pretended scholar of his affectation for ever after. My Lady read it, as follows:

'I am charmed with this opportunity, said the officer, of discoursing with a gentleman of so much wit and learning; and hope I shall have his decision in a point which is pretty nice, and concerns some Eastern manufactures, of antient and reverend etymology. Modern critics are undetermined about them; but, for my part, I have always maintained, that *Chints*, *Bullbulls*, *Morees*, and *Ponabaguzzy's*, are of nobler and more generous uses than *Doorguzees* or *Nourfurmannys*: Not but I hold against *Byrampauts* in favour of *Niccannees* and *Boralchauders*. Only I wish, that so accurate a judge would instruct me, why *Tapzils* and *Sallampores* have given place to *Neganeapauts*? And why *Bejatapoutz* should be more esteemed than the finer fabrick of *Blue Chelloes* (a)?'

(a) Transcribed from a collection of papers, intituled, *The Plain-dealer*, in 2 Vols. Vol. I. No. 37.

A very good rebuke of affectation, said Sir Charles (and your Ladyship hints it was an efficacious one). It serves to shew, that men, in their different attainments, may be *equally* useful; in other words, that the knowlege of polite literature leads not to *every* part of useful science. I remember, that my Harriet distinguishes very properly, in some of her Letters to her Lucy, between *Language* and *Science*; and that poor Mr. Walden (that I think was his name) was pretty much disconcerted, as a pedant may sometimes be, when (and he bowed to his Harriet) he has a *natural genius* to contend with. She blushed, and bowed as she sat—And I remember, Sir, said she, you promised to give me your animadversions on the Letters I consented you should see: Will you be pleased to correct me, now?

Correct you, my dearest Life!—What a word is that? I remember, that, in the conversation in which you were obliged, against your will, to bear so considerable a part, you demonstrated, that genius, without deep learning, made a much more shining figure, in conversation, than learning without genius.¹ But, upon the whole, I was a little apprehensive, that true learning might suffer, if languages were too slightly treated. Mr. Walden made one good observation, or rather remembred it, for it was long ago made, and will be always of weight, That the knowlege of languages, any more than the advantage of birth, was never thought lightly of by those who had pretensions to either. The knowlege of the Latin language, in particular, let me say, is of singular use in the mastery of every science.

There are who aver, that men of parts have no occasion for learning: But, surely, our Shakespeare himself, one of the greatest genius's of any country or age (who, however, is an adept in the superior learning, the knowledge of nature)² would not have been a sufferer, had he had that greater share of human learning which is denied him by some critics.

But, Sir Charles, said Mr. Deane, don't you think that Shakespeare, who lived before the great Milton, has an easier, pleasanter, and more intelligible manner of writing, than Milton?³ If so, may it not be owing to Milton's greater learning, that Shakespeare has the advantage of that immortal poet in perspicuity?

Is the fact certain, my dear Mr. Deane, that Milton wants perspicuity? I have been bold enough sometimes to think, that he makes a greater display of his reading, than was quite necessary to his unbounded subject. But the age in which Shakespeare flourished, might be called, The age of English Learning, as well as of English Bravery. The Queen and her court, the very Ladies of it, were more learned than any court of our English Sovereigns was before, or hath been since. What a prodigy of learning, in the short reign of Edward the VIth, was the Lady Jane Grey!—Greek, as well as Latin, was familiar

to her: So it was to Queen Elizabeth. And can it be supposed, that the natural genius's of those Ladies were more confined, or limited, for their knowlege of Latin and Greek? Milton, tho' a little nearer us, lived in harsher and more tumultuous times.

O, Sir! said Harriet, then I find I was a very impertinent creature in the conversation to which you refer.

Not so, my dearest Love!—Mr. Walden, I remember, says, that learning in that assembly was not brought before a fair tribunal. He should have known, that it had not a competent advocate in him.

But, Sir Charles, said Mr. Beauchamp, I cannot but observe, that too much stress is laid upon Learning, as it is called, by those who have pretensions to it. You will not always find, that a scholar is a more happy man than an unlearned one. He has not *generally* more prudence, more wisdom, in the management of his affairs.

What, my dear Beauchamp, is this saying, but that there is great difference between theory and practice? This observation comes very generously, and, with regard to the Ladies, very gallantly, from you, who are a learned man: But as you are also a very prudent man, let me ask you, Do you think you have the less prudence for your learning? If *not*, Is not learning a valuable *addition*?

But pray, Sir Charles, said Mrs. Selby, let me ask your opinion: Do you think, that if women had the same opportunities, the same education, as men, they would not equal them, in their attainments?

Women, my dear Mrs. Selby, are women sooner than men are men. They have not, therefore, *generally*, the learning-time that men have, if they had equal genius's.

'If they had equal genius's,' brother. Very well. My dear Sister Harriet, you see you have given your hand to one of the Lords of the creation—Vassal! bow to your Sovereign.

Sir Ch. My dearest Love, take not the advice without the example.

Lady G. Your servant, Sir. Well, but let me ask you, Do you think that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of the one Sex? A natural superiority in those of the other?

Sir Ch. Who will answer this question for me?

Not I, said Lord L. Not I, said Mr. Deane. Not I, said Mr. Beauchamp.

Then I have fairly taken you in—You would, if you could, answer it in the Ladies favour: This is the same as a confession. I may therefore the more boldly pronounce, that, generally speaking, I have no doubt but there is.

Help me, dear Ladies, said I, to fight this battle out. You say, Sir, you have no doubt that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of us, poor women; a natural superiority in you, imperial men.

Generally speaking, Charlotte. Not individually *you* Ladies, and

us men: I believe all we who are present, shall be ready to subscribe to your superiority, Ladies.

I believe, brother, you fib: But let that pass.

Thank you, madam. It is for *my* advantage that it should; and perhaps for *yours*, smiling—There is a difference, pardon me, Ladies, we are speaking *generally*, in the *constitution*, in the *temperament*, of the two Sexes, that gives to the one advantages which it denies to the other: But we may not too closely pursue this subject, tho' the result, I am apt to believe, would put the matter out of dispute. Let us be more at large: Why has nature made a difference in the beauty, proportion, and symmetry, in the *persons* of the two Sexes? Why gave it delicacy, softness, grace, to that of the woman—as in the Ladies before me; strength, firmness, to men; a capacity to bear labour and fatigue; and courage, to protect the other? Why gave it a distinction, both in qualities and plumage, to the different sexes of the feathered race? Why in the courage of the male and female animals?—The surly bull, the meek, the beneficent, cow, for one instance?

We looked upon one another.

There are exceptions to general rules, proceeded he. Mrs. Shirley surpasses all the men I ever knew, in wisdom.—Mrs. Selby and Lady G.—

What of us, brother! What of us—to the advantage of your argument?

Heroic Charlotte! You are both very happily married—The men the women, the women the men, you can mutually assist and improve each other. But still—

Your servant, brother, interrupted I.—Your servant, Sir Charles, said Mrs. Selby.—And *I* say, Your servant, too, said Mr. Selby.

Who sees not that my sister Charlotte is ready to disclaim the competition in fact, tho' not in words? Can there be characters more odious than those of a masculine woman, and an effeminate man? What are the distinguishing characteristics of the two Sexes? And whence this odiousness? There are, indeed, *men*, whose minds, if I may be allowed the expression, seem to be cast in a Female mould; whence the fops, foplings, and pretty fellows, who buz about your Sex at public places; *women*, whose minds seem to be cast in a masculine one; whence your Barnevelts, my dear, and most of the women who, at such places, give the men stare for stare, swing their arms, look jolly; and those married women who are so kind as to take the reins out of their husbands hands, in order to save the honest men trouble.

Your servant, Sir—Your servant, Sir—And some of them looked as if they had said, You cannot mean me, I hope; and those who spoke not, bowed and smiled thanks for his compliment to one fourth of the Sex.

My Lord insultingly rubbed his hands for joy; Mr. Selby crowed; the other men slyly smiled, tho' they were afraid of giving a more open approbation.

O my Sister! said I, taking Harriet's hand, we women are mere Nothings—We are nothing at all!

How, my Charlotte! Make you no difference between being Everything and Nothing?

Were it not, my dear Ladies, proceeded he, for male protectors, to what insults, to what outrages, would not your Sex be subject? Pardon me, my dearest Love, if I strengthen my argument by your excellencies, bowing to his Harriet. Is not the dear creature our good Mrs. Shirley's own daughter? All the feminine graces are hers. She is, in my notion, what all women should be—But wants she not a protector? Even a dream, a resverie—

O Sir, spare me, spare me! sweetly blushing, said the lovely Harriet. I own I should have made a very silly, a very pusilanimous man! It is not long since, you know, Lady G. that I brought this very argument in favour of—

Hush, Harriet! You will give up the Female cause.

That is not fair, Charlotte, rejoined my brother; you should not intercept the convictions of an ingenuous mind. But I *will* spare my Harriet, if she will endeavour, for her own sake, to let nothing disturb her for the future but *realities*, and not any of *those* long, if they are inevitable ones.

But pray, Sir, said I, proceed in your argument, if you have any more to say.

O Charlotte! I have enough to say, to silence all your opposition, were I to give this subject its due weight. But we are only, for pleasantry-sake, skimming over the surface of the argument. Weaker powers are given generally for weaker purposes, in the oeconomy of Providence. I, for my part, however, disapprove not of our venerable Mrs. Shirley's observation; 'That we are apt to consider the Sex *too much* as a species apart: Yet it is my opinion, that both God and Nature have designed a very apparent difference in the minds of both, as well as in the peculiar beauties of their persons. Were it not so, their offices would be confounded, and the women would not perhaps so readily submit to those domestic ones in which it is their province to shine, and the men would be allotted the distaff, or the needle; and you yourselves, Ladies, would be the first to despise such. I, for my part, would only contend, that we men should have power and right given us to protect and serve your Sex; that we should purchase and build for them; travel and toil for them; run through, at the call of Providence, or of our King and Country, dangers and difficulties; and, at last, lay all our trophies, all our acquirements, at your feet;

enough rewarded in the conscience of duty done, and your favourable acceptance.

We were all of us again his humble servants. It was in vain to argue the tyranny of some husbands, when he could turn upon us the follies of some wives; and that wives and daughters were never more faulty, more undomestic, than at present; and when we were before a judge, that, tho' he could not be absolutely unpolite, would not flatter us, nor spare our foibles.

However, it stuck a little with Harriet, that she had given cause to Sir Charles, in the dispute which she formerly bore a part in, relating to learning and languages, to think her more lively than she ought to be, and had spoken too lightly of languages. She sweetly blushing, like a young wife solicitous for the good opinion of the Beloved of her heart, revived that cause.

He spoke very highly in her praise, upon the occasion; owned, that the Letters he had been favoured with the sight of, had given him deeper impressions in her favour, than even her Beauty: Hoped for farther communications; applauded her for her principles, and her inoffensive vivacity—That sweet, that innocent vivacity, and noble frankness of heart, said he, taking her hand, which I hope you will never think of restraining.

As to the conversation you speak of, proceeded he, I repeat, that I *was* apprehensive, when I read it, that languages were spoken of in it slightly; and yet, perhaps, I am mistaken. You, my Beauchamp, I think, if my dearest Life will oblige us both by the communication, and *chooses* to do so (for that must be the condition on which all her goodness to us must be expected) shall be judge between us: You know, better than I, what stores of unexhausted knowlege lie in the works of those great Antients, which suffered in the hands of poor Mr. Walden: You know what the past and present ages have owed, and what all future will owe, to *Homer, Aristotle, Virgil, Cicero*: You can take in the necessity there is of restraining innovation, and preserving old rules and institutions, and of employing the youth of our Sex, who would otherwise be much worse employed (as we see in those who neglect their studies) in the attainment of languages that can convey to them such lights in every science: Tho' it were to be wished, that morals should take up more of the learner's attention than they generally do.¹ You know, that the truest parts of learning are to be found in the Roman and Greek writers; and you know, that translation (were every-thing worthy our notice translated) cannot convey those beauties which scholars only can relish; and which learned foreigners, if a man travels, will expect should not have escaped his observation. As to the Ladies, Mrs. Shirley has admirably observed, that there is a degree of knowlege very compatible with

their duties (Condescending excellence! bowing to Mrs. Shirley) and highly becoming them; such as will make them rejoice, and, I will add, improve a man of sense, sweeten his manners, and render him a much more sociable, a much more amiable creature, and, of consequence, greatly more happy in himself, than otherwise he would be from books and solitude.

Well but, brother, you said just now, that we were only, for pleasantry-sake, skimming over the surface of the argument; and that you had enough to say to silence all my opposition, were you to give the subject its due weight. I do assure you, that, to silence all my opposition, you must have a vast deal more to say, than you have said hitherto; and yet you have thrown in some hints which stick with me, tho' you have concluded with some magnificent intimations of superiority over us—Power and right to protect, travel, toil for us, and lay your trophies at our feet, and-so-forth—Surely, surely, this is diminishing us, and exalting yourselves, by laying us under high obligations to your generosity. Pray, Sir, let us have, if you please, one or two intimations of those weightier arguments, that could, as you fancy, silence your Charlotte's opposition. I say, that we women, were our education the same—You know what I would be at—Your *weightier* arguments, if you please—or a specimen only *en passant*.

Supposing, my Charlotte, that all human souls are, in themselves, equal; yet the very design of the different machines in which they are inclosed, is to super-induce a temporary difference on their original equality; a difference adapted to the different purposes for which they are designed by Providence in the present transitory state. When those purposes are at an end, this difference will be at an end too. When Sex ceases, inequality of Souls will cease; and women will certainly be on a foot with men, as to intellectuals, in Heaven. There, indeed, will you no longer have *Lords* over you; neither will you have *Admirers*: Which, in *your* present estimate of things, will perhaps balance the account. In the mean time, if you can see any occasions that may call for stronger understandings in male life, than in your own; you, at the same time, see an argument to acquiesce in a persuasion of a present inequality between the two Sexes. You know, I have allowed exceptions. Will you, Charlotte, compliment yourself with being one?

Now, brother, I feel, methinks, that you are a little hard upon Charlotte: But, Ladies, you see how the matter stands.—You are all silent.—But, Sir, you graciously allow, that there *is* a degree of knowlege which is very compatible with the DUTIES of us women, and highly *becoming* us: Will you have the goodness to point out to us what this compatible learning is, that we may not mistake—and so become excentric, as I may say, burst our orb,¹ and do more mischief than ever we could do good?

Could I point out the boundaries, Charlotte, it might not to *some* spirits be so proper: The limit might be treated as the one prohibited tree in the garden. But let me say, That genius, whether in man or woman, will push itself into light. If it has a laudable tendency, let it, as a ray of the Divinity, be encouraged, as well in the one Sex as in the other: I would not, by any means, have it limited: A little knowledge leads to vanity and conceit. I would only, methinks, have a Parent, a Governor, a Preceptor, bend his strength to restrain its foibles; but not throw so much cold water upon the sacred flame as should quench it; since, if he did, stupidity, at least dejection, might take place of the emanation, and the person might be miserable for life.

Well, then, we must *compromise*, I think, said I: But, on recollection, I thought I had enjoined you, Sir Charles, to the observance of a neutrality. Harriet, whispered I, we are only, after all, to be allowed, as far as I can find, in this temporary¹ state, like tame doves, to go about house, and-so-forth, as Biddy says, in the play.²

Harriet, could she have found time (But, by mutual consent, they are hardly ever asunder) would have given you a better account of this conversation than I have done; so would Lucy: But take it, as it offers, from

Your ever-affectionate

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LVI

Miss LUCY SELBY, To Lady L.

Sunday, Nov. 19

MY dear Lady G. insists upon my writing to your Ladyship an account of the appearance which the loveliest Couple in England made this day at Church.

We all thought nothing could have added to the charms of our Harriet's person; but yet her dress and jewels did. I sighed, from pride for the honour of Female Beauty, to *think* they did. Can my dear Harriet, thought I, exquisitely lovely as she is in any dress, be ornamented by richer silks than common, by costly laces, by jewels? Can dress add grace to that admirable proportion, and those fine features, to which no painter yet has ever done justice, tho' every family related to her has a picture of her, drawn by a different hand of eminence?

We admired the Bridegroom as much as we did her, when (before we could have thought he had been half ready) he joined Mrs. Shirley,

my Aunt Selby, and me, in the great Parlour, completely dressed. But what we most admired in him was, that native dignity and ease, and that inattentiveness to his own figure and appearance, which demonstrate the truly-fine gentleman, accustomed, as he is, to be always elegant.

When his Lady presented herself to him, and to us, in all her glory, how did the dear creature dazzle us! We involuntarily arose, as if to pay our homage to her. Sir Charles approached her with rather an air of greater freedom than usual, as if he considered not the dress, as having added to the value he has for her: Yet, Loveliest of women, he called her; and, taking her hand, presented her to her grand-mamma: Receive, and again bless, my Angel, said he, best of Parents! —How lovely! But what is even all this amazing loveliness to the graces of her mind? They rise upon me every hour. She hardly opens her lips, but I find reason to bless God, and bless you both, my dear Ladies: For God and you have given her goodness.—My dearest Life, allow me to say, that this sweet person, which will be your first perfection in every stranger's eye, is but a second in mine.

Instruct me, Sir, said she, bashfully, bowing her face upon his hand, as he held hers, to *deserve* your Love, by improving the mind you have the goodness to prefer; and no creature was ever on earth so happy as I shall be.

My dear Daughter, said her delighted grandmother, you see, can hardly bear your goodness, Sir. You must blame her for something, to keep down her pride.

My Harriet, replied he, cannot be proud of what the silkworm can do for her, or of the jeweller's polish: But now you call upon me, madam, I will tax her with a real fault. I open all my heart to her, as subjects occasionally offer: I want her to have a will, and to let me know it. The frankest of all Female hearts will not treat me with that sweet familiarity which banishes distance. You see, my dearest Love, that I chide you before your parental friends, and your Lucy.

It is your own fault, Sir: Indeed it is. You prevent me in all my wishes. Awe will mingle with the Love of persons who are under perpetual obligation. My dear two mamma's, you must not blame *me*; you must blame Sir Charles: He takes away, by his goodness, even the *power* of making suitable acknowledgements, and then complains I do not speak.

My uncle Selby came in. He stood looking upon my cousin, for a few moments, in silence; then broke out, Sir Charles Grandison, you may indeed boast, that you have for a Wife the *Flower of the British world*, as you once called her: And, let me tell you, Niece, you have for a Husband the noblest and gallantest of men. Happy, happy Pair! say I. My dear Mr. Deane, said he, who just then entered,

if you will keep me in countenance, I will venture to salute that charming creature.

Sir Charles presented his Bride to them both. With a bent knee she received their salutes. At that moment came in the three Lords, who followed the example. Lord W. called her Angel—Sir Charles looked delighted with the praises of his Bride.

The rest of the company being come, we proceeded to Church.

We were early; but the Church was crowded. How were the charming Couple admired on their alighting, and as they walked to their pew!—Never did my Cousin *herself* look so lovely! How charmingly looked the Bridegroom! But he forgot not that humble deportment, full of reverence for the place, and the Divine Offices, which seemed to make him absent for the time to that splendor and beauty which took every eye *out of* our own pew. His example was enough to give a proper behaviour, had it been needful, to every one *in it*.

I should have told your Ladyship, that Mr. Greville had sent, over-night, a sullenly-complaisant request to my aunt, in writing, importing, that as he heard the Bride would make her appearance on the morrow, the Bride-men and maids, if it broke not into our Cere-monial, would accept of his pew, which is over-against ours, for the *look* of the thing, he said; tho' he could not promise but he should all the day curse the occasion. By this we found, he was not gone to Lady Frampton's, as he had designed. His offer was thankfully accepted.

There was a great concourse of the genteelest people there. Everybody, men and women, looked delighted on the occasion. The humility of the Bride was tried, by the respects paid her between the offices, by all who had ever been in her company. They should have reined-in their own pride; for it was to *that*, as much as to respect to her, I doubt not, that their notice was owing. She looked conscious, bashful; *sly*, I told her afterwards. She hates the word: But, as I said, she should not have given the idea, that made no other word so proper to express it, and which must be more observable in *her* generally open free countenance, than in that of any other. She more than once saw devoirs paid her by a *leer*, when her sweet face was so disposed, that, had she *not* returned the compliment, it might have passed that she had not seen them. But what an Insensible must have been my cousin, had she not been proud of being Lady Grandison! She is not quite an Angel, yet: She has a few *Femalities*, as my uncle whimsically calls our little foibles. So, perhaps, she *should*. But nobody saw the least defect in your brother. His dress most charmingly became him; and when he looked upon his Bride, his eyes were fixed on her eyes, with such a sweet benignity and complaisance, as if he saw her mind through them, and could not spare a glance to her

ornaments: Yet by his own dress he shewed, that he was no Stoical non-conformist to the fashion of the world. But the politeness and respect with which he treated her, did them both credit, and credit (as Lady G. observed) to the whole Sex. Such unaffected tenderness in his respect; and known to be so brave, so good a man!—O my dear Lady L. what an admirable man is your brother! What a happy creature is my Harriet!

When Divine Service was over, I was afraid our Procession, as I may call it, would have been interrupted by the compliments of some of the gentry of our acquaintance, whose opened pew-doors shewed their readiness to address them: But all passed in silent respects from Gentlemen and Ladies. My cousin, when she came home, rejoiced that one of her parading times was over: But when, my dearest Love, said Sir Charles, will the time be past, that all who see you will admire you?

The Church in the afternoon was still more crouded than before. How were Sir Charles and my uncle blessed by the poor, and people of low degree, for their well-dispensed bounty to them!

My cousin has delighted Mrs. Shirley, by telling her, that Sir Charles had said there would be a Rite wanting, till he and she had communicated, according to the order of the Church, at the Altar, on this particular occasion.

Just now is every-thing settled that Sir Charles wished to be settled. Lady G. will acquaint you with particulars, I doubt not.

Permit me to commend myself to your Ladyship's favour, as one of the

Humblest and sincerest of your Servants,

LUCY SELBY

P. S. Lady G. has half broke my heart.

On perusal of what I have written, she says, I have not done my best: I have not given half particulars enough.—In short, she finds a multitude of faults with me—Even calls me names, *Sorry girl, lazy*, and I can't tell what.

But do you, madam, acquit me, and I shall be easy.

I told her, that I thought I had been very minute.

What! to a lying-in woman, she says, who has no variety before her! All one dull chamber-scene, hourly acted over again—The subject *so* rich!

I answered, It should then have had the richest pen!—Why did she not write *herself*? If it was *not* for laziness-sake, it was for self-sake, that she did not. As I knew Lady L. would have been a gainer by the change of pen, I had much rather have been in

the company for which she quitted the task, than grubbing pens in my closet; and all to get nothing but discommendation.

I have shewn her this my Postscript. She raves: But I am hardened. She will soon have an opportunity to supply all my defects, in person.

END OF VOLUME VI





THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

VOLUME VII

LETTER I

Miss LUCY SELBY, To Lady G.

Saturday, Nov. 25

YOU enjoined me, my dear Lady G. at parting on Monday last, to write to you; and to be very particular in what I wrote. I will, because I love and fear you. Otherwise I would not write at all; first, because I had not the good fortune to please you, in mine to Lady L.; and next, because I shall so soon have the honour to attend you in town. Well then, I begin.

On Tuesday we women were employed in preparations for the tenants jubilee, next day. Sir Charles, attended by my brother, paid a morning visit to Mr. Greville, whom he found moody, reserved, and indisposed. My brother James says, that he never saw such a manly, yet tender treatment, from one man to another, as Sir Charles gave him; and that he absolutely subdued him, and left him acknowledging the favour of his visit, and begging a repetition of it, as often as he could, while he staid in these parts; and that, he said, as well for his credit, as for his comfort. But when, Sir Charles, said he, do you carry from us the Syren? I *will* call her names. I hate her. The sooner the better. Curse me, if I shall be able to creep out of the house, while she is visible on Northamptonshire ground—Tho' I was a friend to the match—Do you mind that, young man (to my brother James): O

Love! Love! added he, of what contradictions art thou the cause! Tho' I hate her, I almost long to see her. You'll allow me to visit you both, I hope when I have got over these plaguy megrims?

The same day Sir Charles making a friendly visit, as going by Sir John Holles's seat, to that family, found Miss Orme there, expecting her brother to call for her in his post-chaise.

Great civilities passed between Sir Charles and Miss Orme. She was doubtful whether her brother had, at that time, best see Sir Charles, as he was weak in health and spirits: But just as Sir Charles was at the gate, going to his chariot, attended by Sir John and the young Ladies, poor Mr. Orme came.

The Liveries would not allow Mr. Orme to doubt who it was. He turned pale. Sir Charles addressed himself to him with his usual polite freedom. Knowing, Sir, said he, that Mr. Orme was expected by one of the best of Sisters, I presume to salute you, as the Mr. Orme to whom I have been desirous, ever since I have been in Northamptonshire, to pay my compliments.

Sir Charles Grandison, Sir—

At your service, Mr. Orme; taking his hand.

The happiest man in the world, replied Mr. Orme, with some emotion. The best, the loveliest woman on earth calls you hers.

I *am*, I think myself, the happiest of men. But it will add to my joy, to have it wished me by so good a man as Mr. Orme.

Ah, Sir!—Could I wish joy to any man on this occasion, it would be to you, because of your character; and in the reflexion, that the most excellent of women must be happier with you, than any other man could have made her. But Self, Self, Sir! *He* is indeed a hero, who, with such a fervent attachment as mine, can divest himself of Self. I loved her, Sir, from her early infancy, and never knew another Love.

The man, Mr. Orme, who loved Miss Byron, gave distinction to himself. Permit me to present her to you, and you to her, as dear friends; and allow me a third place in your friendship. You have a sister who justly claims a second. I dare engage for the dear creature, from what I know of her value for Mr. Orme, that she will allow of this friendship, on the foot of his own merits, were my recommendation out of the question.

O Sir Charles! you are, you *ought* to be, the man. And will you allow me on these terms to visit *you*, and visit *her*?—But, alas! I fear, I fear, I cannot soon—

At your own time, my dear Mr. Orme.—At Mr. Selby's; at her house in London; in Hampshire; where-ever she is, and whether I am present or absent, Mr. Orme will be received as *her* brother and *my* brother, as *her* friend and *my* friend.

Good God! Good God!—He gushed into tears. He ran into the house to hide his emotion; but in vain; for when he went in, he wept like a child!—Forgive me, forgive me, Sir John! (who just then came in from taking leave of his noble guest) but there is no bearing this man's magnanimity!—He is all I have heard of him. Happy, happy Miss Byron!—No man but this could deserve her. But where is he? rising: I will ask his pardon for my abrupt departure from him.

He is gone, answered Sir John. I saw him in his chariot! Good Mr. Orme! he called you, and sighed for you. Poor Mr. Orme declared, that he would wait upon Sir Charles, and tell him, how acceptable to his heart, and what balm to his mind, would be the tender he had the goodness to make him. Sister, said he, you were at the gate, as well as the young Ladies; did he not hint, did he not say, that Miss Byron spoke of me with tenderness?

Miss Kitty Holles supplied to us afterwards my brother's account of what passed in this accidental interview. These dear girls know not how to keep from Selby-house. They are good girls; how then can they help admiring Sir Charles Grandison?

I begin to fancy I am in a way to please you, Lady G. Of which, at taking up my pen, I had little hopes, and therefore intended not to take much pains about it. But the subject must warm the coldest genius. Is it not of your brother, and my cousin?

In the afternoon, a Letter was brought from Sir Rowland Meredith. My cousin intends to shew it to you in town. Such a mixture in it, of joy and sadness; of condolment and congratulation; I believe was never seen in one sheet of paper. It is dated from Windsor. The good man was there in his way to town; resolving to pay a visit to the *wonderful man*, as he calls him, of whom he had heard so great a character; and who was probably to be the husband of his daughter Byron; and there he heard (from Lord W's domestics, I suppose) that Sir Charles was in Northamptonshire, and that the marriage was actually solemnized. He therefore intended to set out directly for Bath, where Mr. Fowler was, or at the Hot-well at Bristol, pursuing measures for his health; with a view to console his *poor boy*.

This is a good old man. Methinks I am half ready to wish, that some of my cousin's admirers would dry up their tears, and come among us: Yet we are nice and dainty girls, some of us, let me tell you.—'Tis foolish, however, to suggest *leavings*, and such sort of stuff; the Lady such as but one man could deserve; *his* merit allowed universally.

Sir Charles acquainted his Lady with all that had passed between him and Mr. Orme. She received his account with joy and thankfulness.

You are enter'd, Sir, said she, into a numerous family. I have

called Sir Rowland Meredith my Father; Mr. Fowler my Brother. Be pleased to read this Letter.

I remember the relation, my dear, returned Sir Charles, and acknowlege it. Mr. Fowler is another Mr. Orme. Sir Rowland is a very worthy man.

He read it—What an excellent heart has Sir Rowland! My dearest Love! cultivate their friendship, as I will Mr. Orme's. My pity for these worthy objects, joining with yours, and the frankness of our mutual behaviour to them, will strengthen their hearts. We owe it to them, my dearest Life, as much as it is in our power, to soften their disappointment.—Could they have a greater?

O my Lady G.! Who can think of a man after this—Except one might hope, from the personal knowlege of his charming behaviour, that the men who addressed us, might be improved by such an example?

The Tenants Jubilee, as they called it, was on Wednesday. It was a much more orderly day than we expected. Sir Charles was all condescension and chearful goodness: My cousin all *graciousness*, was the word for her. Mrs. Shirley was of the company. How was she revered! She ever was! Once when the bride was withdrawn, and Sir Charles was engaged in talk with Mr. Deane, she whispered two or three of her tenants to tell the rest, that it was great joy to her, to be assured, that after her departure, the tenants of her dear Mr. Shirley would be treated with as much kindness (perhaps, with more) as he, and as she, after his example, had ever treated them. Yet one caution, I give, said she: My dear son will see with his own eyes: He will dispense with his own hands. He will not be imposed upon.

Thursday and Friday the Bride saw company. There was as little both days of the impertinence that attends form, as I believe, was ever known on the like occasion; but more of sincere admiration. We had a vast number of people. Some of them persons of fashion, with whom we had but slender acquaintance; but who wished to see the happy pair.

We shall be this day at Shirley-manor in a family way: In *that*, my dear Lady G. (after all the bustle and parade that we can make) lies the true, because the untumultuous joy.

To-morrow we shall serve God in our usual way.

Adieu, my dear Lady G.—This is the sort of stuff you must be satisfied with from a poor untalented girl; as is

Your ever-devoted, LUCY SELBY

No end of duty, love, compliments, &c. I begin again to doubt I shan't please you:—So am (allowably) tired.

LETTER II

Lady G. To Miss SELBY

Monday, Nov. 27

COME, come, Lucy, you do pretty well. Don't be disheartened, child. Yet you are not *quite* the clever girl I once thought you. You, that held such a part in the correspondence of our Harriet.—But you say, you can't help it. Poor girl! I am sorry for it. Your talents lie in speech, not in writing.—Your account of the interview between Orme and my brother, shews you can't *write at all*. No, not you—Poor Lucy! But write one Letter more before you come to town. Do! my dear! You have charming subjects before you, yet.

I, you see, have a talent to make subjects out of *nothing*: You, poor soul! can't follow them when made to your hand. I'll tell you a story of my good man and his good woman. A short one. The poor man is very sensible of slight ailments. Happy, as *he* is, in a wife, no wonder he is afraid of dying. He was complaining to me just now [To whom but to a pitying wife should a man complain when he ails any-thing?] that he had a troublesome disorder in the inside of his mouth. I looked very grave; shook my careful head. I am afraid, my Lord, something is breeding there, that should not. He started, and looked concerned. The man will never know me. God forbid! said he—afraid of nothing less than a cancer. Have I not told you a thousand times, my Lord, of your gaping? As sure as you are alive, your mouth is fly-blown.

Expecting compassion, he found a jest, and never was man so angry. I was forced to take his hand, and stroke his cheeks with mine, to be friends.

But, Lucy, let not any of these flippances meet my brother's eye, or invade his ear: I shall be undone if they do.

Caroline is pure well. Her Lord is never out either of her chamber, or the nursery..

Aunt Nell makes an admirable nurse. Her parrot and her squirrel are now neglected for a little marmouset. Every-body but the real nurse likes aunt Nell. The good creature is so *understanding*, so directing! I protest, these old maids think they know every-thing. The nurse, I see, can't endure her.

I interfere not. The boy is robust, and they leave him the free exercise of his limbs, and he has a fine pipe, and makes the nursery ring whenever he pleases; so will do well enough.

But high-ho, Lucy! all these nursery memento's how do they sadden and mortify me! The word *mother*, what a solemn sound has it to me now; Caroline's situation before me!—But, come, the evil day is at distance; Who's afraid?

Beauchamp sighs for Emily: Emily for somebody else. Sir Harry is still miserable. Poor Sir Harry! He still lives! But can life be life, when there is no hope?

Write me one more Letter before you come up: If it be ever so short a one. Don't be proud and saucy: You imagine, I suppose, that you can't write as well as Harriet and I. Granted. Attempt it not therefore. But write as well as you can; and that, till Harriet can find herself at leisure to resume her pen, shall content

Your true friend, and humble servant,

CH. G.

No end of your compliments to us in town, you say.—No end of ours to you in the country, were I to begin them: Therefore will not say a word about them. You know my meaning by my gaping.¹

LETTER III

Miss SELBY, To Lady G.

Thursday night, Nov. 30

AND *must* I write your Ladyship one more Letter? And *will* a short one content you?

Well then, I'll try for it.

On Sunday last, we hoped to be quiet and good: But the church was as much crowded as it was the Sunday before.

Monday and Tuesday the Bride and Bridegroom returned the visits made them. At one, they met Miss Orme, and accompanied her to their seat called *The Park*, at her request. You did not seem to like my account of Sir Charles's interview with Mr. Orme in my last: So I will not tell you what passed on occasion of this visit to that worthy man. I will be as perverse as you are difficult. I *don't* care. Yet, as your new sister described the meeting and parting to me, you would have been pleased with what I could have told you.

Yesterday we had a Ball given by Mrs. Shirley. Were I able to write to please you, how I could expatiate on this occasion! How did the Bridegroom shine! Every-body was in raptures with him, on his charming behaviour to his Bride. The notice he took of her was neither too little, nor too much, for the most delicate observers. Every young Lady envied her; and how coldly did some of them look on their own humble servants! They indeed were as regardful of him as their mistresses; so bore the preference the better. My uncle Selby was all, and more than all, he used to be. How happy, that he is a sober man! His joy, raised by wine, would have made him mad.

This day we have been all happy together. A calm, serene day; at Shirley-manor! And thus is the matter settled among us—Your brother and new sister; my uncle and aunt Selby; Mr. Deane, and your Ladyship's humble servant; are to set out early to-morrow morning for London. My brother James would fain accompany us; Sir Charles kindly inviting him: But I withstood it; so did my aunt; the private reason because of Miss Jervois.

Sir Charles thinks to stay in town till the Friday following; and then proposes to carry his Bride and all of us, to Grandison-hall.

A motion was made to Sir Charles by my grandmamma Selby; whether he would not choose to be presented with his Lady to the King on their nuptials. Sir Charles answered, that he was ready to comply with every proposal that should shew his duty to his Sovereign, and the grateful sense he had of the honour done him by his Harriet.

We are to call on Lord and Lady W. at Windsor; and take them with us.

My cousin and I are to write constantly to our two grandmamma's. My sister Nancy devotes herself to *our* grandmother Selby. Miss Holles's will constantly visit Mrs. Shirley. Sir Charles is to bring down his Lady twice a year, or oftener, if conveniency permit.

He hoped, he said, after awhile, to induce his Harriet to take a trip with him to Ireland, to inspect the improvements making in his estate there. He will find no difficulty, I believe, to prevail upon her to accompany him thither; nor even, were he disposed to it, to the world's end.

He hopes for a visit from the Italian family, so deservedly dear to him; by which he is to regulate many of his future motions.

I cannot say I wish for this visit.¹ I love, I admire, I pity them; and would, had I wings, take a flight into Italy, with all my heart, to see them incognita. Clementina must be a charming creature—but, for Harriet's sake, I have been used to think of her with terror.

For your Brother's sake also, Lady G. I rejoice, and so, you know, do Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Shirley, that she can now be only a Visiter. How could Sir Charles, so thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart indeed, is, generously open and benevolent to people of all countries: He is, as I have often heard you say, in the noblest sense, a Citizen of the World:² But, see we not, that his long residence abroad, has only the more endeared to him the Religion, the Government, the Manners of England? You know, that on a double Principle of Religion and Policy, he encourages the Trades-people, the Manufactures, the Servants, of his own Country. Do I not remember a charmingly lively debate between you and him, on the subject of those Elegancies in Dress and Appearance which you said (and I thought you naughty for saying it) were only to be acquired by employing the *better* taste of Foreigners?

He concluded it seriously. I recollect nearly his Words: 'The Error, Lady G. is growing too general, is authorized by too many persons of figure, not to make one afraid of fatal consequences, from what in its beginning seemed a trifle. Shall any one pretend to true Patriotism, and not attempt to stem this torrent of Fashion, which impoverishes our own honest Countrymen, whilst it carries Wealth and Power to those whose National Religion and Interest are directly opposite to ours!'

Good Heaven, thought I, at the time, how was this noble-minded man entangled by delicacies of situation, by friendship, by compassion, that he should ever have been likely to be engaged in a family of Roman Catholics, and lived half of his days out of his beloved Country! And the other half to have set, as to the world's eye, such an Example in it!

I know, Lady G. he would have made it his study to prevent any mischief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his Lady's Confessor, had a certain compromise taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Marescotti: But would even *that* good man have thought himself bound to observe Faith with Heretics in such a case?

Whither am I rambled! I was going to tell you, that if this Italian Family comes over, his new-taken house in Grosvenor-square being, as you know, nearly ready, he proposes to compliment with it those noble guests, for the time of their residence in England; for he will not, it seems, be so soon obliged to quit his present London-house, as he had thought he must.

And thus, my dear Lady G. have I obeyed your commands. I know you will not be satisfied with me. Had I been able to *follow a subject that was made to my hand*, I should have attempted the parting scene between my cousin and her grandmamma. Could I have borrowed your pen, I would have display'd the tender, yet magnanimous parent, not once, tho' tottering with age and infirmities, hinting that she might never again see the darling of her heart. She saddened not hope; but encouraged it. All she said, demonstrated Love of her Harriet, divested of Self, and a soul above the weaker passions; and well might she, since she has already one foot among the stars, and can look down with pity, unmixed with envy, on all those who by their youth, are doomed to toil through the rugged road of life, in search of a happiness that is not to be met with in it; and at the highest, can be compounded for, only by the blessing of a contented mind. With the same pen, before I had resigned it, would I have described the lovely grandchild embracing the knees of the indulgent parent, not satisfied with one, two, three blessings; and, less generously in the *purport*, tho' not in the *intent* (judging from her own present happiness, that there is still

something worth wishing for to be met with in this world) praying to God to preserve the over-ripened fruit still on the withered tree: In which we all joined. But O how much less generously, as I hinted, because it was altogether for our own sakes!—But I know not whose pen I must have borrowed, to have done justice to Sir Charles Grandison's behaviour on this occasion!

Excuse this serious conclusion, my dear Lady G. My cousin shall not see it. May she know nothing but felicity! In *hers* is bound up that of Sir Charles Grandison; and in *his* that of hundreds. I long, tho' we parted so lately, to throw myself at your feet, and to assure you, that whatever defects there are in my pen, there are none in the Love borne you, by

Your Ladyship's

Most sincere admirer, and humble Servant,

LUCY SELBY

LETTER IV

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Thursday, December 7

LUCY (my ever-honoured grandmamma) has given you the particulars of the rapturous reception I met with on Saturday, from my dear Lady L. on the visit we made her in her chamber. She, as well as her Lord, welcomed and congratulated us, and herself, with *such* a grace!—They are a charming pair!—We all rejoiced with her, on the addition she had made to two families so worthy.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison received us also in raptures.

How did the tenderly kind notice which Sir Charles took of the lovely little infant (It is a fine child!) delight the happy mother, and every-body!

Lord and Lady G. met us at Lady L's; Emily, and the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, with them. How affectionately did the dear girl welcome us, after a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, and which we passed over as tears of joy! But Lucy has given you all particulars (*a*); and the noble manner also, in which Sir Charles gave me possession of his house, on our first arrival. Every-body was charmed with it. It cost my aunt some tears.

The Christening was delayed till Monday; because Sir Charles was desirous it should be performed at church. He had some few difficulties to get over, before he carried his point; and this was the

(*a*) This Letter of Miss Selby does not appear.

substance of his reasonings on the subject: People of fashion, he said, should consider themselves as examples to the lower orders of people. They should shew a conformity to the laws of their country, both ecclesiastical and civil, where they can do it with a good conscience. In the present case, Baptism, said he, is one of our two sacraments; and shall it not be performed, when it can, as the church directs; the child in full health?

I will give you, my dear grandmamma, journal-wise, I think, an account of our proceedings; still referring myself to my Lucy for such particulars as now I shall not have time to give. For you know, my dear grandmamma, that my time is not now my own, as it used to be; tho' I shall think myself very ungrateful, and undutiful too, if I permit my new duties so wholly to engross me, as to furnish an excuse for the neglect of those which from my very birth I owe to you.

I think Lucy has not mentioned to you the lively conversations that passed in the evening, after the christening, between Sir Charles and Lady G.; she choosing to single out her brother (as she had threatened, unknown to him, to do) in order to try once more her strength with him, in vivacity and raillery. She delighted every-body with her wit: For it was not so rapid and so unguarded as sometimes it is. He *condescended*, was Lucy's just observation, to return wit for her wit, in order to follow her lead, as he saw the company was delighted with their conversation; and was exceedingly brilliant. She complimented herself on the merit of having drawn him out, tho' to her own disadvantage. Finding herself over-matched, she shifted her attacks, and made one upon me; but with so much decorum and complaisance, as shewed she *intended* to do me honour, rather than herself.

Tuesday evening.] Sir Charles is just returned from visiting Sir Harry Beauchamp. The poor man numbers his hours, and owned, that the *three* the best of men gave him, as by his own watch (tho' Sir Charles intended to be back in one) were more happy ones than he had promised himself in this life. O madam! How easy sits my Sir Charles's piety upon him! He can pity a dying friend, without saddening his own heart; for he lives the life of duty as he goes along, and fears not the inevitable lot!

Wednesday.] He is just returned from a visit to Sir Hargrave. Sir Hargrave, it seems, complimented him, but with tears in his eyes, on his marriage. Great God! said he, how are you rewarded! How am I punished! Is there not hope that I have all my punishment in this life? I am sure, it is very, *very* heavy.

He visited the same day Mrs. Oldham, and her children.

He drank tea this afternoon with the Danby family in full assembly, at the house of the elder brother; and came to my cousin Reeves's to supper. My uncle, aunt, Mr. Deane, and Lucy, accompanied me

thither to tea and supper, where, as by promise, we were joined by Lord and Lady G. Lord L. Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, my Emily, and Mr. Beauchamp. Mr. Reeves had also invited Lady Betty Williams. What felicitations did she pour on me! She sighed, poor Lady! for the unhappy step her daughter had taken: And I sighed for the mother; who, tho' she had not given her daughter a *bad* example, had not set her a *good* one.

Lucy will tell you what a charming evening we had.

On *Thursday*,] Mr. Grandison presented his new-married Lady to Sir Charles and me, on account of our marriage, and dined with us. Sir Charles received the Lady, as well as his cousin, with the utmost politeness. She is far from being a disagreeable woman: But, at first, the awe she had of the people of rank in company, particularly of Lady G. as she owed to me, gave her an air of awkwardness. But Sir Charles's polite notice of her soon made her easy.

Mr. Grandison found an opportunity to praise to me her good sense and fine qualities; but in such a way, as if he were making apologies for having given the *honour* of his name to a woman under his own rank (ungrateful!) who yet had re-established him: He concluded his panegyric with letting me know, that she had already presented him with 25,000 pounds: He looked as if he thought he deserved it all; and actually called her a very discerning woman. I questioned not, I told him, his gratitude to a Lady so deserving; and he as good as promised to *reward* her by his Love; whispering, with an air of self-sufficiency, sticking his hand in his side, and surveying himself to the right and left, Her former husband, madam, was a very plain, but an honest man. But I do assure you she has taste!—O dear! O dear! thought I to myself.

Sir Charles invited them both to Grandison-hall, and she seemed not a little proud on his calling her, as he did several times, *Cousin*.

Lord L. and Lord and Lady G. dined with us, as did Mrs. Eleanor Grandison and Emily. Lady G. in the main, behaved prettily enough to Mr. Grandison and his Bride. But once a little forgetting herself, and putting on a supercilious air, I whispered her, Dear Lady G. consider, you can *give* pride to others by your condescension: You must not yourself *condescend* to be proud.

Be you, my Harriet, re-whispered she, always my monitress. It is the sorry fellow, not his wife, that *I look down upon*. She, a widow *Cit*, might have done still worse.

Cit! Lady G. And in a trading kingdom?¹

Ay, *Cit*, child! Have you not heard my brother say, that even in the *republic* of Venice, there are young nobility and old nobility.² Distinctions in blood every-where but at Amsterdam!

Who, and what, at first, made the distinction, my dear? asked I.

Be quiet, Harriet!—I think I am very good—
And at the *height* of your goodness, Charlotte?
Be quiet, when I bid you; aloud.

Sir Charles a little jealous of our whispering, for the sake of his cousins, turning to Mr. Grandison, Your cousin Charlotte, you know, Sir, is always hard pressed, when she calls out, *Be quiet*.

I was always rejoiced, replied he, when my cousin was brought to that.

Sir Charles has been twice at the Drawing-room, since we have been in town. He admires the integrity of heart of his Sovereign, as much as he reveres his royal dignity. Once I remember, he wished that his Majesty would take a summer's progress thro' his British, another into his Irish, dominions; but expressly with this proviso, That every gentleman and woman of condition should be welcome at his court, who came not in new dresses to pay their duty to him; and this lest the gentry's vying with each other in appearance, should hurt their private circumstances; and for the same reason, that he would graciously treat, but not be treated by, any of the nobility at their houses.

To-morrow morning, Sir Charles, his grateful Harriet, happy creature! my uncle and aunt Selby, Mr. Deane, and Emily, are to set out by the way of Windsor for Grandison-hall. We are to take an early dinner there with Lord and Lady W.; who, on that condition, have promised to attend their beloved nephew, and his friends, to the Hall.

Lord G. is allowed to stay a week with us, and no more. He is then to attend his now but half-saucy Lady, at one of the Earl of G's seats in Hertfordshire; where, by promise of long-standing, she is to keep her Christmas: At which she mutters not a little; because she would fain have been with us; and because she imagines, it will be proper for her to confine herself at home, by the time they will part with her.

My aunt Selby, and even my uncle, will write. He must, he says, vent the over-flowings of his joy. Lucy loves to describe houses, furniture, gardens, and such like. She says, she will sometimes give conversations too, at which I shall not be present; but will leave to my pen persons, characters, and what passes of the more tender sort in conversations where I am by. But as well Lucy's Letters, as mine, are to be sent to Lady G. unsealed; and she, after shewing them to her sister, will hasten them to Northamptonshire. Referring therefore to Lucy for more particular accounts, I subscribe myself, with all duty and grateful love to my grandmamma, as well as with kindest remembrances to all my dear friends,

Your happy, thrice happy,

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER V

*Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY**Grandison-hall, Saturday 12 o'clock, Dec. 9.*

O MY dearest, dearest grandmamma! Here I am! The declared mistress of this spacious house, and the happiest of human creatures! This is all at this instant I can write.

Lord and Lady W. honoured us, as they had promised, with their company; but detained us so long, that we were obliged to lie one night on the road. But by eleven this morning we arrived here.

At our alighting, Sir Charles clasping me in his arms, I congratulate you, my dearest life, said he, on your entrance into *your own* house. The last Lady Grandison, and the present, might challenge the whole British nation to produce their equals. Then turning to every one of his guests, those of my family first, as they were strangers to the place, he said the kindest, the politest things that ever proceeded from the mouth of man. I wept for joy. I would have spoken, but could not. Every-body congratulated the happy Harriet.

Dr. Bartlett was approaching to welcome us, but drew back till our mutual congratulations were over. He then appeared. I present to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, said the best of men, the lovely friend, whom you have so long wished to see mistress of this house. He then offered my hand to the Doctor.

God bless you, madam! tears in his eyes.—God bless you both! Then kissed, instead of my hand, which I withdrew, my offered cheek. He could say no more: I could not speak distinctly.

My dear Sir Charles led me, followed by all our rejoicing friends, thro' a noble dining-room to the drawing-room, called, The Lady's: The whole house, my dear, said he, and every person and thing belonging to it, is yours: But this apartment is more particularly so. Let what is amiss in it, be altered as you would have it.

O Sir! grasping his presenting hand between both mine, was all I could say.

This room is elegantly furnished. It is hung with a light green velvet, delicately ornamented; the chairs of the same; the frames of them gilt; as is the frame of a noble cabinet in it.—My mother's, my dearest life, whispered he. It will be always fashionable: And you, I know, will value it on her account.—Indeed I shall.—He presented me with the keys. Here perhaps will you deposit your letters and correspondencies; some of which (the continuation of those I have

had the honour to see) you will allow me to peruse. But of *choice*, remember, madam. For your whole heart must be in the grant of the favours you will confer upon me of this kind.

Dear Sir, said I, leave me power of speech; my will shall be yours, in every-thing. But you will find a strange, strange heart, laid open to you, if you command from me a sight of the papers, that probably will be repositied here, when all my matters are brought from Northamptonshire.

You shall have all the Letters you ever wrote to me, and the venerable circle, said Lucy; a loan, not a gift; if you will shew them to Sir Charles.

Courage, Lucy, not inclination, will be only wanting.

Thank you, Lucy, said he. Thank you, my Love, to me. You must make marks against the passages in the Letters you shall have the goodness to communicate, which you would not have me read. I will give you my honour that I will not pass the bounds you prescribe.

I will snatch another opportunity to proceed.—My dear Sir Charles indulges me. I have told him, that if he now-and-then misses me, he must conclude that I am doubling my joy, by communicating it as I have opportunity, to my dear Grandmamma.

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Every-body admires the elegance of this drawing-room. The finest japan china, that I ever saw, except that of Lady G's, which she so whimsically received at the hands of her Lord, took particularly every female eye.

Sir Charles led me into a closet adjoining—Your Oratory, your Library, my Love, when you shall have furnished it, as you desired you might, by your chosen collection from Northamptonshire.

It is a sweet little apartment, my dear grandmamma; elegant book-cases, unfurnished. Every other ornament complete. How had he been at work to oblige me, by Dr. Bartlett's good offices, while my heart perhaps was torn, part of the time, with uncertainty!

The housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, who is noted, as you have heard her master say, for prudence, integrity, and obligingness, a gentlewoman (born) appearing; Sir Charles presented her to me. Receive, my Love, a faithful, a discreet gentlewoman, who will think herself honoured with your commands. Mrs. Curzon (to her) you will be happy in a mistress who is equally beloved and revered by all who have the honour of her countenance, if she approve of your services, and if you choose to continue with us.

I took her hand: I hope Mrs. Curzon, there is no doubt but you

will. You may depend upon every-thing that is in my power to make you easy and happy.

She looked pleased; but answered only with a respectful courtesy.

Sir Charles led the gentlemen out to shew them his Study. We just looked into a fine suite of rooms on the same floor, and joined them there.

We found my uncle and Mr. Deane admiring the disposition of every-thing, as well as the furniture. The glass-cases are neat, and, as Dr. Bartlett told us, stored with well-chosen books in all sciences. Mr. Deane praised the globes, the orrery, and the instruments of all sorts, for geographical, astronomical; and other scientific observations. It is ornamented with pictures, some, as Dr. Bartlett told us, of the best masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, statues, bustoes, bronzes: And there also, placed in a distinguished manner, were the two rich cabinets of medals, gems, and other curiosities, presented to him by Lady Olivia. He mentioned what they contained, and by whom presented; and said, he would shew us at leisure the contents. They are not mine, added he. I only give them a place till the generous owner shall make some worthy man happy. *His* they must be. It would be a kind of robbery to take them from a family, that, for near a century past, have been collecting them.

Lucy says, she will be very particular in her Letters. This will take up time; especially as Lady G. and Lady L. must see them in their way to Northamptonshire; tho' they will not detain them. I shall have an opportunity to send this to London on Monday. This makes me intent to snatch every opportunity of writing. It will otherwise be too long before you will hear from us by my hand.

I do not intend to invade this slow girl's province; yet I will give you a slight sketch of the house and apartments, as I go along.

The situation is delightful. The house is very spacious. It is built in the form of an H; both fronts pretty much alike. The hall, the dining-parlour, two drawing-rooms, one adjoining to the study, the other to the dining-parlour (which with the study, mentioned already, and other rooms, that I shall leave to Lucy to describe, make the ground-floor) are handsome, and furnished in an elegant, but not sumptuous taste; the hangings of some of them beautiful paper only. There is adjoining to the study, a room called *The Music-parlour*, so called in Sir Thomas's time, and furnished with several fine musical instruments: Sir Thomas was as great an admirer of music as his son; and a performer.

It is no news to you, madam, that Sir Charles shews a great regard to every thing, place, and disposition, that was his father's; and not

absolutely inconvenient, and inconsistent with the alterations he has thought necessary to make: And which Dr. Bartlett praises highly, and promises to particularize to me. We are to be shewn this Music-parlour by-and-by.

The dining-room is noble and well proportioned: It goes over the hall and dining-parlour. It is hung with crimson-damask, adorned with valuable pictures. The furniture is rich, but less ornamented than that of the Lady's drawing-room.

The best bed chamber adjoining, is hung with fine tapestry. The bed is of crimson velvet, lined with white silk; chairs and curtains of the same. Two fine pictures drawn by Sir Godfrey,¹ one of Sir Thomas, the other of Lady Grandison, whole lengths, took my eye: O with what reverence, that of my Lady!—Lady L. Lady G. as girls, and Sir Charles as a boy of about ten years of age, made three other fine whole lengths. I must contemplate them, when I have more leisure.

The suite of rooms on the first floor which we just stept into, are each denominated from the colour of the hangings, which are generally of damask.

Mrs. Curzon tells us, that, on occasion, they make fifteen beds, within the house, in which the best Lord in the land need not disdain to repose. — You remember, madam, that Sir Charles, in his invitation to the Italian family, tells them, he has room to receive them. The offices are said to be exceedingly convenient.

The gardens and lawn seem from the windows of this spacious house to be as boundless as the mind of the owner, and as free and open as his countenance.²

[Miss Lucy Selby thus describes the situation of the house, and the park, gardens, orchard, &c. in one of her Letters which does not appear.]

'This large and convenient house is situated in a spacious park; which has several fine avenues leading to it.

'On the north side of the park, flows a winding stream, that may well be called a river, abounding with trout and other fish; the current quickened by a noble cascade, which tumbles down its foaming waters from a rock, which is continued to some extent, in a kind of ledge of rock-work rudely disposed.

'The park itself is remarkable for its prospects, lawns, and rich-appearing clumps of trees of large growth; which must therefore have been planted by the ancestors of the excellent owner; who, contenting himself to open and enlarge many fine prospects, delights to preserve, as much as possible, the plantations of his ancestors; and parti-

cularly thinks it a kind of impiety to fell a tree, that was planted by his father.'

'On the south side of the river, on a natural and easy ascent, is a neat, but plain villa, in the rustic taste, erected by Sir Thomas; the flat roof of which presents a noble prospect. This villa contains convenient lodging-rooms; and one large room in which he used sometimes to entertain his friends.

'The gardener's house is a pretty little building. The man is a sober diligent man, he is in years: Has a housewifely good creature of a wife. Content is in the countenances of both: How happy must they be!

'The gardens, vineyard, &c. are beautifully laid out. The orangery is flourishing; every-thing indeed is, that belongs to Sir Charles Grandison; alcoves, little temples, seats, are erected at different points of view: The orchard, lawns, and grass-walks, have sheep for gardeners; and the whole being bounded only by sunk fences, the eye is carried to views that have no bounds.

'The orchard, which takes up near three acres of ground, is planted in a peculiar taste. A neat stone bridge in the centre of it, is thrown over the river: It is planted in a natural slope; the higher fruit-trees, as pears, in a semicircular row, first; apples at further distances next; cherries, plumbs, standard apricots, &c. all which in the season of blossoming, one row gradually lower than another, must make a charming variety of blooming sweets to the eye, from the top of the rustic villa, which commands the whole.

'The outside of this orchard, next the north, is planted with three rows of trees, at proper distances from each other; one of pines; one of cedars; one of Scotch firs, in the like semicircular order; which at the same time that they afford a perpetual verdure to the eye, and shady walks in the summer, defend the orchard from the cold and blighting winds.

'This plantation was made by direction of Sir Thomas, in his days of fancy. We have heard that he had a poetical, and, consequently, a fanciful taste.'² [Thus far from Miss Selby. Lady Grandison thus proceeds.]

My uncle, once took my aunt out from the company, in a kind of hurry. I saw his eyes glisten, and was curious on her return, to know the occasion. This was his speech to her, unable to check his emotion; What a man is this, dame Selby! We were surely wanting in respect to him when he was among us. To send such a one to an inn!—Fie upon us!—Lord be good unto me! how are things come about!—Who would have thought it?—Sometimes I wonder the girl is not as proud as Lucifer; at other times, that she is able to look him in the face!

To this convenient house belongs an elegant little chapel, neatly decorated. But Sir Charles, when down, generally goes to the parish-church, of which he is patron.

The gallery I have not yet seen—Dr. Bartlett tells me, it is adorned with a long line of ancestors.

After dinner, which was sumptuous and well-ordered, Sir Charles led us into the Music-parlour. O madam, you shall hear what honour was done me there!—I will lead to it.

Several of the neighbouring gentlemen, he told us, are performers; and he hopes to engage them as opportunities shall offer. My dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, your soul is harmony: I doubt not but all these are in order—‘May I ask you, my Harriet?’ pointing to the harpsichord. I instantly sat down to it. It is a fine instrument. Lord G. took up a violin; my Uncle a bass-viol; Mr. Deane a German-flute; and we had a little concert of about half an hour.

Here is a noble organ: When the little concert was over, he was so good himself, on my aunt’s referring to him with asking eyes, to shew us it was in tune.

We all seated ourselves round him, on his preparing to oblige us; I between my aunt and Lucy; and he with a voice admirably suited to the instrument (but the words, if I may be allowed to say so, still *more* admirably to the occasion) at once delighted and surprised us all, by the following Lines:†

I.

*Accept, great SOURCE of ev’ry bliss,
The fulness of my heart,
Pour’d out in tuneful ecstasies,
By this celestial art.*

II.

*My soul, with gratitude profound,
Receive a Form so bright!
And yet, I boast a bliss beyond
This angel to the sight.*

III.

*When charms of mind and person meet,
How rich our raptures rise!
The Fair that renders earth so sweet,
Prepares me for the skies!*

How did our friends look upon one another, as the excellent man proceeded!—I was astonished. It was happy I sat between my aunt and Lucy!—They each took one of my hands. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks. Every one's eyes congratulated me. Every tongue but mine, encored him. I was speechless. Again he obliged us. I thought at the time, I had a foretaste of the joys of heaven!—How sweet the incense of praise from a husband! That husband a good man!—My surrounding friends enjoying it!—How will you, madam, rejoice in such an instance of a Love so pure, and so grateful! Long, long may it be, for the sake of his Harriet, his and her friends, for the world's sake, before his native skies reclaim him!

He approached me with tender modesty; as if abashed by the applause he met with. But seeing me affected, he was concerned. I withdrew with my aunt and Lucy. He followed me. I then threw myself at his feet; embraced his knees; and had speech been lent me, would have offered him the fervent vows of a heart overflowing with Love and Gratitude.

LETTER VI

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

THE Music-parlour [I can hardly mention it without breaking into raptures] is adorned with a variety of fine carvings, on subjects that do honour to poetry and music. Be it Lucy's task to describe them. Let me mention other instances of his tender goodness to one of the happiest creatures on earth.

You know, madam, Sir Charles, when in Northamptonshire, offered me my choice of servants of both sexes; and when I told him, that I chose not to take with me any one of either but my Sally, he said, that when I came to Grandison-hall, where they would be all together, I should choose which of the men-servants I would more particularly call my own. He gave me just now the names and qualities of each. Frederic I had seen at Selby-house, an observant, sensible-looking young man (but are not all his servants so?): I chose *him*. He called him in (my aunt Selby present): All my servants, Frederic, said he, are as much your Lady's as mine: But *you* will devote yourself *more particularly* to her commands. I mean not, however, any distinction in your favour, where you all equally merit distinction. The power, madam, of change or dismissal thro' the house is entirely yours.

To-morrow, I am to go over all the bridal ostentation again at the parish-church. On Monday Lady Mansfield and her family are to be here.—*Your* guests, my dear, said Sir Charles to me, before all our

friends, I hope, for a week at least. This was the first notice he gave of it to Lord and Lady W. What joy and gratitude appeared in her countenance upon it.

Tuesday, by general approbation (Sir Charles submitting the choice of the day to his guests) we are to have the neighbouring gentry here to dinner, and for the rest of the day. Sir Charles has been long wished by them all to reside among them. He breaks thro' the usual forms, and chose this way, at once, to receive the visits of all his neighbours, and in both our names gave the invitation. He shewed us a list of the persons invited. It is a very large one. My dearest life, said he, we shall be all half-familiarized to them, they to us, even to-morrow, by the freedom of this invitation for the Tuesday following.

Mrs. Curzon came to me for directions about the bedchambers. I took that opportunity to tell her, that I should add to the number of female servants, only my Sally, of whose discretion I had no doubt. You must introduce to me, said I, at a proper time, the female servants. If you, Mrs. Curzon, approve of them, I shall make no changes. I am, myself, the happiest of women: Every one who deserves it, shall find her happiness in mine.

You will rejoice all their hearts, madam, by this early declaration of your goodness to them. I can truly say, that the best of masters has not the worst of servants: But Dr. Bartlett would make bad servants good.

I shall want no other proof, said I, of their goodness, than their love and respect to Dr. Bartlett.

In company of my aunt, Lady W. Lucy, Miss Jervois, attended by Mrs. Curzon, we went to choose our rooms; and those for our expected guests of Monday. We soon fixed on them. My aunt with her usual goodness, and Lady W. with that condescension that is natural to her, took great notice of Mrs. Curzon, who seemed delighted with us all; and said, that she should be the happier in the performance of her duty, as she had been informed, we were managing Ladies. It was a pleasure, she said, to receive commands from persons who knew when things were properly done. You, my dearest grandmamma, from my earliest youth, have told me, that to be respected even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not be thought ignorant in those matters that it becomes a mistress of a family to be acquainted with. They shall not find me pragmatical,¹ however, in the little knowledge I have in family-matters.

Will nothing happen, my dear grandmamma—But no more of this kind—Shall I by my diffidences lessen the enjoyments of which I am in full possession? My joy may not be sufficient to banish fear; but I hope it will be a prudent one, which will serve to increase my thankfulness to Heaven, and my gratitude to the man so justly dear to me.

But do you, my grandmamma, whenever you pray for the continuance of your Harriet's happiness, pray also for that of Lady Clementina: That only can be wanting in my present situation, to complete the felicity of

Your ever-grateful, ever-dutiful, .

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER VII

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Sunday noon

WHAT a crowded church-yard and church had I to pass thro' to the handsome seat, which belongs to the excellent patron of it!—How much exalted was I to hear his whispered praises! How did my Northamptonshire friends rejoice in the respectful approbation paid to the happy creature, to whom they are more immediately related! I am always a little mortified by praises of my figure. What a transitory thing is outward form!—May I make to myself a more solid and permanent foundation for that respect, which is generally more pleasing to a female heart than it ought to be!

Sir Charles was not unhappy in his invitation for next Tuesday. It took off, I imagine, some particular addresses to him. Yet several gentlemen at his coach-side acknowledged the favour done them in it.

My uncle, who, you know, madam, loves every-thing that promotes good neighbourhood, is greatly delighted with the thoughts of the day. How proud is he of his Harriet! How much more proud of his relation to the best of men!

I have looked upon what Lucy has written. I see there will be but little room for me to say any-thing. She is delighted with her task. It employs all her faculties; displays her fine taste in architecture, paintings, needle-works, shell-works.¹ She will give you a description of several charming performances in the two latter arts, of the late Lady Grandison!—How does the character of that admirable Lady rise upon us! With what emulation does it fire me! On twenty accounts, it was a very bold thing, my grandmamma, for your Harriet to aspire to be Lady Grandison!—Yet how does Sir Charles's goodness, his kind acceptance of all my humble endeavours, encourage me!—O madam! he said truth, when in courtship he told me, that I parted with power to have it returned me with augmentation. I don't know how it is, but his freedom of behaviour to me is increased; yet his respectfulness is not diminished.—And, tender as he was before

to me, his tenderness is still greater than it was: Yet so much unaffected dignity in it, that my reverence for him is augmented, but without any abatement of my Love. Then his chearfulness, his *more* than chearfulness, his vivacity, shews, that he is at heart pleased with his Harriet. Happy Harriet!—Yet I cannot forbear now-and-then, when my joy and my gratitude are at the highest, a sigh to the merits of Lady Clementina!—What I am now, should she have been, think I often!—The general admiration paid me as the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, should have been paid to her!—Lady L. Lady G. should have been her sisters!—She should have been the mistress of this house, the co-guardian of Emily, the successor of the late excellent Lady Grandison!—Hapless Clementina!—What a strange thing, that a love of religion in two persons so pious, so good, each in their way, should sunder, for ever sunder, persons whose minds were so closely united!

Sir Charles, by Lucy, invites me, till dinner is ready, to walk with them, at her request, in the gallery. Lucy wants, in describing that gallery, to give you, my dearest grandmamma (in whom every other of my friends is included) a brief history of the ancestors of Sir Charles, whose pictures adorn it. I come! Lord of my heart! I attend you!—

How, madam, would you have been delighted, could you have sat in this truly noble gallery, and seen the dear man, one arm round my waist, holding my opposite hand in the hand of the same surrounding arm, pointing sometimes with the other, sometimes putting that other arm round my Lucy's, and giving short histories of the persons whose pictures we saw!

Some of the pictures are really fine. One of Sir Charles's, which is drawn when he was about sixteen, is on horseback. The horse a managed, curvetting, proud beast.—His seat, spirit, courage, admirably expressed: He must have been, as his sisters say he was, the loveliest, and the most undaunted, yet most modest-looking, of youths. He passed his own picture so slightly, that I had not time to take in half the beauties of it. You will not doubt, madam, but I shall be often in this gallery, were only this one picture there.

What pleasure had I in hearing the history of this antient family, from this unbroken series of the pictures of it, for so many generations past! And will mine, one day, thought I, be allowed a place among them, near to that of the most amiable of them all, both as to mind and figure? How my heart exulted! What were my meditations as I traced the imagined footsteps of dear Lady Grandison, her picture and Sir Thomas's in my eye! as finely executed, as those in the best

bedchamber. May I, thought I, with a happier lot, be but half as deserving! But, madam, did not Lady Grandison shine the more for the hardships she passed through?—And is it necessary for virtue to be called forth by trials, in order to be justified by its fortitude under them? What trials can I be called to with Sir Charles Grandison? But may I not take my place on the footstep of her throne, yet make no contemptible figure in the family of her beloved son? I will humbly endeavour to deserve my good fortune, and leave the rest to Providence.

There are in different apartments of this seat, besides two in the house in town, no less than six pictures of Sir Thomas: But then two of them were brought from his seat in Essex. Sir Thomas was fond of his person: They are drawn in different attitudes. He appears to be, as I have always heard he was, a fine figure of a man. But neither Lucy nor I, tho' we made not the compliment to Sir Charles, you may suppose (who always speaks with reverence and unaffected Love of his father) thought him comparable in figure, dignity, intelligence, to his son.

We were called to dinner, before we had gone half-way thro' the gallery.

We had a crouded church again in the afternoon.

Sunday night.] This excellent Dr. Bartlett! And, this excellent Sir Charles Grandison! I may say.—Sir Charles having enquired of the Doctor, when alone with him, after the rules observed by him before we came down, the Doctor told him, that he had every morning and night the few servants attending him in his antechamber to prayers, which he had selected out of the Church Service. Sir Charles desired him by all means to continue so laudable a custom; for he was sure master and servants would both find their account in it.

Sir Charles sent for Richard Saunders and Mrs. Curzon. He applauded to them the Doctor's goodness, and desired they would signify, the one to the men-servants, the other to the women, that he should take it well of them, if they chearfully attended the Doctor; promising to give them opportunity, as often as was possible. Half an hour after ten, Doctor, I believe is a good time in the evening?

That, Sir, is about my time, and eight in the morning, as an hour the least likely to interfere with their business. Whenever it does, they are in their duty, and I do not then expect them.

About a quarter after ten, the Doctor slept away. Soon after Sir Charles withdrew, unperceived by any of us. The Doctor and his little church were assembled. Sir Charles joined them, and afterwards returned to company, with that chearfulness that always beams in his aspect. The Doctor followed him, with a countenance as serene.

I took the Doctor aside, tho' in the same apartment, supposing the matter. Sir Charles joining us—O Sir, said I, why was I not whispered to withdraw with you? Think you, that your Harriet—

The company, my dearest Love, interrupted he, was not now to be broken up. When we are settled, we can make a custom for ourselves, that will be allowed for by every-body, when it is seen we persevere, and are in every other respect, uniform: Joshua's resolution, Doctor, was an excellent one (a). The chapel, now our congregation is large, will be the properest place; and there, perhaps, the friends we may happen to have with us, will sometimes join us.

Monday morning.] Sir Charles has just now presented to me, in Doctor Bartlett's presence, Mr. Daniel Bartlett, the Doctor's nephew, and his only care in this world; a young gentleman of about eighteen, well educated, and a fine accomptant, a master of his pen and particularly of the art of short-hand writing. The Doctor insisted on the specification of a salary, which he named himself to be 40*l.* a year, and to be within the house, that he might always be at hand. He could not trust, he said, to his patron's assurances, that his bountiful spirit would allow him to have a regard, in the reward, only to the merit of the service.

Monday noon.] Lady Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, and the three Brothers, are arrived. What excellent women, what agreeable young gentlemen, what grateful hearts, what joy to Lady W. on their arrival, what pleasure to Lord W. who, on every occasion, shews his delight in his nephew!—All these things, with their compliments to your happy Harriet, let Lucy tell. I have not time.

What, my dear grandmamma, shall we do with Lord and Lady W.?—Such a rich service of gilt plate! Just arrived! A present to me!—It is a noble present!—And so gracefully presented! And I so gracefully permitted to accept of it, by my best, my tenderest friend!—Let Lucy describe this too.

Tuesday morning.] A vast company we shall have. Gentlemen and their Ladies are invited: Your Harriet is to be dressed: She is already dressed. How kindly am I complimented, by every one of my friends!—Let Lucy, let my aunt (she promises to assist Lucy) relate all that shall pass, describe the persons, and give the characters of our visitors; our managements, our entertainments, the Ball, that is to conclude the day and night. I shall not be able, I suppose, to write a line.

(a) As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord, Josh. xxiv. 15.

Wednesday noon.] Our company left us not till six this morning. My uncle was transported with the day; with the night.

I will only say, that all was happy; and decency, good order, mirth, and jollity, went thro' the whole space. Sir Charles was every-where, and with every-body. He was almost as much every Lady's as mine. O how he charmed them all! Sir William Turner said once, behind his back, Of what transports did my late friend Sir Thomas, who doted upon his son, deprive himself, by keeping him so long abroad!

I could not but think of what my dear Lady G. once wrote, that women are not so soon tired as men, with these diversions, with dancing particularly. By three, all but Sir Charles and my uncle seemed quite fatigued: But recovered themselves. My Emily delighted every-body. She was the whole night what I wished her to be—Dear madam, be not uneasy. We shall be very happy in each other.

O that you were with us, my dearest grandmamma! But you, from your chearful piety, and joyful expectation of happiness supreme, are already, tho' on earth, in heaven!—Yet it is my wish, my aunt's, my uncle's, Lucy's, twenty times a day, that you were present, and saw him, The Domestic man, The chearful Friend, The kind Master, The enlivening Companion, The polite Neighbour, The tender Husband! Let nobody who sees Sir Charles Grandison at home, say, that the private station is not that of true happiness.

How charmingly respectful is he to my uncle, aunt, and good Mr. Deane! To Lucy, he is an affectionate brother. Emily, dear girl, how she enjoys his tenderness to her!

My uncle is writing to you, madam, a Letter. He says, it will be as long as his arm. My aunt will dispatch this day a very long one. Theirs will supply my defects. Lucy is not quite ready with her first Letter. If there were not so much of your Harriet in it, I would highly praise what she has hitherto written.

Thursday morning.] I leave to my uncle the account of the gentlemen's diversions in the gardens and fields. They are all extremely happy. But Lord G. already pines after his Charlotte. He will not be prevailed on to stay out his week, I doubt; sweet-temper'd man! as I see him in a thousand little amiable instances. If Lady G. did not love him, I would not love her. Lord W. is afraid of a gouty attack. He is never quite free. He and his admirable Lady will leave us to-morrow.

I think, my dear Lady G. with you, that discretion and gratitude are the corner-stones of the matrimonial fabric. Lady W. had no prepossessions in any other man's favour. My Lord loves her. What must be that woman's heart, that Gratitude and Love cannot engage? But she loves my Lord. Surely she does. Is not real and unaffected tender-

ness for the infirmities of another, the very essence of Love? What is wanting where there is that? My Sir Charles is delighted with Lady W's goodness to his uncle. He tells her often, how much he reveres her for it.

In our retired hours, we have sometimes the excellent Lady abroad for our subject. I always begin it. He never declines it. He speaks of her with such manly tenderness! He thanks me, at such times, for *allowing* him, as he calls it, to love her. He regrets very much the precipitating of her: Yet pities her parents and brothers. How warmly does he speak of his Jeronymo! He has a sigh for Olivia. But of whom, except Lady Sforza and her Laurana, does he not speak kindly?—And them he pities. Never, never, was there a more expanded heart!

Ah, madam, a cloud has just brushed by us! Its skirts have affected us with sadness, and carried us from our sunshine prospects *home*; that is to say, to thoughts of the general destiny!—Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp is no more! A Letter from his Beauchamp! Sir Charles shewed it to me, for the honour of the writer, now Sir Edward. We admired this excellent young man together, over his Letter. What fine things did Sir Charles say on this occasion, both by way of self-consolation, and on the inevitable destiny! But he dwelt not on the subject. He has written to Lady Beauchamp, and to the young Baronet. How charmingly consolatory!—What admirable—But Sir Charles, madam, is a CHRISTIAN!

This event has not at all influenced his temper. He is the same chearful man to his guests; to his Harriet: to every-body. I am afraid it will be the cause of his first absence from me: How shall I part with him, tho' it were but for two days?

Friday

Friday noon.] What a vacancy! Lady Mansfield, and her sons, Lord G. and Lord and Lady W. have left us. Miss Mansfield is allowed to stay with me some time longer. Emily is very fond of her. No wonder: She is a good young woman.

We are busied in returning the visits of our neighbours, which Sir Charles promised to do, as if they were individually made to us. We have a very agreeable neighbourhood. But I want these visitings to be over. Sir Charles and his relations and mine, are the world to me. These obligations of ceremony, tho' unavoidable, are drawbacks upon

the true domestic felicity. One happiness, however, results from the hurry and bustle they put us in: Emily's mind (tho' she not always accompanies us) seems to be engaged: When we are not quite happy in our own thoughts, it is a relief to carry them out of ourselves.

Sir Charles and I have just now had a short conversation about this dear girl. We both joined in praising her; and then I said, I thought, that some time hence Mr. Beauchamp and she would make a very happy pair.

I have, said he, a Love for both. But as the one is my own very particular *friend*, and as the other is my *ward*, I would rather he found for himself, and she for herself, another Lover, and that for obvious reasons.

But, suppose, Sir, they should like each the other?

So as they made it not a compliment to me, but gave me reason to believe, that they would have preferred each the other to every one else, were they strangers to me, I would not stand in their way. But the man, who hopes for my consent for Emily, must give me reason to think, that he would have preferred her to any other woman, tho' she had a much less fortune than she is mistress of.

I am much mistaken, Sir, if that may not be the case of your friend.

Tell me, my nobly frank, and ever-amiable Harriet, what you know of this subject. Has Beauchamp any thoughts of Emily?—

Ah, Sir, thought I, I dare not tell you *all* my thoughts; but what I do tell you, shall be truth.

I really, Sir, don't imagine Emily has a thought of your Beauchamp—

Nor of any other person? Has she?—

Lady G. Lady L. and myself, are of opinion, that Beauchamp loves Emily.

I am glad, my dear, if any-thing were to come of it, that the man loved first.

I was conscious. A tear unawares dropt from my eye—He saw it. He folded his arm about me, and kissed it from my cheek. Why, my Love! my dearest Love! why this? and seemed surprised.

I must tell you, Sir, that you may not be surprised. I fear, I fear—

What fears my Love?

That the happiest of all women cannot say, that her dear man loved her first!—

He folded me in his kind arms. How sweetly engaging! said he: I will presume to hope, that my Harriet, by the happiest of all women, means herself—You say not no! I will not insult your goodness so

much, as to ask you to say yes. But, this I say, that the happiest of all men loved his Harriet, before she *could* love him; and, but for the honour he owed to another admirable woman, tho' then he had no hopes of ever calling her his, would have convinced her of it, by a very early declaration. Let me add, that the moment I saw you first (distressed and terrified as you were, too much to think of favour to any man) I loved you: And you know not the struggle it cost me (my destiny with *our* dear Clementina so uncertain) to conceal my Love—Cost me, who ever was punctiliously studious to avoid engaging a young Lady's affections, lest I should not be able to be just to her; and always thought what is called Platonic Love an insidious pretension.

O Sir! And I flung my fond arms about his neck, and, hiding my glowing face in his bosom, called him, murmuringly, the most just, the most generous, of men.

He pressed me still to his heart; and when I raised my conscious face, tho' my eye could not bear his, Now, Sir, said I, after this kind, this encouraging acknowledgement, I can consent, I *think* I can, that the Lord of my heart shall see, as he has more than once wished to see, long before he declared himself, all that was in that forward, that aspiring heart.—

Lucy had furnished me with the opportunity before. I instantly arose, and took out of a drawer a parcel of my Letters, which I had sorted ready, on occasion, to oblige him, which, from what he had seen before, down to the dreadful masquerade affair, carried me to my setting out with his sisters to Colnebrooke.

I think not to shew him farther, by my own consent, because of the recapitulation of his family story, which immediately follows; particularly including the affecting accounts of his mother's death; his father's unkindness to the two young Ladies; Mrs. Oldham's story; the sisters conduct to her; which might have revived disagreeable subjects.

He pleased, Sir, said I, putting them into his hands, to judge me favourably. In these papers is my heart laid open.

Precious trust! said he, and put the papers to his lips: You will not find your generous confidence misplaced.

An opportunity offering to send away what I have written, here, my dearest grandmamma, concludes

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VIII

*Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation**Saturday-morning, Dec. 16*

I WILL not trouble you, my dear grandmanma, with an account of the preparations we are making to benefit and regale our poorer neighbours, and Sir Charles's tenants, at this hospitable season. Not even Sir Charles Grandison himself can exceed you, either in bounty or management, on this annual Solemnity. Sir Charles has consulted with Dr. Bartlett, and every-thing will be left to the direction of that good man. My uncle and aunt have dispatched their directions to Selby-house, that *their* neighbours and tenants may not suffer by their absence.

The gentlemen are all rid out together, the Doctor with them, to *reconnoitre* the country, as my uncle calls it.¹ Emily and Lucy are gone with them, on horseback. My aunt and I declined accompanying them; and took this opportunity, attended by Mrs. Curzon, to go thro' the Offices.

In the housekeeper's room, I received the maidservants, seven in number; and, after her, called each by her name, and spoke kindly to them all. I told them how handsomely Mrs. Curzon spoke of them, and assured them of my favour. I praised the cheerfulness with which Dr. Bartlett had told me they attended him every day in his ante-chamber. They should have the opportunity given them, I said, as often as possible. I hoped that my Sally behaved well among them.

They praised her.

Sally, said I, has a serious turn. Piety is the best security in man and woman for good behaviour. She will seldom fail of attending the Doctor with you. We shall all be happy, I hope. I am acquainting myself with the methods of the house. Nobody shall be put out of their good way by me. My aunt only said, My niece proposes to *form* herself on the example of the late excellent Lady Grandison.

They blessed me; tears in their eyes.

I made each of them a present for a pair of gloves.²

We went thro' all the Offices, the lowest not excepted. The very servants live in paradise. There is room for every thing to be in order: Every-thing *is* in order. The Offices so distinct, yet so conveniently communicating—Charmingly contrived!--The low servants, men and women, have Laws, which at their own request, were drawn up, by Mrs. Curzon, for the observance of the minutest of their respective duties; with little mulcts,³ that at first *only* there was occasion to exact. It is a house of harmony, to my hand. Dear madam! What do good people leave to good people to do? Nothing! Every one knowing

and doing his and her duty; and having, by means of their own diligence, time for themselves.

I was pleased with one piece of furniture in the housekeeper's room, which neither you, madam, nor my aunt, have in yours. My aunt says, Selby-house shall not be long after her return without it. It is a Servants Library, in three classes:¹ One of books of *divinity* and *morality*: Another for *housewifry*: A third of *history*, true adventures, voyages, and innocent amusement. I, II, III are marked on the cases, and the same on the back of each book, the more readily to place and re-place them, as a book is taken out for use. They are bound in buff for strength. A little fine is laid upon whoever puts not a book back in its place. As new books come out, the Doctor buys such as he thinks proper to range under these three classes.

I asked, If there were no books of gardening? I was answered, that the gardener had a little house in the garden, in which he had his own books. But her master, Mrs. Curzon said, was himself a Library of gardening, ordering the greater articles by his own taste.

Seeing a pretty glass-case in the housekeeper's apartment, filled with physical matters, I asked, If she dispensed any of those to the servants, or the poor? Here is, said she, a collection of all the useful drugs in medicine: But does not your Ladyship know the noble method that my master has fallen into since his last arrival in England? What is that? He gives a salary, madam, to a skilful apothecary; and pays him for his drugs besides (and these are his, tho' I have a key to it); and this gentleman dispenses physic to all his tenants, who are not able to pay for advice; nor are the poor who are not his tenants, refused, when recommended by Dr. Bartlett.

Blessings on his benevolence! said I. O my aunt! What a happy creature am I! God Almighty, if I disgrace not my husband's beneficence, will love me for his sake!—Dear creature, said my aunt—And for your own too, I hope.

There lives in an house, madam, continued Mrs. Curzon, within five miles of this, almost in the middle of the estate, and pays no rent, a very worthy young man; brought up, under an eminent surgeon of one of the London hospitals, who has orders likewise for attending his tenants in the way of his business—As also every casualty that happens within distance, and where another surgeon is not to be met with. And he, I understand, is paid on a cure actually performed, very handsomely. But if the patient die, his trouble and attendance are only considered according to the time taken up; except a particular case requires consideration.

And this surgeon, Mrs. Curzon, this apothecary—

Are noted, madam, for being good, as well as skilful men. My master's test is, that they are men of seriousness, and good livers: Their consciences, he says, are his security.

How must this excellent man be beloved, how respected, Mrs. Curzon!

Respected and beloved, madam!—Indeed he is—Mr. Richard Saunders, has often observed to me, that if my master either rides or walks in company, tho' of great Lords, people distinguish *him* by their respectful love: To the Lord, they will but seem to lift up their hats, as I may say; or if women, just drop the knee, and look grave, as if they paid respect to their quality only: But to my master, they pull off their hats to the ground, and bow their whole bodies: They look smilingly, and with pleasure and blessings, as I may say, in their faces: The good women courtesy also to the ground, turn about when he has passed them, and look after him—God bless your sweet face; and God bless your dear heart, will they say—And the servants who hear them are *so* delighted!—Don't your Ladyship see, how all his servants love him as they attend him at table? How they watch his eye in silent reverence—Indeed, madam, we all adore him; and have prayed morning, noon, and night for his coming hither, and settling among us. And now is the happy time: Forgive me, madam; I am no flatterer; But we all say, He has brought another angel to bless us.

I was forced to lean upon my aunt—Tears of joy trickled down my cheeks. O madam, what a happy lot is mine!—

My uncle wonders I am not proud—Proud, madam!—Proud of my inferiority!

We visited Mr. Bartlett in his new office. He is a modest, ingenious young man. I asked him to give me at his leisure, a catalogue of the Servants Library, for my aunt.

O my dear, said my aunt, had your grandpapa, had your papa, your mamma, lived to this day!—

I will imagine, said I, that I see them looking down from their heaven. They bid me take care to deserve the lot I have drawn; and tell me, that I can only be more happy, when I am *what* and *where* they are.

Dr. Bartlett, attended by his servant, is returned without the gentlemen. I was afraid he was not very well. I followed him up, and told him my apprehensions.

He owned afterwards, that he was a little indisposed when he came in; but said, I had made him well.

I told him, what had passed between Mrs. Curzon and me. He confirmed all she said:

He told me, that Sir Charles was careful also in improving his estates. The minutest things, he said, any more than the greatest, escaped not his attention. He has, said he, a bricklayer, a carpenter,

by the year; a sawyer, three months constantly in every year. Repairs are set about the moment they become necessary. By this means he is not imposed upon by incroaching or craving tenants. He will do any-thing that tends to improve the estate; so that it is the best conditioned estate in the county. His tenants grow into circumstance under him. Tho' absent, he gives such orders, as but few persons on the spot would think of. He has a discernment that goes to the bottom of every-thing. In a few years, improving only what he has in both kingdoms, he will be very rich, yet answer the generous demands of his own heart upon his benevolence: All the people he employs, he takes upon character of seriousness and sobriety, as Mrs. Curzon told you; and then he makes them the more firmly his, by the confidence he reposes in them. He continually, in his written directions to his master-workmen, cautions them to do justice to the tenants as well as to him, and even to throw the turn of the scale in their favour. You are, says he, *my friends, my workmen*: You must not make me both judge and party. Only remember, that I bear not imposition. The man who imposes on me once, I will forgive: But he never shall have an opportunity to deceive me a second time: For I cannot act the part of a suspicious man, a watchman over people of *doubtful* honesty.

The Doctor says, he is a great planter, both here and in Ireland: And now he is come to settle here, he will set on foot several projects, which hitherto he had only talked of, or written about.

Sir Charles, I am sure, said he, will be the friend of every worthy man and woman. He will find out the sighing heart before it is overwhelmed with calamity.

He proposes, as soon as he is settled, to take a personal Survey of his whole estate. He will make himself acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, and enquire into his circumstances, number of children, and prospects. When occasions call for it, he will forgive arrears of rent; and if the poor men have no prospect of success, he will buy his own farms of them, as I may say, by giving them money to quit: He will transplant one to a less, another to a larger farm, if the tenants consent, according as they have stock, or probability of success in the one or the other; and will set the poor tenants in a way of cultivating what they hold, as well by advice as money; for while he was abroad, he studied Husbandry and Law, in order, as he used to say, to be his father's steward; the one to qualify him to preserve, the other to manage, his estate. He was always prepared for, and beforehand with, probable events.

Dear, dear Dr. Bartlett, said I, we are on a charming subject; tell me more of my Sir Charles's management and intentions. Tell me all you know, that is proper for me to know.

Proper, madam! Every-thing he *has* done, *does*, and *intends* to do, is proper for you, and for all the world to know. I wish all the world were to know him, as I do; not for his sake, but for their own.

That moment (without any-body's letting me know the gentlemen were returned) into the Doctor's apartment came Sir Charles. My back was to the door, and he was in the room before I saw him. I started! Sir, Sir! said I, as if I thought excuses necessary.

He saw my confusion. That, and his sudden entrance, abashed the Doctor. Sir Charles reconciled us both to ourselves—He put one arm round my waist, with the other he lifted up my hand to his lips, and in the voice of Love, I congratulate you both, said he: Such company, my dearest Life! such company, my dearest friend! you cannot have every hour! May I, as often as there is opportunity, see you together! I knew not that you were! The Doctor and I, madam, stand not upon ceremony. Pardon me, Doctor. I insist upon leaving you as I found you—

I caught his hand, as he was going—Dear, dear Sir, I attend you. You shall take me with you; and, if you please, make my excuses to my aunt, for leaving her so long alone, before you came in.

Doctor, excuse us both; my Harriet has found, for the first time, a will. It is her own, we know, by its obligingness.

He received my offered hand, and led me into company: Where my aunt called me to account for leaving her, and begged Sir Charles would chide me.

She was with Dr. Bartlett, madam, said he: Had she been with any other person, man or woman, and Mrs. Selby alone, I think we would have *tried* to chide her.

What obliging, what sweet politeness, my dear grandmamma!

Such, madam, is the happiness of your Harriet.

Lucy has a charming Letter to send you!—From that Letter, you will have a still higher notion of my happiness, of the dear man's unaffected tenderness to me, and of the approbation of a very genteel neighbourhood, than I myself could give you.

Lady G. and Lady L. have both made up for their supposed neglects. I had written to each to charge them with having not congratulated me on my arrival here. Two such charming Letters!—I have already answered them. They love as well as ever (Thank heaven they do!)

Your HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER IX

*Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation**Monday, Dec. 18*

THE dearest, best of men, has left me! Just now left me!—Did not every-body keep me in countenance, I should be very angry with myself for wishing that *such* a man should be always confined to my company! I must keep my fondness within equitable bounds. But, kind man! he seemed, and, if he *seemed*, he *was*, as loth to part with me. He is gone to London, madam: Poor Lady Beauchamp has besought his presence, not at Sir Harry's funeral (He was to be interred, it seems last night) but at the opening of the will: And his Beauchamp joined in the request.

He hopes to be down with us on Thursday. Miss Mansfield took the opportunity to return to her mother, who sent word, that she knew not how to live without her.

Sir Charles was pleased to give me the keys of his Study, and of Lady Olivia's Cabinets. Lucy gave you, madam, an account of the invaluable contents. And now I will amuse myself there, and sit in every chair, where I have seen him sit, and tread over his imagined footsteps.¹

Tuesday.] My books are come, and all my trinkets with them. We have all been busy in classing the books. My closet will be now furnished as I wish it: And I shall look at these, my dear companions of Selby-house, and recollect the many, many happy hours they gave me there.

Was I ever, ever unhappy, my dear grandmamma? If I was, I have forgot the time. I acquiesce chearfully with your wishes not to dis-furnish your gallery, by sending to me our family pictures. Let those of my benevolent father, and my excellent mother, of happy, happy memory, still continue there, to smile upon you, as you are pleased to express yourself. Nobody but you and my aunt Selby have a right to each of those of mine, which are honoured with a place in your respective drawing-rooms. My dear Sir Charles, thank heaven! calls the original his. But why would you load me with the precious gold box, and its contents; less precious those, tho' of inestimable value, than my dear grandpapa's picture in the lid?—But I can tell you, madam, that Sir Charles is an ungrateful man: He will not thank you for it. A *remembrance*, madam! (I know what he will say) 'Does the best of women think my Harriet wants any-thing to remind her of the obligations she is under to parents so dear?'—He will be very jealous

of the honour of his Harriet. Forgive, madam, the freedom of my expostulation, as if I were not *your* girl, as well as *his*.

What reasons have you found out (but this was always your happy, your instructive way) to be better pleased with your absence from us, than if you were present with us, as we all often wish you!

Here, Lady L. Lady G. sisters so dear to me, since these Letters will pass under your eye, let me account to you, by the following extract from my grandmamma's last Letters, for the meaning of what I have written to that indulgent parent, in the lines immediately preceding.

'You often, my dearest Harriet, wish me to be with you. In the first place I am here enjoying myself in my own way, my own servants about me; a trouble, a bar, a constraint, upon no one; but those to whom I make it worth while to bear with me. I should think I never could do enough to strangers: No, tho' I were sure they thought I did too much. In the next, were I to be with you at Grandison-hall, I could not be every-where: So that I should be deprived of half the delightful scenes and conversations, that you, your aunt, and Lucy, relate and describe to me by pen and ink: Nor should I be able perhaps to bear those grateful ones, to which I should be present. My heart, my dear, you know is very susceptible of joy; it has long been preparing itself for the sublimest. Grief touches it not so much. The Losses I sustained of your father, your mother, and my own dear Mr. Shirley; made all other sorrows light. Nothing could have been heavy, but the calamity of my gentle Harriet, had she been afflicted with it. Now, I take up the kind, the rapturous Letters, from my table, where I spread them. When the contents are too much for me, I lay them down; and resume them, as my subsided joy will allow. Then lay them down again, as I am affected by some new instance of your happiness; bless God, bless you, your dearest of men; bless every-body.—In every Letter I find a cordial that makes my heart light, and for the time, insensible of infirmity:—Can you, my Harriet, be happier than I?'

I am called upon by my aunt and Lucy. I will here, my dear grandmamma, conclude myself,
Your for-ever obliged, and dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER X

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

A TREASURE, an invaluable treasure, my dear grandmamma!—On the table in Sir Charles's own closet, I took up a common-prayer book, under which, on removing it, I saw a paper written in Sir Charles's largest hand, the three last Lines of which appearing to be very serious (the first side not containing them) I had the curiosity to unfold it: It contains Reflections, mingled and concluded with solemn addresses to the Almighty. I asked leave to transcribe them. On promise that a copy, as his, should not pass into any-body's hands but yours, I obtained it.

What a comfort is it, on reflexion, that, at his own motion, I joined with him in the Sacramental Office, on occasion of our happy nuptials, the first opportunity that offered! A kind of renewal, in the most solemn manner, of our marriage-vows; at least a confirmation of them. No wonder that the good man, who could draw up such reflexions, should make such a motion.

What credit did he do (may not one say so?) to religion on that happy day! A man of sense, of dignity in his person, known to be no bigot, no superstitious man; yet not ashamed to join in the sacred office with the meanest. It was a glorious confession of his Christian principles. Whenever he attends on public worship, his seriousness, his modesty, his humility, all shew that he believes himself in the presence of that God whose blessing he silently joins to invoke: And when all is over, his chearfulness and vivacity demonstrate, that his heart is at ease in the consciousness of a duty performed. How does my mind sometimes exult in the prospects of happiness with the man of my choice, extending, through divine goodness, beyond this transitory Life!

I will conclude this Letter with the copy of these reflexions.¹ What is fit to come after them, that can be written by

Your HARRIET GRANDISON?

The REFLEXIONS

WHAT, O my heart! overflowing with happiness! are the sentiments that ought to spring up in thee, when admitted either in the solemnities of public worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, in the more immediate presence of thy MAKER! Who does not govern, but to bless! Whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness!

Let thy Law, ALMIGHTY! be the rule, and thy glory the constant

end, of all I do! Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy Name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence; my Love of God in the Love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No! It is thy gift, Almighty, And All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the Donor from my thought; nor the Love of pleasures make me forsake the Fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me ask their title to my heart. When evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining thro' the cloud; and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licence, let me not take comfort from an inauspicious omen, the number of those who do amiss: An omen rather of public ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys of the multitude less allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. What weigh public example, passion, and the multitude, in one scale, against Reason, and the Almighty, in the other?

In this day of domineering *pleasure*, so *lower* my taste, as to make me relish the *comforts* of Life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on *To-morrow*: A dependence that is the ruin of *To-day*; as that is of *Eternity*. Let my whole existence be ever before me: Nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal Life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere; and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still.

And since, O Lord! the *Fear* of thee is the *beginning* of wisdom; and in its *progress*, its surest shield; turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy blessed Fear, in its stead. Turn out a foolish world, which gives its money for what is not bread; which hews out broken cisterns that hold no water; a world in which even they whose hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty, in heaven, in earth, but thee. I will seek thy face, bless thy name, sing thy praises, love thy Law, do thy will, enjoy thy peace, hope thy glory, till my final hour! Thus shall I grasp all that can be grasped by man. This will heighten good, and soften evil in the present life! And when death summons, I shall sleep sweetly in the dust, till his mighty CONQUEROR bids the trumpet sound; and then shall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

LETTER XI

*Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation**Dec. 21*

SIR CHARLES, God be praised! arrived here in safety about two hours ago. He has settled every thing between Lady Beauchamp and the now Sir Edward, to the satisfaction of both; for they entirely referred themselves to him. This was the method he took.—As their interests were not naturally the same, he enquired of each separately, what were the wishes of each; and finding the Lady's not unreasonable, he referred it to Sir Edward, of his own generosity, to compliment her with more than she asked.

Particularly she had wished to Sir Charles, that she might not be obliged to remove under a twelve-month from the house in Berkley-square: And when Sir Charles had brought them together, and pronounced between them, making that an article, Sir Edward, on one knee, thus bespoke her:

All that your Ladyship demands I most chearfully comply with. Instead of the year you wish to remain in Berkley-square, let me beg of you, still to consider both houses as your own; and me your inmate only, as in the life-time of my father. I never will engage in marriage, but with your approbation: Let us, madam, be as little as possible separated: Be pleased only to distinguish, that I wish not this, but from pure and disinterested motives. I will be your servant as well as son. I will take all trouble from you that you shall think trouble; but never will offer so much as my humble advice to you in the conduct of your own affairs, unless you ask for it.

She wept. We will henceforth, said she, have but one interest. You shall be dear to me, for your father's sake. Let me, for the same dear sake, be regarded by you: Receive me, excellent pair of friends, proceeded she, as a third in your friendship. Should any misunderstanding arise, which, after so happy a setting out, I hope, cannot be, let Sir Charles Grandison determine between us. Justice and He are one.

Sir Charles invited down to us the Lady and his Beauchamp. He hopes they will come. The young Baronet, I dare say, will. Emily says, she wants to see how he will become his new dignity. Very well, I dare say, said I. Why yes; such an example before him, I don't doubt but he will.

Lucy was present. Near 4000*l.* a year, and a title, said she—I think you and I, my dear, were we nearer of an age, would contend for him.

Not I, Miss Selby: So that I have the Love of my Guardian and Lady Grandison, you may be Lady Beauchamp for me.—You will be

of another mind, perhaps, some time hence, said Miss Selby—When I am, replied Emily, tell me of it.

Sir Charles, when he was in town, visited his two sisters. He gave me the pleasure of acquainting me, that we shall be favoured with the company of Lord and Lady L. as soon as her Ladyship's visits and visitings are over.

Mind, my dear Lady G. what follows:

Lady L. said he, is all joy, that her great event is happily over; she and my Lord rewarded with a dear pledge of their mutual Love. But is not Lady G. a little unaccountable, my dear?

As how, Sir?

She hardly seems to receive pleasure in her happy prospects. She appears to me peevish, even childishly so, to her Lord. I see it the more for her endeavours to check herself before me. She submits but ungraciously to the requisites of the circumstance, that lays him and me, and our several united families under obligation to her. I was unwilling to take notice of her particular behaviour, for two reasons; first, because she wants not understanding, and would see her own error before she went too far; and next, because she tacitly confessed herself to be wrong, by being evidently desirous to hide her fault from me. But is not *our* Charlotte a little unaccountable, my dear?

What, my dear Lady G. should I have answered? I hope you will allow me to be just. I should have been most sincerely glad to have spoken a good word for you: But to attempt to excuse or palliate an evident fault, looks like a claim put in for allowances for one's own.

'Indeed, Sir, she is a *very* unaccountable creature! She is afraid of you, and of nobody but you. You should, as she could not conceal from you her odd behaviour to one of the best of husbands, and sweetest-temper'd of men, who loves her more than he loves himself; and who is but too solicitous to oblige so unthankful a thing; have taken notice of it, and chidden her *severely*: I, for my part, take liberties of this kind with her in every Letter I write; but to no purpose. I *wanted* you, Sir, to find her out yourself; she will get a habit of doing wrong things; and make herself more unhappy than she will make anybody else; since it is possible for her to tire out her Lord. How insupportable to her of all women, would it be, were the tables to be turned; and were the man she treats so ungraciously, to be brought to slight her? The more insupportable, as she has a higher opinion of her own understanding than she has of his!'

Can't you form to yourself, my dear Lady G. the attitude of astonishment, that your brother threw himself into?—

But, ah, my dear grandmamma, do you think I said this to Sir Charles?—No, indeed! For the world, I would not have said one syllable of it. But let Lady G. for a moment, as she reads my Letter,

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think I did. She loves to surprize; why should she not be surprised in turn? Her displeasure would affect me greatly: But if by incurring it I could do her good, and put her in a right train of thinking, I *would* incur it, and on my knees afterwards beg her to forgive me.

He did make the above observation. A thousand excellent qualities has my Charlotte. I particularized to her brother half a dozen, and those are more than fall to the share of most of our modern people of quality; and he was willing to be satisfied with them-- Why? Because he loves her. But, as she now-and-then whispers her Harriet, in her Letters, let me whisper her, that she is under great obligation to her brother, and still greater to her Lord, for passing over so lightly her petulances.

Thursday afternoon

Who, madam, do you think, is arrived? Arrived just as we sat down to dinner; and will stay with us this one night, but, he says, no more?-- Sir Rowland Meredith! Good man! and Mr. Fowler! The latter attended his uncle reluctantly, it seems; but, thank God, he is in pretty good health. How kindly, how affectionately, did Sir Charles receive them both! How has he already won the heart of honest Sir Rowland!

Let me, madam, acquaint you with something generously particular of this worthy man.

He desired Sir Charles to let him have me by himself for one quarter of an hour. So fine a young gentleman would not, he hoped, be jealous of such a poor old man as he.

We were in the dining-room; and he rising to attend me, I led him to my drawing-room adjoining. He looked round him, and was struck with the elegance of the room and furniture; disregarding me for a few moments-- Why, ay! said he, at last; This is noble! This is fine! Stately, by mercy! And he bowed to me, poor man! the more respectfully, as I thought, for what he saw. And will you, madam, bowing again, and again, allow me to call you *daughter*? I can't part with my *daughter*: Nor would I, were you a queen.

You do me honour, Sir Rowland. Call me *still* your daughter.

Why then, you must allow me-- Forgive me, madam!-- And he saluted me. Joy, joy, tenfold joy, attend my daughter! I don't know what to make of the present fashions. Would Sir Charles have been affronted, had I taken this liberty before him? The duce is in the present age; they reserve themselves to holes and corners, I suppose. But I am sure no creature breathing could mean more respect than I do. I think only of myself as of your *father*.

You are a good man, Sir Rowland. Sir Charles Grandison was prepared to love you; he was prepared to value Mr. Fowler.

Prepared by your own respect for us, madam!—God love you, say yes.

Yes indeed, I ever shall respect you both. Have I not claimed a father in you? Have I not claimed a brother in your nephew? I never forget my relations.

Charming, charming, by mercy! And he stalked to the other end of the room, wiping his eyes: The very same good young Lady that you ever were! But, but, but, putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a little box, if you are my daughter, you shall wear these for your father's sake!—How now, madam! Refuse me! I command you on your obedience to accept of this—I will not be a Jack-straw! father—

Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, you must excuse me: I thought I might have trusted myself with you alone. Your generosity, Sir, is painful to me.

I courtesied, and withdrew to the company in the dining-room. The good man followed me, tears upon his cheeks, the box in his hand: My face glowed,

She calls me Father, Sir Charles; and refuses her obedience. Here I have brought a toy or two, to shew my fatherly Love to my daughter. Not a soul, not my nephew there, knows a syllable of the matter; it was that made me call her aside.

Sir Charles rose from his seat. My dearest Life is not used, said he, to make light of a duty; taking my hand. You will excuse her from accepting the present, Sir Rowland; that would look as if you thought it necessary to bribe her to do her duty. She will always acknowledge her father: So will I mine. But you do us honour enough in the relation.

What, Sir Charles, not of a present from her father to his daughter, on her nuptials, and as a small token of his joy on the occasion; when I know not the man living, out of my own family—There he stopt.

My dearest Love, there is no resisting this plea: Your duty, your gratitude, is engaged.

Look you there now! Look you there now! God love you both everlastingly, Amen!—And there is the blessing of a father!

I took the box, courtesying low; but looked silly, I believe.

Forgive me, Sir Charles, said the Knight; but I must—He took my hand, and kissed it—and looked as if he wished to salute me—Fathers, my dear, must be revered, said Sir Charles, by their children.

I bent my knee, and, in compliance with a motion of Sir Charles, leaned forward my cheek. He saluted me; and again he blessed us

both—My dear nephew, said he, hastening to Mr. Fowler, if you envy such a man as this his good fortune, by mercy I will renounce you.

I *may* envy you, Sir Charles, said Mr. Fowler, addressing himself to him in an agreeable manner; I don't know how it is possible to avoid it; but at the same time I revere you for your character and accomplishments. You are the only man in the world whom I could cordially congratulate, as I do you, on your happiness.

True, nephew, true: I, any more than you, should never have enjoyed myself, had any of the feather-headed creatures I saw formerly endeavouring to make an interest in my daughter's favour, succeeded with her. But you, madam, have chosen a man that everybody must prefer to himself.

The Knight, after tea, moved to have the box opened. When Sir Charles saw the jewels, he was a little uneasy, because of the value of them. A costly diamond necklace and ear-rings, a ring of price, a repeating watch finely chased; the chain of which is richly ornamented; one of the appendages is a picture of Sir Rowland in enamel, adorned with brilliants; an admirable Likeness: This I told him was more valuable to me than all the rest: I spoke truth; for so rich a present has made me uneasy. He saw I was. He knew, he said, that I could not want any of these things: But he could not think of any other way to shew his Love to his daughter. It was nothing to what he had intended to do in his Will; had I not intimated to him, that what he left me, should be given among his relations. I am rich, madam, I can tell you: And what, on your nuptials, could I do less for my daughter?

Sir Charles said, This must not end so, Sir Rowland: But I see you are an invincible man. Mr. Fowler, I wish you as happily married as you deserve to be: Your Lady will be intitled to a return of equal value.

Sir Rowland begged, that he might try on the ring himself. He was allowed to do so, and was pleased it was not *much* too big. He said, I should not pull it off this night. I kept it on to humour the worthy man.

Supper over, and a chearful glass going round with my uncle, Mr. Deane, and the Knight, Sir Rowland made it his odd request, that I would permit Sir Charles to put on the necklace for me. By no means, I said. But the Knight being very earnest, and my uncle seconding him (for there was particularity enough in the motion, to engage the dear odd man) and Sir Charles not discouraging it, my aunt and Lucy smiling all the time, I thought I had better comply, lest the Knight should take it into his head to request the putting it on himself. Yet I was the more reluctant, on poor Mr. Fowler's account; for his smiles

were but essays to smile. Sir Charles, in his own graceful manner, put it on; bowing low to me, in the gallantest manner, when he had done. I courtesied to him, to Sir Rowland, and looked silly I am sure.

Friday noon

Sir Rowland and Mr. Fowler have left us. They would not stay to dinner. They have business to dispatch in town, that will take them up some days: But they were so well pleased with their reception, that they promise to see us before they set out for Caermarthen.

At parting, Sir Rowland drew me aside: Your cousin Lucy, as you call her, is a fine young Lady. They tell me, that she has a great fortune: But I matter not that of a straw—Would to God, my boy knew how to submit to his destiny like a man—Hem! You understand me, madam—Mercy! I want to be akin to you—You take me, madam.

We *are* akin. Sir Rowland Meredith is my father.

God bless you, madam! I love you dearly for that. And so we are: But you understand me: A word to the wise: She is not engaged; is she?—I love your uncle of all men—except the king of all men; your Lord and master—God bless him! With what good humour he eyes us—Sir Charles, one word with you, if you please.

I thought the Knight had his fingers ready to take hold of Sir Charles's button; for his hand was extended; but suddenly, as from recollection, withdrawn. He led Sir Charles to me—And put the same question to him, as he had done to me.

Let me ask you, my dear Sir Rowland, Was this in your thought before you came hither?

No, by mercy!—It just now struck me. My nephew knew not a syllable of the matter. But why, you know, Sir Charles, should a man pine and die, because he cannot have the *she* that he loves?—Suppose, you know, six men love one woman, as has been the case here, for aught I know; what a duce, are five of them to hang, drown, or pistol themselves? Or are they to out-stay their time, as I have done, till they are fit for nobody?

Women must be treated with delicacy, Sir Rowland. Miss Selby is a young Lady of great merit. When questions are properly asked, you hardly need to doubt of a proper answer.

But, Sir Charles, is Miss Selby, *bona fide*, engaged, or is she not? that's the question I ask: If she be, I shall not say a word of the matter.

My dear? said Sir Charles to me.

I don't know that she is, answered I. But Lucy will never think of a man, be his qualifications ever so great, if he cannot give her proofs of loving her above all women.

I understand you, madam—Well, well, and I should be nice too, I can tell you, for my boy. But I'll sound him. I must have him married before I die, if possible. But no more of that for the present. And now God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you both!—I will pray for the continuance of your happiness.

He kissed my hand: Wrung Sir Charles's: Wiped his eyes: Made his bow: And stept into the chariot to his nephew, who had taken leave of us all before.

Lucy, with an air *so* like some of dear Lady G's, put up her saucy lip, when I told her of this; and bid me not write it to you: But I thought, were nothing to come of it, it would divert my grandmamma, as I am sure it will Lady G.

God preserve the most indulgent and pious of Parents, and my two Sisters and their Lords (including the honoured Lord and Lady you Lady G. are with) prays

Her ever-dutiful, and their ever-affectionate,

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XII

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Tuesday, Jan. 9

I HAVE been obliged, by the just demands made upon us by the equally-solemn and joyful season, to be silent for many days. You madam, and you Ladies L. and G. have, I doubt not, been engaged in consequence of the same demand;—so will excuse me; especially as Lucy and my aunt have both written, and that very minutely, in the interim.

Mr. Deane, to our great joy, has signified to us his intention to live near us; and to present his house at Peterborough to one of his two nephews.

Sir Charles has besought him to consider Grandison-hall as his own house. He promises that he will. I hope, by my care of him, to be an humble means of prolonging his life, at least of making his latter days cheerful.

What a happy season has this been to scores of people in our neighbourhood! but most to ourselves, as the giver is more blessed than the receiver! Such admirable management! Such good order!—But I told you, that all was left to Dr. Bartlett's direction: What a blessing is he to us, and all around him!

Sir Charles has a Letter from Mr. Lowther, who is on his return from Bologna. By the date it should have arrived a fortnight ago: So that he may be every day expected.

Mr. Lowther lets him know, that the family at Bologna are all in spirits, on the prospect they have of carrying their point with Lady Clementina; who, however, for the present, declines the visits of the Count of Belvedere; and they humour her in that particular.

Mr. Lowther is afraid, he says, that all is not quite right as to her mind. Poor Lady! He judges so, from the very great earnestness she continues to express to make a visit to England.

She received, he says, with great intrepidity, the news of Sir Charles's marriage. She besought a blessing upon him and his bride: But since has been thoughtful, reserved, and sometimes is found in tears. When challenged, she ascribed, once, her grief to her apprehensions that her malady may possibly return.

The physicians have absolutely given their opinion, that she should marry.

The General is expected from Naples to urge the solemnity; and vows, that he will not return till she is actually Countess of Belvedere.

She begs, that she may be allowed again to pass the Apennines, and visit Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, in order to settle her mind.

She dreads to see the General.

How I am grieved for her!—Sir Charles must be afflicted too. Why, why, will they not leave to time, the pacifier of every woe, the issue of the event upon which they have set their hearts?

Mr. Lowther writes, that Signor Jeronymo is in a fine way.

Mr. Lowther in his Letter acquits Sir Charles of all obligation to himself. He returns him bills for the sum he had advanced; and declares, that he never will enter into his presence, if he refuses to accept of his acquittance. The family, he tells him, have nobly rewarded him.

Dr. Bartlett applauds Mr. Lowther's spirit on this occasion. As Sir Charles, he says, is not an ostentatious man, but judges of everything, according to the rules of right and prudence, he has no doubt (tho' he might not expect this handsome treatment) but he will acquiesce with it. This, however, lessens not the *comparative* merit of Mr. Lowther. There are men, I believe, who having succeeded so well, would have accepted of a reward from both parties. Yet, on recollection, Sir Charles stipulated with Mr. Lowther, that he should receive no fee, but from himself: And his present to the worthy man was the ampler on that account.

I have two charming Letters from the Countess of D. By her permission, I have shewn to Sir Charles the correspondence between that good Lady and me. He greatly admires her. She desires, that he will be acquainted with her son; and declares, she will always look upon me as her daughter, and call me so. Sir Charles bids me tell her, that he cannot consent to her calling me so, unless she will look upon him

as her son, and unless my Lord will allow him to call him brother. He bid me express his wishes of a friendship with both, answerable to that desirable relation.

My uncle says, he knows not such a place as Selby-house. Shirley-manor indeed he loves for the sake of the dear mistress of it: But, as long as he has with him his Dame, his Harriet, Mr. Deane, and Sir Charles, he is happy. Yet my aunt now-and-then gets upon a rising ground in the park, and asks, pointing, Does not Northamptonshire lie off there?

Emily is very good in the main. Dear girl! I do pity her. Her young heart, so *early* to be tried and tormented by the stings of hopeless Love!—Her eyes just now were fixed for several minutes, so much Love in them! on the face of her guardian, that his modest eye fell under them.

I will give you, on this occasion, the particulars of a conversation, that passed between us; which, at the conclusion, let in a little dawn of hope, that the dear girl may be happy in time.

I had more than once been apprehensive, that her eyes would betray her to her guardian; who at present imputes all her reverence for him to gratitude; and as soon as he was withdrawn, with a true sisterly tenderness, Come hither, my Love, said I. I was busy with my needle—She came.

My dearest Emily, if you were to look with so much earnestness in the face of any other man, as you sometimes do, and just now did, in that of your guardian, and the man a single man, he would have hope of a wife.

High-ho! sighed she. Did my guardian mind me?—I hope he did not so much, madam, as you do.

So much as I do, my Love!

Yes, madam. When my guardian is present, you do look very hard at me: But I hope, I am not a confident girl.

You are serious, my Emily!

And so is my dear Lady Grandison!

I was a little surprised. The child abashed me. Her Love, thought I, will make her hardy, without intending to be so.

She was too innocent even for consciousness of having disconcerted me. She looked upon my work, What would I give, madam, to be so fine a workwoman as you?—But why that sigh, madam?

The poor Lady Clementina! said I: I was really thinking of her.

Do you sigh for every-body, madam, that loves my guardian?

There are different sorts of Love, Emily.

Why so I think. Nobody loves my guardian better than I myself do: But it is not the Love that Lady Clementina bears him. I love his goodness.

And does not Clementina?

Yes, yes, but still the Love is different.

Explain, my dear, your kind of Love.

Impossible!

Why, now, sighs my Emily? You asked me why I sighed. I have answered it was from pity.

Why, madam, I can pity Lady Clementina, and I do: But I sigh not for her; because she might have had my guardian, and would not.

I sigh for her the more, for that very reason, Emily; her motive so great!

Pho, pho, her *motive*! When he would have allowed her to be of her own religion!

Then you sigh not now for Clementina, Emily?

I believe not.

For whom then?

I don't know. You must not ask. A habit, and nothing else.

Again sighs my Emily?

You must not mind me, madam. A habit, I tell you. But, believe me, Lady Grandison (hiding her blushing face in my bosom, her arms about my neck) I believe, if the truth were known--

She stopt, but continued there her glowing cheek--

What, my dear, if the truth were known?

I dare not tell you. You will be angry at me.

Indeed, my Love, I will not.

O yes, but you will.

I thought we had been sisters, my dear. I thought we were to have no secrets. Tell me, *what*, if the truth were known?

Why, madam, for a trial of your forgiveingness, tell me, Are you not *apt* to be a little jealous?

Jealous, my Emily! You surprise me! *Why*, of *whom*, of *what*, jealous? Jealousy is doubt; of whom should I doubt?

People have not always cause, I suppose, madam.

Explain yourself, my dear.

Are you not angry with me, madam?

I am not. But why do you think me jealous?

You need not, indeed! My guardian adores you. You deserve to be adored.—But you should allow a poor girl to look upon her guardian now-and-then, with eyes of gratitude. Your charming eye is *so* ready to take mine to task!—I am, if I know myself, a poor innocent girl. I do love my guardian, that's certain: So I ever did, you know, madam: And let me say, before he knew there was such a Lady in the world as yourself, madam.

I threw aside my work, and clasping my arms about her, And love him still, my Emily. You cannot love him so well as he deserves. You

are indeed a dear innocent, but not a *poor*, girl. You are *rich* in the return of his Love. I will ever, ever, be a promoter of an affection so innocent, so pure on both sides. But *jealousy*, my dear! do you charge *me* with *jealousy*? Impossible I should deserve it! My only concern is, lest, as the heart is guessed at by the eyes (the hearts of young creatures especially, whose good minds are incapable of art or design) you should give room for the censorious, who know not as I do, that your Love is reverence next to filial, to attribute it to a beginning of the other sort of Love; which yet in you, were it kindled, would be as bright and as pure a flame as ever warmed a virgin heart.

O madam! how you express yourself! What words you have! They go to my heart!—I don't know how it is: But every day I reverence more and more my guardian; *Reverence*! Yes, that is the proper word! I thank you for it! *Filial reverence*! Just the thing! And let me say, that I never revered him so much as now, that I see what a polite, what a kind, what an affectionate husband he makes my dear Lady Grandison. Yet, let me tell you truth, madam, I should, I am afraid, be such a little-minded poor creature, that if I were married, and had not a husband that was very like him, I should envy you. I should be at least unhappy.

If you could be *envious*, my dear, you would be unhappy: But you must never encourage the addresses of a man, who you think loves you not better than any other woman: Who is not a good man upon principle: Who is not a man of sense; and that has seen something of the world.

And where, madam, can such a man be found?

Leave it to your guardian, my dear. He, if any-body, will find you a man that you may be happy with, if your eye be not beforehand with your judgment.

That, madam, I hope it will not be: First, because the reverence I have for my guardian, and his great qualities, will make all other men look little in my eye; and next, as I have such a confidence in his judgment, that if he points his finger, and says, That's the man, Emily! I will endeavour to like him. But I believe I never now shall like any man on earth.

It is early days, my Love; but is there not some one man, that, were you of age to marry, you would think better of that of any other?

I don't know what to say to that. It is early days, as you say. I am but a girl. But girls have thoughts. I will tell you, madam, that the man who has passed some years in the company of Sir Charles Grandison; who is beloved by him, on proof, on experience (as I may say) of his good heart—She stopt.

Beauchamp, my dear?

Why yes Him, I mean: He is the most to be liked of any man but

my guardian: But he now is a great man; and I suppose may have seen the woman he could love.

I fancy not, my dear.

Why do you fancy not, madam?

Because, if I must speak as freely to you, as I would have you do always to me, I think he shews great and uncommon respect to you, tho' you are so young a creature.

That's for my guardian's sake: But be that as it will; let me be secure of my guardian's Love and yours, and I shall have nothing to wish for.

Her guardian, my guardian, my friend, my Lover, my HUSBAND, every sweet word is one, coming in, put an end to the subject. I leave this conversation to your own reflexions, my dear grandmamma, Lady L. Lady G. But I have hopes from it.

LETTER XIII

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Saturday, Sunday, Jan. 20, 21

ANOTHER long silence. Lucy will supply all my defects. She will tell you how much I have been engaged. She has sent you a charming Letter, filled with observations on the good order established here before our arrival by Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Curzon; with accounts of some particular charities, both public and private, that deserve to be imitated by all who have ability; and of our visit made last Wednesday at Mansfield-house.

The Lady of it would not part with us, till Thursday, the days being short, and the weather unfavourable. Mr. Dobson and his Lady were guests there. He is a credit to his cloth; his wife to him. They are greatly beloved by all who know them. Lady Mansfield and Miss Mansfield are all that is polite and good. The three brothers were there. The eldest, who was once a melancholy man, is now one of the chearfullest. With what pleasure did I meditate, as I looked upon them, the restoration of such a worthy and antient family to affluence! They were born to it: Yet when they were deprived of it, how glorious was the resignation of mother and daughters! And now, how easy sits the prosperity upon them! Never saw I eyes more expressive of gratitude to a benefactor, than those both of Ladies and Gentlemen, as they were often cast upon my dear Sir Charles.

I heartily wish Mr. Orme may find his expectations answered in the second voyage Nancy tells me he is preparing for to Lisbon. She will make known my best wishes for the restoration of his health. How good is his sister to accompany him!—I always loved her.

I received yesterday yours, madam, acquainting me with Mr. Greville's visit and proposal, and asking my opinion of the latter; and whether I would choose to mention it to Lucy and my aunt. What can I say? You once told me, madam, that you believed Lucy would not have refused Mr. Greville, had he first applied to her. Lucy's grandmother, you say, is not averse to the match; and you think my uncle would not refuse his consent, because of the contiguity of their respective estates, and in hopes, that he might resume with success, on such an event, his favourite project of exchange of lands. Yet I am sure this consideration would have no weight with him, if he thought Lucy could not be happy with Mr. Greville.

I have mentioned it to my aunt. She says, Mr. Greville is not a bashful man. He knows how to apply to Lucy himself. And she has no notion, in *such* a case, of that pride which with-holds him till he thinks himself sure of the family-interest.

He will, if possible, he says, be related to *me*: Let that be mentioned to Lucy, as one of his principal motives, and his business with her is done for ever.

Lady G. would laugh at the notion of a difficulty from a first Love. First Love she calls first nonsense. Too frequently it is so. Lucy is a noble girl. She has overcome a first attachment; the more laudably, as it cost her some struggles to do it. Mr. Greville, I doubt, has had several first Loves: This transition, therefore, is nothing to him. So neither of them will be first Love to the other. It may therefore be a match of discretion. Yet his character! The reformation he boasts of!—I *hope* he is reformed: But I have no notion of a good young woman, as Lucy is, trusting her person, I may say, her *principles*, to the arbitrary will of an impetuous man, who has been an avowed Libertine, and pretends not to have reformed from proper convictions. A scoffer too! How came he by his new Lights?¹—You, madam, have told *us* young folks the difficulty of overcoming evil habits. I own that Lucy always spoke of him with more favour than any-body else. She was inclined to think him a good-natured man; and was pleased with what she called humour in him. *Humour*! I never could call it so. Humour, I used to tell her, is a gentle, a decent, tho' a lively thing. Mr. Greville is boisterous, impetuous, *rude*, I had almost said: His courtship to me was either rant, or affront; the one to shew his Plain-dealing, the other his Love. He knows not what respectful Love is. In short, his mirth, his good-nature, as it is called, has fierceness in it; it always gave me apprehension.

As to worldly matters, there can be no exception to him: But I cannot be of the opinion of Lucy's grandmother, that he is a generous man. He has only qualities that look *like* generosity. His start to me, when he *resigned* his pretensions to me, as they have been called (for

I know not any he had) was *only* a start. He could not hold it. But be all these things as they may, how can I, who love Lucy as myself, propose to the dear girl a man, whom I could not think of for myself? Lucy has a fine fortune, and surely, there are men enow in the world, who have never made pretensions to Lucy's cousin, who would think themselves honoured by her acceptance; otherwise, I should, after Sir Rowland's hint, and earnest wishes in his nephew's favour, much sooner recommend Mr. Fowler to her than Mr. Greville.

My aunt had said, that, for her part, she should choose to leave the above affair to its own workings: Yet, could not forbear to acquaint Lucy with it. The dear girl came to me, to demand a sight of your Letter, and of what I had written upon it. I could not (tho' I had some little reluctance to shew her the latter) deny her. I will give you, madam, the substance of a short dialogue that passed between us on the occasion; and leave it to you to draw such conclusions from it, as you shall judge proper, with regard to my Lucy's inclinations.

She did not know what I meant, she said, by writing to you, that she had always spoken of Mr. Greville with more favour than anybody else.

It is ungenerous, Lucy, if you are angry at what you would oblige me to shew you against my will.

I am *not* angry. But—She stopt, and would not explain her half-sullen BUT. O Lucy, thought I, you are a woman, my dear!

As to what you write, said she, of his desire of being related to *you*; who would not?—If that be not his *principal* motive—Very well, Lucy! thought I.

I know, said she, that my grandmamma Selby has often wished Mr. Greville would make his addresses to her grand-daughter!—So! So! So! Lucy, thought I.

His Libertinism indeed is an objection—But I have not heard *lately* of any enormities—

Go on, Lucy, thought I: Hitherto appears not any reason for Mr. Greville to despair.

He may have seen his folly.

No doubt but he has! thought I. He *saw* it all the time he was committing it: But, perhaps, he is the more determined bad man for that. Is not purity of heart, thought I, as well as of manners, an eligible thing?

If a woman is not to marry till she met with a strictly virtuous man—

You have too often pleaded that argument, Lucy, to me—I am

sorry—I stopt; willing to hear her quite out; for she held before her what I had written.

How came he, you ask, said she, by his new lights? I have nothing to do with how he came by them. I should rather indeed he had them from *proper* convictions—But if he has them, that's enough.

Is it, my dear, let him have been what he will?

I am for judging charitably—

Charming! thought I—judging charitably! So I have lost a virtue, and you, Lucy, have found it!

Mr. Greville is nothing to me: Nor ever will be.

Not quite so sure of that, thought I to myself.

You say, Harriet, you have no notion of a good young woman, trusting her *principles* to the arbitrary will of a man who has been a free Liver—*Must* the man be arbitrary?—Were a husband a free Liver, must a wife's own principles be endangered?

These questions from my Lucy! thought I.

A scoffer, you say, Harriet!—The man's a fool for that!—But what a poor soul must she be that could not silence a scoffer!

Silence a scoffer! Ah Lucy! said I: And would you marry a man with a hope to be able to silence him? Mr. Greville is a conceited man: My Lucy has six times his sense; but he will not be convinced of that. You will have the less influence upon him, if he is jealous of the superiority of your understanding. Mr. Greville is obstinate as well as conceited. Few men, I believe, will own conviction from a wife's arguments.

To be sure the man is not a Sir Charles Grandison. Who *is*?—Let him, as my aunt Selby says, apply to me; I shall give him his answer.

You would wish he should, Lucy?

I don't say so.

I fancy, Lucy, you would not be very *cruel* if he did.

You *fancy* I would not—But I can, as *you* always did, treat the man who professes to love me, with civility, yet not throw myself into his arms at the first word—

First word, Lucy! No! The second, or third, or fourth, is time enough; so the man is not mean time rendered quite hopeless.

Very well, Lady Grandison: But let me go on with what you have written—*Good-natured man*!—I do think he is not an *ill-natured* man.

So much the better for himself, and his future wife, Lucy.

That will not be I, Lady Grandison.

Perhaps not, Lucy.

—*Humour*! I do think he is a humorous good-natured man. A little too vehement perhaps in his mirth; a little too frolick: But who is faultless?

Proceed, my Lucy.

—*Generous!* ‘Not a generous man!’—‘Qualities that look *like* generous ones.’—You are a nice distinguisher, Harriet; you always were—But here you tell your grandmamma, that you had rather I should have Mr. Fowler than Mr. Greville—

Well, my dear, and what say you to that?

Why, I say, I think you are not so nice for me, in this case, as you are in others.

How so?

How so! Why is there not a difference between the actual proposals made by Mr. Greville to Mrs. Shirley; and Sir Rowland’s undertaking to *try to prevail* upon Mr. Fowler to make his addresses to me?

Granted, my dear—I have not a word more to say in behalf of Mr. Fowler. Mr. Greville, Lucy—

Is a man I never will have—

No rash resolutions, my dear. And yet I believe a woman has seen the same man in a very different light, when he has offered himself to her acceptance, from what she did before.

I believe so—But I had a mind to sound you, Harriet; and to come at your opinion—

You were intitled to it Lucy, without attempting to sound me for it.

True! But we women sometimes choose to come at a point, by the *roundabouts*, rather than by the *forerights*.¹

That is, Lucy, either when we think the *foreright* way, as you call it, would not answer our wishes; or when we are not willing to open our own hearts.

Your servant, my dear: But the cap fits not. Whenever I speak to you, my heart is upon my Lips.

Let me try then, in this one doubtful instance, that I ever had from you of its being so. Do you think of encouraging Mr. Greville’s proposal?

It is not a proposal, till it comes in a direct way to myself.

Very well, my dear—I say no more till it does.

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Sir Charles has just now heard that Mr. Lowther is arrived in London. He longs (so I am sure do I) to know, how affairs are situated in Italy. O for good news from thence! Then will my happiness in this Life be perfected!

LETTER XIV

*Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation**Grandison-hall, Thursday, Jan. 25*

MR. LOWTHER arrived here last night. Sir Charles gave him a most welcome reception. He presented him to all our guests, with expressions of the warmest friendship; and then retired with him to his Study. He soon led him back to company, and seating him, drew a chair between my aunt and me—You must have curiosity, my dearest Love, said he. Behold the sister-excellence of Lady Clementina, Mr. Lowther! Not a person of her family is more concerned for the happiness of that Lady, than this dearest and most generous of women. Every one of my friends present (looking round him) is an admirer of her—We cannot my dear (applying to me) know for certainty, the destiny of that excellent Lady from Mr. Lowther. He passed a week at Lyons, a fortnight at Paris, on his return to England. But my Jeronymo is in a fine way, thank God, and resolves to visit us in the spring.

I hope, Sir, said my aunt, to Mr. Lowther, you left Lady Clementina well and happy in her mind.

She was at Florence, answered he, when I left Italy. She has been pretty much indisposed there. The General, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, had been with her. She was expected at Bologna very soon. By this time I have no doubt, she is Countess of Belvedere.

By her own consent, I hope then, Mr. Lowther? said I eagerly.

He shook his head—As to *that*, said he, she has the most indulgent of parents—

They cannot be so, Mr. Lowther, if they would compel her to marry any man to whom she has an indifference.

They will not *compel* her, madam—

Persuasion, Sir, in the circumstances this excellent Lady is in, is compulsion.

I think it may be justly called so, said Sir Charles. Mr. Lowther, they should not have been so precipitating.

So you have always told them, Sir Charles. Signor Jeronymo is entirely of your opinion: Yet is earnest in the Count of Belvedere's favour. The Count adores her.

Adores her, Sir! said I. *Adores himself!* for so it should be said (pardon me, Sir!) of a man who prefers not the happiness of the object beloved, to his own. I felt my face glow.

Generous warmth! said Sir Charles—laying his hand on mine.

For my part, replied Mr. Lowther, I am only afraid of the return of

her malady. If it do not return, and she can be prevailed on, her piety will reconcile her to a duty—

A *duty*, Mr. Lowther, interrupted I—So imposed!—A *duty*!—

I knew not what I said. I thought, at that instant, I did not like Mr. Lowther.

My uncle, aunt, and the rest of us, thought Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther would be glad to be left alone; and retired early.

My aunt, my Lucy, and I, had a good deal of discourse upon this interesting subject; Emily present.

We all foresaw, that the situation of this admirable Lady would overcloud a little (we hoped *but* a little) the happiest days that ever mortals knew. The sincere value, said my aunt, that you have for so deserving a woman, and your native generosity, will be your security for happiness, my dear; and will fix on a durable base your mutual Love: But this Lady's trials will, however, be trials to you. God give her peace of mind! it is all we can hope for in *her* favour; To *you*, the continuance of your present happiness: greater, cannot fall to the lot of mortal.

She left me, I retired to my pen.

Thus far have I written. 'Tis late. Sir Charles is coming up—And I am here at my pen. I will compliment him with a place in my closet, while I retire.—Good-night, my dearest grandmamma. Pray for your Harriet, and pray for Clementina.

Friday morning

Sir Charles would have withdrawn to his Study, when he found me at my pen. I besought him to sit down in my closet.

Remove your papers then, my dear.

No need, Sir. *These* (putting what I had been just writing, and those I had written the day before, on one side of my desk) I would not, Sir, except you have a curiosity, wish you to see at present: *These*, Sir, you may, if you please, amuse yourself with.

I will take down one of your books, my Love. I will not look into any of your written papers.

Dear, generous Sir, look into them all—Look into both parcels. Something about Lucy; something of what Mr. Lowther has talked of, in that parcel—Read *any* of the written papers before you.

A generous mind, my Love, will not take all that is offered by a generous mind. Hasten, my Harriet: It is late. My mind is a little disturbed: Yours, I am afraid, is generously uneasy. In your faithful bosom, will I repose all my cares.

I pressed his hand between both mine, and would have pressed it

with my lips: But, kissing my hands, first one, then the other—Condescending goodness! said he. God continue to me my Harriet's Love, and make Clementina not unhappy, and what can befall me, that will not add thankfulness to thankfulness?

With what soothing tenderness did he afterwards open his generous heart to his Harriet! He was indeed disturbed: For Mr. Lowther had told him, that the General (I don't love him) was quite cruel—At one time he threatened the excellent creature: He called her ungenerous, ungrateful, undutiful!—She fell down at his feet, in a fainting fit: He left her in anger—Staid not to recover or sooth her—Yet returned in about two hours (his conscience stinging him) and on his knees besought her pardon—Received it—The dear saint forgave the *soldierly* man—Yet he persisted, and turn'd his threatenings into worse, if possible, than threatenings, into persuasion.

If I have an enemy, said the dear creature to her brothers, who has conceived a mortal antipathy to me, let him insinuate himself into the favour of those most dear to me, and prevail upon them to attack me with all the powers of persuading Love, in order to induce me to do the thing, whatever it be, most contrary to my heart: And then will the instigator wreak upon me his whole vengeance, and make me think death itself an eligible refuge.

Sir Charles sighed at repeating this. I wept. How happy, thought I, more than once, are you, best of men, in your own reflexions, that a woman so excellent, who cannot be happy with any other man, *herself* refused you, and *persisted* in her refusal; though you sought all ways, and used all arguments, to bring her to a change of determination! What otherwise would have been your regret! And how unhappy should I have been in the consciousness of being in her place; and of having dispossessed her of a heart to which she had so much better pretensions! Now has he no room for remorse; but for friendly pity only, and for wishes to relieve her afflicted heart. Of what a blessing is that man possessed, who, when calamity assails him, can acquit himself, his *intentions* at least; and say, 'This I have not brought upon myself: It is an inevitable evil: A dispensation of Providence, I will call it, and submit to it, as such!'

Methinks, madam, I could spare this excellent woman some of my happiness. Have I not more than mortal ever knew before?

Sir Charles mentioned to me, that Lady Olivia, in her last Letter to him, intimated her desire to come over once more to England: But he hoped what he had written to dissuade her from it, would have weight with her. I told him, I wished that Lady the wife of some worthy man, whose gratitude and affection she, by her great fortune, might engage. But, Sir, said I, I cannot, cannot wish (be the Count of Belvedere ever so good a man) that Lady Clementina were married.

What would my Harriet wish for Lady Clementina, circumstanced as she is?

I don't know. But the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandison, with a heart so pure, can never be happy with any other man.

You are ever-obliging, my Love. You judge of Clementina as she deserves to be judged of, as to the purity of her heart. But—He stopt.

But what, my dear Sir?—Alas! she says that you have strengthened the hands of her friends: Am I forgiven before I go any further?

Not, my Harriet, if you think it necessary to ask such a question. Blame me always, when you think me wrong: I shall doubt your Love, if you give me reason to question your freedom.

Dear Sir!—But answer me: Would *you* have Clementina, circumstanced as she is, marry?

What answer can I return to my Harriet's question; when sometimes I am ready to favour the parents' pleas; at others, the daughter's? I would not have her either compelled, or over-earnestly persuaded. The family plead, 'That their happiness, her health and peace, depend on her marriage: They cannot bear to think of rewarding Laurana for her cruelty, with an estate that never was designed for her; and to the cutting it off, as it may happen, from their Giacomo and his descendants for ever, in case Clementina assumes the veil. The healths of the father and mother are declining: They wish but to live to see the alliance with the Count of Belvedere take place. The noble Lady gave reasons that *could* be answered. She had, by her own magnanimity, got over a greater difficulty, if I may presume to say so, than they had required her to struggle with; how could I avoid advising her to yield to the supplications of parents, of brothers, of an uncle, who, however mistaken in the means by which they seek to obtain their wishes, love not their own souls, better than they love their Clementina?

'It was, besides, a measure by which only at the time, I could demonstrate (and the General, I know, considered it as a *test*) that I really gave up all hopes of her myself.—And when I had owned, that there was a woman, with whom I had no doubt of being happy, could I engage her to accept of me, they all besought me, for *their* sakes, for *Clementina's*, to court that acceptance, having hopes, that tho' she could not set me an example, she would *follow* mine.'

This, my dearest Life, was the occasion, as I told your friends, of accelerating my declaration to you. I could not else, either for the sake of *your* delicacy or my own, *so soon* have made proposals, not even to Mrs. Shirley; for, situated as I was, I could not think of applying to you till I had strengthened myself, as I hoped to do, by her interest. Your generous acceptance, signified to me by that good Lady, has for

ever obliged me. I regarded it, my Harriet, circumstanced as I had been, and shall *ever* regard it, as a *condescension*, which, as I told that Lady, *at the time*, laid me under an obligation that I never, by my utmost gratitude, shall be able to repay.

O Sir, well have you shewn that you meant what you said. How poor a return, hiding my face in his generous bosom, is my Love for so much goodness, and kind consideration!

He clasped me to the faithfullest of human hearts.

But, dear Sir, I find, I find, on the whole, that you think Lady Clementina has not so much reason on *her* side, as her parents have on *theirs*.

My tenderness for her, my dear, because of her unhappy malady, and my apprehension of a return of it, together with my admiration of her noble qualities, prejudice me strongly in her favour. If she *could* be convinced by their motives, I should be ready to own my convictions in favour of these. But if *she* cannot, neither can *I*; so partial am I in the cause of a Lady I so sincerely admire, and who has been so much afflicted. But what, in the situation they and she were in, remained for me to do, but to advise the family to proceed with tenderness and patience; that their Clementina might have time to weigh, to consider, their reasons, their indulgence? You, my dear, shall see in the copies of the Letters I have written since I have been in England, my remonstrances to them on their precipitating her. But they were in a train:¹ They presumed on the characteristic duty of their Clementina: They flattered themselves, that sometimes she seemed to relent: They conceived hopes from the expressions of compassion for the Count of Belvedere, which sometimes she let fall. The General, who, though a generous man, can do nothing moderately, would not be satisfied with *cold* measures, as he called them; and, not doubting his sister's acquiescence with her duty, if once she could be prevailed upon to think her compliance such, they were resolved to pursue the train they were in: But in order to avoid their importunities, how has the dear Clementina shifted the scene from Bologna to Florence, from Florence to Bologna, and once, for that purpose, wanted to go to Urbino, once to Naples, and even, as you have seen, to come to England!—But now, by this time, most probably, they have succeeded. God give happiness to the dear Clementina!

Most cordially did I join in the prayer.

The next Letters from Italy must acquaint us with the unwished-for success of the family; and the poor Lady's thralldom. Can, my dear grandmamma, the Count of Belvedere really be a good, a generous man, to solicit the favour of a *hand*, that he knows will not be accompanied by a *heart*? Can the man be said to know what true Love is, who prefers not the happiness of the beloved object to his own; who

can, in short, think he can be happy, tho' the person he professes to love, shall be unhappy?

Thank God, this dreadful Lot has not been drawn by

Your HARRIET GRANDISON

I am glad, my dear Lady G. that you are returned to Grosvenor-square. Be easy, be patient, my Charlotte. We shall have, I hope, many happy days together at Grandison-hall, at Grosvenor-square; at every place where we shall be. You are a dear fretful creature!—But not half so petulant, I hope, in behaviour, as on paper to me. Let us think of nothing grievous, my Charlotte; but of the unhappy situation of poor Lady Clementina: And let us join to pray for her happiness.

LETTER XV

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation*

Saturday morning, Feb. 3

EMILY and I have had another conversation. She had been more grave and solemn than usual from the time of the last, of which I gave you an account.

Her Anne had taken notice to Sally of a change in the temper of her young mistress. She knew not how to please her, she said. From the best-natured young Lady in the world, she was grown one of the most peevish; and she had taken the Liberty to tell her, that she must quit her service, if she found her so hard to be pleased.

Do then, was her answer; I won't be threatened by you, Anne. You seem to have found out your consequence with me. Go, Anne, as soon as you will. I won't be threatened, Anne. I have enough to vex me, without being disturbed by you.

The honest maid, who dearly loves her, and has been with her ever since she was seven years old, and was much approved for her fidelity and good behaviour by her father, burst out into tears, and would, in a mild and humble manner, have expostulated with her. Let me beseech you, madam, said she, to permit me a word or two by way of dutiful expostulation. But she hurried from her—I won't hear you, Anne. You have begun at the wrong end. You should have expostulated, and not threatened, first. And then going up to her closet, she locked herself in.

I pitied the dear girl. Too well I thought I could account for this change of temper in her: So exceeding good her guardian to her, her gratitude augmented her Love [Don't I know how that might easily

be?]: Yet, thought I, it would half break her heart, if he were to assume reserve—I would not for her sake have him imagine there was a necessity for a change of his behaviour to her. And indeed if he were to be more reserved, what would that do? So good a man; so uniform his goodness; the poor Emily must acquit him, and condemn herself; yet have no cure for her malady.

Sally offered Anne to acquaint me with what had passed: But the good young woman begged she would not. Her young Lady was so tenacious, she said (young Lady like) of her authority, that she would never forgive her if she were known to make an appeal to me, or to my aunt. And to complain without a probability of redress, the prudent creature observed, except to her, as one Lady's woman to another, would expose her beloved young mistress; when, perhaps, the present grievance might be cured by time, assiduity, and patience.

This was necessary to premise.

Sir Charles, my Uncle, and Mr. Deane, having rode out pretty early this morning to breakfast, at Sir William Turner's; and my aunt and Lucy retiring after breakfast to write; and I to my closet for the same purpose; Emily came and tapped at my door. I instantly opened it.

I intrude, madam.—No, my dear.

I had observed at supper last night, and at breakfast this morning, that she had been in tears; tho' nobody else did; for the above hints, privately given me by Sally, made me more observant of her motions.

I took her hand, and would have placed her by me—No, madam, said she, let me stand: I am not worthy of sitting down in your presence.

Her eyes were brimful of tears; but as she twinkled in hopes to disperse them, I would not take such full notice of them, as might make them run over, if they could be dispersed: Yet mine, I believe glistened sympathetically.

In my presence, my Emily! my friend! Why, why, this?

I stood up. Your elder sister, my Love, sits not, while her younger stands.

She threw her arms about me, and her tears ran over. This goodness, this goodness, kills me!—I am, I am, a most unhappy creature!—Unhappy from the grant of my own wishes!—O that you would treat me severely! I cannot, cannot support myself, under the hourly instances which I receive of your goodness!

Whence, my dearest Emily, these acknowledgements? I do love my Emily: And should be either ungrateful or insensible to the merits of my beloved Sister, did I not do all in my power to make her happy. What can I do for her, that is not her due?

She struggled herself out of my embracing arms, withdrawing hers

—Let me, let me go, madam!—She hurried into the adjoining apartment. I followed her; and taking her hand, Leave me not, in this perplexity, my Emily! I cannot, part with you: If you love your Harriet, as she loves her Emily, you will put me in the way of alleviating this anguish of the most innocent, and most amiable of minds. Open your heart to me, my dear.

O Lady Grandison! the deserving wife of the best of men, you ought to hate me!

My dearest Emily! said I.

Indeed you ought.

Let us sit down on this Sofa, if you will not return to my closet.

I sat down. She sat by me, leaning her glowing face on my shoulder. I put one arm round her neck; with the other hand, I grasped one of hers. Now, my dear, I conjure you, by the friendship that is between us, the *more* than sisterly friendship, open your whole heart to me; and renounce me, if it be in my power to heal the wounds of your mind, and I do not pour into them the balm of friendly Love.

What can I say?—Yesterday, my dearest Lady Grandison, I received an answer to a case I put to Dr. Bartlett, of a young creature, who—I *can't* tell you—

She wept; raised her head; dried her eyes; again leaned her face on my shoulder; again I put my arm round her neck—Your case, my Love?

Ah, madam! *My case*—Did you say, *My case*?

I asked, my dear, not as for *your* case, any other than as for the case you put to the Doctor.

He has not told you, madam?

Indeed he has not said a word of your consulting him.

I had rather tell you myself. I am afraid he guesses who the young woman is. O the poor cunning!—I am a weak silly creature!—He certainly guesses—

May I, my Love, see the case?—May I see the answer to it?

I have burnt them both!—In a fit of anger at myself, that I should expose myself (for he certainly guesses who the young woman is) I threw them in the fire.

But you can *tell* me the case. You can give me the substance of the answer.

How can I? *You* of all women! *You*, madam, whom I best love of all women; but who ought to hate, to despise me!

Trust me, Love, with your secret. It shall never without your Leave pass this faithful bosom, if it be a secret that *already* I do not guess at.

She started—Guess at, madam!

Don't start at what I say, my Love.

O you cannot, cannot guess at it. If you did—

What if I did?

Then would you banish from your presence for ever the justly-hated Emily: Then would you make my guardian renounce me!

Shall I, my dear, *tell* you what I guess?

Whisper me then, throwing about me the hand I held not: But whisper me that I may not hear.

You *love* your guardian, my Emily!—He loves you!

O madam!

He will always love you; so will I.

Banish the criminal from your presence for ever; rising; yet again laying her face on my shoulder—and clasping her arms about me, Hide me, hide me from myself.

No need, my dear. Every body loves your guardian. You cannot love him but with innocence. Your Love is founded in gratitude. So was mine. Don't I know how to allow for my Emily?

You will banish fear from my heart, madam, by this your goodness to me. I find I may own all my weakness, my folly, to you; and the rather, as I shall intitle myself by it to your advice. I wanted to do it; but was afraid you would hate me. In the same circumstances I doubt I should not be so generous as you are. O that I had not put my case to the Doctor!

The Doctor, my dear, is all goodness. He will keep your secret—

And not tell my guardian, madam, any thing about it? It would be worse than death to me, if my guardian should mistrust me. *He* would hate the poor Emily, if *you* did not.

He never shall know it, my dear. You have already engaged the Doctor to secrecy, I doubt not.

I have.

He will inviolably keep your secret, no fear; especially as your charming ingenuousness to me, will be a means of putting you and me, my Love, on finding expedients, that shall equally secure your honour, and your guardian's regard for you.

That, madam, is the very thing.

Open then to me your innocent heart, my dear. Regard me, as your friend, your sister, and as if I were not the happy wife of your beloved guardian—

And so I will.—I did not, madam, mistrust myself till the solemnity had passed, that made you and my guardian one. Then I began to be uneasy with myself; and the more, as I was for hiding myself from myself, as I may say; for I was afraid of looking into my heart: Why so? thought I. Am I not an innocent girl? What do I wish for? What can I hope for? Do I not love Lady Grandison? I do. Yet now-and-then—Don't hate me, madam! I will reveal to you all my heart, and all my weakness.

Proceed, my Emily. This is indeed a token of your love, of your confidence in me. What a compliment does my dearest younger sister make to her elder?

Yet now-and-then, something like Envy, I thought, arose in my heart: And can your countenance forbear to change, when I tell you of Envy?

If it did, it would be from compassionate Love to my Emily. You don't know, my dear, how my heart dilates on this your most agreeable confidence in me.

God bless that dear heart!—There never was such a heart as yours. Well, but I will go on if you please.

Do, my dear.

Here, thought I, once (that I was resolved to call myself to account) did I ask the favour of being allowed to live with my guardian and his Lady, when they were married: And what did I mean by it? Nothing but innocence, believe me. Well, and my request is granted! This was all that I thought was wanting to make me happy: But, said I to myself, Am I happy? No. Do I love my guardian less? No. Do I love Lady Grandison more for granting me this favour? I *admire* her more, I think; and I have a grateful sense of her goodness to me: But, I don't know how it is—I think, tho' I dearly love her, yet I would be sometimes glad I did not, quite so well. Ungrateful Emily! And severely I took myself to task. Surely, pity, madam, is near akin to Love; for while your suspenses lasted, I thought I loved you better than I loved my own heart: But when you were happy, and there was no room for pity, wicked wretch that I was! I wanted, methought, sometimes to lower you.—Don't you hate me now?

No, no, my Emily; my Pity, as you say, increases my Love of you. Proceed, child, your mind is the unsullied book of nature: Turn to another Leaf. Depend upon my kindest allowances. I knew, before you knew it yourself, that you loved your guardian.

Before I knew it myself! Why that might be. So I went on reasoning with myself—'What, Emily, canst thou love thy guardian more; and Lady Grandison, with all her goodness to me, not more—And canst thou mingle envy with admiration of her?—Ah, silly, and worse than silly, girl, where may this end?—Lord bless me! If I suffer myself to go on thus, shall I not be the most ungrateful of creatures? Shall I not, instead of my guardian's love, incur his hatred? Will not all the world despise me?—And where may this stop?'—Yet I went on excusing myself; for I knew I had no vile meaning: I knew I only wanted my guardian to love me, and to be allowed to love him. But what! thought I, at last, *can* I allow myself in loving a married man, the husband of my friend? And sometimes I trembled at the thought; for I looked back; and said to myself, 'Wouldst thou, Emily, a year

ago, have allowed in thyself but the same lengths that thou hast now run?'—No; answered I my own question. 'Is not this a fair warning of what may be a year hence?'—So I put a case, to Dr. Bartlett, as of three persons of my Anne's acquaintance, two young women, one young man, living in one house: The young man contracted to one of the young women; the other knowing it; and tho' a person incapable of a criminal thought, yet finding an increasing regard for the young man, tho' she dearly loved her friend, began to be afraid her heart was not quite as it should be: What, I asked, as for my Anne's friend, would he advise in the case?

And what, my dear, was the Doctor's advice?

I was a silly creature to put it to him. As I said, he certainly must guess. If you, madam, *could*, without such a case put, he certainly must. We young girls think, if we put our hands before our eyes, nobody can see us. In short, the Doctor pronounced the increasing regard to be a beginning Love. The consequence would be, that the young woman would in time endeavour to supplant her friend; tho' at present she might probably shudder at the thought. He bid me tell Anne to warn her acquaintance against the growing flame. He said, she might entangle her own heart, and, without gaining her end, render unhappy a couple, who, according to my representation from my Anne, deserved to be happy: And he advised, by all means, that she should leave the contracted couple to themselves, and for her own honour's, her own heart's sake, remove to as great distance from them as possible.

Believe me, madam, I was shocked, I was frightened at myself: I threw the papers in the fire; and have been, ever since I read them, more unhappy than usual. My dear Lady Grandison, then thought I, I will, if you give me encouragement, open my heart to you. You will hear of my folly, my weakness, one day or other.—And now, dear good madam, forgive me: Keep my secret; and advise me what to do.

What, my dearest creature, *can* I advise you? I love you. I ever will love you. I will be as careful of your honour as of my own. I will endeavour to cultivate your guardian's affection to you.

He never, madam, I hope, guessed at the poor Emily's folly.

He never mentioned you to me, but with love and tenderness.

Thank God!—But say, advise me, madam; my heart shall be in your hand; guide it, as you please.

What, my dear, did you think of doing yourself?

I must not think of living with you now, madam.

Why not? You shall find me ever your true friend.

But I am sure Dr. Bartlett's advice to Anne's acquaintance is right. I tell you, madam, that I must every day, and every hour of the day, that I see his tender behaviour to you; that I behold him employ'd

in acts of beneficence; that I see every one adoring him; admire him more. I see that I am less my own mistress than I thought it was possible I could be: And if such a girl as I, have so little command of myself, and his merit every hour spreading itself out before me with increasing lustre, my weak eyes will not be able to bear his glory—O madam, I ought to fly; I am resolved, whatever it cost me, to fly.

How I admired, how I pitied, how I loved, the dear creature! I clasped both my arms about her, and pressing her to my bosom—What can I say, my Emily? What *can* I say? Tell me, what would you wish me to say?

You are wise, madam: You have a tender and generous heart: O that I were half as good!—Advise me something—I see the folly of my wishing to live with you and my guardian.

And is it necessary, my dear, to a conquest of yourself, that we should not live together?

Absolutely so: I am convinced of it.

Suppose, my dear, you go to the London house, and put yourself under Mrs. Grandison's protection?

What, madam, my guardian's house still?

I hope a few weeks absence, by help of a discretion of which you have, in the present conversation, given shining proofs, will answer all we wish; since you never, my dear, could have thought but of admiring, and that at distance, the great qualities of your guardian.

I have, 'tis true, but just found myself out, I never could have hope of being looked upon in any other light, than as his daughter; and I hope, I have made the discovery in time. But I must not be with him in his own house. I must not be in the way of his constant conversation.

Admirable discretion! Amiable innocence!—Well then suppose you request Lady L. Lady G—

Ah, no, no! That would not do, neither. My guardian would be the continual subject of our conversation; and often, very often, his brotherly goodness would lead him to them; them to him.

Charming fortitude! Heroic Emily! How I admire you! I see you have thought attentively of this matter. What *are* your thoughts?

Can't you guess?

I know what I wish—But you must speak first.

Don't you remember what the blessed Mrs. Shirley (I must call her blessed!) said to me on your wedding-day, in the vestry?

I do, my dearest Emily! And are you inclined—

Shall I be received, madam, as a second Harriet in your family? It would be my ambition to tread in your steps at Selby-house and Shirley-manor; to hear *from* you; to write *to* you; to form myself by the model, by which *you* were formed; to be called by Mrs. Shirley, by Mrs. Selby, *their* Emily.

How you would rejoice them all, my Emily! and, if we must part, *me*, to have my Emily be to my dearest friends what their Harriet so happily was!

But, madam, will you undertake to procure my guardian's consent? I will endeavour it.

Endeavour it! Then it is done. He will deny you nothing. Will good Mrs. Shirley consent?

I have no doubt but she will, if your guardian do.

Will Mrs. Selby, will Mr. Selby, be *my* uncle and aunt?

We will consult them: They are happily with us, you know.

But, madam, there is one objection; a very great one.

What is that, my Love?

Your cousin James Selby! I should respect him, as your cousin, and as the brother of the two Miss Selby's: But that is all.

I never, my dear, approved of any motion of that kind. Not one of my friends think of it: They wish it not. He has met with discouragement from every one of my family, and his own: He submits to the discouragement.

Then, madam, if you please to break the matter to Mr. and Mrs. Selby; and to Mrs. Shirley, without letting them know the poor girl flies to them as for refuge against herself; and satisfy Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, that I mean nothing of slight to them; then will I attend Mr. and Mrs. Selby in their return home: And I shall be in a while a very happy girl, I doubt not. But still remember, madam, I must love my guardian: But it shall be with a Love that shall not exclude Lady Grandison from a large share of it; the *largest*, if I can. And now, clasping her arms about my neck, let me beg your pardon for all the strange things I have said. My heart will be the easier for having found a confidant, such a confidant, however, as no girl ever found before—But in this instance of goodness, you more than equal Lady Clementina herself; and a thousand, thousand thanks for your patience with me on such a subject!—Yet say, say, my dear Lady Grandison, you don't hate the poor girl, who has the vanity to emulate you and Lady Clementina!

I wept over her from joy, pity, tenderness.

Will you not, my dear grandmamma, love my Emily more than ever? Will you call her *your* Emily, and think of her, as your Harriet?

Lady L. Lady G. will you excuse the preference she has given to quiet Northamptonshire, against noisy London, and its gay scenes, at so young a time of Life?—*Excuse* it! I am sure you will think that the reason she has given for the preference, lifts her up above woman.

Monday, Feb. 5

I have already obtained my uncle's and aunt's, and Lucy's, high approbation of Emily's proposal. They, at her request, asked Sir Charles's consent, as a favour. He desired to see her upon it. She came in, bashful, her steps unassured, looking down. He took her hand: My good Emily, said he, I am told that you have a desire to restore to Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Mr. Selby, the grand-daughter and niece I have robbed them of. They rejoice in your proposal. You will be exceedingly happy in their protection. My Harriet will be loth to part with you; but for their sakes, as well as yours, she will cheerfully acquiesce: And, though we wanted it not, we shall have an additional pleasure in visiting Northamptonshire.—It is your deliberate choice, my dear?

It is, Sir: And I hope I may be allowed to accompany Mrs. Selby down.

Settle the matter, Ladies, among yourselves. I have but one thing to add on the subject. You have a Mother, my dear. We must not absolutely resolve till we have her consent. She is good now: You must make a compliment to my sisters, and their Lords also, and to my aunt Grandison: They love my ward: And she must preserve every worthy person's Love.

The dear girl courtesied; wept—You are all—all goodness, Sir.

If your mind should change, my dear, don't be afraid to signify the alteration. It will be the business of us all to make each other happy. You will be always dear to my Harriet. Recollect, mean time, if there be any-thing further in my power to oblige you.

O Sir! You must not (she ran to me, and in my bosom, weeping, spoke out her sentence) be too good to me!

I kissed the dear girl's forehead—Heroic Emily! whispered I, to confirm her in her heroism.

And thus already, my dearest grandmamma, is this material article settled. My aunt answers for your approbation; and Lucy for the pleasure that this acquisition, as I may call it, will give to Nancy, to Miss Holles's, and all our other kindred and acquaintance. But how, when the time comes, shall I part with her?

What, I wonder, will Sir Edward Beauchamp say to this?—He must get his dear friend's leave to visit with us Shirley-manor and Selby-house, which I hope we shall do twice a year at least.

My Uncle and Aunt, Lucy, and Mr. Deane, are exceedingly rejoiced on this occasion: How fond are they of Emily! She of them! This gives them a relation to each other, that I hope will produce a friendship which will last for ever.

My Aunt and Lucy have been asking my opinion, whether Sir

Charles did not discover something of the good girl's growing affection for him; so undisguisedly sincere as she always was, and for some time not suspecting herself; he so penetrating a man? Of this, said Lucy, I am sure, he would have seen it with half an eye, had any other man been as much the object of her regard.

If any-thing would induce me, said I, to think he did, it would be his ready acquiescence with her proposal, and from his being so little inquisitive after her motives for leaving us: The case, continued I, is of so nice a nature, that he never will say, even to me, what his thoughts are upon it, if such thoughts he has. And as to myself, it would be dealing with Emily less delicately than I was dealt with by the two noble sisters, should I presume to sound him on so nice a subject.

And indeed there never could be a man in the world that had a greater regard than he has to those real delicacies of our Sex, which border not upon what is called *Prudery*.

Mr. Lowther is gone to London: He has given into Sir Charles's wishes, to settle in this neighbourhood. He said, He liked the country: He had no particular attachment to any place; and made a fine compliment to Sir Charles on the occasion. I need not say, it was a just one.

My uncle, my aunt, write. Lucy has another long Letter almost ready. I have only further to say therefore, at this time, that I am and ever will be

Your most dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON

Sir Charles intends to write to you, madam, on Emily's proposal—My uncle, and aunt begin to be weary of us, as Sir Charles and I tell them: But they call us both unreasonable. God give us good news from Italy!

LETTER XVI

Lady GRANDISON, To Ladies L. and G.

Grandison-hall, Tuesd. Feb. 13

I WRITE to my dearest sisters now.

Nor will I ask you to send my Letters to my grandmamma for the present.

Lucy shall be left to entertain my Northamptonshire friends.

The inclosed translation of a Letter written by Signor Jeronymo, will give you the surprising news—surprising indeed—Poor, poor Lady!

I must tell you in my next, how we were all affected on the receiving it: No more at present can I add, but that I am, my dear Ladies,

Your ever affectionate Sister,

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XVII

Signor JERONYMO della PORRETTA, To Sir
CHARLES GRANDISON

My Grandison,

You will be surprised—astonished—The dear Clementina! How has she tarnished all her glory! A young creature of her nice honour!—Good God!—And must I her brother, your Jeronymo, expose his sister?

We gave into almost every wish of her heart. The dear *Scripturist* had requested a month's time to travel from place to place on the other side of the Apennines, partly in imitation of the daughter of the famous Israelitish General (*a*); and partly on pretence of establishing her health; implying, that she considered the meditated marriage as a sacrifice: And we had hopes at the end of it, that she would be brought to give her hand, not uncheerfully, to the Count of Belvedere, for whom she owned pity and gratitude.

We had consented to several trifling delays of her return to us before. Yet besought her to excuse us from allowing her to visit Rome and Naples; and she acquiesced with the reasons we gave her. She desired leave to take into her service, as a page, an English youth, the nephew of a gentleman of the English factory at Leghorn, who was well recommended by his uncle, on the enquiry Mrs. Beaumont, at our desire, made into his character. We, supposing her motive to be merely an innocent and grateful regard to the country of a man whom we could allow her to respect, consented. She accordingly took him; and he attended her in her excursions to Pistoia, Prato, Pratolina, Pisa, Sienna, &c.; to some of which places she was accompanied by Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies her friends. But being desirous to see the sea-coast from Piombino to Lucca, according to a plan she shewed; and talking of stretching to Genoa, when at Lucca; which was to conclude her excursions, and complete her month; she was left by those Ladies to be attended by her own servants: These, all but her page and Laura, she contrived (the high-soul'd Clementina stooped to art!) to send different ways, ordering them to meet her at Lucca; but, instead of going thither, took a short way to Leghorn; and there

(*a*) Jephthah. See Judges xi.

embarked on board an English ship ready cleared out, and bound for the port of London; and it had sailed three days, before it was known what was become of her. But then the contents of the following Letter, directed to Mrs. Beaumont, astonished that Lady, and her friends; as you will believe it did us, when it was transmitted to us in a Letter written by Mrs. Beaumont, acquainting us with the particulars of her excursions and flight; and the certainty, upon proper enquiries at Leghorn, that she was gone to England.

'Forgive me, my dearest Ladies; my dearest Mrs. Beaumont, particularly, forgive me! I am embarked in an enterprize, that will be enough my punishment. Pity me, therefore, as well as pardon me! The impending evil is always the most terrible. My heart is extremely averse to a married life. A fortnight of the month is expired, at the end of which I am expected to give my vows to a man not unworthy of them, could I think it in my power to make him happy, and could I be so myself in the prospects before me: But how can that be? Persuasion, cruel persuasion! A kneeling father, a sighing mother; generous, but entreating brothers; how, how can I resist you, if I go to dear, once *most* dear Bologna? All you, my friends, at Bologna, at Urbino, *everywhere*, forgive me! What have I not suffered before I came to the resolution that must be pursued, tho' repentance, when I have attained the proposed asylum, follow! My good Lord of B. forgive me also. Change your attachment. You deserve a better wife, than conscience, than honour, than justice (words that mean the same thing) tell me, can be made you, by the unhappy Clementina. She dare not add Della Porretta.—Ah my mother!'—

This Letter was left with a person at Leghorn, with orders, not to send it, till the vessel had sailed three days. We are all distracted; but most my mother.

For the sake of *her* peace of mind, we are come to a resolution to anticipate our summer's visit to you; and, unpropitious as the season is for such a journey, we shall set out next week accordingly. God give my mother strength to bear the fatigue! Courage she has, on *this* occasion, who never before could be brought to go by sea any-where: No, not to Naples, to visit her Giacomo, and his Lady, tho' in a more propitious season.

It was a long-laid scheme, we imagine; for she had dismissed her faithful Camilla, on her urging her to a change of condition. I am afraid the good woman was too sedulous in obeying the orders given her by my brother, to make use of every opportunity to inspire her with tender sentiments, in favour of the Count of Belvedere. Laura has for some time been her only favourite servant.

This youth, by name Antony Dagley, no doubt has managed this affair for her.

Mrs. Beaumont now recollects several circumstances, which, could she have suspected Clementina to be capable of such an enterprize, might have given her suspicion.

The vessel she is in, is called *The Scanderoon*: Alexander Henderson master.

How can the dear creature on her arrival in England look You, your Lady, your Sisters, in the face? What may she suffer, in such a voyage, at such a season! To what insults may she be exposed! So little as she knows of the English tongue! Laura not a syllable of it! Depending on the fidelity of a stranger-boy! So few changes of apparel as she had the opportunity to take with her!—Whether provided with any considerable sums of money, we know not! England, in her opinion, a nation of heretics!—Good Heaven! could Clementina della Porretta be guilty of such a rashness?

But what an averseness must she have to marriage! We have certainly been too precipitating. You cautioned us: Yet, I dare say, could not have believed, that our Clementina could have taken such a step. But, alas! we conclude, that it is owing more to the effects of her late unhappy malady, than to any other cause. When once the mind is disordered, there is danger, it seems, of its shewing itself, on extraordinary occasions, even after the cure is supposed to be perfected, capable of extravagance. Again I say, we have been too hasty.—Our brother Giacomo!—But he is the most disinterested of men. He would not otherwise be so urgent as he is for her *marriage*.

Dear, dear creature! How my heart bleeds for the distresses she may be thrown into!—But they cannot be equal to those which her mother feels for her. Clementina knows how much the lives of her father and mother are bound up in hers. But I repeat, she must be under the influences of her former malady, or never, never, could she have done an act, that she must know would wound our very souls.

From the lights I have held out, we hope you will be able to find her before she can have suffered more than the inconveniencies of the voyage; before she can have wanted money, or other conveniencies. If you do, your sisters will give the rash one countenance and protection till we can arrive.

Our company will be, my Father, Mother, the Bishop, your Jeronymo, Father Marescotti, and our two cousins Sebastiano and Julianio. Mrs. Beaumont has the goodness, purely from motives of charity, to accompany my mother. Poor Camilla, almost as inconsolable as my mother, attends her Lady.

We must give you the trouble of hiring for us as large a house as you can procure. The circumstances we are in, allow us not to think of any-thing more than common convenience, and to be incognito.

Our two cousins above-named may be in lodgings, if room be wanted.

We shall have no more than necessary attendants.

A lesser house, or handsome lodgings will content the Count of Belvedere.

These cares for us, my dear Grandison, we must throw upon you: Yet, if my Lowther be in England, he will be so kind as to ease you of part of them. You will have concern enough in sharing ours, for the occasion which carries us to you, so much sooner than we intended, and in an inconvenient season; circumstances that will sufficiently demonstrate the distress we are in.

The vessel we have hired, is called, *The Leghorn Frigate*. The master's name is Arthur Gunning. If we are favoured in our voyage, the master hopes to be in your river Thames in about three weeks from our embarking.

God give us, my Grandison, a meeting not *unhappy*! May we find the dear fugitive safe in your protection, or under the wings of one of your noble sisters!

I hope this unhappy affair will produce no uneasiness between your Lady and you. If it should, what an additional evil would the dear rash one have to answer for!

The General is too much incensed against the unhappy girl, to think of accompanying us, could he obtain permission of his sovereign.

The least reparation the dear creature can make us, the Bishop says, is, cheerfully to give her vows to the good Count of Belvedere, who looks forward to the issue of this affair, as the crisis of his fate.

I hardly know what I have written; nor how to leave off. It is to *you*, our dear friend, our consoler, our brother, and, let me add, our refuge, next to that Almighty, who we hope will guide us in safety to you, and give an issue not greatly derogatory to the glory of our sister, and family. Join, my Grandison, your prayers with ours, to this purpose. Noblest of friends, Adieu!

JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA

LETTER XVIII

Lady GRANDISON, To Ladies L. and G.

Wedn. Febr. 14

LET me now give you the promised particulars.

As we, and our beloved guests, were at dinner on Monday, all harmony, all love; the dear Emily laying out the happy days she hoped to see in Northamptonshire; Sir Charles using generous arguments to prevail on my uncle and aunt to stay a little longer with him; the Letter, the affecting Letter, was given into Sir Charles's hands: 'From my

Jeronymo!' said he, looking at the superscription. Asking excuse, he broke it open, and, casting his eye upon the first lines, he started; and bowing to his guests, and to me, he arose from table, and withdrew to his Study.

We had not half dined. I urged our friends, but could not set them the example; and we arose by consent, and went into the adjoining drawing room.

Sir Charles soon joined us there: His face was in a glow: He seemed to have struggled for a composure, for our sakes, which, however, he had not obtained.

I looked upon him with eyes, I suppose, that had speech in them, by his taking my hand, and saying, Be not surprised, my Love: You will soon have guests.

From Italy! From Italy, Sir?—'Yes, my life'—Who? Who, Sir?

Dr. Bartlett was with us. He besought him to give a translation of that Letter. The Doctor retired to do it: And Sir Charles said, It is not impossible but Clementina may be soon in England: Perhaps before the rest of her family. Be not surprised (for we all looked upon one another): Dr. Bartlett will give you the contents of the Letter. Oblige me, my dearest Love, with your hand.

He led me into his Study; and there, in the most tender and affectionate manner, acquainted me with the contents of the Letter.

My dearest Harriet, said he, his arms encircling my waist, will not, cannot doubt the continuance of my tenderest Love. I am equally surprised and disturbed at the step taken. God preserve the dear Clementina! Join your prayers with mine for her safety. You can pity the unhappy Lady: She is, I am afraid, desolate and unprotected: You can pity her *equally* unhappy friends. They are following her: They are all good: They mean well. Yet over-persuasion, as you lately observed, in such a case as hers, is a degree of persecution. In the unhappy circumstances she had been in, she *should* have had time given her. Time subdues all things.

Let me beseech you, Sir, said I, to give the unhappy Lady your *instant* protection. Consider me as a strengthener, not a weakener, of your hands, in her service. I have no concern but for her safety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occasion. Dear Sir, let me by participation lessen it.

Soul of my Soul, said he, clasping me more ardently to his bosom, I had no doubt of your generous goodness. It would be doing injustice to the unhappy *absent*, and to the knowledge I have of my *own heart*, as well as to *you*, the absolute mistress of it, did I think it necessary to make professions of my unalterable, my inviolable Love to you. I will acquaint you with every step I take in this arduous affair. You must advise me as I go along. Minds so delicate as yours and Clementina's,

must be allied. I shall be sure of my measures when I have the approbation of my Harriet. All *our* friends (They have discretion) shall be made acquainted with my proceedings. I will not leave a doubt upon the mind of any one of them, that my Harriet is not, as far as it is in my power to make her, the happiest of women.

What, Sir, is the date of the Letter?—He looked; It has no date, my dear. Jeronymo's grief—The Lady, Sir, said I, may be arrived. Leave me here at Grandison-hall, with my friends: I will endeavour to engage their stay a little longer than they had designed; and do you hasten up to town: If you can do service to the unhappy Lady, destitute as you apprehend she is at present of protection, and exposed to difficulties and dangers, your Letters shall be, if possible, more acceptable to me, than even the presence of the man who is as dear to me as my own soul.

I was raised. It was making me great, my dear Ladies, to have it in my *power*, as I may say, to convince Sir Charles Grandison, that my compassion, my love, my admiration of the noblest of women, was a *sincere* admiration and love.

How happy a man am I! said he. You have anticipated me by your goodness. I will hasten up to town. You will engage your friends. The man whose Love is fixed on the *mind*, all loveliness as is the admirable person that thus I again press to my fond bosom, must be as happy as a mortal man can be!

He led me back to the expecting company: Who all stood up, as by an involuntary motion, at our entrance: each person looking eager to know our sentiments. The Doctor had not finished the translation: But Sir Charles sent up for the Letter; and begged of the Doctor, who brought it down himself, to read it in English to us all. He did so.

What, my dear Ladies, was there of *Peculiarity* in my generosity, as your brother was pleased to call it?—My uncle, my aunt, my Lucy, Mr. Deane, all, *before* Sir Charles could well speak, besought him not to suffer their being here to be one moment's hindrance to his setting out for London.

He generously applauded me to them for what had passed between us in his Study, and told them, he would set out early in the morning, if they would promise to keep me company here.

They said, they would stay as long as their convenience would permit; and the longer, that he might be the easier on such a generous call to town.

One thing, dear Sir, said I, let me beg; Let not the sweet fugitive be *compelled*, if you can help it, to marry. Let not advantage be taken, as they seem, by a hint in this Letter, inclined to take it, of this seeming rash step, to make her compliance the condition of their forgiveness and reconciliation.

He called me his generous, his noble Harriet; repeated, that he would be governed by my advice, and that then he should be sure of his footing.

Your brother set out early this morning for London: Join your prayers, my dear Ladies, with his and mine, and with those of all our friends here, for a happy issue to the present afflictions of the dear Clementina. How I long, yet half-fear, to see her! Shall I, do you think, be able to see her, without being apprehensive, that she will look upon me as the invader of her right? She was undoubtedly his first Love.

Your brother communicated to me his intention of completing the furnishing of the new-taken house in Grosvenor-square, which was before in great forwardness, and to have it well aired for the reception of his noble friends. He will acquaint his sisters with his further intentions, as occasions arise. God succeed to him his own wishes!—He may be trusted with them.

Adieu, my dearest Sisters! How proud am I, that I can indeed call you so, by the name of

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XIX

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady GRANDISON

St. James's Square, Thursday Feb. 15

My dearest Life,

On my arrival here last night I found a long Letter, dated Sunday last, from the unhappy Lady, whom we both so much admire and pity. The contents too well confirm her wandering state of mind, and account for the steps she has taken. I will send you the Letter itself as soon as I have seen her, and can prevail upon her to put herself into my protection. Till the hope of a happier state of mind shall dawn upon us, the contents of it will afflict you.

She has been ten days in England: I wrote to her last night, to beg her to admit me to her presence.

She expresses in her Letter a generous joy in our happiness, and in the excellent character which she has heard of the beloved of my heart; of *every* heart. In the midst of her affecting wanderings, she preserves the greatness of mind that ever distinguished her. She wishes to see you; but unknown to us both.

It would not be difficult perhaps to find out the place of her abode; but she depends on my honour, that I will not attempt it: Clementina loves to be punctiliously observed.¹ In the way she is in, she must be

soothed, and as little opposed as possible. She thinks too highly of my character, and apprehends that the step she has taken, has lowered her own. She has great sensibility, and only *sometimes* wanders into minutenesses that her circumstances, which I find are not happy, oblige her to attend to. I have great hopes, that I shall be able to sooth, conciliate, and restore her; her mind seems not to be deeply wounded. God enable me to quiet the heart of the noblest of your Sisters! Forgive me for my two beloved Sisters. *They* will, if *you* do.

I hope our dear friends will make themselves and you happy, at Grandison-hall. This cloud passed away, if God preserve us to each other, and our friends to us, all our future days must be serene: At least as far as it is in my power, they shall be so to my Harriet. Professions would disgrace *my* Love, and *your* merits. All that your own heart can wish me to be, that, if I know it, will I be; for am I not the happy husband of the best and most generous of women; and, as such,

Wholly Yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER XX

Lady CLEMENTINA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

[*Mentioned in the preceding*]

Tuesday, Febr. 13. O. S.

BY this time, it is very probable, you have heard of the rashest step that the writer of these presents! (chequer'd and unhappy, as the last years of her life have been) ever took. She knows it to be rash: She condemns herself for taking it. She doubts not but she shall be condemned by every-body for it: Nor is she sure, that she shall have the better opinion of your justice, if you are not one of the severest of her censurers: For you are a good man. Your goodness, I hear, fills every mouth in this your own country; and it is not one of your least praises, that you did your duty in the strictest manner, to a Father, who was wanting in his to his whole family. It is, it seems, your principle, that where a duty is reciprocal, the failure in it of the one, acquits not the other for a failure in his. How then can I appear before you? I am cover'd with blushes at the thoughts of it—I, who am a runaway from the kindest, the most indulgent, of parents—God forgive me!—Yet, can I say, I repent?—I *think*, I can.—But at best, it is a conditional repentance only, that I boast.

I am here in your England; I cannot, cannot, tell you where; in a low condition; my fortune scanty; my lodgings not very convenient;

two servants only my attendants; Laura (you remember *her*) one; weeping every hour after her friends, and our Italy: My other you know not—My page he was called in the days of my state, as I may, comparatively, call them; but now my every-thing: Poor youth! But he is honest, he is faithful. God reward him!—I cannot.

Yet in all this my depression of circumstances, if I may so express myself, and sometimes (too often indeed) of spirits; I think I am happy in the thought that I am a single woman.

Well, Sir!—And what can I say further? A thousand things I have to say: Too many, to know which to say first. I had better say no more. I am not, however, sure, I shall send you this, or any other Letter.

I have been ten days in this great, and, as it seems to me, ugly city: A vastly populous one: People very busy. I thought your London people were all rich—But what is this to write to you about?

I have been out but once, and that for an airing in one of your parks. I can't say, I like England, nor its people, much: But I have seen nothing of the one, or the other.

I live a very melancholy life: But that befits me best.

They tell me, that your churches are poor, plain things. You bestow more upon yourselves than you do upon your God: But perhaps you trust more to the heart, than to the eye, in the plainness of your places of devotion. But, again, what is all this stuff to you?—Yet, I am apt to ramble too-too much!

The truth is, I am not very well: So excuse me.

But do you know how it comes about, that having the best of fathers, the best of mothers, the most affectionate of brothers, I should yet think them persecutors? How it comes about, that I, who love them, who honour them, as much as daughter ever honoured parents, or sister ever loved brothers, should run away from them all, into a strange land, a land of heretics; yet once be thought a pious kind of creature? Do you know how this comes about?

Once there was a man—But him I renounced—But I had a good reason for it. And do you think I repent it? By my truth, Chevalier, I do not: I never did. Yet I think of nobody half so often, nor with half the pleasure: For, tho' a Heretic, he is a good man.

But hush! Dare I, in this country, say he is a Heretic? Perhaps, we Catholics are looked upon as Heretics here. Idolaters I know we are said to be—I grant that I had like to have been an idolater once—But let that pass. I believe we Catholics think worse of you Protestants, and you Protestants think worse of us Catholics, than either deserve: It may be so. But, to me, you seem to be a strange people, for all that.

Of one thing, my good Chevalier, methinks I should be glad.—Here I am told you are married: That I knew before I left Italy: Else, let me tell you, I never would have come hither: Yet I should

have got away rather than be married myself, I believe: But then perhaps it would have been to a Catholic country.

What was I going to say?—One thing I should be glad of: It is to see your Lady; but not if she were to see me. I came with very few cloaths, and they were not the best I had at Florence: My best of all are at Bologna. My father and mother loved to see me dressed. I dressed many a time to please them more than to please myself. For I am not a proud creature: Do you think I am? You knew me once better than I knew myself: But you know little of me now. I am a run-away: And I know you won't forgive me. I can't help it. However, I should be glad to see your Lady. She dresses richly, I suppose. Well she may!

I am told, she is one of the loveliest women in England: And as to her goodness—there is nobody so good. Thank God! You know, Chevalier, I always prayed, that the best of women might be called by your name.

But Olivia, it seems, praises her; and Olivia saw her when she was a rambler to England, as, God help me! I am now.

But Olivia's motive and mine were very different. Olivia went to England in hopes of a husband—Poor woman! I pity her.

But, Chevalier, cannot I see your Lady, and she not see me? I need not be in disguise to see her. If you were with her, handing her, suppose, to church, (I would not scruple to croud myself into some unobserved corner of *your* church on such an occasion) you would be too proud of *her* to mind *me*: And you would not know me, if you saw me; for I would stoop in my shoulders, and look down; and the cloaths I should have on would be only an English linen gown and petticoat, unadorned by ribbands or gew-gaw—Not half so well dress'd as your Lady's woman:

But yet I should thank God, that you had not disgraced the regard I had once for you: I had a great deal of pride, you know, in that hope. Thank you, Sir, that you have married so lovely and so deserving a woman. She is of a good family, I hope.

It was a great disappointment to me, when I came first to London, to find, that you were not there. I thought, some how or other, to catch a sight of you and your Lady, were it but as you stept into your coach; and I to have been in a chair, near, or even on foot: For, when I heard what a character you bore, for every kind of goodness; I, a poor fugitive, was afraid to see you. So many good lessons as you taught me, and all to come to this! Unhappy Clementina!

Where will your Ladyship (but I have forbidden that stile) choose to take up your residence? said Antony when we first landed (My servant's name is Antony; but you shall not know his other name). We landed among a parcel of guns, at the Tower, they called it, in a boat.

Laura answered for me; for he spoke in Italian; Somewhere near the Chevalier Grandison's, won't you, madam? I won't tell you what was my answer; for perhaps I am near the Thames—I don't want you to find me out. I beseech you, Chevalier, don't give yourself pain for me. I am a fugitive. Don't disgrace yourself in acknowledging any acquaintance with a creature who is poor and low; and who *deserves* to be poor and low; for is she not a runaway from the best of parents? But it is to avoid, not to get, a husband; you'll be pleased to remember that, Sir.

But, poor Laura—I am sorry for Laura; more sorry than for myself—My brother Giacomo would kill the poor creature, I believe, if ever she were to come in his way. But she is in no fault. It was with great reluctance she obeyed her mistress. She was several times as impertinent as Camilla. Poor Camilla! I used her hardly. She is a good creature. I used her hardly against my own nature, to make her the easier to part with me. I love her. I hope she is well. It is not worth her while to pine after me; I was an ungrateful creature to her.

My Antony is a good young man, as I told you. I think to save half his wages, and give the other half to raise Laura's, to keep her a little in heart. The poor young man hoped preferment in my service; and I can do nothing for him. It will behove me to be a good manager. But I will sell the few jewels I have left, rather than part with him, till he can get a better service. What little things do I trouble you with! Little things to you; but not quite so little to me now, as I have managed it. But so as I can do justice to this poor youth, and poor Laura, I matter not myself. What I have done is my choice: They had no option. I over-persuaded Laura, as my friends would have done me. I feel that sting: It was not doing as I would be done by. Very, very wicked in me! I dare say, you would tell me so, were you to find me out.

But, Chevalier, shall I send you, yes, or no, this scrawl, written to divert me in a pensive mood? I would not, if I thought it would trouble you. God forbid that your pupil Clementina should give you discomposure, now especially in the early part of your nuptials! Yet if I could so manage, as that you would permit your secretary (I would not ask the favour of your own pen) to send a few lines to some particular place, where my servant could fetch them unknown to you or any-body, only to let me know, If you have heard from Bologna, or Naples, or Florence (I was very ungrateful to good Mrs. Beaumont and the Ladies her friends) and how they all do; my father, mother (my heart at times bleeds for them) my dear Jeronimo, my two other brothers, and good Father Marescotti, and my sister-in-law whom I have so much reason to love; it will be a great ease to my heart; provided the account be not a *very* melancholy one: If it should, poor Clementina's days would be number'd upon twice five fingers.

I am put in a way—This shall be sent to your palace in town. You will order your secretary to direct his Letter, To George Trumbull, Esq; to be left till called for, at White's Chocolate-house in St. James's-street.¹ I depend upon your honour, Chevalier, that you will acquiesce with my desire to remain incognita, till I shall consent to reveal to you the place of my abode, or to see you elsewhere. I sign only

CLEMENTINA

LETTER XXI

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady GRANDISON

Saturday, Febr. 17

ALL day yesterday I was in pain that I heard not from Clementina. But I made myself as easy as I could in visiting my sisters, and their Lords, and my aunt Grandison. What blessings do they all pour forth on my Harriet! What compassion do they express for the dear fugitive! How do they long to see her!

Yesterday I received a Letter from her.

The copy of that to which hers is an answer; of hers; and of my reply; and her return to that; I inclose. You will read them to our friends in English.

You will find by the last of the four, that I am to be admitted to her presence. I would not miss a post, or I should have delayed, till the interview be over, the sending this to my Harriet. Hope the best, my dearest Love. The purity of your heart, and of Clementina's, and the integrity of my own, if I *know* my heart, bid us humbly hope for a happy dissipation of the present cloud, which, hanging over the heads of a family I revere, engages our compassion, and mingles a sigh with our joys.

Adieu, my best, my dearest Love. Answer for me to all my friends.

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady CLEMENTINA

[*Under Cover, To GEORGE TRUMBULL, Esq; &c.*]

St. James's Square, Wedn. night, Febr. 14

TEN days the noble Clementina in England, the native place of her fourth brother, her equally admiring and faithful friend; yet not honour him with the knowlege of her arrival!—Forgive me, if I call you cruel.—It is in your power, madam, to make one of the happiest

men in the world a very unhappy one; and you will effectually do it, if you keep from him the opportunity of throwing himself at your feet, and welcoming you to a country always dear to him, but which will be made still dearer by your arrival in it.

I have a Letter from your and my Jeronymo. I have a great deal to say to you of its contents; of your father, mother, brothers—But it must be *said*, not *written*. For God's sake, madam, permit me to attend you in company of one of my sisters, or otherwise, as you shall think best. You have in me a faithful, an indulgent friend. I am no severe man: Need I tell *you* that I am not? If you do not choose that any-body else shall know the place of your abode, I will faithfully keep your secret. You shall be as much the mistress of your own will, of your own actions, as if I knew not where to address myself to you. If ever you had a kind thought of your fourth brother, if you ever wished him happy, grant him the favour of attending you; for his happiness, I repeat, depends upon it.

I received our Jeronymo's Letter but yesterday. Tender and affectionate are the contents.

I have ridden post, to get hither this night, in hopes of being favoured with intelligence of you. In the morning I should have made enquiries at the proper places: But little did I think my Sister could have been so many days in town. Let not an hour pass after this comes to your hand, before you relieve the anxious heart of,

Dearest Lady Clementina,

Your most affectionate Brother,

and faithful humble Servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXIII

Lady CLEMENTINA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Friday morning, Febr. 16. O. S.

I RECEIVED yours but this moment. What can I say to the contents? I wish to see you; but dare not. Your happiness, you say, depends upon an interview with me. Why do you tell me it does? I wish you happy. Yet, if you wished me so, you would have told me how my dear friends in Italy do. This omission was designed. It was not generous in the Chevalier Grandison. It was made to *extort* from me a favour, which you thought I should otherwise be unwilling to grant.

But can you forgive the rash Clementina? God is merciful as well as just. You imitate him. But how can Clementina, humbled as she is,

be sunk so low, as to appear a delinquent, before the man she respects for a character which, great as she thought it before, has risen upon her since her arrival in England?

But, Sir, can you, will you, engage, that my friends will allow me to continue single? Can you answer, in particular, for the discontinuance of the Count of Belvedere's addresses? Can you procure forgiveness, not only for me, but my poor Laura? Will you take into your service, or recommend him effectually to that of some one of your friends, in some manner that is not altogether servile, the honest youth who has behaved unexceptionably in mine? For he wishes not to return to Italy.

Answer me these few easy and plain questions; and you will hear further from

CLEMENTINA

LETTER XXIV

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady CLEMENTINA

[*Under Cover, directed as before*]

Friday morn. Febr. 16¹

To the questions of dear Lady Clementina I answer thus—I will endeavour to prevail upon your parents, and other friends, to leave you absolutely free to choose your own state, without using either compulsion, or over-earnest persuasion.

Who, madam, can forbid the Count of Belvedere to hope? Leave him hope. If he has not the over-earnest entreaties of your own relations to give weight to his addresses, it will be in your power to give him either encouragement or despair.

I will engage for the joyful reconciliation to her of all the dear Clementina's friends. I am sure I can.

Laura shall be forgiven, and provided for by an annuity equal to her wages, if the continuance of her service be not accepted.

I will myself entertain your young man; and place and reward him according to his merits,

And now, madam, admit to the honour of your presence,

*Your Brother, your Friend, your ever-grateful
and affectionate humble Servant;*

CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXV

Lady CLEMENTINA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Sat. morn. Febr. 17

I DEPEND upon your honour, Sir, for the performance of the prescribed conditions: Yet, on meditating my appearance before you, I am more and more ashamed to see you. It was a great disappointment to me at my first arrival, that you were at your country-seat. At that time my heart was full. I had much to say, and I could have seen you then with more fortitude than now falls to my share. However, I *will* see you. To-morrow, Sir, about five in the evening, you will find at one of the doors on the higher ground, on the left hand going up St. James's street, from the Palace, as it is called, the expecting Laura, who will conduct you to

CLEMENTINA

LETTER XXVI

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady GRANDISON

Monday, Febr. 19

YOU requested me, my dearest Harriet, to write minutely to you. Now I have been admitted to the presence of Clementina, and have hopes that she will soon recover her peace of mind, I can the more chearfully obey you.

I was exactly at the hour at the appointed place. Laura guessed at my chair, and my servants, as they crossed the way; and stood out on the pavement, that I might see her. When she found she had caught my eye, she ran into the house, wringing her clasped hands—God be praised! God be praised! were her words, as I followed her in, in her own language. Laura can speak no other. Shew me, shew me, to your Lady, good Laura! said I, with emotion.

She ran up one pair of stairs before me. She entered the dining-room, as it is called. I stopt at the stairs head till I had Clementina's commands. Laura soon came out. She held open the door for me, courtesying in silence.

The drawn window-curtains darkened the room: But the dignity of Clementina's air and motion left me not in doubt. She stood up, supporting herself on the back of an elbow chair.

On one knee, taking her trembling hand; Welcome, thrice welcome to England, dearest Lady Clementina! I pressed her hand with my lips; and, rising, seated her: For she trembled; she sobbed; she endeavoured to speak, but could not for some moments.

I called to Laura, fearing she was fainting.

O that well-known voice! said she. And do you, *can* you, bid me welcome?—Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!—O Chevalier, lower not your unsullied character, by approving so unnatural a step as that which I have taken!

I *do* bid you welcome, madam! Your brother, your friend, from his soul, welcomes you to England.

Let me know, Chevalier, before another word passes, Whether I have a Father, whether I have a Mother?

Blessed be God, madam, you have both.

She lifted up her clasped hand: Thank God! God, I thank thee! Distraction would have been my portion, if I had not! I was afraid to ask after them. I should have thought myself the most detestable of parricides, if either of them had been no more.

They are in the utmost distress for your safety. They will think themselves happy, when they know you are well, and in the protection of your brother Grandison.

Will they, Sir? O what a paradox! They so indulgent, yet so cruel—I, so dutiful, yet a fugitive! But tell me, Sir; determined as I was against entering into a state I too much honour to enter into it with a reluctant heart, *could* I take any other step than that I have taken, to free myself from the *cruelty* of *persuasion*? O that I might have been permitted to take the veil!—But answer my question, Chevalier?

Surely, madam, they would *not* have compelled you. They always declared to me they would not.

Not compelled me, Sir! Did not my father kneel to me? My mother's eyes spoke more than her lips *could* have utter'd. The Bishop had influenced good Father Marescotti (against the interests of Religion, I had almost said) to oppose the wish of my heart. Jeronymo, your Jeronymo, gave into their measures: What refuge had I?—Our Giacomo was inexorable. I was to be met on my return from Florence to Bologna, by the Count of Belvedere, and all those of his house; the General was to be in his company: I had secret intelligence of all this: And I was to be received as an actual bride at Bologna, or made to promise I would be so within a few days after my arrival. My Sister-in-law, my only advocate among my Italian friends, pitied me, it is true: But, for that reason, she was not to be allowed to come to Bologna. I was at other times denied to go to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples—*Could* I do otherwise than I have done, if I would avoid profaning a Sacrament?

My dearest sister Clementina *sometimes* accuses *herself* of rashness, for taking a step so extraordinary. At this moment, does she not receive her brother in darkness? Whence this sweet *consciousness*? But what is done, *is* done. Your Conscience is a Law to you. If that

accuse you, you will repent: If it acquit you, who shall condemn?—Let us look forward, madam. I approve not of the vehemence of your friends persuasions. Yet what parents ever meant a child more indulgence; what brothers, a sister more disinterested affection?

I own, Sir, that my heart at times misgives me. But answer me this: Are you of opinion that I ought, at the instance of my parents and brothers, however affectionate, however indulgent in all other instances, to marry against inclination, against justice, against conscience?

Against any one of these you ought not.

Well, Sir, then I will endeavour to make myself easy as to this article. But will you undertake, Sir, (A woman wants a protector) to maintain this argument for me?

I will, madam, and shall hope for the more success, if you will promise to lay aside all thoughts of the veil.

Ah, Chevalier!

Will my dearest Sister answer me one question? Is it not your hope, that by resisting their wishes, you may tire out opposition, and at last bring your friends to consent to a measure to which they have always been extremely averse?

Ah, Chevalier!—But if I could get them to consent—

Dear madam! is not *their* reasoning the same—If they could get *you* to consent?

Ah, Chevalier!

May not this be a contention for months, for years? And—

I know, Sir, your inference: You think that in a contention between parents and child, the child should yield. Is not that your inference?

Not against reason, against justice, against *conscience*. But there may be cases, in which *neither* ought to be their own judge.

Well, Sir, you that have yielded to a plea of conscience (God *has* blessed you, and may God *continue* to bless you, for it!)—

Admirable Clementina!

—Are fit to be a judge between us—You shall be mine, if ever the debate be brought on.

No consideration, in that case, shall byas me!—But may I not hope, that the dear Lady I stand before, will permit me to behold a person, whose mind I ever revered?

Laura, said she, let the tea be got ready: I have been taught to drink tea, Sir, since my arrival. The gentlewoman of the house is very obliging. Permit me, Sir, to withdraw for a few moments.

She sighed as she went out, leaning upon Laura.

Laura returned soon after with lights. She set them on the table; and giving way to a violent emotion, O Milord Grandison, said the

poor girl, falling down, and embracing my knees: For the blessed Virgin's sake, prevail on my Lady to return to dear, dear Bologna!

Have patience, Laura: All will be well.

I, the unhappy Laura, shall be the sacrifice. The General will kill me—O that I had never accompanied my Lady in this expedition!

Have patience, Laura! If you have behaved well to your Lady, I will take you into my protection. Had you a good voyage? Was the master of the vessel, were his officers, obliging?

They were, Sir; or neither my Lady or I should have been now living. O Sir, we were in a dying way all the voyage; except the three last days of it. The master was the civillest of men.

I asked after her fellow-servant, naming him from Jeronymo's Letters. Gone out, was the answer, to buy some necessaries! O Sir, we live a sad life! Strangers to the language, to the customs of the country, all our dependence is upon this young man.

I asked her after the behaviour and character of the people of the house (a widow and her three daughters) that if I heard but an indifferent account of them, I might enforce by it my intended plea to get her to Lady L's. Laura spoke well of them. The Captain of the vessel who brought them over, is related to them, and recommended them, when he knew what part of the town her Lady chose.

What risques did the poor Lady run! Such different people as she had to deal with, in the contrivance and prosecution of her wild scheme; yet all to prove honest; how happy! Poor Lady! how ready was she to fly from what she apprehended to be the nearest evil! But she could not be in a capacity to weigh the dangers to which she exposed herself.

Often and often, said Laura, have I, on my knees, besought my Lady to write to you. But she was not always well enough to resolve *what* to do; and when she was sedate, she would plead, that she was afraid to see you: You would be very angry with her: You would condemn her as a rash creature: And she could not bear your displeasure: She was conscious that the act she had done, bore a rash, and even a romantic, appearance: Had you been in town, Antony should have made enquiries at distance, and she might have yielded to see you: But for several days her thoughts were not enough composed to write to you. At last, being impatient to hear of the health of her father and mother, she *did* write.

Why stays she so long from me, Laura? Attend your Lady, and tell her, that I beg the honour of her presence.

Laura went to her. Her Lady presented herself with an air of bashful dignity. I met her at her entrance—My Sister, my Friend, my *dearest* Lady Clementina, kissing her hand, welcome, welcome, I repeat, to England. Behold your fourth Brother, your Protector:

Honour me with your confidence: Acknowledge my protection. *Your* honour, *your* happiness, is dear to me as my life.

I led her trembling, sighing, but at the moment speechless, to a seat, and sat down by her, holding both her hands in mine: She, struggled for speech: Compose yourself, madam: Assure yourself of my tenderest regard, of my truest brotherly affection.

Generous Grandison! *Can* you forgive me? *Can* you from your heart bid me welcome? *I will endeavour* to compose myself. You told me I was conscious: Conscious indeed I am: The step I have taken has a disgraceful appearance: But yet will I not condemn, nor consent that *you* should, my motive.

I condemn not your *motive*, madam. All *will*, all *must*, be happy! Rely on my brotherly advice and protection. My Sisters, and their Lords, every one I love, admires you. You are come to families of Lovers, who will think themselves honoured by your confidence.

You pour balm into the wounds of my mind. What is woman when difficulties surround her! When it was too late, and the ship that I embarked in was under sail, then began my terror: *That* took away from me all power of countermanding the orders I had given; till the winds that favoured my voyage, opposed my return. Then was I afraid to trust myself with my own reflexions, lest, if I gave way to them, my former malady should find me out. But let me not make *you* unhappy. Yet, permit me to observe, that when you mentioned the kind reception I might expect to meet with, among your friends, you forbore to mention the principal person—What will *SHE* think of the poor Clementina? But be assured, and assure *her*, That I would not have set my foot on the English shore, had you *not* been married. O Chevalier! if I make you and her unhappy, no creature on earth can hate me so much as I shall hate myself.

Generous, noble Clementina!—Your happiness is indeed essential to that of us *both*. My Harriet is another Clementina! You are another Harriet! *Sister*—excellencies I have called you to her, to all her relations. In the Letter you favoured me with, you wished to know her: You *must* know her; and I am sure you will love her. Your wishes that she would accept of my vows, were motives with her to make me happy. She knows our whole history. She is prepared to receive you, as the dearest of her sisters.

Generous Lady Grandison! I have heard her character. I congratulate you, Sir. You have reason to think, that I should have been grieved, had you not met with a woman who deserved you. To know you are happy in a wife, and think yourself so, that no blame lies upon me for declining your addresses, will contribute more than I can express, to my peace of mind. When I have more courage, and my heart is eased of some part of its anguish, you shall present me to her.

Tell her, mean time, that I will love her; and that I shall hold myself everlastingly bound to her in gratitude, for making happy the man, whom once, but for a superior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made so.

She turned away her glowing face, tears on her cheek. My admiration of her greatness of mind, so similar to that of my own Harriet, would not allow me to pour out my heart in words. I arose; and, taking both her hands, bowed upon them. Tears more plentifully flowed from her averted eyes; and we were both for one moment speechless.

It would be injurious to a mind equally great and noble as that which informs the person of this your Sister-excellence, to offer to apologize for faithfully relating to you those tender emotions of hearts, one of them not less pure than my Harriet's; the other all your own.

I broke silence, and urged her to accept of apartments at Lady L's. Let me acquaint the gentlewoman of the house, I beseech you, madam, that to-morrow morning the sister I have named, and I, will attend you to her house. We will thank her *for you*, as you have almost forgotten your English, for the civilities which she and her daughters have shewn you: And I will make it my business to find out the honest Captain, who, Laura tells me, has been very civil to you also, and thank him too in the names of all our common friends, for his care of you.

I will think myself honoured, now you have encouraged me to look up, by a visit from either or both your sisters. But let me advise with you, Sir, Is the kind offer you make me, a proper offer for me to accept of? I shall be ready to take your advice—Little regard as I may seem, by the step I have taken, to have had for my own honour; I would avoid, if possible, suffering a first error to draw me into a second. Do you, Sir, as my brother and friend, take care of that honour in every step you shall advise me to take.

Your honour, madam, shall be my first care. I sincerely think this is the rightest measure you can now pursue.

Now pursue!—sighing.

This argument admitted of a short debate. She was scrupulous from motives too narrow for a Clementina to mention. I made her blush for mentioning them; and, in short, had the happiness to convince her, that the protection of the sister of her fourth brother was the most proper she could choose.

I went down, and talked to the gentlewomen below. They were pleased with what I said to them. They prayed for the Lady and her family, and for a happy reconciliation between them; for Antony had given them briefly her story.

I requested them to make my compliments to her relation Captain Henderson, and desire him to give me an opportunity to thank him in

person for his civility to a Lady beloved by all who have the honour of knowing her.

I went up again to the Lady; and sat with her most of the evening, Laura only attending us.

I talked to Clementina of Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies at Florence; and intimated, that her mother had prevailed on that Lady to come to England, in hopes, as she is an English woman, that her company would be highly acceptable to her. She blessed her mother! What an instance of forgiving goodness was this! she said, with tears of gratitude; and blessed Mrs. Beaumont for *her* goodness to her; and the Ladies at Florence for parting with one so dear to them.

I was happy throughout this latter conversation in her serenity; not one instance of wandering did I observe.

I chose not, however, so early, to acquaint her, with the intention of the dearest and nearest of her friends, to come over with Mrs. Beaumont; tho' I expressed my earnest hope, that if we could make England agreeable to her, I should have the honour of the promised visit from some of the principals of her family, before she left it.

This, my dearest Life, is a minute account of our interview. One of the greatest pleasures I *can* know is to obey the gentle, the generous commands of my Harriet.

This morning I attended Lady L. to breakfast with the excellent Lady, as proposed. My Sister and her Lord are charmed with their guest: Their guest she *is*: And Lady Clementina is as much pleased with them. She is every hour more and more sensible of the danger she has run; and censures herself very freely for the *rash* step, as she calls it herself.

She longs, yet is ashamed to see you, my dearest life; and listens with delight to the praises my Lord and Lady L. so justly give to my Harriet.

Monday afternoon

I have introduced Lord and Lady G. to Lady Clementina, at her own request; being assured, she said, that the place of her *refuge* would be kept secret by all my friends. Both sisters occasionally joining in praising my angel; How happy, said she, are those marriages which give as much joy to the relations on both sides as to the parties themselves!

Adieu, my dearest Love. With the tenderest affection I am, and ever will be,

Your most faithful and obliged

CH. GRANDISON

LETTER XXVII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation*

Thursday, Feb. 22

WE are as happy here, as we can expect to be; Lady Clementina in her state of suspense and apprehension; I without my Harriet.

You hinted to me once, my Love, something of our Beauchamp's regard for Emily. He just now, after more hesitations than I expected from my friend, opened his heart to me, and asked me to countenance his addresses to her. I chid him for his hesitation—and then said, Is my Beauchamp in this proposition so right as he generally is?—Emily, tho' tall and womanly, is very young. I am not a friend to *very* early marriages. You know as well as any man, my dear friend, the reasons that may be urged against such. Methinks I would give Emily an opportunity, as well for her husband's sake, whoever shall be the man, as for her own, to look round her, and make her own choice. The merit of Sir Edward Beauchamp, his personal accomplishments, and character, to say nothing of his now ample fortune, must make his addresses to *any* woman acceptable. You would not, I presume, think of marrying her, if you might, till she is eighteen or twenty: And would my Beauchamp fetter himself, by engagements to a girl; and leave *her* who at present can hardly give him the preference he deserves, no chance of choosing for herself, when at woman's estate?

He waved the discourse; and left me without resuming it. I am grieved, on recollection; for I am afraid he is not satisfied with me, for what I said.

My dearest Life, you must advise me. I will not take any important step, whether relative to myself or friends, but by your advice, and, if you please, Dr. Bartlett's. Whenever heretofore I have had time to take that good man's, I have been sure of the ground I stood upon. His has been of infinite service to me, as you have heard me often acknowledge. Yours and his, will establish my judgment in every case: But in this of Emily's, *yours*, my dear, for obvious reasons, I must prefer even to *his*. In the mean time I will seek Beauchamp. He shall not be angry with his Grandison!—But, good young man! Can it be, that he is really in love with such a girl as to years?

This I *dare* say; Beauchamp's principal regard cannot be to her fortune: His estate is unincumbered. I should think myself, as well as Emily, happy, and that I had performed all my duty by her, were I to marry her to such a man. But, methinks I want him to be *sooner* married, than I should wish my Emily to be a wife. I think you told me, that Emily at present has no thoughts of him—But you, my dear, must advise me.

Thursday afternoon

Sir Edward has just left me. He asked my excuse for having mentioned the above subject to me. It is at present in your power, Sir Charles, said he, to silence me upon it for ever. It might not have been so some time hence. I thought, therefore, on examining the state of my heart, it was but honourable to open it to you. Forbid me this moment to think of her, and I will endeavour to obey her guardian.

My dear friend! You know Emily's age—Would you willingly—I stopt that he might speak.

Stay for her? I would, Sir Charles, till you and she—He paused—Then resuming: My Love for her is not an interested Love. I would, if I might have your permission to make my addresses to her (and that should be by honest assiduities, before declaration) be wholly determined by your advice for the good of both. I would make your conduct to Lady Clementina, when you last went over, my pattern. I would be bound, *she* should be free. I never would be so mean as to endeavour to engage her by promises to me. My pride will set her free, whenever I perceive she balances in favour of another man.

But what, my excellent friend, shall we do? Can you condescend to court *two* women, Emily so young, for her *distant* consent?

What means Sir Charles Grandison?

I will read to you without reserve, what I had just written to my Harriet, on this topic; reciting to her, what passed in the conversation between you and me, a little while ago.

I read to him accordingly, what I wrote to you, my dearest Love. He heard me with great attention, not interrupting me once (nor did I interrupt myself); no not by apologies for the freedom of my thoughts, on the subject. And when I had done, he wrung my hand, and thanked me for my unreservedness, in terms worthy of our mutual friendship.

You see, my dear Sir Edward, said I, how I am circumstanced: What I have promised to my wife, is a Law to me, prudence and after-events not controuling. She loves Emily: She has a high regard for you. Women know women. Go hand in hand with her. I will save you the trouble of referring to me, in the progress of your application to my wife and Emily. My Harriet will acquaint me with what is necessary for me, as Emily's guardian, to know. I build on your hint of assiduities, in preference to an early declaration. *You*, my Beauchamp, need not be afraid of giving time to a young creature to look round her. Let me add, that Emily shall give signs of preferring you to all men, as I expect from you demonstrations of your preferring her to all women; or I shall make a difficulty, for both your sakes, of giving a guardian's consent: And remember also, that Emily has a mother;

who, tho' she has not greatly merited consideration, is her mother. We must do *our* duty, you know, my Beauchamp, in the common relations of life, whether *others* do theirs or not. But the address of a man of your credit and consequence cannot give you any difficulty there, when that of Miss Jervois's tender years is got over.

He was pleased with what I said. I asked him, If he approved of her motion to go down with Mrs. Selby and Lucy? Highly, he said; and as it came from herself, he thought it an instance of prudence in her, that few young creatures would have been able to shew.

Instance of prudence! my Love! How so! When, wise as our Northamptonshire relations are, Emily would have wanted no benefit that her choice can give her, were she to remain with us, in the instructions and example of my Harriet.—But, my dear Life, does Emily hold her mind to attend Mrs. Selby and Lucy into Northamptonshire? Let it be with her whole heart.

My cousin Grandison believes himself to be very happy. His wife, he says, thinks herself the happiest of women. I am glad of it. She has a greater opinion of his understanding, than she has of her own. This seems to be necessary to the happiness of common minds in wedlock. He is gay, fluttering, debonnaire; and she thinks those qualities appendages of *family*. He has presented her with a genealogical table of his ancestors, drawn up and blazoned by heraldry art. It is framed, glazed, and hung up in her drawing-room. She shews it to every one. Perhaps she thinks it necessary to apologize, by that means, to all her visiters, for bestowing her person and fortune on a ruined man. But what, in a nation, the glory and strength of which are trade and commerce, is gentility! What even nobility, where descendants depart from the virtue of the first enobling ancestor!

Lord and Lady G. have invited Lady Clementina to dinner tomorrow. She has had the goodness to accept of the invitation. Lord and Lady L. and my aunt Grandison, will attend her.

What, my dear, makes Charlotte so impatient (so petulant I had almost said) under a circumstance, which, if attended with a happy issue, will lay all us, her friends, under obligation to her? I asked once my Harriet, If Lord G. were as happy in a wife, as Charlotte is in a husband? You returned me not a direct answer. I was afraid of repeating my question, because I knew you would have cheerfully answered it, could you have done it to my wishes. I see in my Lord's behaviour to her, respect and affection even to fondness; but not the polite familiarity that becomes a wedded Love. Let her present circumstance be happily over, and she will find her brother's eye a more observant one, than hitherto she has found it. But be not, my dear, over-solicitous for the friend you so greatly value: True brotherly Love shall ever hold the principal seat in my heart, when I sit in judgment upon a Sister's conduct.

My fond heart throbs in expectation of soon presenting a Sister to each of the two noblest women on earth. Allow for the perplexity of Clementina's mind; and for the impolitic urgency of her friends; and you will not, when you see her, scruple to hold out to a Sister-excellence, not happily situated, the hand that blessed

Your ever-faithful,

CH. GRANDISON

LETTER XXVIII

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation

Sat. Feb. 24

THE arrival of the Leghorn-frigate is every day expected. The merchants have intelligence, that it put in at Antibes. If the journey by land from thence to Paris, and so to Calais, could be made favourable to my dear friend Jeronymo, I have no doubt but our expected guests landed there, at this season of the year, so unpropitious to tender passengers.

The house in Grosvenor-square is now, thanks to good Lord G. quite ready for their reception. There will be room, I believe, as they propose to be here incognito, and with only necessary attendants, for the Marquis and his Lady, for Mrs. Beaumont (who will be both their comforter and interpreter) for the two Brothers, and Father Mare-scotti. Saunders has already procured handsome lodgings for the Count of Belvedere. I wish with you, my Love, that the Count were not to accompany them. The poor Lady must not know it, if it can be avoided. The two young Lords, whom I invited when I was in Italy, must be more immediately our own guests, if my dearest Life has no objection.

Assure yourself, my generous Harriet, that the Lady shall not be either compelled, or too urgently persuaded, if I have weight with the family when they arrive. They shall not know where she is, nor see her, but by her own consent, and as I see their disposition to receive her as I wish. Excellent creature! what a noble solicitude is yours for her tranquillity of mind!

I have not yet been able to break to her the daily expectation I have of seeing in England her parents and brothers: Yet am uneasy, that she knows it not. I want courage, my Harriet, to acquaint her with it. I have more than once essayed to do it. Dear creature! she looks with so much innocence, and so much reliance upon me; and is, at times, so apprehensive!—I know not how to break it to her.

She depends upon my mediation. She urges me to begin a treaty

of reconciliation with them. I defer writing, I tell her, till I have seen Mrs. Beaumont. Little does she think they are upon their journey, and that I know not where to direct to them. She longs for Mrs. Beaumont's arrival; and hopes, she says, she will bring with her the poor Camilla, that she may have an opportunity to obtain her excuse for the harsh treatment she gave her: And yet Camilla, said she, was a teasing woman.

Were you ever sensible, my Harriet, of the tender pain that an open heart (yours is an open and an enlarged one) feels; longing, yet, for its friend's sake, afraid, to reveal unwelcome tidings, which, however, it imports the concerned to know? How loth to disturb the tranquillity which is built upon ignorance of the event! Yet that very tranquillity (contemplated upon) adding to the pain of the compassionating friend; who reflects, that when the unhappy news shall be revealed, Time, and Christian philosophy, only, will ever restore it to the heart of the sufferer!

Lord and Lady L. are endeavouring to divert their too thoughtful guest by carrying her to see what they think will either entertain or amuse her. To-morrow (Lady L. contributing to the dear Lady's proper appearance there) they purpose to attend her to the drawing-room. But hitherto she seems not to have a very high opinion of the country. If her heart could be easy, every thing would have a different appearance to her.

I have this moment the favour of yours of yesterday. If our kind friends *will* stay no longer with you at the Hall, do you, my dearest Love, as you propose, accompany them up. They are extremely obliging in proposing to give me here two or three days of their company, before they return to Northamptonshire.

My consent, my Harriet!—Why, if you have a choice of your own, do you ask it? I *must* approve of whatever you wish to do. Could I have been certain, I would have met my Love. But you will have many dear friends with you.

Tell my Emily, that I have had a visit from her Mother and Mr. O'Hara; and was so much pleased with them, that I propose on Monday to return their visit at their own lodgings.

Now I know I am to be soon blessed with the presence of my Harriet, I have given way to all my wishes: One of them is, Never to be separated from the joy of my heart. Such, I trust, will she ever be, to

Her grateful, ever-faithful,

GRANDISON

LETTER XXIX

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

London, Friday, March 2^d

AGAIN, my ever-honoured grandmamma, does your Harriet resume the pen. Lucy and my aunt, between them, have given you an account of every-thing that passed since my last.

We arrived last night. With what tenderness did the best of men, and of husbands, receive his Harriet, and her friends!

This afternoon, at tea, I am to be presented to Lady Clementina at Lord L's. Don't you believe my heart throbs with expectation? Indeed it does. Sir Charles says, *her* emotions are as great on the occasion.

What honour does my dear Sir Charles do to his Harriet! He consults her, as if he doubted his own judgment, and wanted to have it confirmed by hers. What happiness is hers, who marries a *good* man! Such a one will do obliging things for principle's sake: He will pity involuntary failings: He will do justice to good intentions, and give importance to all his fellow-creatures, because he knows they and he are equally creatures of the Almighty. What woman, who *thinks*, but will prefer a good man to all others, however distinguished by rank, fortune, or person? But my Sir Charles is a good man, and distinguished by all those advantages. What a creature should I be, blessed with a husband of a heart so faithful, and so well-principled, if I were not able to let my Love and compassion flow to a Clementina, tho' once (and indeed *for* that very reason) the only beloved of his heart!—Why are not *real* calls made upon me, to convince such a man, that I have a mind emulative of his own, at least of Clementina's? The woman who, from motives of Religion, having the heart of a Sir Charles Grandison in her hand, loving him above all earthly creatures, and all her friends consenting, could refuse him her vows, must be, in that act, the greatest, the most magnanimous, of women. But could the noble Lady have thus acted, my dear grandmamma, had not she been stimulated by that glorious Enthusiasm, of which her disturbed imagination had shewn some previous tokens; and which, rightly directed, has heretofore given the palm of martyrdom to Saints?

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We have just now been welcomed to town by Sir Edward Beauchamp. Sir Charles, on presenting him to me, thus expressed himself: You remember, my dearest Life, what I wrote to you of the last part of the conversation between Sir Edward and me, in relation to my

Emily. Your prudence, my Harriet, and love of the good girl; your discretion and generosity, Sir Edward; will join you together as counsellors and advisers of your Grandison. My Wife and my Friend cannot err in this instance, because you will both consider what belongs to the characters of a Guardian, and a Ward so beloved by you both; and, if you doubt, have Dr. Bartlett at hand.

My uncle, aunt, and Lucy, are determined to set out next Wednesday for Northamptonshire. Sir Edward desired to know of Sir Charles, If he had any objection to his attending them down? None at all, surely, was Sir Charles's answer.

Mr. Deane accompanies them, in order to adjust some matters at Peterborough, preparative to the favour he does us of settling with us or near us, for the remainder of his days. May that remainder be long and happy!

Sir Charles asked Emily just now, If she held her mind, as to going down? Indeed she did, she said: Her heart was in it; and she would go that instant to acquaint her mother with her intention, and to buy some things preparatory to her journey: She should take it for a great favour, she told Lucy, if she would go with her on both occasions.

Lucy has made to herself a great interest in Emily's heart. They are both sure they shall be happy in each other. My aunt loves her: So does my uncle. Who does not? I am sure *you* will, my dear grand-mamma, and pity her too. Dear pretty soul! She costs me now-and-then a tear. But had *I* not been in her way, it would have been worse. She could have no hope: I am sure she knows she could not. But what a sad gradation is there in that Love, which, tho' begun in hopelessness of succeeding, rises by self-flattery, to a possibility, then to probability, to *hope*; and, sinking again to *hopelessness*, ends in despair!—But how coolly I write on, for one who is by-and-by to see a Clementina!

I am waiting Sir Charles's kind leisure to carry me to Lady L's. He has Mr. Lowther with him just now; who, however, finding us engaged, will not stay.

Sir Charles approved my dress, as he passed by me to go to Mr. Lowther in the Study. He snatched my hand, and pressed it with his lips: My ever-lovely, my ever-considerate Harriet, you want no ornaments: But I was sure you would not give yourself any but those that flowed from a compassionate and generous heart, when you were to visit a Lady who at present is not in happy circumstances; yet is intitled by merit, as well as rank, to be in the happiest.

My aunt and Lucy long for my return, to have an account of the Lady, and what passes between us. How my heart—What is the matter with my heart?

LETTER XXX

*Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation**Sat. March 3^d*

LADY CLEMENTINA, my dearest grandmamma, must not, shall not, be compelled. If I admired, if I loved her before, *now* that I have seen her, that I have conversed with her, I love, I admire her, if possible, ten times more. She is really, in her person, a lovely woman, of middle stature; extremely genteel: An air of dignity, even of grandeur, appears in her aspect, and in all she says and does: Her complexion is fine without art: Indeed she is a lovely woman! She has the finest black eye, hair, eyebrows of the same colour, I ever saw; yet has sometimes a wildish cast with her eye, sometimes a languor, that, when one knows her story, reminds one that her head has been disturbed. Why, taking advantage of her Sex, is such a person to be controuled, and treated as if she were not to have a will; when she has an understanding, perhaps, superior to that of either of her *wilful* brothers?

When we alighted at Lady L's, I begged Sir Charles to conduct me into any apartment but that where she was. I sat down on the first seat. Lady L. hastened to me—My dearest sister, you seem disordered—Fie!—Lady Grandison, and want spirits!

Sir Charles (not observing my emotion) had left me; and went to attend Lady Clementina. She, it seems, was in some disorder. My Harriet (said he to her, as he told me afterwards) attends the commands of her Sister-excellence.

Call me not *Excellence!* Call me not her *Sister!* Am I not a fugitive in her eye, in every-body's eye?—I think, Chevalier, I cannot see her. She will *look down* upon me. I think I am as much afraid to see her, as I was at first to see you. Is there severity in her virtue?

She is all goodness, all sweetness, madam. Did I not tell you, that she is the Clementina of England?

Well, Sir, you are very good. Don't let me be unpolite. I am but a guest in this hospitable house—Else I would have attended her at the first door. Is she not Lady Grandison? Happy, happy woman!

Tears were in her eyes. She turned away to hide them. Then stepping forward; I am now prepared to receive her: Pray, Sir, introduce me.

She is not without *her* emotions, madam—She is preparing herself to see you. Love, compassion, for Lady Clementina, fills her bosom—I will present her to *you*.

Lady L. went to her. Sir Charles came to me.—My dearest Love, why this concern? You will see a woman you *cannot* fear, but must

love. She has been in the like agitations—Favour me with your hand.

No, Sir—That would be to insult her.

My dearest Life! forget not your own dignity [I started]; nor give *me* too much consequence with a Lady, who, like yourself, is all Soul. I glory in my wife: I cannot desert myself.

I was a little awed at the time; but the moment I got home, and was alone with him, I acknowledged his goodness and greatness, both in one.

He led me in. Lady L. only (at Sir Charles's request, for both our sakes) was present. The noble Lady approached me. I hastened to meet her, with trembling feet. Sir Charles, kissing a hand of each, joined them together. Sister-excellencies, I have often called you! Dearest of women, love each other, as I admire you both.

She threw her arms about my neck: Receive, O receive, to your Love, to your Friendship, a poor desolate! Till within these few days, a desolate indeed! a fugitive! a rebellious! an ingrate to the best of parents!

I embraced her—*Mistaken parents*, I have called them, madam—I have pitied them; but most I have pitied you—Honour me with your sisterly love. This best of men had before given me two Sisters. Let us be four.

Be it so, my dear Lady L. said Sir Charles, bringing her to us: And, clasping his arms about the three; You answer for the absent Charlotte and yourself; a fourfold cord that never shall be broken.

Sir Charles led us to one settee, again putting a hand of each together, and sitting down over-against us; Lady L. on the other hand of him. We were both silent for a few moments, each struggling with her tears.

My Harriet, madam, said Sir Charles, as I have told you, knows your whole story. You two are of long acquaintance. Your minds are kindred minds. Your griefs are hers: Your pleasures she will rejoice in as her own.—My Harriet, you now *see*, you now *know* by person, the admirable Clementina, whose magnanimity you so much admired, whose character, you have so often said, is the first among women.

We both wept: But her tears seemed tears of kindness and esteem. I put the hand which was not in hers, on her arm. I wanted courage; my reverence for her would not allow me to be so free, or it had again embraced the too conscious Lady. Believe me, madam (excuse my broken Italian) I have ever revered you. I have said often, very often, that your happiness, happy as I am, is necessary to complete mine, as well as Sir Charles Grandison's.

This goodness to me, a fugitive, an alien to your country; not a lover of your religion! O Lady Grandison, you must be as much all I have heard of you in your mind, as I see you are in your person.

Receive my thanks for making happy the man I wished to be the happiest of men; for well does he deserve to be made so. We were Brother and Sister, madam, before he knew you. Let me be *his* Sister still, and let me be *yours*.

Kindred minds, Sir Charles Grandison calls ours, madam. He does me honour. May I, on further knowlege, appear to as much advantage in your eye, as you, from what I know of you, do in mine; and I shall be a very happy creature!

Then you *will* be happy. I was *prepared* to love you. I love you already, methinks, with a passion that wants not further knowlege of your goodness to augment it. But can you, madam, look upon me with a *true* sisterly eye? Can you pity me for the step I have taken, so seemingly derogatory to my glory? Can you believe me unhappy, but not wicked, for taking it? O madam! my reason has been disturbed—Do you know that?—You must attribute to that, some of my perversenesses.

Heaven, dearest Lady Clementina, only knows how many tears your calamity has cost me! In the most arduous cases, I have preferred your happiness to my own. You shall know all of me, and of my heart. Not a secret of it, tho' yet uncommunicated to this dearest of men, will I conceal from you. I hope we shall be true Sisters, and true Friends, to the end of our lives.

My noble Harriet! said the generous man—Frankness of heart, my dear Clementina, is *her* characteristic. She means all she says; and will perform more than she promises. I need not tell *you*, my Love, what our Clementina is: You know her to be the noblest of women: Give her the promised proofs of your confidence in her; and, whatever they be, they must draw close the knot which never will be untied.

Already, thus encouraged, said the noble Lady, let me apply to you, madam, to strengthen for me the interest I presume to have in the friendship of Sir Charles Grandison. Let me not, Sir, let me not, I intreat you all three, be compelled to give my vows to any man in marriage. All of you promise me; and I shall with more delight look before me, than for a long, long time past, I thought would fall to my Lot.

You, madam, must concede a little, perhaps: Your parents must a little relax. Their reason, if you will not be too unconceding, shall not, if I am referred to, be mine, unless it is reason in every other impartial judgment. Would to Heaven they were at hand to be consulted!

What a wish! Then you would give me up! You are a good man: Will a good man resist the authority of parents, in favour of a run-away child? Dear, dear madam, clasping her arms about me, prevail

upon your Chevalier Grandison to protect me; to plead for me: He can deny *you* nothing: He will then protect me, tho' my father, my mother, my brothers, should all join to demand me of him.

My dear Lady Clementina, said I, you may depend on *your own* interest with Sir Charles Grandison. He has your happiness at heart, and will have, as much as I wish him to have mine.

Generous, noble, good Lady Grandison! how I admire you! May the Almighty shower upon you his choicest blessings! If *you* allow me an interest in his services, I *demand* it of you, Chevalier.

Demand it, *expect* it, be *assured* of it, my dear Lady Clementina. I want to talk with you upon your expectations, your wishes. As much as is practicable, whatever they are, they shall be mine.

Well, Sir, when then shall we talk?—To-morrow will be too soon for my spirits.

Do my Harriet then the honour of passing the day on Monday with her. The dear friends we have for our guests will choose to pass it with Lord and Lady G.—Yourself, Lady L. my Harriet, and I, will be all the company: You shall declare your pleasure, and that shall be a Law to me. At present, this affecting interview has discomposed us all; and we will retire.

Kindly considered! said she: You are in England what you were in Italy—I *am* discomposed. I have discomposed *you*, madam; to me. I was born to give trouble to my friends. Forgive me! I once was happy—I may hope, madam, to Lady L. your supporting presence at your brother's on Monday?

Lady L. bowed her assent. She understands Italian; but speaks it not.

The Lady stood up, yet trembling. I will withdraw, Ladies, Sir, if you please. My head seems as if bound round by a tight cord (putting her hand to her forehead). Then clasping her arms round me, thus in a high strain spoke she—Angel of a woman, gracious as the blessed Virgin Mother, benign, all that is good and great, I attend you on Monday. Adieu!—She kissed my cheek, I clasped my arms about her. Revered Lady Clementina!—I could say no more. Tears, and tenderness of accent, interrupted my speech. Lady L. conducted her to her own apartment, and left her to her Laura.

We sat down, admiring, praising, praying for her. Dear, dear Sir, said I, taking Sir Charles's hand, Lady Clementina must not be persuaded. Persuasion is compulsion. Why comes over the Count of Belvedere? If she knows it, I will not answer for her right mind.

My Uncle and Aunt, Lucy, Emily, were very curious after particulars, when we came home, as we did to supper.

Sir Charles left it to Lady L. to manage with Lady G. who he knew expected a day of our beloved guests; and he himself apologized to

them for the freedom he had taken of so disposing of them. They had the goodness to thank him for his freedom with them. But yet they long to see the admirable Lady, who could renounce the man of her choice from religious motives; yet love him still; fly to him for protection; yet be able to congratulate him on his marriage; and love his wife. She is great indeed! said my aunt.—Lucy praised my generosity—But what is that which is called generosity in me, who am in full possession of all my wishes, to that of Clementina?

Join, my dear grandmamma, in prayers for her happiness; the rather, as in it, from true affection, is included that of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XXXI

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Monday, March 5

LADY L. and Lady Clementina came, just as we were preparing for breakfast.

Lady L. had given her such an account of my friends, that she was desirous to see them, and, as she was pleased to say, to bespeak their favour to the poor fugitive. After the first salutations, she addressed my aunt Selby in French, being told that she spoke not Italian: You are happy, madam, said she, in a niece, who may challenge the world to shew her equal; and still more happy in her being blessed with such a husband. Merit is not always so well rewarded.—My aunt was struck with the manner as well as with the words.

She made a very pretty compliment to my uncle; who, having forgot his French, could only bow, and seem pleased. When Lucy was presented to her, as my uncle's niece, and my favourite correspondent, You must not, mademoiselle, said she, be angry with me, if I envy you.

To Emily, Happy, happy, young Lady! said she. I have heard of you in Italy. Mrs. Beaumont spoke honourably of you to me, more than once. We both called you happy in such a guardian.

She made polite compliments to Mr. Deane; and bespoke all their favour to her. How does every-body admire her!

I hope, my dear grandmamma, you don't think I forget my cousin Reeves's, tho' I mentioned them not before. I have already called in upon them twice: And they have, with the kind freedom of relations, dropt in upon us several times. They are invited guests at *Lord G's*: I won't say *Lady G's*, tho' every-body else does.

This is what I stole time to write, while Sir Charles is engaged in discourse with the Lady; and our guests are preparing to be gone to

Lord G's, Lady G. requesting my aunt's company early. She is the veriest coward! These brave spirits, she has said, are but flash. Indeed the very delicate, as well as very serious, and even solemn, circumstances, which attend her case, must make the liveliest woman, when the time approaches, *think!*—The inclosed note of hers to my aunt, brought late last night, is, however, in her usual stile:

YOU and Lucy must be here early To-morrow morning.

What wretched simpletons are we women! Daughters of gewgaw, folly, ostentation, trifle!—First, we shew our sorry fellow, when not disapproved, to our friends and relations; and take all their judgments upon him. If he has their opinion in his favour, every-body, be he what he will, will praise him; and give him riches, sense, ancestry, and I cannot tell what of qualities that perhaps we shall never find out. Then we shew our presents, our jewels, our laces; and a smile spreads the mouth, and a sparkle gladdens the eye, of every maiden that hangs admiring over them. Ah silly maidens! if you could look three yards from your noses, you would pity, instead of envying, the milk-white heifer dressed in ribbands, and just ready to be led to sacrifice.¹

Well, then, what comes next? Why, the poor soul, in a few months, by the time perhaps her gratulatory visits are half paid her, begins to find apprehension take place of security. Then are she and all her virgins employed in the *wretchedest* trifles—If I thought you had forgot them, I would give you a list of them—And the poor fools, wrapping up their jewels in cotton, with sighs that perhaps they have worn them for the last time, and doubtful whom they may next adorn, cover the decked-out milk-white bed with their baby-things. See here! and, See here! and, What is the use of this, and of that? asks the curious, and perhaps too fearless maiden. 'Why, this is for—' and 'That is for—' answer the matrons who have passed the Rubicon.

And to this is your Charlotte reduced!—Aunt Selby, Lucy, come early, that I may shew you my *baby*-things!—O dear! O dear! O dear!—and that you may be able to testify, that I had no design to overlay the little Marmouset. Adieu till ten to-morrow morning.

C. G.

The moment our guests were gone, Sir Charles came to me; and, leading me into my drawing-room, where the Lady was, Comfort, my Love, said he, your Sister.

I hastened to her (poor Lady! she was in tears, and even sobbing); and clasping my arms about her, Be comforted, be consoled, my dearest Lady Clementina.

O madam! my Father, my Mother, my Jeronymo, are every day expected; who beside, I know not: How shall I look my Father, my Mother, in the face!

Sir Charles withdrew. He was troubled for her. He sent in Lady L.

Your dear friend, madam, said I, and *my* dear friend, will protect you. Your father and mother would not have had the thoughts of taking so long and troublesome a voyage, had they not resolved to do every-thing in their power to restore you to peace, and to them.

So the Chevalier tells me.

At this time of the year, madam, such a voyage! your mamma so tender in her health! Such a dislike to the sea! Her whole motive is tenderness and love. She prefers your health, your tranquillity, to her own.

And is not this consideration enough to distress a grateful spirit?—Unworthy Clementina! To every relation, in every action, of late unworthy! What trouble hast thou given thy parents! I cannot, cannot bear to see them!—O my Lady Grandison, I was ever a perverse creature! Whatever I set my heart upon, I was uneasy, till I had compassed it. My pride, and my perverseness, have cost me dear. But of late I have been more perverse than ever. My heart ran upon coming to England. I could think of nothing till I came. I have tried that experiment. I am sick of it. I do not like England, now I see I cannot be unmolested here. But my favourite for years, was another project. That filled my mind, and helped me to make the sacrifice I did.—And here I am come to almost the only country in Europe, which could render my darling wish impracticable. Why went I not to France? I had with me sufficient to have obtained my admission into any order of nuns: And had I been once professed!—I will get away still, I think. Befriend me, my sister! I cannot, cannot, see my mother!

Sir Charles came in just then. I heard what you last said, madam, said he: Compose yourself, I beseech you. I dreaded to acquaint you with the expected arrival of your parents. But are they not the most indulgent of parents? You *have* nothing, you *shall* have nothing to fear, and you will have every-thing to hope, from their presence.

Will you engage for their allowing of a divine dedication, Sir? Will you plead that cause for me?

I cannot say what will, what can, be done, till I see them. But confide in my zeal to serve you, madam. Lord L's house, I repeat, shall be your asylum, till you shall consent to see them. I cannot be guilty of a prevarication: I will own to them, that I know where you are; but, till you give leave, you shall be as much concealed from their knowlege, as if you were still at your first lodgings, and I myself ignorant of your abode.

A man of honour, said she, her hands lifted up, is more valuable to

a woman in trouble, than all the riches of the East! But tell me now, tell me upon your never forfeited honour, whom, besides my *Father*, *Mother*, and your *Jeronymo*, do you expect?

My Lord the *Bishop*, madam—

Oh! Oh! said she, clapping her hands together, with an inimitable grace and eagerness—I am afraid—But whom else?

Father *Marescotti*—

The good man! will *he* think it worth his while—But for my father and mother's sake he will—Whom else?

Mrs. *Beaumont*, madam, never intended to set her foot on English ground again: But she has broken thro' her resolution, to oblige your mother.

Good Mrs. *Beaumont*!—But I am half afraid of her. Well, Sir?

Camilla, your poor *Camilla*, madam.

Poor *Camilla*! I used her hardly: But teasing never yet did good with me. Remember, Sir, they are not to know where I am. Your house, madam, to Lady L. is to be my asylum.—Then, seeing me affected, Gentlest of human hearts, said she, what right have I thus to pain you! Well, Sir, drying her eyes, with looks too earnest for her health of mind; tell me, is any-body else expected?

Your cousins *Sebastiano* and *Juliano*, madam; but not the General.

Thank Heaven for that!—I love my brother *Giacomo*: But he is so determined a man!—His own Lady only can soften his heart.

Sir Charles, by his admirable address, made her tolerably easy by dinner-time, on the subject of her friends expected arrival: And she once owned, that she should be transported with joy to see her Father, Mother, and *Jeronymo*, could she assure herself, that she could see them with forgivingness in their countenances.

Sir Charles would only be attended at table by *Saunders*, whom she had seen in Italy. She was much pleased to have it so; but desired *Laura* might be permitted to attend at the back of her own chair.

I addressed myself to *Laura* three or four times, as she stood. The Lady was pleased: And *Laura* seemed proud of my notice.

Now-and-then an involuntary tear filled the Lady's eye, as she sat. It was easy to enter into her thoughts, poor Lady! on her situation. She was grieved, she said, at the trouble she gave me; and frequently sought to suppress a sigh. Once, after a resverie of a few minutes; And am I here? said she; In England? At the house of the Chevalier *Grandison*? Can it be?

After dinner, Lady L. and she and I, retiring to my drawing-room; What a generous Lady, said she, are you! I was afraid to see you, *before* I saw you: But the moment I beheld you, I embraced a Sister. You will allow of my esteem of your *Grandison*?

Of your *Love*, dear Lady *Clementina*, and thank you for it. A good man has an interest in every good person's affections.

Such generosity, snatching my hand with both hers, would confirm a doubtful goodness. But indeed my esteem for him always soared above person. You know I am a zealous Catholic. You know our doctrine of merits. I would have laid down my life to save his soul. But surely God will be merciful to such a man, and no less so to such a woman, as (putting her arms about me) I have now the honour to embrace.

Mercy, madam, said I, is the darling attribute of the Almighty. He is the God of *all* men.

True—But—And was going to say something further; but stopt on Sir Charles's entrance.

Sir Charles, after sitting with us a little while, asked leave of absence for an hour, to look on his friends at Lord G's. We had a charming conversation in the mean time. Our subjects were various. The customs of Italian Ladies, and their surprising illiterateness in general, were parts of it. A woman there, it seems, who knew more than her own tongue, was a miracle till within these few years, that the French customs seem prevailing there. Why, madam, the Ladies of Italy, with genius's as fine as that classic climate ever produced, are immersed in the pleasures of sense: Singing, dancing, and conversation-gallantry, take up their whole time. One would imagine, that their husbands and fathers thought them only children of this world, and not heirs of a better hope, by the little care taken in improving their understanding: And were it not for the religion of the country, which we call superstition, half the Italian world of women would be looked upon merely as temporary idols for men to worship for temporary gratifications only. Yet, in their conversation-assemblies, men see what they are capable of. But their country, it seems, is in the same uncultivated state, as the minds of their women. The garden of the world, as Italy is called, is over-run with weeds: And, for want of cultivation, the very richness of its soil becomes its disease. But these reflexions I draw rather by deduction from what Lady Clementina said, than from any direct confession of hers. She is fond of her country in its present state: But sensible English travellers speak of it as I have written.

Sir Charles returned within his time. He is kind to be every-where; for he is the life of every company, and of every individual.

We passed a sweet evening together, and till near eleven o'clock. Were Lady Clementina happy, how happy should we all be!

Sir Charles waited on the Ladies home. Lord L. was by that time returned from Lord G's; but was the first of the friendly company that withdrew. Lady G. it seems, was all alive in every part of the entertainment. My uncle Selby and she spared not each other. Her

Lord, I fancy, fared the better for the presence of the Earl and Lady Gertrude, and for her having my Uncle to shoot at.

God preserve my grandmamma, and all my dear friends in her neighbourhood, prays

Her ever dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XXXII

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Wednesday, March 7

OUR grief will be your joy, my dearest grandmamma! My Uncle, my Aunt, Lucy, Emily, Mr. Deane!—They are just gone: Just left me.

What a parting!—But Emily! Dear creature! what was her grief, her noble struggle with herself, to conceal her anguish from her guardian!

She will now be yours, and my aunt Selby's; and, when once settled, will, must, be happy; for she is good, and you all love her, and will love her the more for this great instance of her nobleness of mind.

About half an hour before we parted, she begged to speak a few words to me in my closet. I led her thither. When we entered it, she shut the door, and dropt down on her knees. I would have raised her; but she would not be raised. I clasped my arms about her neck. I have revealed all my folly to you, said she. Forgive the weakness of a poor girl. A thousand, thousand thanks to you, madam, for your indulgent goodness to me. I longed to live with you and my guardian. I placed my whole happiness in the grant. You gave me an opportunity to try the experiment. What I little expected happened: I was more unhappy than before. I revere your grandmamma: She is a blessed Lady! How good was she on your wedding-day, to wish me, poor *me!* to supply to her the loss of her Harriet! Her goodness, her condescension, that of all your family, overcame me: It would *not*, perhaps, had I not tried the other experiment. All that I have now to beg of you, is, to pardon me for the trouble I must have given to your noble heart: It is a noble heart, or it could not have borne with me as it has done. But promise to write a Letter to me once a fortnight—and permit me to write to you once a week; and I shall think myself a happy creature. Not a thought of my heart but I will reveal to you.

I *do* promise, my Love, my Emily. The correspondence between us will delight me. Nobody shall see any of our Letters, but at your choice.

Lady L. Lady G. may, madam: They love the poor Emily. Nobody else may, I believe; I shall write so poorly!—But I shall improve as I have more years, and more sense. But my present concern is more for Lady Clementina than for myself. Poor Lady! Pray write something of her friends behaviour to her, and hers to them, to *me* particularly, besides what you write to your grandmamma: I shall take it for *such* a favour! And it will make me look *so* important! You don't know how proud it will make me; and it will induce your Lucy, and every-body, to shew me every-thing you write to them; and I shall have it in my power to read out of your Letters to me something in return; which will look like an acquittal of obligation.

All that she wished me to do, and still more, as occasions offered, I promised.

She arose from her knees; called me by many tender names; kissed one cheek, then the other; then one hand, then the other. I folded her to my fond heart: My Sister, my Friend, my Emily, I called her. We wetted each other's bosom with our tears; and both went down with red eyes.

Extremely tender, but delicate, was the leave she took of her guardian. The Brother, the affectionate Friend, and Father, I may say, appeared in his unreserved tenderness to her. She hurried into my uncle's coach, which stood ready, when she parted with him, that her emotion might not be too visible. I hastened in after her, lest she should be too much affected; while my Aunt, Lucy, and my Uncle, were taking their leaves in the hall.

My dearest Emily, I admire you! said I.

Do you, do you!—Best of wives, of women, of friends, of sisters, do you say so?—I behaved not amiss, then?

Amiss! No, my dear: Charmingly, my Love! You are great as ever woman was.

How you comfort me!

Adieu, adieu! my best Love! said I.—My best Lady Grandison! said she: Both in a breath, as from one heart, embracing; and quitting each other with regret; her arms folded about herself, when I left her; as if I were still within them.

I gave my hand to Sir Edward Beauchamp, on stepping out of the coach; for he was ready to attend them; and hurrying into the hall, threw myself into the arms of my aunt. My Love, said she, take care of yourself: Emily shall not need to be *your* concern: She will be our Harriet.

Indeed she shall, said Lucy. Dear girl, she shall be mine: And, thank God, I now have two Harriets instead of one.

My uncle wept like a child at parting with me. He would have carried it off, smiling in his tears. What, what, sobbed he, shall I do

for my girl! I shall miss, I shall miss, your sau-sau-sauciness sometimes—Was I ever angry with you in my life?

Mr. Deane comforted himself, that he should but settle his affairs at Peterborough, and then would make our residence his, where-ever we should be.

All of them departed blessing us, and we them; hoping for a speedy meeting in Northamptonshire. Every one express'd their solicitude for the happiness of Lady Clementina, as well for her own sake, as for Sir Charles's and mine.

God give you, and my dearest, dearest friends, now on their journey to you, a happy meeting, with every felicity that on this earth can fall to the lot of persons so dear to the heart of

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XXXIII

Signor JERONYMO, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON

Dover, Monday night, March 12. O. S.

HERE we are, my Grandison; my father and mother so indifferent in their healths, that we shall have time to wait for your direction. My mother was so incommoded, that we put in at Antibes; and by slow journeys, stopping a few days at Paris, proceeded to Calais, where we hired a vessel to bring us hither. My Brother, and Father Marescotti, are indisposed. Camilla is not well. Mrs. Beaumont, to whom we owe infinite obligations, is the life of us all.

Have you heard of the dear fugitive, who has given us all so much disturbance, and, at this season of the year, so much fatigue? God grant that she may be safe in your protection, and in her right mind! Had she been so at the time, she had never meditated such a wild, such a disgraceful flight. The heart of the Count of Belvedere is torn in pieces by his impatience. He will soon follow the man and horse whom we dispatch with this. Signor Sebastiano will accompany him. Juliano will stay with us. The fatigue has been rather too much for your Jeronymo: But he rejoices, that he has his foot on English ground; the country that gave birth to his Grandison; and in his hopes of seeing his kind and skilful Lowther. God grant us a happy meeting; and that no interruption may have been given to your nuptial happiness, by the extravagance of a young creature, which can only be accounted for in her, by the unhappy disorder of her mind! Adieu, Adieu, my Grandison!

JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA

LETTER XXXIV

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Tuesday morning, Eleven, March 13

ABOUT two hours ago, Sir Charles received a Letter from Signor Jeronymo. The man had rode all night. They are all at Dover.

Sir Charles is already set out; gone, with four coaches and six, of our own and friends, for them, and their attendants; Mr. Lowther with him. Richard Saunders is left to attend the Count of Belvedere to the lodgings taken for him.

The house in Grosvenor-square is ready for the reception of the rest of the illustrious guests.

As soon as I can get quieter spirits, I will attend Lady Clementina, in order to re-assure her, if I find she has presence of mind enough to hear the news. Sir Charles has already induced her to wish the crisis over. It is a crisis. I am almost as much affected for her, as she can be for herself. Yet she has not cruel friends to meet. May the dear Lady keep in her right mind!

In what a hurry of spirits I write! You will not wonder. I have not my grandmamma's steadiness of mind. Never, never, shall I be like my grandmamma.

Tuesday, two o'clock

In Lady L's closet.] I have, as gently as I could, broken the news of their safe arrival at Dover, to Lady Clementina. She began the subject; and said, She had been praying for the safety of her friends. What will become of me, said she, should mishap befall any one of them? Should the fatigue be too much for either my father or mother, their healths so precarious; or for my Jeronymo, so lately ill?

After proper prefacings, I hoped, I said, her cares on that subject would soon be over. Sir Charles had some intimation of the likelihood of their arrival at a particular port; and was actually set out with coaches, in hopes of accommodating them, when they *did* arrive, and to bring them to the house which had been (as she knew before) got ready for their reception.

She looked by turns on me, and on Lady L. in speechless terror: At last, Then I am sure, said she, you know they are come. Tell me, tell me, are they indeed arrived? And are they all well?

I owned they were, and at Dover; and waited there to refresh themselves, and to be informed of her health and safety before they would proceed further.

She wept, even to sobbing; inveighed against herself: Her tears were tears of duty and tenderness. She comforted herself, that Sir

Charles would be able to soften their resentments against her; and she was sure he would make the best conditions for her, that could be obtained.

Lord L. is all goodness, all compassion, to her. He greatly admires her. But we observe, that there are some little traces of wildness now-and-then in her talk, which carries her into high language and exclamation. May her mind be quieted! May her intellects be preserved entire, in the affecting scenes before her!—I am sent for home in haste.

Tuesday night

Methinks I am half afraid of telling even you, my grandmamma, at this distance, to whom I was sent for. It was to the Count of Belvedere. Signor Sebastiano was with him. Lord G. happened to call in at St. James's Square, when they arrived; and sending for me, entertained them till I came.

I asked Lord G. half out of breath with fear, at my *first alighting*, If he had said any-thing of the Lady? Not a syllable, said he: I avoided answering questions. The gentlemen were full of impatience to know something about her: And this made me send for you: For, tho' cautioned, I was afraid of blundering.—Honest, modest, worthy Lord G!—I prevailed on them to stay supper with me. Lord G. was so obliging, as to send home to excuse himself to his Lady, at my request.

They are both fine young gentlemen; extremely polite. We have been told, that the Count is a handsome man. Indeed he is. Any Lady, with such a character as he has, if she were not prepossessed, might like him. He is certainly a gentle-dispositioned and good-natured man. He looks the man of quality. He seems not to be above five or six-and-twenty: Has a foreign aspect, and a complexion a sallowish brown; yet has a healthy look. His eyes, however, as I knew his case, appeared to me to have a cast like those of a man whose mind is disturbed.

I behaved to them with the greatest frankness I could shew. I told them, that Sir Charles set out in the morning, on the receipt of a Letter from Dover, for that port, and with what equipages. They gave but a poor account of the health of the Marchioness: But if she could but hear good tidings, he said, and stopt—

Sir Charles, I answered, would do his utmost to set their hearts at ease.

May I not ask a question, madam? said the Count. I find your Ladyship knows every-thing of us, and our affairs. We heard in Italy, that you were all goodness; and find you to be an angel. I make no compliment, said he, laying his spread hand on his heart.

Lord G. with kind officiousness, said, that was the universal voice.

I answered in French, the language in which he spoke to me—That I had the pleasure of informing him, that Letters had passed between Lady Clementina and Sir Charles. The account she gives of herself, said I, makes us not quite unhappy.

Makes Us! said the Count to Signor Sebastiano, in Italian, his hands lifted up: Heavenly goodness!

I imagined that he thought I understood not that tongue; and that I might not mislead them into undue compliments, I said, in my broken-accented Italian, We all here, Signors, are as much interested in the health and happiness of Lady Clementina, as any of her friends in Italy can be.

They applauded all of us, who were, as they said, so generously interested in the happiness of one of the most excellent of women.

I told the Count, that Sir Charles had, as desired, provided lodgings for him. I hoped he would find them convenient, tho' Sir Charles thought them not befitting his quality. He had, before he set out this morning (hearing that their Lordships were then probably on their journey from Dover to London) ordered his gentleman to attend him to them: You, Signor, said I, are, if you please, with Signor Juliano, to be Sir Charles's own guests. We have another house which will be honoured with the residence of the Marquis and Marchioness, their Sons, the good Father Marescotti, and their other friends.

Good Father Marescotti! repeated the Count—Excellent Lady Grandison!—But you say well: Father Marescotti is indeed a good man.

I have by heart, my Lord, said I, the characters of all my dear Sir Charles's Italian friends.

Again the two Lords looked upon each other, as admiring me.

Pity, my dear grandmamma, that different nations of the world, tho' of different persuasions, did not, more than they do, consider themselves as the creatures of one God, the Sovereign of a thousand worlds!

The Count expressed great impatience to know some particulars of Lady Clementina. I took this opportunity to say, that as I had been informed of the transcendent piety of the Lady, and of her great earnestness, from her earliest youth, to take the veil, I presumed it would forward the good understanding hoped for, if it were not at present known, that his Lordship was arrived; and the rather, as several tender scenes might be expected to pass between her and her other friends, which perhaps her present (easily to be supposed) weak spirits, and turn of mind, might with difficulty enable her to support.

The Count sighed: But, bowing, said, He came with a very small retinue, because he would be as private as possible. He had been for many months determined to visit England: The family della Porretta,

Signor Jeronymo, in particular, had promised to visit Sir Charles in it likewise: They should indeed have chosen a better season for it, had not their care and concern for one of the most excellent of women induced them to anticipate their intentions. He was entirely of my opinion, he added, that his arrival in England should not at present be known by Lady Clementina.

He then, in a very gallant, but modest manner, owned to my Lord G. and me his passion for her; and said, that on the issue of this adventure of the dear Lady hung his destiny.

I told him, I had been the more free in giving my humble advice, as to the keeping secret his Lordship's arrival, as, but for that reason, I could assure him Sir Charles would not have permitted his Lordship, or any of his train, to go into lodgings: And I mentioned the high regard which I knew Sir Charles had for the Count of Belvedere.

I ordered supper to be got early, as I supposed the two Lords would be glad to retire soon, after the fatigue of their journey; for they had set out early in the morning. I sent a note begging the favour of my cousin Reeves's company to supper; apologizing, by the occasion, for the short notice. They were so kind as to come. They admire the two young noblemen; for Signor Sebastiano, as well as the Count, is a sensible modest young man. Mr. Reeves and they entered into free conversation in French, which we all understood, on their country, voyage, and journey by land. Both gentlemen spoke of Sir Charles, and his behaviour in Italy, in raptures.

My cousin Reeves, attended by Saunders, was so good as to conduct the Count to his lodgings, in his coach; Sir Charles having all our equipages with him.

You will soon have another Letter, my dearest grandmamma, from

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XXXV

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Wedn. morn. March 14

MR. AND MRS. REEVES were so kind as to breakfast, and intend to dine, with me.

They brought with them, as agreed upon overnight, the Count of Belvedere, who has assumed the name of Signor Marsigli. After breakfast, Mr. Reeves, dropping my cousin at Lady G's, carried the two noblemen thro' several of the great streets and squares of this vast town: To Westminster-hall; the houses of parliament, &c.

I went in my chair, mean time, to pay my sincerest compliments to Lady Clementina: I assured her, that she was, and should be, the subject of our choicest cares.

Poor Lady! She is full of apprehensions. I owned to her the arrival of Signor Sebastiano, and his prayers for her safety and health; and told her what I had answered to his enquiries after her.

She was for removing to some distance from town, where she thought she could be more private. Lord and Lady L. both assured her, it was impossible she could be any-where so private as in this great town; nor so happily situated (should she think fit, on a reconciliation, to own where she had been) as in the protection, and at the house, of Sir Charles Grandison's brother and sister.

God be praised for the happy meeting you all have had. Lucy is very good to be so particular about my Emily (*a*)! Dear girl! She is an example to all young Ladies! Let Clementina be made easy, and who will be so happy as your Harriet?

Thursday, March 15

Sir Charles has been so good as to let me know, that he and Mr. Lowther arrived yesterday morning at Dover. He found the Marchioness, Signor Jeronymo, and the good Camilla, as he calls her, very much indisposed from the fatigues they had undergone both in mind and body. The whole noble family received him with inexpressible joy. Jeronymo told him, that his arrival, and Mr. Lowther's with him, had given them all spirits; and health must follow to those who were indisposed.

Sir Charles supposes, that they will be obliged to continue at Dover all this day. To-morrow if the Marchioness is able to bear the journey, they propose to set out, and proceed as far on their way to London as her health will permit; and to get to town as early on Saturday as possible.

The dear man thought his Harriet would be uneasy, if he had not written to her, as he shall be two days longer out than he had hoped. To be sure she should. If he had not thought so justly of her, as she knows no other method of valuing herself than by his value of her, she must have been extremely sunk in her own opinion.

He bids me assure Lady Clementina that she will find every one of her friends determined to do all in their power to make her happy. Resentment, he says, has no place in their bosoms: They breathe nothing but Reconciliation and Love.

I will not, my dear grandmamma, dispatch this Letter to you, till I can inform you that this worthy family are settled with *us*, and at Grosvenor-Square.

(*a*) This Letter of Miss Lucy Selby appears not.

Sat. Evening, March 17

I have just received the following billet from Sir Charles.

Grosvenor Square, Sat. 4 o'clock

MY dearest Love will rejoice to know by this, that our friends are all arrived here in safety. The Marchioness bore the journey better than we expected. My Jeronymo is in fine spirits. I thought it would give my Harriet as well as them less fatigue, if I put them into immediate possession of this house, than if I brought them to pay their compliments to her, as they were very desirous to do, at St. James's Square. Mrs. Beaumont has allotted to them their respective apartments. There is room enough, and they are pleased to say, handsome room. Signor Juliano will attend my Love with me. What an admirable forecast in my dearest life! A repast so elegant, prepared (as your Murray informs me) by your personal direction, to attend their hour. She tells me you have borrowed a female servant of each of our sisters, and one of Mrs. Reeves, to join with two of your own, in the service of this house. In every-thing, on every occasion, you delight by your goodness and greatness of mind

Your ever-devoted CH. GRANDISON

I shall stay supper with them. But shall break away as soon as I can, to attend the joy of my heart.

Am I not a happy creature, my dear grandmamma? By what little offices, if done with tolerable grace, may one make a great and noble spirit think itself under obligation to one!—But had I known they would not have called first in St. James's Square, I would not have contented myself, as I did, with a visit to the other house in the middle of the day, to see every-thing was in order, against they came: They should have found me there to receive and welcome them.

Signor Sebastiano is flown to them. I should have told you, that the Count, at my request, dined and supped with me and Signor Sebastiano (they choosing to comply with our English customs) every day of this week from that of his arrival. They are really good young men. They improve upon me every hour. How do they admire Lady Clementina! The Count yesterday complimented me, that for piety, reading, understanding, sweetness of manners, frankness of heart, she could only be equalled in England. Italy knew not, he said, nor had known of modern times, her mother excepted, such another woman. *If I knew* Lady Clementina, he added, I would not wonder at his perseverance, he having besides the honour of all her family's good opinion.

How I long to see every individual of this noble family!—I know how sincerely I love them all, by this one instance—I have not now, for near a week that my dearest friend has been absent from me, in their service, wished once for his company; tho' had he not written to me on Thursday, I should have been anxious for his health and theirs.

May they be indulgently, and not ungraciously, forgiving!—Then will I dearly love them.—Poor Lady Clementina! How full of apprehensions has she been all this week! She has not stirred out of her chamber since Wednesday morning, nor designs it for a week or two to come.

Sunday

My dearest Friend, my Lover, my *Husband*, every tender word in one, left his noble guests for their sakes early last night; and he was pleased to tell me, for his own sake, longing to see, to thank, to applaud his Harriet. He brought with him the two young noblemen, who are our own immediate guests.

He gave me, last night and this morning, an account of what passed between the family and himself, from his arrival at Dover, to their coming to town last night.

They confessed the highest obligations to him for attending them in person; and for bringing Mr. Lowther with him. But when, on their eager questions to him after their Clementina, he told them, that he had heard from her, and that she had owned herself to be in honourable and tender hands, the Marquis lifted up his eyes in thankful rapture: The Marchioness, with clasped hands, seemed to praise God; but her lips only moved: All the rest expressed their joy in words dictated by truly affectionate hearts.

Sir Charles found them all most cordially disposed to forgive the dear fugitive, as the Bishop called her: But depend upon it, added the Prelate, nothing will secure her head, but our yielding to her in her long wished-for hope of the convent, or on prevailing on her to marry: And if you, Grandison, join with us, I question not, but the latter may be effected.

Sir Charles blamed them for having precipitated her as they had done.

That, said the Bishop, was partly the fault of our well-meaning Giacomo; and partly her own; for more than once she gave us hope that she would comply with our wishes.

I besought Sir Charles, that he would not be prevailed upon to take part with them, if she continued averse to a change of condition.

I waved the subject, my dearest Life, replied he, at the time. I have continued to do so ever since. I want only to see them settled, and

Lady Clementina composed, and then I shall know what can be done. Till then, arguments on either side, will rather strengthen than remove difficulties.

The Bishop, with great concern, told Sir Charles, that when the first news of Clementina's flight was brought to Bologna, her poor mother was for two days as unhappy in her mind, as ever her daughter had been; and when it was found likely that Clementina was gone to England, she insisted so vehemently on following her, that they had no other way to pacify her, but by promising that they would out of hand pay to Sir Charles the visit they intended, and some of them had engaged, to make him. Nor would she, when she grew better on their promise, acquit them of it. This determined them to this winter excursion, sorely against the will of some of them: And it was in compassion to this unhappy state of the poor mother's mind, that Mrs. Beaumont consented to accompany her.

Sir Charles is gone to attend Lady Clementina. He then proposes to welcome the Count of Belvedere into England; and afterwards to wait on the noble family, and know when I shall be permitted to pay my devoirs to them.

Sunday, Two o'clock

Sir Charles has found it very difficult to quiet the apprehensions of Lady Clementina. He is grieved for her. God grant, he prays, that she keep in her right mind. Lady L. thinks the poor Lady is already disturbed.

Sir Charles was joyfully received by *Signor Marsigli*. He owned to that Lord, that he knew where to send Letters to Lady Clementina. He is to introduce me by-and-by to his guests at Grosvenor-Square.

Sunday night

Sir Charles presented me to this expecting family. I admire them all.

The Marquis and Marchioness are a fine couple. There is dignity in their aspects and behaviour. A fixed kind of melancholy sits upon the features of each. The Bishop has the man of quality in his appearance; but he has something more solemn in his countenance than even Father Marescotti; who, at a glance, is not unlike our Dr. Bartlett: The more like, as goodness and humility both shine in his countenance.

But Signor Jeronymo is an amiable young man: I could, almost at first sight (and his winning grace confirmed me) have called him Brother. With signal kindness did my Sir Charles present me to this his dear friend; and with equal kindness did Signor Jeronymo receive me, and congratulate Sir Charles. They all joined in the congratulation.

The amiable Mrs. Beaumont!—She embraced me! She felicitated me with such a grace, as made her manner surpass even her words.

The good Camilla was presented to me. She has the look of a gentlewoman. How many scenes did the sight of this good woman revive in my memory! Some of them painful ones!

Signor Marsigli, as he is called, and the two young Lords, dined with them. This being a first visit on my part, we made it a short one. We went from them to Lady G's, and drank tea with her and her Lord. Sir Charles could not bear, he said, to go immediately from the sighing parents to the sorrowing daughter; they not knowing, nor being at present to know, she was so near them.

Lady G. was *so* petulant, *so* whimsical, when her brother's back was turned, that I could not forbear blaming her: But I let her go her own way: She stopt my mouth—'So you think *you* shall behave more patiently, more *thankfully*, in the same circumstance!—Look to it, Harriet!'

Here, my dearest grandmamma, I will conclude this Letter. Pray for the poor Clementina; for a happy reconciliation; and that the result may be tranquillity of mind restored to this whole noble family; so necessary to that of your dear Sir Charles, and

His and Your HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XXXVI

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation*

Thursday, March 22

NOTHING decisive yet, my dear grandmamma.

There have been some generous contentions between the family and Sir Charles. He has besought them to make their hearts easy, and he will comply with all their reasonable desires.

They think not of dining with, or visiting us, till they can hear some tidings of their beloved daughter.

Lord G. Lord L. and Lady L. as also Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, have been presented to them.

Sir Charles has begun to enter into treaty, as I may call it, with the Lady on one part, her Family on the second, and the Count of Belvedere on the third. Lady Clementina, it seems, insists upon being allowed to take the veil; and that in a manner that sometimes carries wildness with it. The Bishop, Sir Charles thinks, seems less fervent in his opposition to it, than formerly. Father Marescotti, in his heart, he believes, favours her wishes. But the Marquis and Marchioness, and Signor Jeronymo, plead their own inclinations, their Son the

General's unabated fervor, in behalf of the marriage, were it but to secure the performance of the grandfathers will, and to be an effectual disappointment of the interested hopes of Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana. The Count of Belvedere's passion for the Lady (notwithstanding her unhappy malady past, and apprehended) makes a great merit for him with the family; and the two young Lords think so highly of him for his perseverance, that they are attached to his interest; and declare, that the Conte della Porretta their father is as strongly on the same side as the General himself.

In the mean time, the fond mother is so impatient to see her daughter, that they are afraid of the consequences, as to health both of mind and body, if a speedy determination be not come to: On the other hand, the young Lady grieves to find herself, as she says, in such a situation, as to be obliged to insist on conditions with her parents, before she can throw herself at their feet; which she longs to do, tho' she dreads to see them. Sometimes (and they are when she is calmest) she blames herself for the step she has taken; at others, she endeavours to find excuses for it.

Sunday morning, Mar. 25

Sir Charles has drawn up a paper at the request of all parties. He last night gave a copy of it to the Lady; another to the Count; a third to the Bishop; for them all to consider of the contents; and he will attend them to-morrow for their answer. He has been pleased to give me also a copy of it; which is as follows:

- I. That Lady Clementina, in obedience to the will of her two deceased grandfathers, in duty to her parents and uncle, and in compliance with the earnest supplications of the most affectionate of brothers, shall engage her honour to give up all thoughts of withdrawing from the world, not only for the present, but for all future time, so long as she shall remain in her maiden state.
- II. She shall be at liberty to choose her way of Life; and shall be allowed, at her own pleasure, to visit her Brother and his Lady at Naples; her Uncle at Urbino; Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; and be put into the immediate perception of the profits of the estate bequeathed to her, if she chooses it; that she may be enabled to do that extensive good with the produce, that she could not do, were she to renounce the world; in which case, that estate would devolve to one, who, it is but too probable, would make a very different use of it.
- III. She shall have the liberty of nominating her own attendants; and in case of death, or removal by promotion, of Father Mare-scotti (whose merits must at last render him conspicuous) to

choose her own confessor: But that her Father and Mother shall have their negative preserved to them, in either case, while she continues in their palace: Nor will the dear Lady think this a hardship; for she wishes not to be independent on parents, of whose indulgent goodness to her she is most dutifully sensible, and it is reasonable, that they should be judges of the conduct of every one who is to be a domestic in their family.

IV. As Lady Clementina, from some late unhappy circumstances, thinks she cannot marry *any* man; and as a late extraordinary step taken by her, has shewn, that there is at present too much reason to attend to the weight of her plea; it is hoped, that the Count of Belvedere, for his own sake; for the sake of the composure of mind of the Lady so dear to all who have the honour of knowing her; will resolve to discontinue his addresses to her, and engage never to think of resuming them, unless some hopes should arise, in course of time, of his succeeding in her favour by her own consent.

V. Her ever-honoured parents, for themselves and for their absent brother the Count of Porretta; her right reverend brother for himself, and, as far as he may, for his elder brother; Signor Jeronymo for himself; will be so good as to promise, that they will never with earnestness endeavour to persuade, much less to compel, Lady Clementina to marry any man whatever; nor encourage her Camilla, or any other friend or confidant, to endeavour to prevail upon her to change her condition: Her parents, however, reserving to themselves the right of proposing, as they shall think fit, but not of urging; because the young Lady, who is by nature sweet-tempered, gentle, obliging, dutiful, thinks herself (however determined by inclination) less able to withstand the persuasions of indulgent friends, than she should be to resist the most despotic commands.

VI. These terms conceded to, on all sides, it is humbly proposed, that the young Lady shall throw herself (as she is impatient to do) at the feet of her indulgent parents; and that all acts of disobligation shall be buried in everlasting oblivion.

The proposer of the above six articles takes the liberty to add, on the presumption that they may be carried into effect, that his noble guests will allow him to rejoice with them on their mutual happiness restored, for months to come, in his native country.

He hopes that they will accept of his endeavours to make England as agreeable to them, as they heretofore made Italy to him.

He begs that they will consider their family and his, as one family, ever to be united by the indissoluble ties of true friendly Love.

He hopes for their company at his country seat.

He will seek for opportunities to oblige and accommodate them in every article, whether devotional or domestic.

And when they will be no longer prevailed upon to stay in England, he will (no accidents, no events, preventing, of which themselves shall be judges) attend them to Italy; and if his beloved Wife and Sisters, and their Lords, shall have made to themselves, as he hopes they will, an interest in their affections, he questions not to prevail on them to be of the party.

CH. GRANDISON

Monday morn. ten o'clock

Sir Charles is gone to attend the Count at his Lodgings, in pursuance of his request signified by a note last night.

Two o'clock

The following Billet is just now brought me.

MY dearest Love will have the goodness to excuse my dining with her this day. *Signor Marsigli*, and her Ever-devoted, are hastening to Grosvenor-Square; where we shall dine. This worthy nobleman deserves pity. Adieu, my dearest Life!

CH. GRANDISON

I am all impatience for the issue of these conferences: But I will not dine by myself, when I can sit down at table with Lady L. and Lady Clementina at Lord L's—and with my Lord himself, so much my brother and friend. Here therefore will I close this Letter. Forgive, my ever-honoured grandmamma, the abruptness of

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XXXVII

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Monday, March 26

LADY L. when I was set down at her house, told me, that Lady Clementina had been in great agitations on the contents of the proposals left with her. She kept her chamber all day yesterday, and this morning. Lady L. had then but just left her. I sent up my compliments to her. She desired me to walk up. She met me on the stair-head in tears; and led me into her dressing-room—Have you seen the Chevalier's proposals, madam?—I owned I had.

—Give up for ever, said she, my scheme, my darling scheme, for the sake of which, I—There she stopt.

It was easy to guess what the poor Lady was going to say. The subject was too delicate for me to help her out.

Dearest Lady Clementina, said I, be pleased to consider the good it will be in your power to do to hundreds, according to the second article, if you *can* comply. How much has our dear friend consulted your beneficent spirit! All my fear is, that your parents will not subscribe to their part of it. If they *will*, what a favourite scheme of their own will they give up!

She paused—Then breaking silence—And is it your opinion, Lady Grandison? Your opinion, joined to the Chevalier's—Let me consider—

She took two or three turns about the room: Then, thinking of Sir Charles's intimation of a tour to Italy—With what soothing, what consoling hope, said she, does the next-to-divine man almost conciliate my mind to his measures!—And could you, would you, madam, think of going with us to Italy? O how flattering are these hints!

I should rejoice in such a tour, replied I: Love me but in your Italy, if I should be allowed to go, as I do you in our England, and I shall be happy in so fine a country, as I am told it is. But, dearest Lady, what shall we do to obtain your friends compliance with these articles? Shall I cast myself on my knees before your father and mother to beg theirs? You in *my* hand, I in *yours*?

Ever good, ever noble Lady Grandison!—But how first shall I pacify my own heart on yielding to my part of them?

Let it not stick there, madam. Will not Lady Clementina meet them one *fourth* of the way? It is not more.

Well, I will consider of it. I shall hear what *they* will do. Your advice, my dear Lady Grandison, shall have all the weight with me, that a Sister's ought.

I attended the summons to dinner. She excused herself. I took leave of her for the day, declaring my intention of going home as soon as I had dined.

Monday night

Sir Charles returned with a benevolent joy brightening his countenance. He hopes to bring this affair to an issue not unhappy.

He was first with the Count of Belvedere, who received him with great emotion. I apprehended, said he, that I was to be the sacrifice. O Grandison, did you but know the hopes, the assurances, given me by the General, by every-body!

Sir Charles expatiated on every argument that could compose his mind.

Will she promise, will she engage, that if ever she marry, it will be the man before you, Chevalier? Why did you not make that a stipulation in my favour?

I think such a stipulation would be of disadvantage to your Lordship: You would be kept by it in suspense, whatever had offered, whether in Italy or Spain; in both which countries you have considerable connexions. If Lady Clementina can be brought to give up the veil, it may not be impracticable to induce her in time (but time *must* be given her) to favour with her hand a man of your Lordship's merit and consequence. If otherwise, your Lordship (unfettered either by hope or obligation) will be free to make another choice.

Another choice, Sir!—This to a man, who has so long adored her; and, thro' the various turns of her unhappy malady, still preserved for her a Love that never any other woman shared in!—But, if you please, we will hear what her father, her mother, and other friends, say to the articles you have drawn up.

They went to them. After dinner the important subject had a full and solemn consideration.

Signor Jeronymo and Mrs. Beaumont only at first espoused the proposed plan in *all* its articles; but every-body came into it at last. God be praised! Now surely the dear Lady must be happy. But the poor Count of Belvedere! He has not, in giving up his inclination, such a noble triumph of self-conquering duty as she had to support her in the same arduous trial. But then he cherishes a hope, that there remains a possibility; the Lady still unmarried.

Noblest of women! Is Harriet a bar?—No! She is what you generously wished her to be.

Tuesday, Mar. 27

Sir Charles excused himself to Lady Clementina by a few lines last night, for not waiting on her yesterday; and just as he was setting out to attend her this morning, the following note was brought him from Signor Jeronymo; the contents designed to strengthen his endeavours to prevail on the Lady to accept his plan.

My dearest Grandison,

Tuesday morn.

You will make us all happy, if you can prevail upon our beloved Clementina to accept, and subscribe to, your generous plan, as we all most chearfully are ready to do. 'Restore yourself, my dearest Sister, this day, or to-morrow at furthest, to the arms of the most indulgent of parents, and to those of the most affectionate of brothers, two of us, who will answer for our third. How impatiently shall we number the hours, till the happy one arrives, that we all shall receive from the

hand of the dearest of friends, and best of men, a Sister so much beloved!—Ever, ever, my dear Grandison,

Your grateful JERONYMO

O my dearest Lady Clementina! noblest of women! let your Sister Harriet prevail upon you not to refuse the offered olive-branch!

Tuesday, two o'clock

Sir Charles has just now acquainted me, that he has prevailed with Lady Clementina. To-morrow afternoon she will throw herself at the feet of her father and mother. Rejoice with me, my dear grand-mamma! All my friends, rejoice with me! congratulate me!—Is it not I myself that am going to be restored to the most indulgent parents, brothers, friends!

Let me gratefully add, from the information of his aunt Grandison, whom he brought home with him, that he was so good as to resist entreaty to dine at Lord L's. And why? Because, as he was pleased to give the reason (and was generously commended for it, by Lady Clementina) that I was alone. Lord L. proposed to send to request my company: He was sure his Sister Grandison would oblige them. And I, my Lord, said Sir Charles, am sure she would too: But the time is so short, that it is not giving one of the most obliging women in the world an option—Tenderest of husbands! Kindest and most considerate of men!—He will not subject a woman to the danger of being a refusing Vashti; nor yet will give her reason to tremble with a too-meanly mortified Esther.¹

Tuesday evening

As Sir Charles and I were sitting at supper, sweetly alone; the whole world, as it seemed, to each other (for Mrs. Grandison chooses to be at present at Lord L's, and was gone thither); the following Billet was brought me, written in Italian; which thus I English:

‘TO-MORROW, my dearest Lady Grandison, as the Chevalier has no doubt told you, the poor fugitive is to be introduced to her parents. Pray for her. But if I am to have the honour of being looked upon as *indeed* your Sister, you must do more than pray for me. Was you in earnest yesterday, when you offered your comforting hand to sustain me, if I consented to cast myself at the feet of my Father and Mother? Lady L. is so good as to consent in person to acknowledge the protection she has given me. Will you, my Sister, *be* my Sister on this awful occasion?—Will you lend me your supporting hand?—If you, as well as Lady L. credit the run-away penitent with your appearance in her favour, then will she, with more courage than can otherwise

fall to her share, look up to those parents, and to those brothers, whose indulgent bosoms she has filled with so much anguish. Till to-morrow is over, she dare not sign the respectable addition to the name of

Tuesday evening.

CLEMENTINA'

Will I! repeated I, as soon as I had read it: *Was I in earnest yesterday!*—Indeed I was: Indeed I *will*. Read it, my dearest Sir, and give me leave to answer its contents, as my amiable Sister wishes.

He had looked benignly at his servants, and at the door; and they withdrew, as soon as the billet was brought, on my saying, *From the Lady!*

Scenes that may be expected to be tender, said he, will not, I hope, affect too much the spirits of my angel—But it is a request as kindly made by Clementina, as generously complied with by you. I will tell you, my dear, how, if the Lady please, we will order it. After dinner you shall call upon your worthily adopted Sister, and take her and Lady L. to Grosvenor-Square. I will be there to receive her, and present her to her friends, tho' I doubt not but she will meet with a joyful welcome. I will acquaint her with this to-morrow morning.

Wednesday morn. March 28

Lady Clementina approves of my calling upon her and Lady L. and of Sir Charles's being at Grosvenor-Square, ready to receive her. I am to attend her about five in the afternoon. She is, it seems, full of apprehensions.

Wednesday night, Ten o'clock

We are just returned from Grosvenor-Square—Dear Sir, I obey you. Sir Charles, in tenderness to me, insists upon my deferring writing till to-morrow. The first command he has laid upon me.

LETTER XXXVIII

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Thursday morn. March 29

Now for particulars of what passed yesterday. Sir Charles is gone to Grosvenor-Square, to enquire after the health and composure of his noble guests there.

When I called upon Lady Clementina yesterday, five o'clock, I found her greatly distressed with her own apprehensions. I must, said she to me, be a guiltier creature than I had allowed myself to think I

was: Why else am I so ashamed, so afraid, to see parents whom I ever-honoured, brothers and friends whom I ever loved?—O Lady Grandison! What a dispiriting thing is the consciousness of having done amiss! And to a proud heart too!

Then looking upon the written plan, Let me see, said she, what I am to sign. These were the remarks she made upon them, as she read:

(1.) Hard, hard article, *the first!* But your Grandison, madam, my fourth brother, my friend, my protector, tells me, that I shall discharge all the obligations he ever laid upon me, if I will sign it.—I submit.

(2.) How flattering to my pride; to my hopes of doing good to the indigent and unhappy!

(3.) Nominating my attendants—my confessor—Kind, considerate Grandison! If I give up the first wish of my heart, I shall not insist upon these stipulations in my favour. My parents shall have, in these cases, affirmative and negative too. Indeed I desire not in any article to be independent of them.

(4.) A grateful article! I acknowledge, Chevalier, your protection with gratitude, in this stipulation.

(5.) If my friends promise, they will perform. Ours is a family of untainted honour. I hope my Brother Giacomo will be answered for by *his* Brothers in these articles: But he will hate me, I fear.

Generous Grandison! what tempting proposals do you conclude with! And you, Lady Grandison, are so good as to say, that my happiness is wanting to complete yours—That is a motive, I assure you. Lead me, madam, and do you, my dear Lady L. (my hospitable other protectress) oblige me with your countenance too. A woman of your honour and goodness, Sister of the Chevalier Grandison, acknowledging me your guest, and answering for my behaviour, will credit the abject Clementina in the eyes of her forgiving relations.—Sir Charles Grandison there before me, to prepare them to receive graciously the fugitive!—Lead me on, while I can be led: I will attend you.

She looked wild and disordered; and, giving each of us a hand, we led her to the coach. But, at stepping in, she trembled, faltered, and seemed greatly disturbed. We consoled her all we could; and the coach drove to Grosvenor-Square. When it stopt, she threw her arms about Lady L. and, hiding her face in her bosom, called upon the Blessed Virgin to support her—How, how, said she, can I look my Father, my Mother, in the face!

Sir Charles, on the coach stopping, appeared. He saw her emotion. It is kind, my Harriet! It is kind, Lady L.! to accompany Lady Clementina.—Your goodness will be rewarded in being eye-witnesses of the most gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long absent daughter.

Ah, Chevalier! was all she could say.

Let me conduct you, dearest Lady Clementina, into a drawing-room, where you will see no other person but whom you now see, till your recovered spirits shall rejoice the dearest of friends.

I was afraid she was too much discomposed to attend to this considerate expedient. I repeated, therefore, what Sir Charles last said. She was visibly encouraged by it. She gave him her trembling hand; and he led her into the prepared drawing-room. Lady L. and I followed, and took out seats on each hand of her; Sir Charles his over-against her. Our offered salts, and soothing, with difficulty kept her from fainting.

When she was a little revived—Hush! said she, with her finger held up, and wildness in her looks, casting her eyes to the doors and windows in turn: They will hear us!—Further recovering herself—O Chevalier! said she, what shall I say? How shall I look? What shall I do?—And am I, am I, indeed, in the same house with my Father, Mother, Jeronymo? Who else? Who else? with quickness.

It is so ordered, my dearest Clementina, said Sir Charles, in love and tenderness to you, that you shall only see your Mother first; then your Father—At your own pleasure, your Brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, Father Marescotti.

Sir Charles was sent for out—Don't, don't leave me, Sir. Then looking to Lady L. and then to me—You are all goodness, Ladies—Don't leave me.

Sir Charles instantly returned: Your Mamma, madam, all indulgence, is impatient to fold you to her heart. What joy will you give her?

He offered his hand. She gave him hers; motioning for our attendance. Sir Charles led her, we following, into the room where was her expecting Mother. The moment each saw the other, they ran with open arms to each other. O my Mamma!—My Clementina!—was all that either could say. They sunk down on the floor, the Mother's arms about the Daughter's neck; the Daughter's about the Mother's waist.

Sir Charles lifted them up, and seated them close to each other—Pardon! Pardon! Pardon! said the dear Lady, hands and eyes lifted up, sliding out of her Mother's arms on her knees—But at that moment could say no more.

The Marquis, not being able longer to contain himself, rushed in—My Daughter! my Child! my Clementina! Once more do I see my Child!

Sir Charles had half-lifted her up, when her Father entered. She sunk down again, prostrate on the floor, her arms extended: O my Father! Forgive!—Forgive me, O my Father!

He raised her up, by Sir Charles's assistance; and, seating her between himself and his Lady, both again wrapt their arms about her.

She repeated prayers for forgiveness, in broken accents: Blessings, in accents as broken, flowed from their hearts to their lips.

After the first emotions, when they could speak, and she now-and-then could look up, which she did by snatches, as it were, her eyes presently falling under theirs, Behold, madam, Behold, my Lord, said she, the hospitable Lady to whom—Looking at Lady L. Behold, looking at me, a more than woman; an Angel—More she would have said; but seemed at a loss for words.

We have before seen and admired, said the Marquis, in Lady Grandison, the noblest of all women.

He arose to approach us: Sir Charles led us both to them.

Lady Clementina snatched first my hand, and eagerly pressed it with her lips; then Lady L's: Her heart was full: She seemed to want to speak; but could not: And Lady L. and I, with overflowing eyes, congratulated the Father, Mother, Daughter; and were blessed in speech by the two former; by hands and eyes lifted up, by Lady Clementina.

Sir Charles then withdrawing, returned with the Bishop, and Signor Jeronymo. It is hard to say, whether these two Lords shewed more joy, than Clementina did shame and confusion. She offered at begging pardon: But the Bishop said, Not one word of past afflictions! Nobody is in fault. We are all happy once more; and happy on the conditions prescribed to both by this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular.

My ever noble, my venerable brother, said Jeronymo (who had clasped his Sister to his fond heart, his eyes running over) how I love you for this uncalled for assurance to the dear Clementina! Every article of my Grandison's plan shall be carried into execution. We will rejoice with the Chevalier in his England—And he, and all who are dear to him, shall accompany us to Italy. We will be all one family.

Sir Charles then introduced to the Lady his greatly and justly esteemed Mrs. Beaumont. Clementina threw herself into her arms. Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Beaumont! If *you* forgive me, *Virtue* will. Pardon the poor creature, who never, never, would have so much disgraced your lessons, and her mamma's example, as she has done, had not a heavy cloud darkened her unhappy mind. Say you forgive me, as the best and most indulgent of parents, and the kindest of brothers, have done.

It was not your fault, my dear Lady Clementina, but your misfortune. You never was so much to be blamed as pitied. All here are of one sentiment. We came over to heal your wounded mind: Be it healed, and every one will be happy; yes, more happy perhaps (for now we all understand one another) than if you had not left us to mourn your absence.

Blessed be my Comforter, my Friend, my beloved Mrs. Beaumont! You always knew how to blunt the keen edge of calamity: What a superior woman are you!

Father Marescotti was introduced by the Marquis himself, with a respect worthy of his piety and goodness. I submit, Father, said Lady Clementina, before he could speak, to any penance you shall inflict.

His voice would not befriend him: His action, however, shewed him to be all joy and congratulation.

I have been wicked, very wicked, continued she—But Mrs. Beaumont says, and she says justly, that I merited pity, rather than blame. Yet if you think not so, you, who are the keeper of my conscience, spare me not.

Who, who, said the good man, recovering speech, shall condemn, when father, mother, and brothers, so zealous for the honour of their family, acquit? God forgive you, my dearest Lady! And God forgive us all!

My dearest Chevalier Grandison, said Jeronymo, what gratitude, what obligations, do we owe to you, and your admirable Lady and Sisters! Again I acknowledge the obligation for a whole family, from this hour a happy one, I hope.

It had been agreed between the family and Sir Charles, that not a word should be mentioned to Lady Clementina of the Count of Belvedere. They requested Sir Charles to take upon himself the breaking to her, that he was in England, in his own manner, as opportunity should offer.

Every one having been greatly affected, Sir Charles proposed to take leave; and that Lady Clementina should return to Lady L's for that night, as preparation might not have been made for her stay in Grosvenor-Square: But all the family, with one voice, declared they could not part with the restored daughter and sister of their hopes: And she herself cheerfully consented to stay; gratefully, however, with a bent knee, thanking Lady L. for her sisterly treatment.

Who, in the general joy, said Sir Charles, has remembered the good Camilla? Let Camilla congratulate her Lady and all of us, on this happy occasion.

Every-one called out for Camilla. In ran the worthy creature. On her knees she embraced her young Lady's, and wept for joy. Ah! my Camilla, my friend Camilla! said Clementina, clasping her arms about her neck, I have been cruel to you: But it was not I—Alas! alas! I was not always myself—I will endeavour to repair your wrongs.

Thank God that I once more clasp my dear young Lady to my heart!—I have no wrongs to complain of.

Yes, yes, you have, kind Camilla: I wanted to elude your watchful duty; and was too cunning to be *just* to my Camilla.

Sir Charles forgot not to commend Laura to forgiveness and favour. Laura, said Lady Clementina, is blameless. She obeyed me with reluctance. If I am *myself* forgiven, forgive Laura.

My dearest Love, said the Marchioness, we have agreed, that you shall choose your own servants. The Chevalier, we have no doubt, had Laura in his thoughts, when he made that stipulation; the English youth too. You, my Clementina, must have it in your power to do with these as you please.

May I be permitted, my Lords, said Sir Charles, to make one request for myself to Lady Clementina; a request which shall be consistent with the articles you will all sign?

I will agree to a request of yours, Chevalier, said the Lady, be it almost what it will.

I will not, madam, make it to-day, nor to-morrow. After the hurry of spirits we have all sustained, let to-morrow be a day of composure. Permit me to expect you all at dinner with me on Friday. The articles then may be signed: And then, but not before, I will mention my request, and hope it will be granted.

Sir Charles's invitation was politely accepted; and to-morrow—

Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont below!—Agreeable surprize!

Sir Charles had been out, and was just come in when the two Ladies alighted. I was overjoyed to see them, and to see Lady Clementina serene, and seemingly not unhappy. We are come, said Mrs. Beaumont, to make our earliest acknowledgements for the happiness restored to a whole family. Lady Clementina could not be easy till she had paid her personal thanks to Lady Grandison, for the support her presence gave her yesterday.

Gratitude, said the Lady, fills my heart: But how, Chevalier, shall I express it? I beseech you, let me know your request. Tell me, dear Lady Grandison, wherein I can oblige my fourth brother?

My dearest Lady Clementina, said Sir Charles, fortify your heart against a gentle (I hope it will then be *but* a gentle) surprize. *You* have not yet signed, your *Relations* have not, I presume, the articles to which you have mutually agreed.

Sir! Chevalier! Sir!

Let me not alarm you, madam.

He put one of her hands in mine; and took the other, in a very tender manner, in his.

You intend to sign them?—*They* do, I am sure. To-morrow, when we are all together, they will be signed on both sides.

I hope so—*They* will not, Chevalier, be receded from?

They will not, madam: And hence you will be assured, that the Count of Belvedere will never be proposed to you with any degree of urgency.

I hope not, I hope not, said she with quickness.

Should you, madam, on your return to Italy, be unwilling to see the Count as a friend of your family, as a respecter of your great qualities, as a countryman?

I shall always regard the Count of Belvedere as a man of honour, as a friend of my Brother Giacomo, of all our family—But I cannot place him in any other light. What *means* the Chevalier Grandison? Keep not my mind in suspense.

I will *not*. Your father, your mother, your brothers, came over in hopes, that you might be prevailed upon in the Count's favour. They have given up that hope——

They have, Sir!

And will absolutely leave you to your own will, to your own wishes, on the condition to which you have agreed to sign—But *shall* I ask you—Were the Count to be in France, would you allow him to come over, and take leave of your family and you, before he sets out for the court of Madrid?

What, Sir! as a man who had hopes from me of *more* than my good wishes?

No, madam; only as a friend to the whole family—not requesting any other favour, now he sees you so determined, than your good wishes, your prayers, for him, as you will ever have his for you.

I can consent in that view: But were any other favour to be hoped from me; were my generosity to be expected to be prevailed upon—O Chevalier! Lady Grandison! Mrs. Beaumont! Let me not be attempted in this way: The articles would be broken: This would be *persuasion*, and *that* compulsion.

Nothing, madam, of this kind is intended. The articles will be inviolably observed on the part of your relations. But here Mrs. Beaumont, who never intended to set her foot on the English shore, to oblige and comfort your mother, is come to England: And in the general grief that was occasioned by your absenting yourself, if the man, who was always deservedly esteemed by your family, *had* accompanied, had attended, your father, your brothers——

Sir Charles stopt, and looked at the apprehensive Lady with *such* a sweet benignity, and, on her eye meeting his, with *such* tender and downcast modesty (all the graces of gentle persuasion are his!)-

O Chevalier! your request! your request! Tell me in what I can oblige the most obliging of friends, of men!

I will tell you, madam—bowing on the hand he held—Consent, if it be not with too much pain to yourself, to see the Count of Belvedere.

See him, Sir! How? When? Where? As what?

As a friend to your family—a well-wisher to your glory, your happiness; and as a man ready and desirous to promote the latter at the expence of his own. He wishes but, while he stays here—

‘Stays here,’ Sir!

To be allowed to visit your family, and to see you once, twice, thrice, as you please—but entirely under the conditions of the articles to be signed to-morrow.

And is then the Count in England?

He is, madam. He attended his and your friends over. He has not once desired to appear in your presence: He keeps himself close in private lodgings. Hence judge of his resolution not to disturb or offend you. He will depart the kingdom without an interview, if you will have it so: But I could not bear, that so good a man should be obliged to depart *disgracefully*, as I may say, and as if he were undeserving of pity, tho’ he could not obtain favour.

O Chevalier!

Secured, madam, by the articles, tho’ *his* emotion may be apprehended to be great, *yours* cannot—There is not the same reason for the one as for the other: I make it *my* request, that the Count of Belvedere may be allowed, as one of the chosen friends of your house, but as no more (*more* the articles forbid) a place at my table to-morrow.

To-morrow, Sir! and I at it!—

He bowed affirmatively.

O how the penetrating man looked into the heart of the Lady at her eyes!—As sure as you are alive, madam, he thought of guessing by her then emotion, whether any hopes could distantly lie for the Count, by the consequence his presence or absence would give him with her.

She paused—At last—And is *this*, Chevalier, the request you had to make me?

It is, madam; and if my Harriet had not had the honour of this visit, I should have made the same request for his admission in the evening to-morrow—as now I do to dinner.

Well, Sir; I can suspect no double-dealing from Sir Charles Grandison.

I ask for no favour for the Count more than I have mentioned, madam: I am bound by the articles I have drawn, as if I were a party to them.

Well, Sir, I consent to see the Count. He will be prudent. I hope I shall be so. In Italy, more than once, after you had left it, I saw him: And I always wished him happy.

Now, my dearest Sister, said Sir Charles, my ever-to-be-respected

friend, I am easy in my mind. I could not bear in my thoughts, that any-thing *I* knew, which it concerned *you* to know, should be concealed from you:

Tears stood in her eyes. O madam, said she to me, God and you only can reward this excellent man for his goodness to me, and all the world that know him.—You see your influence, Chevalier. In every way do I wish to shew my gratitude. But never, never, ask me to give my hand in marriage.

Ah! my dear Lady! thought I; a tear stealing involuntarily down my cheek; the *less*, the *less*, I doubt, must you be asked, for having before you a man, who having no equal, you cannot think of any other.

The two Ladies hurried away to Lady L's. How sincerely has the friendly heart of dear Lady L. been affected in all these tender scenes!

LETTER XXXIX

Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation

Thursday evening, March 29

LADY G. has sent for me in all haste. She is taken ill. God give her a happy hour!

O my grandmamma! there are solemn, there are awful, circumstances in the happiest marriages. She begs to see her brother as well as me. I wait for him. The Count of Belvedere is with him.—They have parted—I am gone.

Thursday night

Just returned. All happily over! A fine girl!—Yet tho' a fine one, how are the Earl and Lady Gertrude disappointed!—Poor mortals! how hard to be pleased!

The brave are always humane. Sir Charles's tender and polite behaviour on this occasion—How does every occurrence endear him to every-body!

How dearly does Lord G. love his Charlotte! Till all was over, he was in agonies for her safety. His prayers then, his thankfulness now, how ought they to endear him to his Charlotte! And so they must, when she is told of his anxiety, and of his honest joy, or I will not own her for my Sister. But in her *heart*, I am sure, she loves him. Her past idle behaviour to him was but play. She will be matronized now. The *mother* must make her a *wife*. She will doubly disgrace herself, if she loves her *child*, and can make a jest of her *husband*.

I have just now asked Sir Charles, whether, if he *could* prevail on

Lady Clementina, while they were all with us, to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, he would? By no means, said he, and that for both their sakes. Lady Clementina has, on many occasions, shewn that she *may* be prevailed upon by generous and patient treatment: Let the Count have patience. If she recover her mind, a train of cheerful ideas may take place of those melancholy ones, which make her desirous of quitting society. She will find herself, by the articles agreed to, in a situation to do more good, than it is possible she could do, were her inclination to take the veil to be gratified. The good she will do, will open and enlarge a mind which is naturally noble; and she will be grateful for the indulgence given her which will be the means of so happy a change: But if the poor Lady's mind be not curable (which God forbid!) who will pity the Count for not being able to obtain her hand?—I think, my dear, I have made him, tho' not happy, easy; and I hope he will be able to see her without violent emotions.

Friday morn.

Signors Sebastiano and Juliano are come back, rejoicing that they have been introduced to, and kindly received by, Lady Clementina.

Sir Edward Beauchamp has just left me. How happy does the account he gives of my Emily's cheerfulness make me! I *knew* you would all love her.

Sincerely do I rejoice in the news which my Nancy confirms, that Lucy has absolutely rejected the addresses of Mr. Greville. She startled me once, I can tell her: A naughty girl! what could she mean by it?

Won't she give me the particulars under her own hand? I shall be afraid of her till she does; so much was I impressed by her warmth in the argument she once held with me, in *his* favour, as I thought. Yet I cordially wish Mr. Greville well; but my Lucy better. Pray, madam, let me privately know, if the proposals from the young Irish peer (*a*), whom Nancy praises so much for his sobriety, modesty, learning, and other good qualities, were made *before* or *after* the rejecting of Mr. Greville? I half-mistrust the girls who have been disappointed of a first Love. Yet Lucy's victory over herself was a noble one. She is in the way, I hope, to be rewarded for it. God grant it!—Think you, my dear grandmamma, I can be solicitous (as I am from the bottom of my heart) for the happiness of a new-adopted Sister, and not be inexpressibly anxious for that of my Lucy, the faithful, the affectionate friend of my earlier years?

Our guests are entering.—May the same gracious Providence, which has more than answered every wish of your Harriet's heart in

(a) Lord Reresby, mentioned p. 214, above.

her own situation, shower down its blessings on Lucy, on you, and all the revered, the beloved circle! prays, my dear grandmamma,

Your and their ever dutiful and affectionate

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XL

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Sat. March 31

NOW, my dear grandmamma, let me give you some account of what passed yesterday.

The articles signed and witnessed, were put into Lady Clementina's hand, and a pen given her, that she might write her name, in the presence of all her surrounding friends here.

Never woman appeared with more dignity in her air and manner. She was charmingly dressed, and became her dress. A truly lovely woman! But every one by looks seemed concerned at her solemnity. She signed her name; but tore off, deliberately their names; and, kissing the torn bit, put it in her bosom: Then, throwing herself on her knees to her father and mother, who stood together, and presenting the paper to the former; Never let it be said, that your child, your Clementina, has presumed to article in form with the dearest of parents. *My name stands.* It will be a witness against me, if I break the articles which I have signed. But in your forgiveness, my Lord, in yours, madam, and in a thousand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your past, to doubt your future, goodness to me. Your intention, my ever honoured parents, is your act. I pray to God to enable your Clementina to be all you wish her to be. In the single Life only indulge me. Your word is all the assurance I wish for. I will have no other.

They embraced her. They tenderly raised her between them; and again embraced her.

I would not, methinks, Sir, said she, turning to Sir Charles, for the first time see the Count of Belvedere before all this company, tho' I revere every one in it. Is the Count in the house?

He is in my Study, madam.

Will my mamma, said she, turning to her, honour me with her presence?

She gave her hand to Sir Charles, and took mine.—Jeronymo followed her; and Sir Charles led her into the next room. Too great solemnity in all this! whispered the Marquis to Father Marescotti. She courtesied, invitingly, to Mrs. Beaumont. She also followed her.

Sir Charles, seating her and the Marchioness, by the young Lady's silent permission, went into his Study; and, having prepared the Count to expect a solemn and uncommon reception, introduced him. He approached her, profoundly bowing: A sweet blush overspread her cheeks: You, my Lord of Belvedere, said she, are one of those my friends, to whom I am, in some measure, accountable for the rash step which brought me into this kingdom; because it has induced you to accompany my brothers, whom you have always honoured with your friendship.—Forgive me for any inconveniencies you have suffered on this occasion.

What honour does Lady Clementina do me to rank me in the number of the friends to whom she thinks herself accountable!—Believe me, madam—

My Lord, interrupted she, I shall always regard you as the friend of my family, and as *my* friend. I shall wish your happiness, I *do* wish your happiness, as my own; and I cannot give you a better proof that I do, than by with-holding from you the hand which you have sought to obtain with an unshaken, and, my friends think, an obliging perseverance, quite thro' an unhappy malady, which ought to have deterred you, for many sakes, and most for your own.

My dear mamma, throwing herself at her feet, forgive me for *my* perseverance. It is not altogether owing (I hope it is not at *all* owing) to perverseness, and to a wilful resistance of the wills and wishes of all my friends, that I have withstood you. Two reasons influenced me, when I declined *another* hand: Religion and Country, a double reason, was one; the unhappy malady which had seized me, was another. *Two reasons*, rising with dignity, and turning from her weeping mother, also influence me with regard to the Count of Belvedere; tho' neither of them are the important articles of Religion and Country. I own to you, before these my dearest friends, and let it be told to every one concerned to know it, that justice to the Count of Belvedere is one—What a wretch should I be, if I gave my hand to a man who had not the preference in my heart, which is a husband's due!—And should I, who had an unhappy reason to refuse one worthy man for his *own* sake, perhaps for the sakes of the unborn (I will speak out on this important occasion) not be determined to do as much justice to another?—In one word, I refused to punish the Chevalier Grandison [Madam, to me, you know my story]: What has the Count of Belvedere done, that I should make no scruple to punish him? My good Lord, be satisfied with my wishes for your happiness. I find myself, at times, very, very wrong. I have given proofs but too convincing to all my friends, that I am not right.—While I so think, conscience, honour, justice (as I told *you* once before, my good Chevalier) compel me to embrace the Single Life.—I have, in duty to my nearest

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friends, given up the way I should have chosen to lead it in.—Let me try to recover myself in their way. My dearest, dearest, mamma (again dropping on her knees to her) I will endeavour to make all my friends happy in the way they have agreed to make me so. Pray for me, all my friends!—looking round her, tears in big drops trickling down her cheeks. Then rising, Pray for me, my Lord of Belvedere: I will for you; and that you may do justice to the merit of some worthier woman, who *can* do justice to yours.

She hurried from us, in a way which shewed she was too much elevated for her corporal powers. Sir Charles besought Mrs. Beaumont to follow her. Mrs. Beaumont took my hand.

We found the Lady in the Study: She was on her knees, and in tears. She arose at our entrance. Each of us hastening to give her a hand, O my dear Lady Grandison, said she, forgive me.—My dear Mrs. Beaumont, am I, am I wrong? Tell me, Have I behaved amiss?

We both applauded her. Well we might. If her greatness be owing to a raised imagination, who shall call it a malady? Who, but for the dear Lady's own sake, would regret the next-to-divine impulse, by which, on several occasions, she has shewn herself actuated?

She suffered herself to be led to her mother, who embracing her (Clementina again kneeling to her) My dearest child, my blessed daughter, we all of us, while such are your apprehensions, must acquiesce with your reasons. Be happy, my Love, in your own magnanimity. I glory in my child.

And I in my Sister, said the noble Jeronymo—Saint! Angel! kneeling to her on one knee, notwithstanding his lameness, I next to adore my Sister.

She called him her brother, her true brother. Then, taking my hand; And will *you*, Lady Grandison, said she, be my Sister? Shall Sir Charles Grandison be my Brother? Will you return with us into Italy? Shall we cultivate on both sides a family-friendship to the end of our lives?

I threw my arms about her neck, tears mingling on the cheeks of both: It will be my ambition, my *great* ambition, to deserve the distinction you give me—My Sister, my Friend, the Sister of my best Friend, love him as he honours you; and me for his sake, as I will you for your own, as well as his, to the end of my life.

Sir Charles clasped his arms about us both. His eyes spoke his admiration of her, and his delight in each. Angels he called us. Then seating us, he took the Count's hand; and, leading him to her, Let me, madam, present to you the Count of Belvedere, as a man equally to be pitied and esteemed. He yields to your magnanimity with a greatness of mind like your own. Receive then, acknowledge, the *friend* in him. He will endeavour to forego a dearer hope.

Then will I receive him as my friend. I thank you, my Lord, for the honour you have so long done me. May you be happy with a woman, who *can* deserve you!—See that happy pair before you! May you be *as* happy as Sir Charles Grandison!—What greater felicity can I wish you?

He took her hand: On one knee he lifted it to his lips: I will tear from you, madam, a tormentor. I must ask nothing of *you*; but, for myself, I can only promise, in the words of the Chevalier Grandison, to *endeavour* to forego, a dearer, the *dearest*, hope.

The Count arose, bowing to her with profound respect; his eyes full; as his heart seemed to be. Signor Jeronymo motioned to return to the company. Lady Clementina wished to retire with me, till what had passed was related to the rest. I led her to my closet. There did we renew our vows of everlasting friendship.

Sir Charles, thinking the relation would be painful to the Count, withdrew with him into his Study. Mrs. Beaumont, and Signor Jeronymo, told those who were not present at the affecting scenes, what had passed.

When we were summoned to dinner, every one received Lady Clementina as an Angel. They applauded her for her noble behaviour to the Count, and blessed themselves for having taken the resolution of coming to England; and, most of all, they blessed my dear Sir Charles; to whom they ascribed all their opening happy prospects; and promised themselves that his family and theirs would be as much one, as if the alliance, once so near taking place, had actually done so.

Sir Charles, at and after dinner, urged the carrying into execution the latter part of his beneficent plan. He offered to attend them to the Drawing-room, to the Play, to the Oratorios (and took that opportunity to give the praises which every-body allows to be due to Mr. Handel); and to every place of Public Entertainment which was worthy the notice of Foreigners; and left it to their choice, whether they would go first to Grandison-hall, or satisfy their curiosity in and about town.

The Marquis said, that as Sir Charles and I were brought out of the country by the arrival of their Clementina, and our expectation of them, he doubted not but it would be most agreeable to us, to return to our own seat; adding, politely, that the highest entertainment they could have, would be the company and conversation of us, and our friends; and that rather at our own seats, than any-where else. The public diversions, he was pleased to say, might take their attention afterwards. Now they were here, they would not be in haste to return, provided Sir Charles and his friends would answer the hope he had given of accompanying them back to Italy.

There is no repeating the polite and agreeable things, that were said on all sides.

Well then, my dear grandmamma, to cut short, thus it was at last agreed upon:

The Count of Belvedere, who, all the afternoon and evening, received the highest marks of civility and politeness from the admirable Clementina (which, by the way, I am afraid will not promote his cure) proposes, with Signors Sebastiano and Juliano, to pass a month or six weeks in seeing every-thing which they shall think worthy of their notice in and about this great city; and then, after one farewell-visit to us, they intend to set out together for the Court of Madrid; where the Count intends to stay some months.

We shall all set out, on Monday next, for Grandison-hall.

Lord and Lady L. will follow us in a week or fortnight.

How will the poor dear Charlotte mutter! whispered Lady L. to me: But she and her Lord will join us as soon as possible.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison loves not the Hall, because of the hardships she received from the late owner of it, Sir Thomas; and thinks herself bound by a rash vow which she made the last time she was there, Never again to enter its gates: And she will be delighted, Lady L. says, in attending, in the absence of the fathers and mothers, the dear little infants of her two nieces.

Lady Clementina whispered me more than once, how happy she should think herself in these excursions; and hoped all their healths would be established by them. She said the sweetest, the most affectionate things to me. Once she said, bidding me call her nothing but *my* Clementina, that she should be happy, if she were sure I loved her as much as she loved me. I assured her, and that from my very heart, that I dearly loved her.

Surely it was a happy incident, my dear grandmamma, that Lady Clementina took a step, which, tho' at first it had a rash appearance, has been productive of so much joy to all round (to the poor Count of Belvedere excepted) and, in particular, to

Your ever-dutiful, ever-grateful,

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XLI

Lady GRANDISON, To Lady G.

Grandison-hall, Monday, April 9

How happy, my dear Lady G. are we all of us here, in one another! How happy is your Harriet!—And yet when *you* can come, and partake of my felicity, it will be still enlarged.

I have just now received a Letter from Lucy. The contents, as you

will see (for I shall inclose it) are a conversation that passed a few days ago at Shirley-manor, upon a subject of which you are a better judge than your Harriet. In short, it is a call upon you, as I interpret it, to support your own doctrines; by which, in former Letters, you have made some of the honestest girls in England, half-ashamed to own a first passion. You know how much I am at present engaged. I would not have the dear girls neglected. Answer the Letter therefore for me, and for yourself; yet, remember, that I do not engage to abide implicitly by your determination. Ever, ever, my Charlotte,

Your most affectionate

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XLII

Miss LUCY SELBY, To Lady GRANDISON

[Inclosed in the preceding]

Thursday, April 3

EVERY hour in the day some circumstance or other makes me wish my dear Lady Grandison in Northamptonshire. Emily charms us all — But still every object reminds us of our Harriet. Not that Harriet *alone* would content us now. Nor could Sir Charles and Lady Grandison be at this time spared by their noble guests. After all therefore, every-thing is best as it is. But indeed we all wished for you yesterday evening, most particularly, at Shirley-manor. The conversation was an interesting one to all us girls; and Emily, Nancy, and our cousin Holles's, have brought me to give you an account of it, and to appeal to you upon it; and through you to Lady G. And yet we are all of us more than half afraid of a Lady, who has already treated but lightly a subject that young women think of high importance.

The conversation began with my cousin Kitty's greatly pitying Lady Clementina; describing, in her pathetic way, the struggles she had had between her first duties and her inclination; the noble preference she had given to the former; and the persecution, as she called it, of all her friends to induce her to marry when she chose to live single all her life. Every one of us young folks joined with my cousin Kitty.

But your grandmamma Shirley could not, she said, perfectly agree with us in the hardship of Lady Clementina's situation; who having from noble motives spontaneously rejected the man of her choice, was, from reasons of family convenience, and even of personal happiness, urged to marry a nobleman, who, by all accounts, is highly

deserving and agreeable, and every way suitable to her: A man, in short, to whom she pretended not an aversion; nor hoped nor wished to be the wife of any other man; proposing to herself only the Single Life, and having given up all thoughts of taking the veil.

Personal happiness! cried out Miss Kitty Holles: Can the woman be happy in a second choice, whose first was Sir Charles Grandison?

And whom, for noble motives, she refused, said my aunt Selby, remember *that*, Kitty; and whom she wished to be, and who actually is, the husband of another woman.

The girls looked at one another: But Mrs. Shirley speaking, they were all silent.

The happiness of human Life, my dears, replied your grandmamma, is at best but comparative. The utmost we should hope for here, is such a situation, as, with a self-approving mind, will carry us best through this present scene of trial: Such a situation, as, all circumstances considered, is, upon the whole, most eligible for us, tho' some of its circumstances may be disagreeable.

Young people set out with false notions of happiness; gay, fairy-land imaginations; and when these schemes prove unattainable, sit down in disappointment and dejection. Tell me now, Kitty Holles, and speak freely, my Love [She would not address herself to some of us for a reason I, your Lucy, for one, need not give] we are all friends; the gravest of us *have been* young; tell us, Kitty, your ideas of happiness for a young woman just setting out in Life.

Poor Emily answered only with a sudden blush, and a half-stifled sigh: But all the rest, as with one voice, cried out, Harriet, our Harriet, is *the* happy woman—To be married to the man of her choice; The man chosen by her friends, and applauded by all the world.

And so, said Mrs. Selby, as there is but *one* Sir Charles Grandison in the world, were his scheme of Protestant Nunneries put in execution, all the rest of womankind, who had seen him with distinction,¹ might retire into cloisters.

Were men to form themselves by *his* example, said Emily [No unfavourable hint for Sir Edward]—There she stopt.

Besides, said I (my own case in view) when our eye has led our choice, imagination can easily add all good qualities to the plausible appearance. But to give our hand where we cannot give a preference, is surely, madam, acting against conscience in the most important article of Life.

A *preference* we ought to give; my Lucy: But need this be the preference of giddy inclination? No aversion pre-supposed, will not reason and duty give this preference in a securer and nobler way to the man who, upon the whole, is most suitable to us? It is well known, that I was always for discouraging our Harriet's declarations, that she

never would be the wife of any other man than him she is now so happy as to call hers. If (as we all at one time apprehended) our hopes had been absolutely impracticable, the noble Countess of D. who gave such convincing reasons on her side of the question (*a*), would have had my good wishes for the Earl of D. So, before him, had not ill health been an objection, would Mr. Orme. You all know, that I wished but to live to see my Harriet the wife of some worthy man. A single woman is too generally an undefended, unsupported creature. Her early connexions, year by year, drop off; no new ones arise; and she remains solitary and unheeded, in a busy bustling world; perhaps soured to it by her unconnected state. Is not some gratitude due to a worthy man, who early offers himself for her guide and protector through Life? Gratitude was the motive even of Harriet's inclination at first.

Nancy smiled. Why smiles my Nancy? asked your smiling grand-mamma. I am sure you think, child, there is weight in what I said.

Indeed, madam, there is—Great weight—But just as you gave us an idea of the dreary unconnected Life of a single woman in years, I thought of poor Mrs. Penelope Arby. You all know her. I saw her in imagination, surrounded with parrots and lap-dogs!—So spring-like at past fifty, with her pale pink Lustring,¹ and back head.² Yet so peevish at girls!—

And she, resumed Mrs. Shirley, refused some good offers in her youth, out of dread of the tyranny of a husband, and the troublesomeness of a parcel of Brats!—Yet now she is absolutely governed by a favourite maid, and as full of the Bon-mots of her parrots, as I used to be of yours, my Loves, when you were prattlers.

Yet let us not, said Mrs. Selby, with the insolence of Matrons or Brides-expectant, be too severe upon Old Maids. Lady G. surely is faulty in this particular. Many worthy and many happy persons in that class, have I known: Many amiable and useful in society, even to their latest age—You, madam, to Mrs. Shirley *had* a friend—Mrs. Eggleton.

I had, my dear Mrs. Selby—Never has any length of time, any variety of scene, at all effaced the dear idea, tho' she died many years ago. She never married; but that was not her own fault. She was addressed when near twenty, by a young gentleman of unexceptionable character. She received his addresses, on condition that both their friends approved of them. She was a visiter in town. The relations of both lived in the country. The young couple loved each other: But neither of their families, when consulted, approving the match, to the great regret of both, it was broken off. The gentleman married, and was not unhappy. In three or four years, another worthy man made

(a) See Vol. V. Letter xviii.

his addresses to Mrs. Eggleton. All her friends approved. She found him deserving of her affection, and agreed to reward his merit. He was to make one voyage to the Indies, on prospects too great to be neglected, and on his return they were to be married. His voyage was prosperous to the extent of all his wishes. He landed in his native country; flew to his beloved mistress. She received his visit with grateful joy. It was his *last* visit. He was taken ill of a violent fever; died in a few days, delirious, but blessing her.

She and I have talked over the subject we are upon a hundred times. In those days I was young, and had my romantic notions.

Indeed, madam! said Patty Holles. *Indeed, madam!* said Emily—Dear, dear madam, said Kitty Holles, if it be not too bold a request, let us hear what they were.

The reading in fashion when I was young, was Romances. You, my children, have, in that respect, fallen into happier days. The present age is greatly obliged to the authors of the Spectators. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs. Eggleton, which was about my sixteenth year, I was over-run with the absurdities of that unnatural kind of writing.

And how long, madam, did they hold?

Not till I was quite twenty. That good Lady cured me of so false a taste: But till she did, I had very high ideas of first impressions; of eternal constancy; of Love raised to a pitch of idolatry. In these dispositions, not more than nineteen, was my dear Mr. Shirley proposed to me, as a person whose character was faultless; his offers advantageous. I had seen him in company two or three times, and looked upon him merely as a good sort of man; a sensible man—But what was a good sort of man to an Oroondates? He had paid no addresses to *me*: He applied to my friends on a foot of propriety and prudence. They laid no constraint upon me. I consulted my own heart—But, my dear girls, what a temptation have you thrown in the way of narrative² old age!

All of us most eagerly besought her to go on.

The excellent Mrs. Eggleton knew my heart better than I did myself. Even *now*, said she, you *dislike* not this worthy man. You can make no reasonable objection to his offer. You are one of many Sisters [We were then a numerous family—Alas! how many dear friends have I out-lived!] A match so advantageous for you, will be of real benefit to your whole family. Esteem, heightened by Gratitude, and enforced by Duty, continued she, will soon ripen into Love: The only sort of Love that suits this imperfect state; a *tender*, a *faithful* affection. There is a superior ardor due only to Supreme perfection, and only to be exercised by us mortal creatures in humble devotion. My dear Henrietta, concluded she, *condescend* to be happy in such a way as suits this mortal state.

I replied to her, with distress of mind, proceeded Mrs. Shirley, that I could not depend on my own sentiments. I had seen little of the world. Suppose, after I have vowed Love to a man quite indifferent to me, I should meet with the very one, the kindred soul, who must irresistably claim my whole heart? I will not suspect myself of any possibility of misconduct, where the duty and the crime would be so glaring; but must I not, in such a case, be for ever miserable?

The mild Mrs. Eggleton did not chide: She only argued with me. Often afterwards did I with delight, repeat this conversation to the best of men, my dear Mr. Shirley, when a length of happy years had verified all she said.

Dear madam, cried Kitty, tell us how she argued, or we shall all remain on your side of the question.

O my children! said the venerable parent, in what talkativeness do you engage me!

I fear, Henrietta, said Mrs. Eggleton, that tho' you are a good Christian, your opinions in this point are a little heathenish. You look upon Love as a blind irresistible Deity, whose darts fly at random, and admit neither defence nor cure. Consider the matter, my dear, in a more reasonable light. The passions are intended for our servants, not our masters, and we have, within us, a power of controuling them, which it is the duty and the business of our lives to exert. You will allow this readily in the case of any passion that poets and romance-writers have not set off with their false colourings. To instance in *anger*; Will my Henrietta own, that she thinks it probable, anger should ever transport her beyond the bounds of duty?

I pleaded, that I was not naturally of an angry temper; and was asked with a smile, whether I meant by that distinction, to own myself of a *loving* one.

I could not be angry with my good Mrs. Eggleton; yet I remember I was vexed to the heart.

But why then, rejoined she, should you think yourself more likely to fall in Love *after* you are married, than *before*?

At least, said I, a little peevishly, let me stay till I *am* in Love, as you are pleased to call it, before I marry.

I would not by any means, replied she, have you marry a man for whom you have not a preferable inclination; but why may you not find, on admitting Mr. Shirley's addresses, young, agreeable, worthy, and every way suitable to you, as *he* is, that he is that man whom your inclination can approve?

I never saw him yet, said I, with the least emotion. I have no aversion to him: I might esteem him: But what is that to the Love one is so solemnly to vow a husband? And should I, after that vow, behold an object whom I could indeed have loved?—

A Duke de Nemours! said she, taking up the *Princess of Cleves*,¹ that unluckily lay on my table—Ah my Henrietta, have I found you out!—That princess, my dear, was a silly woman. Her story is written with dangerous elegance; but the whole foundation of her distresses was an idle one. To fancy herself in Love with a mere stranger, because he appeared agreeable at a Ball, when she lived happily with a worthy husband, was mistaking mere *Liking* for Love, and combating all her Life after with a chimera of her own creating. I do not tell you it is impossible for you to meet hereafter with persons in some external accomplishments superior to the deserving man whose wish is to make you happy: But will you suffer your eye to lead you into misery *then*, when an additional tie of duty forbids its wandering? If so, I must suppose it would equally mislead you *now*. Tell me, Henrietta, What think you of those girls, who blast all the hopes of their fond parents, by eloping with a well-drest captain, a spruce dancing-master, or a handsome player?

She struck me dumb with shame.

You see then, my dear, the filial duty, the duty of a reasonable and modest woman, were she even without parents or friends, forbids fancy to be her guide, as much as the sacred engagement of marriage forbids it to be her tormenter.

But have there not been instances, said I; do not you and I know one [We did] in this neighbourhood, where a truly good woman was made miserable for years, by having her heart and hand differently engaged?

Mrs. Eggleton reminded me, that there were, in that case, such extremely particular circumstances, as made it absurd to form from thence a general judgment. In almost every thing, said she, we act but upon probabilities; and one exception out of a thousand ought never to determine us. Even this exception in the case you hint at, is owing, in some measure, to a pitiably misguided imagination. Let us take our rules, my dear, from plain common sense, and not from poetical refinements.

Say, my children, said the condescending parent, did my friend argue well?

I think, madam, answered Kitty, she argued poor Love out of doors. She did not seem to allow the possibility of any persons being in Love at all.

I told her so, replied my grandmamma.

So far from it, said she, with a sigh, and a look expressive of the softest tenderness, that my own affections, as you know, were deeply engaged. The amiable youth, to whom I was to be united by marriage, died. His memory will ever be dear to my heart. Love authorized by reasonable prospects; Love guided and heightened by duty, is every-

thing excellent that poets have said of it: Yet even *this* Love must submit to the awful dispensations of Providence, whether of death or other disappointment; and such trials ought to be met with chearful resignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or of rendering them useless: And every thing we ought to do, be assured, my dear, we shall be enabled to do, if we set about it rightly, and with equal humility and trust. As for that kind of Love, which in its very beginning is contrary to Duty, to suppose *that* unconquerable, is making ourselves wretched indeed: And for first-sight impressions, and *beginning* inclinations, though always dangerous, and often guilty to indulge, they are absolutely trifles to overcome and suppress, to a person of prudence and virtue.

How we dwelt upon every sweet document that fell from the lips of the dear Mrs. Shirley!

But now, Harriet, for the appeals. After all, were you, or were you *not*, a romantic girl, when you declared, that you never would be the wife of any man living, if you were not Sir Charles Grandison's; even at the time when neither you nor we thought there could be any hopes of such a happy event?—

But had we not, however, better appeal to Lady G. than to you? You were always *so* wise!—Yet you could not be contented with the worthy Orme. You knew, instinctively, as I may say, that your kindred mind dwelt in St. James's Square. And Lady G. forty years hence, will be looking back, I suppose, with wonder, on the time when she gave her then fair hand of swan-skin, changed to buff [Her own flighty idea!] with reluctance, to her deserving Lord. So, perhaps, we had best make no appeals at all. If we did, neither you nor she are at leisure now to answer them. Yet we have one appeal more to make; but it must be to our Harriet; not to Lady G.—Was not even our venerable parent a little too severe upon Old Maids? That wicked Nancy fell a laughing—Does she know what may be her own case? Here is a great parcel of girls of us—Have not I, her Elder, been crossed in Love already? But if no *proper* match ever offers, must we take an *improper* one, to avoid the ridicule of a mere name? An *unsupported* state is better than an *oppressed*, a *miserable* one, however: And how many rashly-chosen husbands, and repentant wives, could I set against Nancy's Mrs. Arby?—But the post is just going out; so that, far from entering on so copious a subject, I have barely time to add, that I am, with the truest affection, my dearest creature,

Your faithful LUCY

LETTER XLIII

Lady G. To Lady GRANDISON.

Thursday, April 12

I AM very well—What's the matter with the women!—I *will* write!—Fifteen days controul and caudle!—Why surely!—

They are impertinent, my dear; and would take my pen and ink from me!—

You do well, Harriet, to throw upon me your self-condemning task.

How conscious you are, when you tell me, before you know my opinion of the contents of Lucy's Letter, that you will not subscribe implicitly to my determination!—But I will not spare you. In my condemnation of *them*, read *your own*. I have written my answer, and shall inclose it; and no more at present trouble myself about them.

But here, I, Charlotte G. who married with indifference the poor Lord G.; who made the honest man, whenever I pleased, foam, fume, fret, and execrate the hour that he first beheld my face, now stand forth, an example of true conjugal felicity, and an encouragement for girls who venture into the married state, without that prodigious quantity of violent passion, which some hare-brained creatures think an essential of Love.

You, my dear, left us *tolerably* happy. But now we are almost *intolerably* so. I had begun to recover my spirits, depressed, as they had been, for near a month before, on finding myself, like any common woman, confined to my chamber, while every other mouth sang O be joyful; and one was preparing, another had set out, and half a score more were actually got to dear Grandison-hall. I bit my lip, and raved at the wretch to whom I attributed my durance: When, yesterday (after a *series* indeed of the most obliging and most grateful behaviour, that a man ever expressed for a Present made him, which he holds invaluable) he entered my chamber; and surprised me, as I did him (for I intended that he should know nothing of the matter, nor that I would ever be so condescending); surprised me, as how? Ah, Harriet! In an act that confessed the mother, the *whole* mother!—Little Harriet at my breast; or, at my neck, I believe I should say—should I not?²

The nurse, the nursery-maids, knowing that I would not for the world have been so caught by my nimble Lord (for he is in twenty places in a minute) were more affrighted than Diana's nymphs, when the goddess was surprised by Acteon;³ and each, instead of surrounding me in order to hide my blushes, was for running a different way; not so much as attempting to relieve me from the Brat.

I was ready to let the little Leech drop from my arms—O wretch! screamed I—Begone!—begone! Whence the boldness of this intrusion?

Never was man in a greater rapture. For Lady Gertrude had taught him to wish that a mother would *be* a mother: He threw himself at my feet, clasping me and the little varlet together in his arms. Brute! said I, will you smother my Harriet—I was half-ashamed of my tenderness—Dear-est, dear-est, dear-est Lady G.—Shaking his head, between every *dear* and *est*, every muscle of his face working; how you transport me!—Never, never, never, saw I so delightful a sight! Let me, let me, let me (every emphatic word repeated three times at least) behold again the dear sight. Let me see you clasp the precious gift, our Harriet's Harriet too, to that lovely bosom—The wretch (trembling however) pulled aside my handkerchief. I try'd to scold; but was forced to press the little thing to me, to supply the place of the handkerchief—Do you think, I could not have killed him?—To be sure, I was not half angry enough. I knew not what I did, you may well think—for I bowed my face on the smiling infant, who crowed to the pressure of my lip.

Begone, Lord G. said I—See! see! how shall I hold the little Marmouset, if you devour first one of my hands, then the other?

He arose, took the little thing from me, kissed its forehead, its cheeks, its lips, its little pudsey hands, first one, then the other; gave it again to my arms; took it again; and again resigned it to me.

Take away the pug,' said I, to the attendants—Take it away, while any of it is left—They rescued the still smiling babe, and run away with it.

My Lord then again threw himself at my feet—Pardon, pardon me, dearest creature, said he, that I took amiss any thing you ever said or did—*You* that could make me such rich amends—O let not those charming, charming spirits ever subside, which for a fortnight together, till yesterday, I missed. I loved you too well, proceeded he, to take any usage that was not quite what I wished it, lightly. But for some time past I have seen that it was all owing to a vivacity, that now, in every instance of it, delights my soul. You never, never, had malice or ill-nature in what I called *your* petulance. You bore with *mine*. You smiled at me: Henceforth, every thing you say, every thing you do, will I take for a favour. O my Charlotte! Never, never more shall it be in your *power* to make me so far forget myself, as to be angry!

My *dear* Lord G.!—I had like to have said—I believe I *did* say—Then will you ruin, absolutely ruin, me!—What shall I do—for my Roguery?—

Never, never part with what you call so!—

Impossible, my Lord, to retain it, if it lose its wonted power over

you. I shall have a new lesson to learn. O my Lord! why began you not this course before Harriet and Caroline set out for Grandison-hall? I might by a closer observation of their behaviour, have made myself mistress of lessons that would have far more delightfully supplied the old ones, than can be done without their examples. But, my Lord, the time will soon come, when we shall be allowed to fly to that benefit at Grandison-hall. Our little Harriet shall go with us: The infant is the cement between us; and we will for the future be every day more worthy of that, and of each other.

My Lord hurried from me in speechless rapture; His handkerchief at his eyes—Nurse, said I, bring me again our precious charge. I will be all the mother. I clasped it to my bosom. What shall I do, my little Harriet! Thy father, sweet one! has run away with my Roguery—

What a scene is here!—I will not read it over. If it requires a blush, do you, my dear, blush for me: I am hardened—And shall not perhaps, were I to reperuse it, my *maternity* so kindly acknowledged, so generously accepted, by my Lord G. be able to blush for myself.

But, that I may seem only to have changed the *object*, not wholly to have parted with my levity, read the inclosed here, in answer to the appeal of the young people; directed thus:

*Lady G. To Miss LUCY SELBY,
And the rest of the Girls at Selby-house,*

Greeting

YOU appeal to Harriet, and revoke your appeal: You appeal to me, and withdraw it in the same Letter—A parcel of chits! You know not what you would have; what you would be; and hardly what you are: You can have the sauciness in more places than one, to reflect upon me your judge. But are you not convinced by the solid arguments of Mrs. Shirley? and her Mrs. Eggleton? If you are not, what strange creatures are girls from sixteen to twenty-two! Don't boys read romances as well as girls? Yet, in these latter days, do the glaring absurdities influence them so much in Love matters, or last so long? Foolish things! would you give a preference against yourselves to the other Sex?

Harriet, I think, was a *romantic* girl, when she made her declarations of *one* man only, or no one, for a husband. I did let her know my mind at the time by hints: But had my brother actually married Clementina; not only I, but her grandmother Shirley, and aunt Selby, and uncle too (odd soul as he is in some things) would have spoken out, in favour of the young Earl of D. And had it not been with success, after a proper time had passed, I, for my part, would have set her down as a very silly

girl; inferior, in this respect, to you, Lucy, and to twenty more I could name: For how few of us are there, who have their first Loves? And indeed how few first Loves are fit to be encouraged? You know my thoughts, Lucy, of a beginning Love, in a young bosom (a)—A very, very silly and childish affair, believe me.

Let me enumerate a few chances that may render a first Love impracticable.

A young woman may fix her affections on a man, who may prove perfidious—On a man, who may be engaged to another woman; as had like to have been my brother's case—On a man who may be superior to her in degree or fortune; or who may be greatly inferior to her in both.—If Love be not a voluntary passion, why not upon a hostler, a groom, a coachman, a footman—A grenadier, a trooper, a foot-soldier?—She may be in Mrs. Eggleton's case: Her Lover may be taken from her by death. In either, or any, of these cases, what is to be done? Must a woman sit down, cry herself blind, and become useless to the principal end of her being, as to this life, and to all family connexions, when, probably, she has not lived one third of her time?—Silly creatures!—to maintain these nonsenses at their own expence, in favour of a passion that is generally confined to the days of girlhood; and which they themselves would laugh at in a woman after she was arrived at honest thirty, or at years of discretion—Thus narrowing their own use and consequence.—I, for my part, am, and ever will be, a friend of my Sex.

But, hark ye, girls—Let me ask you—Do you find many of these *constant* nymphs, when they have had their foolish way given them, and they have *buried* the honest man of whom they were once so dotingly fond, refuse to marry again?—Do they wish, like the wives of some Pagan wretches, to be thrown into the funeral pile, with the dead bodies of their Lords?—No! They have had their *whimsey* out. Their *Fit of constancy* is over; and, quiet good souls as they are by that time become, they go on without *Rantipoling*,² in the ordinary course of reasonable creatures.

Not but Harriet was in earnest: I am sure she was. She believed, she *certainly* believed, HERSELF. And were it given to us women *always* to be in *one* mind, she would have made all her friends, the good Mrs. Shirley at the head of us, despair of succeeding with her in our endeavours to induce her to change it. But Harriet, with all her wisdom, could not know what *Time* would have done for her. Time is the pacifier of every woe, the qualifier of every disappointment—Pity for the man [the Earl of D. suppose—He would have thought it worth his while to feign dying for her]; the Entreaty of her friends:—You see what arguments her excellent grandmamma could have pro-

(a) Page 111, above.

duced—Pho, pho, never fear but Harriet would have married before my Brother and Clementina had seen the face of their second boy—No *girls* shall he have, for fear they should be Romancers.

And, do you think, that Clementina and the Count of Belvedere, a year or two hence—I have no fear of the matter; if they do not teaze, torment, oppose her. If they *do*—Why then, I will not be answerable for their success. For, with excellences that none but she and Harriet among women ever boasted, there is a glorious perverseness, which they miscall *constancy* and *perseverance*, in the mind of that noble Lady (and indeed in the minds of *most* of us) that will probably, as it has already done, carry her thro' all opposition—In short, no more teasing, tormenting from Friends, no more heroics from Girl—Is not opposition, is not resistance, the very soul and essence of all sorts of heroism?—My life therefore for Clementina's, admirable creature as she undoubtedly is—Leave her sea-room, leave her land-room, and let her have time to consider; and she will be a Bride.

Did I ever mention to you a trick that an honest guardian put upon his ward? Many a one have you heard of from *dishonest* ones. This briefly was it.

The girl was of the heroic stamp; as good a girl as an heroic girl could well be. A match was proposed for her, much more considerable than she could have expected, as to fortune; and as to the man's person and qualities of mind, absolutely unexceptionable—Young, handsome, gallant, and most ardently in Love with her: But, impolitic! he had let her know as much, before he had made himself sure of the shadow of a return, or acceptance. Her guardian, from pure Love of his ward, and a sense of the advantageousness of the offer, heartily espoused the interests of the young gentleman. This was *another* unhappiness to him. She gave him an absolute denial: Nor vouchsafed she to assign a reason for it; having, indeed, no other man either in her head or heart.

Her guardian was a man who knew the world, and a little of the Sex: He saw that Miss was in the very meridian of her heroics; and that the grievance most probably was, that there was no likelihood of difficulty or opposition. He took another course. He acquainted the young Lady, that he had altered his mind: That he had objections to the address of Sir Arthur Poinings (the young gentleman's name) and declared, that he never would give his consent. He desired that she would by no means see him, or receive Letters from him; and he talked of carrying her down to his country-seat in a full town-season; [The girl had a taste for pleasure—What girl has not?] not doubting, he said, that the young Baronet would persecute her with his addresses while she remained in London. He then actually forbid Sir Arthur his house; and, more than once, read Miss a Lecture on the *Authority*

of a *guardian*, and the *Duty* of a *ward*. Words that naturally incite young girls to rebellion.

Sir Arthur found means to write to the minx, as if unknown to her guardian. Darts, flames, and distresses, were suggested in his Letter. The girl began to relent; the guardian to suspect: He *renewed* his prohibition; cunning creature! The affair now wore a face of difficulty. She answered the young gentleman's Letters. It became a regular Love-affair of the heroic kind. And, at last—What at last!—Why, the young Lady, attended only by her faithful DELIA, who had been assistant to the Lovers in their correspondence, ran away from an *inexorable* guardian, to Sir Arthur; married him; and, in a few days, writing an humble Letter for her cloaths, acknowledged rashness, which she laid at the door of LOVE, and so-forth. The guardian desired a meeting with the Love-yers; now no more *Love-yers*, but *man* and *wife*. They met, with trembling on her side, with pretended apprehension on Sir Arthur's, for having disobliged so good a guardian. The guardian was in high good-humour. He forgave them both, at the first word, and surrendered up his trust with pleasure. The girl was surprized at his unexpected goodness; and had she not been actually nailed down by the Solemnity, would very probably have again resumed her heroics.

Well, but I am charmed with Mrs. Shirley's Eggleton, as well as with her account of herself in her heroic days. Little did I think that she ever was *girl* enough to be infected: But, as she says, romances were the fashionable reading of her youthful years.

Tell aunt Selby that I am not an enemy to old maids; but only to those ill qualities which I should equally dislike in old or in young *Any-bodies*. I love Lady Gertrude, and even aunt Eleanor, for those qualities that are *love-able* in them. But you see that your Nancy, the mild, good-natured Nancy, could not forbear laughing at the idea of the young-old Penelope Arby: Yet knows she not, says the malicious Lucy, what may be her own case. But I have appealed for you; and to whom? To Lady Gertrude. I was writing to her on a particular occasion, when your packet was brought me; and, in order to enliven my subject, transcribed three lines of Lucy's query upon defending the single state. She was but at Enfield, and returned me the following by the same messenger; the other part of my Letter requiring an immediate answer.

'Your question, my dearest niece, is whimsically asked: You tell me that a whole room-full of young country ladies wait only the success of an appeal you have referred to me, to know whether they shall out of hand dispose of themselves to recruiting officers, mountebanks, and fox-hunters; or venture to live on with the melancholy title of old maids, in an unsupported, undefended state.

'One or two queries to be put, proceeds the Sage, are, Whether the worthy matches you have mentioned, or any unsuitable matches whatsoever, would be a *support* and *defence*? Whether the woman who makes a rash and improper choice, does not throw herself out of that protection and defence which every-one may depend upon in the state of life marked out to them by Providence? And whether the single state is not thus marked out to the woman who never has it *fitly* in her choice to change it?

'I, my dear, who am an old maid, must not write partially on that side of the question. In general, I will fairly own, that I think a woman is most likely to find her proper happiness in the married state. May you, my dear niece, experience it every day more and more!—But there are surely many exceptions: Women of large and independent fortunes, who have the hearts and understanding to use them as they ought, are often more beneficial to the world, than they would have been had they bestowed them on such men as look for fortune *only*. Women who have by their numerous relations many connexions in the world, need not seek out of their own alliances for protection and defence. Ill health, peculiarity of temper or sentiments, unhappiness of situation, of person, afford often such reasons, as make it a virtue to refuse what it would otherwise be right to accept.

'But why do I write seriously to such a lively creature? Only, my dear'—

But, girls, I will give you no more of Lady Gertrude. I have not done with you myself yet.

Much to the same purpose, I remember, as Mrs. Shirley's, were the expostulations of Lady D. in one of her Letters to Harriet; who only answered her, (I also remember) like a girl. What *could* she say?

'You, my Harriet,' (wrote that Lady,) 'are pious, dutiful, benevolent—Cannot you, if you are unable to entertain, for the man who now with so much ardour addresses you, were you married to him, the passion called *Love*, regard him as *Gratitude* would oblige you to prefer any *other* man who is assiduous to do you service or pleasure? Cannot you shew him as much good-will, as you could any *other* man, whom it was in your power to make happy? Would you esteem him *less* than a person absolutely a stranger to you? The exertion of your native benevolence, of your natural obligingness, of your common gratitude, of your *pity*, is all that is asked of you. You have no expectation of the *only* man, who is dearer to you than he. This exertion will make my Lord happy; and if you retain that delight, which you have hitherto taken, in promoting the happiness of others who are not undeserving, yourself not unhappy.'

You have now before you, girls, the opinion of Mrs. Shirley, and the Countess of D. on the case you put. They both sit enthroned on

the serene hill of wisdom, which hardly one in fifty of their Sex attains. From thence they look down with pity, and with beckoning finger, to the crowds below them, who with aching eyes, and despairing hearts, emulate their starry heights; but in too faintly attempting to gain the ascent, tumble down, some (shameful!) head-over-heels, immersed in the miry puddles of sense; and others taking a supposed more easy, tho' visibly round-about way, are misled by mazy paths into dreary desarts, till they lose even the distant sight of the sacred hill.¹

There, chits, I end romantically, figuratively at least, in compliment to your fanciful tastes. And thus much as to you, girls, young Lady-expectants, whimsicals, and so forth, from

Your CHARLOTTE G.

Friday, Saturday, April 13, 14

My women are so impertinent, and my Marmouset is so voracious, that I have been forced to take two days for what once I could have performed in little more than two hours.

LETTER XLIV

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Grandison-hall, Monday, April 16

AND must I, my dear grandmamma, be *more* particular in relation to ourselves, our guests, our amusements, diversions, conversations—Why then does not Lucy write as usual, every tender, every engaging, every lively occurrence that happens at Selby-house, and Shirley-manor? Is she so much taken up with her *agreeable* Peer, that she must leave the obliging task wholly to Nancy and Emily? I don't care. *They* shall be my best girls; and I will put down my Lucy as a woman of mere quality before she has the title. Yet let me tell her, that could honest Mr. Fowler have courted for *himself*, have suffered his heart to rise to his lips, I should have wished by her means, to have been related to him and Sir Rowland. But that matter, it seems, is as good as over; and I will proceed to do *my* duty, whether she does *hers* or not.

I have told you, madam, how much our guests are pleased with us and the place. How much we are charmed with *them*, I need not tell you. Every praise you have heard of them, is confirmed and heightened, on a more intimate knowledge of them.

Lord and Lady L. are with us. Lord and Lady G. will come as soon as they can. Lady L. has her sweet infant with her. And I hope Lady G. will not come without my god-child.

Sir Edward Beauchamp is at present our guest. The good doctor, you know, is at home here; and how beloved, how revered, by every one!

Sir Charles! The Soul of us all!—O madam! never surely, was one spot blessed with so many persons of one mind, as are now rejoicing together at Grandison-hall.

And pray, my dear grandmamma, let me ask; Would it not be affectation rather than modesty, were I to leave myself un-named in this noble circle? I will *not*. Every body, for Sir Charles's sake, looks on me, with the kindest partiality, and my heart tells me that being his as much as my own, it deserves that partiality.

Except at certain devotional hours of retirement, we know not, but that we are all of one faith. Nothing of religious subjects is ever mentioned among us, but in those points in which all good Christians are agreed. You, madam, who have a true catholic charity for the worthy of all persuasions, would be delighted to see the affectionate behaviour of the *two* fathers (I will call them) to each other. When they are not in the general company, they are always together, walking, riding out; or in the apartment of each other, reading, conversing. The dear Clementina cannot but see, that charitable and great minds, however differing in some even essential articles of religion, might mingle hearts and love each other; and from Sir Charles's catholicism, that she might have been happy with him, and kept her own faith.—But, no! it would in her notion, now I recollect, have been a dangerous trial. She could not trust *her own* heart—Great and noble Lady! how much is she to be revered!

The gentlemen ride out almost every day.—Our conversations! It would be endless to give you an account of the conversations that yet, I flatter myself, would delight you all. The least interesting ones of those we hold, would have made a great figure in my former Letters. Such the company, you may suppose we know not what trifling subjects are.

Every one avoids mentioning the name of the poor Count of Belvedere in the presence of Lady Clementina; yet we all pity him. We have reason to do so, from the account Signor Jeronymo receives of his distress of mind, while he endeavours to overcome his hopeless passion.

Allow me, madam, to conclude this Letter here. We are to have a little concert this evening, and our company is beginning to assemble in the music room.—I must go and attend the marchioness and Lady Clementina; who herself will be a performer. She is an admirable one. I can only stay to add, that I am

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XLV

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Grandison-hall, Saturday, April 28

MY dearest grandmamma will not complain that my three last Letters (a) were not filled with particulars of our engagements and conversations here. What a scene of happiness! What have I to pray for but the continuance of it? Except that the admirable Lady Clementina were somehow settled to her own liking, and that her indulgent relations could be satisfied with it? Something seems to be wanting for *her*, and therefore for *them*. Yet can a lover of her, of her fame, of her family, say, what that something should be? I, for my part, ought to be the last who should decide for her; I, who never, I think (say Lady G. what she pleases of my romancings) could have been happy with any man in the world, but Sir Charles Grandison, after I had known him, and once was led to hope for so great a blessing; and who have not that notion that she has, or seems to have, of the dreariness, and disadvantages of a single state; on the contrary, who think the married life attended with so many cares and troubles, that it is rather (as it is a duty to enter into it, when it can be done with prudence) a kind of faulty *indulgence* and selfishness, in order to avoid these cares and troubles, to live single. But to leave this subject to the decision of Lady G. and Lady Gertrude, the latter of whom has given some unanswerable hints on her side of the question, I will proceed with my narrative.

And here let me observe, that had not Lady Clementina made her rejection of the best of men her sole and deliberate act, it is my humble opinion that her loss of him would have been insupportable to *her*. That consideration, and her noble motive for it, enable her to behave gloriously under the self-deprivation, as I may call it. Yet, I can see, at times, by her studiously avoiding his company, and frequently excusing herself from making one in little parties of Sir Charles's proposing; and by her chusing, at all times, *my* company, that the noble Lady thinks self-denial *necessary* to her peace.

She was once for putting Jeronymo on proposing to leave England sooner than they had intended; and take my promise to *follow* them. I was present. She had tears in her eyes when she proposed it. We had been talking of Sir Charles in raptures, on some of his noble charities which had but lately come to our knowlege, and it was pretty evident to me, that she, at the time, was of opinion, that distance from him would be a means to quiet her heart.—The dear Emily finds it so, thank God!

(a) These three Letters do not appear.

Lady Clementina has been, however, tolerably cheerful since, amusing herself with drawing up plans for her future life. Very pretty ones, some of them: But a little too *ideal*, if I may so express myself;¹ and she changes them too often to shew that steadiness, which I want to see in her mind. Poor Lady! How I pity her as I contemplate her, in her contrivances and proposals! I am often forced to turn away my face, that she may not see the starting tear.

Tuesday, May 1

The Count of Belvedere being returned to London from a country excursion, and not very well, the Marquis was desirous of making a visit to him, and at the same time to pass a few days in London to see the curiosities of the place, and to be present at some of the public entertainments. The gentlemen at the first motion made a party to attend him, and Sir Charles, you may suppose, would not, in complaisance, be excused. Dr. Bartlett and Father Marescotti, who are inseparable, had formed a scheme of their own; and the Ladies declared, that not one of them would leave *me*.

The gentlemen accordingly set out yesterday morning. In the afternoon arrived here, one of the most obliging of wives, tenderest of mothers, and amiable of nurses—Who do you think madam?—No other than Lady G. and her Lord. Ungovernable Charlotte! Her month but just up! We have all blamed her. We blamed her Lord too for suffering her to come.—But what could I do, said he, innocently—But they are both so much improved as husband and wife!—Upon my word, I am charmed with her in every one of the above characters. My Lord appears, even in her company, now that his wife has given him his due consequence, a manly, sensible man: If he ever had any levities of behaviour they are all vanished and gone. She is all vivacity, as heretofore; but no flippancy. Her liveliness, in the main, is that of a sensible, not a *very* saucy wife, entirely satisfied with herself, her situation and prospects. Upon my word, I am brought over to her opinion, that if the *second* man be worthy, a woman *may* be happy, who has not been indulged in her *first* fancy: And I am the rather induced to hope so for my Emily's sake.

Tuesday Evening

Mrs. Beaumont has received a Letter from the Ladies her friends at Florence, expressing their fear that the love of her country now she is in it, has taken place in her heart, and weakened her affection for them. They beg of her to convince them of the contrary by hastening to them.

This Letter, it seems, mentions some severe reflexions cast upon Lady Clementina by the unhappy Olivia. Camilla, who is very fond

of me, has hinted this to me, and at the same time acquainted me with her young Lady's earnestness to see it; Mrs. Beaumont having expressed to her her indignation against Olivia on the occasion. Unworthy Olivia! What reflexions can you cast on the admirable Clementina!—Yet I wish Mrs. Beaumont would let me see them.—But dear Mrs. Beaumont, impart not to Clementina any thing that may affect her delicate and too scrupulous mind!

This over-lively Lady G. has been acquainting Lady Clementina with Emily's story, yet intending to set forth nothing by it, she says, but the fortitude of so young a creature.

She owns, that Lady Clementina often reddened as she proceeded in it; yet that she went on—How *could* she?—I chide her for poor Emily's sake, for her own sake, for Lady Clementina's, for Sir Edward Beauchamp's sake—How *could* she be so indelicate? Is there a necessity, dear Lady G. (thought I, as she repeated what passed on the occasion) now you are so right in the great articles of your duty, that you must be wrong in *something*?

Lady Clementina highly applauded Emily, however. A charming young creature she called her. Absence, added she, is certainly a right measure. Were the man a common man, it would not signify: Presence, in that case, might help her, as he probably would every day expose his faults to her observation. But absence from such a man as Sir Charles Grandison, is certainly right. Lady G. says, it was easy to see, that Lady Clementina made some self-applications upon it.

Wednesday Morning, May 2

Lady G. has been communicating to me a conference which, she says, she could not *but* overhear, between Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont, held in the closet of the latter, which joins to a closet in Lady G's dressing-room, separated only by a thin partition. The rooms were once one—A little of your usual *curiosity*, I doubt, my dear Lady G. thought I. You were not *confined* to that closet. You might have retired when their conversation began. But, no; Curiosity is a nail, that will fasten to the ground, the foot of an inquisitive person, however painful, what she hears may sometimes make her situation.

Mrs. Beaumont had acquainted Lady Clementina with the contents of the Letter she had received from her friends at Florence. The poor Lady was in tears upon it. She called Olivia cruel, unjust, wicked. The very *surmise*, said she, is of such a nature, that I cannot bear to look either Lady Grandison, or any of her friends in the face: For Heaven's sake, let it not be hinted to any one in the family, nor even to my own relations, that Olivia *herself* could be capable of making such a reflexion upon me.

My dearest Lady Clementina, said Mrs. Beaumont, I wish—

What wisheth, my dear Mrs. Beaumont—

That you would change your system.

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!—If they are broken with me, I resume my solicitude to be allowed to take the veil. That allowance, and that only, can set all right. My heart is distressed by what you have let me see Olivia has dared to throw out against me.

Allow me one observation only, my dear Clementina. What Olivia has hinted, the *world* will hint. It behoves you to consider, that the husband of Lady Grandison ought not to be so much the object of any woman's attention, as to be an obstacle to the address of another man really worthy.

Cruel, cruel Olivia! There is no bearing the *thought* of her vile suggestion. None but Olivia—Say not the *world*. Olivia *only*, Mrs. Beaumont, was capable of such a suggestion—

For my own part, interrupted Mrs. Beaumont, I am confident that it is a base suggestion; and that if Sir Charles Grandison had *not* been married, you never would have been his. You could not have receded from your former objections. You see what a determined Protestant he is; a Protestant upon principle. You are equally steady in your Faith: Yet, as matters stand; so amiable as he is; and the more his private life and manners are seen, the more to be admired; must not your *best friends* lay it at the door of a first Love, that you cannot give way to the address of a man, against whom no one other objection can lie?

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!—

One word more only, my dear Lady Clementina, as the subject was begun by yourself—May it not be expected, now that no opposition is given you, you will begin to feel, that your happiness, and peace, and *strength* of mind will flow from turning your thoughts on principles of *Duty* (so the world will call them) to other objects; and that the dwelling on those it will *suppose* you to dwell upon, till your situation is visibly altered, will serve only to disturb your mind, and fill your friends, on every instance that may affect it, with apprehensions for you?

You have said a great deal, Mrs. Beaumont. But is not the veil the only possible expedient to make us all easy?

ARTICLES, ARTICLES! my dear Clementina. I have been drawn in by yourself insensibly to speak my mind on this subject. But I have no view, no design. Your parents, your brothers, you see, inviolably adhere to the Articles. But, consider, my dear, were you even allowed to assume the veil, that all such recollections of your former inclination as would be faulty in a married state, would have been equally contrary to your religious vows. Would then the assuming of the veil make you happy?

Don't you hint, Olivia-like, Mrs. Beaumont, at *culpable* inclinations? Do you impute to me *culpable* inclinations?

I do not, neither do I think you are absolutely as yet an Angel.¹ Would you, my dear, refuse your vows to the Count of Belvedere, or any other man, for a *certain* reason, yet think yourself free enough to give them to your God?

Will this argument hold, Mrs. Beaumont, in the present case?

You will call upon ARTICLES, my dear, if I proceed. Your silence, however, is encouraging. What were just now your observations upon the story of Miss Emily Jervois? Is there not a resemblance between her case and yours?

Surely, madam, I am not such a girl!—O Mrs. Beaumont, how am I sunk in your opinion!

You are *not*, my dear Clementina, you cannot in any-body's. Miss Jervois is under obligations to her guardian, that you are not.

Is that, Mrs. Beaumont, all the difference?—That makes none. I am under greater. What are pecuniary obligations to the preservation of a brother's life? To a hundred other instances of goodness—That girl *my* pattern! Poor, poor Clementina! How art thou fallen! Let me fly this country.—Now I see in the strongest light, what a rashness I was guilty of, when I fled to it. How must the Chevalier Grandison himself despise me!—But I tell you, Mrs. Beaumont, that I am incapable of a wish, of a thought, contrary to those that determined me when I declined the hand of the best of men. O that I were in my own Italy!—What must young creatures suffer from the love of an improper object, in the opinion of their friends, if, after the sacrifices I have made, I must lie under disgraceful imputations from my gratitude and esteem for the most worthy of human minds?—O how I disdain myself!

It is a generous disdain, my dear lady Clementina. I end as I began—I wish you would think of changing your system. But I leave the whole upon your own consideration. Your parents are passive. God direct you. I wish you happy. At present you will not yourself say you are so. Yet nobody controuls you, nor *wishes* to controul you. Every-body loves you. Your happiness is the subject of all our prayers.

Lady G. believes the conversation ended here.

Lady L. in Mrs. Beaumont's presence, has been just making me a compliment on my *generous* Love, as she calls it, of Lady Clementina, and my security in Sir Charles's affection. Dear madam, said I, where is the merit? A man of such established principles, and a woman of such delicate honour! They both of them move my pity, and engage

my love. With regard to Lady Clementina, this is my consolation, that I stood not in her way: That your Brother never made his addresses to me, till she, on the noblest motives, left him free to chuse the *next* eligible, as I have reason to think he allowed me to be. And let me tell you, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, that in his address to me, he did her justice; and dealt so nobly with me, that had I not before preferred him to all other men, I should have done it then.

Thursday, May 3

I have received a Letter from Sir Charles. Lady Clementina and I were together when it was brought. She seeing whom it came from, and that I meditated the seal with impatience, begged me to read it then, or she would withdraw. I opened it. There were in it, I told her, the politest remembrances of her, and the other ladies; and read what he wrote of that nature. She looked with so desiring an eye at it, that I said, Were you to read it, madam, you would find him the kindest of men. Sir Charles and I have not a secret between us. But there are in it a passage or two, relating to a certain gentleman, that, were you to read it, might affect you. [By the way she reads English extremely well.] And is that, Lady Grandison, your *only* objection? I should be glad to see, were it not improper, how the politest of men writes to the best of wives.

I gave her the Letter.

She had greatness of mind to be delighted with his affectionate stile—Tender delicacy! said she, as she read:—Happy, happy Lady Grandison! Tears in her eyes, and clasping her arms about me, let me thus congratulate you. I acted right in declining his address. I must have thought well of the religion of the man, who could speak, who could write, who could act, who could live, as he does.

I bowed my face on her shoulder. To have expressed but half the admiration I had in my heart of her nobleness of mind, would have been to hint to her the delicate situation she *had* been in, and to wonder how she could overcome herself.

What follows, said she, sitting down, I presume I may read: For my eye has caught the name of a man my heart can pity.

She read to herself the passage; which is to the following effect: 'The *person* of the poor Count of Belvedere' (Sir Charles writes, in the Count's words) 'is loitering in town, endeavouring to divert itself there; while his *soul* is at Grandison-hall. He cannot think of quitting England, till he has taken leave of Lady Clementina; yet, dreading the pangs he shall feel on that occasion, he cannot bring himself to undergo them.'

The Marquis, the Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, all joined, Sir Charles writes, to console him; yet wished him to pursue his better fortune

at Madrid; and the Count thinks of prevailing on himself to accompany them down, in order to take this dreaded Farewel. Sir Charles expresses his pity for him; but applauds the whole family for their inviolable adherence to their agreement.

When she read to that place, tears stole down her cheeks—Agreement, said she,—Ah, Lady Grandison! It is true, they *speak* not: But I can read their *wishes* in their eyes.

She read on Sir Charles's praises of the Count for his beneficent spirit. The Count, said she, is certainly a good man—But is not his, a strange perseverance? Then, giving me the Letter, How few of us know, said she, what is best for ourselves! There is a Lady in Spain of great honour and merit, who would make him a much happier man, than *she* can do, on whom he has cast a partial eye. And besides there is the poor Laurana—

She stopt. I suffered the subject to end there.

Sir Charles supposes it will be the latter end of next week before they return, if the Marquis holds his purpose of being present at a Ball to which he is invited by the Venetian ambassador—Near a fortnight's absence on the whole!—O dear! O dear!

The following by Lady G.

And *O dear! O dear!* say I! This is Saturday, and not a word more written. *So* taken up with her walks and walking-mate!—Selfish creatures both. It was with difficulty I procured a sight of this Letter. No wonder. You see how freely she has treated me in it. I told her, it never would be finished, if I did not finish it for her. Her excuse is, Sir Charles's absence, and that you, madam, charged her *not* to write by *every* post, lest an accidental omission should make you uneasy.—Ungrateful for indulgence given! She must therefore let *several* posts pass—But get thee gone, Paper, now. And carry with thee all manner of compliments from Charlotte G. as well as from [Here sign it, my sweet Sister]

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XLVI

Lady G. To Miss SELBY

Grandison-hall, Sat. May 5

YOUR complaining Letter (a) reached me here, Lucy, but this day. I arrived here on Monday afternoon. Ungracious Harriet! She chid me for coming. But I went to Church first. What would they have?

(a) This Letter does not appear.

My Lord and I are one now: If therefore I say, *I* arrived, it is the same as saying, *he* did: My little Harriet with us, you may be sure.

But what does the girl complain for? Maiden creatures should send us married women two Letters for one. Establish for me this expectation: You will soon yourself be the better for the doctrine.

You tell me, that hardly any of you girls are satisfied with my imperial decision on the appeal laid before me, tho' supported by the opinions of Mrs. Shirley, Lady D. and every wise woman. I don't care whether you are or not. Sorry chits! you decide among yourselves, and then ask for the opinions of others: What for? In hopes they will confirm your own; if not, to be saucy, and reject them.

You want me to tell you a hundred thousand things, of what's doing, what's done, what's said, here? Not I. Harriet is writing a long, long Letter to her grandmamma, she tells me; and journalwise (*a*).—Let that, when you have it, content you. She says I must not see it. But I *will*. Something saucy about me in it, I suppose.

My Brother, and his principal Men-guests, are in town. They went on Monday morning. So I have not seen them.—Will not come back till Friday next week. Harriet is impatient for his return. O girls! girls! That a Church-ceremony can so soon make such a difference in the same person!—But he is so generously tender of her, that the wonder, in her case, is the less.

Lady Clementina is a noble creature. We are obliged to call both her and Harriet to order; or they would never be asunder. The garden and park are the places in which they most delight to walk. Make Harriet give you the particulars of their conversations.—Then I shall have them. I have demanded them; but she only acquaints me in general, that she is delighted with Lady Clementina's part in them. The other expresses no less admiration of Harriet's. But, besides that they rob us of their company too often, which is ruder in the mistress of the house than in the guest; Harriet does not enough consider her own circumstances. Their walks are too long. She comes in, and throws herself sometimes into a chair—*so* tired!—Yet, chidden for her long walks, *such* engaging conversations! she cries out.—*Heroines* both, I suppose; and they are mirrors to each other; each admiring herself *in* the other. No wonder they are engaged insensibly by a vanity, which carries with it, to each, so generous an appearance; for, all the while, Harriet thinks she is only admiring Clementina; Clementina, that she's applauding Harriet.

Well, Lucy—But I find you will not be Lucy long—Your day, it seems, will soon be fixed: The day, happy may it be! which will set a coronet on your head. A foolish kind of bawble, after all; but it looks not amiss on the outside of one's coach—if the inside contain not—

(*a*) Meaning the preceding Letter.

Did I say a monkey, Lucy? But that will not be your case. My Lord knows *your* Lord, and esteems him. Lord G's *esteem*, (china and shells out of the question) is not contemptible, I can tell you. His Love for his flippant Charlotte made him play monkey-tricks, which lessened him in my eyes: But now I see he is capable of forgetting his butterflies, and *esteeming* me, I remember my promise, and *honour* him: *Obedience* will come—when it *can*.

Well, but, Lucy, Dr. Bartlett knew your Lord Reresby abroad, and speaks well of him. He has wished for this match ever since it was first mentioned; nay *before* it was mentioned—Ever since he was a bride-man on my brother's happy day: And you are a good girl, that you have not paraded, as Harriet *did*, and Clementina *does*.

Have I any more to say? I think not. I will endeavour to get a sight of what Harriet has written. Let her deny me, if she dare. If that suggests to me a subject which she has not touched upon, well and good: If not, take it for a conclusion, chits, that I wish you all well; and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, and respectable aunt Selby, and her honest man, health, happiness, and so-forth.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVII

Lady G. To Miss SELBY

Wednesday, May 9

I AM afraid your brother James will terrify you all. Surprising;—I am very angry with him; for, however slight he might make of what I have to tell you, I know, that none of you besides will. I therefore dispatch this by a man and horse, on purpose to set your hearts at ease.—The wretch left her in a fainting fit. Had the dear creature ever any of these fits before? But why do I ask? This is easily accounted for: She was over-fatigued with a walk. Against warning, against threatenings, she and Lady Clementina had taken a longer walk than ever they did before, quite to the end of the park, to view some alterations which Sir Charles was making there. They had forgotten that they had the same length to walk back again. Half-way on their return, tired, and each accusing herself, and apologizing to the other, they were surprised by a sudden shower of rain; a violent one; a thunder-shower: No shelter: They were forced to run for it towards a distant tree; which, when they approached, they found wet thro'; as they both were. So they made the best of their way to the house; were seen at a little distance, making the appearance of frightened hares. The servants ran to them with clokes, which, thrown over their wet cloaths, helped

to load them. As Harriet entered the hall-door, which leads into the garden, she was surprised with the sight of Sir Charles, entering at the other. She expected him not till Friday or Saturday. Her complexion changed: She sighed; sobbed: Her cheeks, her lips turned pale: Down she was sinking. My Brother was terrified; but he caught her in his arms, and saved her fall.

Lady L. and I were together, indulging ourselves with our little nurseries, who were crowing at each other; I singing to both [By the way they are surprising infants] when word was brought, that my Brother was come, and Lady Grandison was dying. How were we both terrified! We, in our fright, each popt her pug into the arms of the other, by way of ridding our hands of our own; and the women being not at hand, threw the smiling brats into one cradle; and down hurried we to our Harriet.

In the midst of all this bustle, this wise Brother of yours, Lucy, slipt away without taking leave of us. What tho' his hour was fixed, and his post-chaise waiting, could he not have staid one half hour? O these inconsiderate, hare-brained—Don't be angry, Lucy, he has vexed us for you. I should otherwise have left to herself the account of her indisposition and recovery. She has got cold: So has her Sister-excellence, as my Brother justly calls her. Is it to be wondered at?—She was feverish all day yesterday; but made slight of it; and would have come down to dinner; but we would not permit her to leave her chamber.

How was Lady Clementina affected! She laid all at her own door: And last night, Harriet being still more feverish, we all talked ourselves into a thousand panics. Lady Clementina was not to be pacified.

To-day, she is, in a manner, quite well; and we are all joy upon it. But she shall never again do the honours of the Park to Lady Clementina. Trust *me* for that, grandmamma Shirley; and expect a Letter from the dear creature herself by the post. Adieu, adieu, Lucy, every body, in a violent hurry subscribes

Your

CHARLOTTE G.

P.S. My hurry is owing only to the demands of my Marmouset upon me. To nothing else, upon my honour! For we are all safe, serene, and so-forth.

LETTER XLVIII

*Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY**Grandison-hall, Friday, May 11*

I AM sorry, my dearest grandmamma, you have all been so much alarmed by an indisposition which is already gone off. My Cousin James, foolish youth! I wish he had not called upon us on his return from Portsmouth, or that he had staid at Grandison-hall till now. Lady G. has given you, in her lively way, an account of the girlish inconsideration, which might have been attended with a fever, had not Mr. Lowther been at hand; who thought it advisable that I should lose blood. But it was the joy on seeing Sir Charles after an absence of eight days, and several days sooner than I had expected that pleasure, which overcame me.

Never, never, *was* there so tender, so affectionate, so indulgent a husband!—Lady G. has told you that I fainted away—When recovered, I found myself in his arms; all our friends and guests assembled round me; every one expressing *such* a tender concern.

Harriet, be grateful! But canst thou be enough so? How art thou beloved of hearts the most worthy!—And what new proofs hast thou received of that Love of all other the dearest! Every hour do I experience some new instance of his tender goodness. He stirred not from my chamber for half an hour together, for two whole days and nights. All the rest he took was in a chair by my bed-side; and very little was his rest: Yet, blessed be God! his health suffered not. Every cordial, every medicine, did he administer to me with his own hands.¹ He regarded not any-body but his Harriet. The world, he told me, was nothing to him without his Harriet. So amiably has he appeared in this new light, not in my fond eyes only, but in those of all here; who are continually congratulating me upon it; and every one telling me little circumstances of his kind attention, and anxious fondness, as some happened to observe one, some another, that tho' I wanted not proofs before of his affection for me, I cannot account my indisposition an unhappiness; especially as it has gone off without the consequences, of which you were so very apprehensive.—'Dear Sir, I obey you: But indeed, indeed, Sir, writing to my grandmamma does me good. But I obey.' Only, let thus far as I have written, be dispatched to my Northamptonshire friends,

From their ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER XLIX

*Lady GRANDISON. In Continuation**Sat. Night*

I HAVE a constant attendant in Lady Clementina. She was not to be consoled when I was at worst. Wringing her hands, O that she had never come to England! was her frequent exclamation: And they apprehended, that her mind would be again disturbed. She has not yet recovered her former sedateness. She gets by herself, when she is not with me. She is often in tears, and wishes herself in Italy. Sir Charles is concerned for her. She has something upon her mind, he says; and asked me, if she had not disclosed it to me? He wondered she had not; expressing himself with pleasure on the confidence each has in the other.

Sunday, May 13

Signor Jeronymo has been pitying to me! the Count of Belvedere. The poor man could not prevail upon himself to accompany Sir Charles and his noble guests down. He owned to Jeronymo, that he had twice set out for Grandison-hall; but both times, being unable to pursue his intention, turned back.

Jeronymo told me, that the Count had made his will, and left all that he could leave, and his whole personal estate, to their family, in case he should die unmarried. He would not leave it to Lady Clementina, lest, if his bequests were to come to her knowledge, she should think he was so mean, as to expect that favour from his riches, of which he had no hope from her esteem.

The generous Belvedere declares, said Jeronymo, that should her malady be renewed by means of our interesting ourselves in his favour, he should be the most miserable of men. My dear Jeronymo, said he, at parting in town, tell that Angel of a Woman, that I never will solicit her favour, while I shall have reason to apprehend she has an aversion to me. May Clementina be happy, and Belvedere must have some consolation from knowing her to be so, however wretched he may be on the whole. But assure yourself, Jeronymo, that I will never be the husband of any other woman, while she is unmarried.

I joined with Signor Jeronymo in pitying the Count: Yet, I must own, that my compassion is still more deeply engaged for Clementina. But I was affected not a little, however, when Jeronymo read a passage from a Letter of the Count, which, at my request, he left with me; and which I English as follows:—After his supplications put up to Heaven for her happiness, whatever became of him—‘But can she be happy,’ says he, ‘in her present situation? May there not be always

a struggle between her exalted notion of duty, and her passion (tho' the noblest that ever warmed a human breast) which may renew the disorders of her mind?—Were she *mine*—(Let me indulge, for one moment, the rapturous supposition) I could hope to conduct, to guide, to compose, that noble mind. We would admire, with an equal affection, that best of men, whose goodness is not more the object of her Love, than of my veneration. Jealous as I am of my honour, I would satisfy the charmer of my soul, that I approved of her sisterly Love of a man so excellent. She would not then be left to the silent distress of her own heart.'

What say my Grandmamma, my Aunt, my Lucy? Shall I wish the noble Clementina may be prevailed upon in favour of this really worthy man? Should *I*, do you think, be prevailed upon in *her* situation?—A better question still—*Ought I?*

Monday, May 14

My Cousin James *has* seen me, and I have chid him *too*, for having been so hasty to carry bad news to Northamptonshire, without staying a day or two, when he might have carried better. 'Tis true, they will not permit me to quit my chamber yet: But that is rather for precautionary than necessary reasons; and they have given over chiding me for writing—Their indulgence to me of my pen will convince you, that I am quite well.

Lady Clementina most sincerely rejoices in my recovery. Yet she is every day more and more thoughtful and solemn. She is grieved, she tells her mother (who is troubled at her Solemnity) for her brother Jeronymo, who indeed is not well. Mr. Lowther tells us, that he must not expect to be exempt from temporary pains and disorder: But I am sure the worthy man would be easier in his own mind, were his sister to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere.

I talked to Sir Charles on this subject an hour ago. Lady Clementina, my dear Sir, said I, is not happy. I question whether she ever will, unless she is allowed her own way, the veil.

And that, returned, he, has been so long a family-objection, that the compliance with her wishes, would break the heart of her mother, at least; and greatly afflict all the rest. It must not, for *their* sakes, be thought of.

What then, Sir, can be done?

We must have patience, my dearest life. Her malady has unsettled her noble mind. She must try her own schemes; and if she find not happiness in any of them, she will think of new ones, till at last she fixes. Nor, I hope, is the time far off.

Do you think so, Sir?

Don't you see, my Love, that the poor Lady is more and more

uneasy with herself? Something is working in her mind. I have desired her mother to leave that disturbed mind to its own generous workings. Her vehemence, raised by the opposition she met with, which she considered as a persecution, has for some time subsided; and she will probably fall upon reflexions which she had not time to attend to before.

Jeronymo thinks, proceeded he, that *I* might successfully plead in the Count's favour—But did I not draw the articles? Did I not propose the terms? Lady Clementina shall not be prevaricated with. She shuns me of late—In apprehension, perhaps, that I will try my influence over her. She never seems so easy, as when she is with my dearest Love. You must preserve that consequence with her, which delicate minds will ever be of to one another. Some little appearances of her malady will perhaps, now-and-then, shew themselves, and unsettle her: But I have no doubt, if it please God to preserve her reason, that her present uneasinesses will be productive of some great change in her schemes, which may end in a tranquillity of mind, that will make all us who love her, happy. Mean-time, my dear, let this be our rule, if you please: Let *her* lead; let *us* only follow—Persuasion against avowed inclination, you and I, my Harriet, have always condemned as a degree of compulsion. Had the admirable Lady been *entreated* to take the noble measure she fell upon, when she rejected me, however great the motives, she would not have been so happy, as she was, when she found herself absolute mistress of the question, and could astonish and surprise us all by her magnanimity.

Who could resist this reasoning? How well does he seem to know this excellent woman, when he considers her unhappy unfixedness, occasioned by a malady, which will now-and-then (till she can be settled in some quiet and agreeable way) shew itself in her conduct, when she has any great part before her to act!

Tuesday Afternoon, May 15

Lady Clementina, soon after dinner, sent up to me her Camilla (for I was not at table) to desire a quarter of an hour's discourse with me in my chamber. I gave direction, that nobody should come to me till I rang. She entered; saw me seated; took her seat by me; and immediately, with a noble frankness in her manner, thus began:

I could not, my dear Lady Grandison, ask the favour of your ear on the subject I wanted to open my heart upon to you, till I saw you were perfectly recovered. God be praised, that you are! What anxieties did your late indisposition give me! I accused myself as the cause of it.—I had engaged you, thoughtlessly, in too long a walk. You know how Lady G. how Lady L. were terrified. I overheard them once that evening talking over their fears to one another. Lady G. looked with

visible unkindness upon me. My aid ineffectual, my person in the way, I hurried to my chamber: Good God! said I (every object looking strange about me) Where am I? What am I? Can I be the same Clementina della Porretta that I was a few months ago? Can I have brought misery to the family which was my only refuge? To the man who—[She paused: Then lifting up her eyes; Blessed Virgin! said she, And *is* Clementina in the house of the man whom she has been known to regard above all men; and whom she still *does* regard; but not as Olivia supposes?] And then on my knees I offered up fervent prayers for your health and happiness; and that it would please God to return me, with reputation, to my native country. My eyes are now opened to the impropriety I have been guilty of in taking refuge in England; and in remaining in it, and in your house, and with a man whom I am known to value. The world has begun to *talk*: Cruel Olivia! She will lead and point the talk, as she would have it believed. I am under obligation to your goodness, and to that of all your friends, that they and you think kindly of me, situated as I once was. I am obliged (Mortifying consideration to a spirit like mine!) to Sir Charles Grandison's generosity and compassion, that he does not despise me. A *girl* (forgive me for mentioning it; it is to *you* only) has been, by my dear Mrs. Beaumont, proposed, indirectly at least, for a Pattern to me. How am I sunk! My pride cannot bear it. Had I been allowed to take the veil, all these improprieties in my conduct had been prevented; all these mortifications would have been spared the unhappy Clementina—Tell me, advise me, May I not renew my entreaties to be allowed to take the veil? Give me, as to your sister (no sister ever loved her sister better than I love you) your advice: Counsel me what to do, what course to steer, to recover myself in my own eyes. At present I hate, I despise, myself.

With how little reason, my dearest sister, my excellent friend! All my family revere you: Sir Charles, his Sisters, and I, love you: Lady G. particularly admires you: She could not possibly look unkindly upon you. What has Olivia dared to report? But did she ever forbear her rash censures?—What can I advise you? I see your delicate distress. But suppose you open your mind to the Marchioness? To Mrs. Beaumont suppose? She is the most prudent of women.

I know *their* minds already. Their judgments are not with me. Mrs. Beaumont (indeed without intending it) has terrified me. My mamma thinks herself bound by the Articles, and will not speak.

Suppose, my dearest Lady, you advise with Sir Charles? You know he is the most delicate-minded of men.

I shall ever honour him: But your indisposition has made me look upon him with more reverence than familiarity. I have avoided him. An exquisite pain has seized my heart, on being brought to meditate

the impropriety of my situation: A pain I cannot describe. *Here* it used to be (putting her hand to her forehead); but *here* now it is (removing it to her heart); and at times I cannot bear it.

Let me beg of Lady Clementina to lay that noble heart open to Sir Charles. You know his disinterested affection for you. You know his regard for your glory. You know that your own mother, your own Mrs. Beaumont, are not more delicate than he is. You may unbosom yourself to him. But such is his fear of offending you, that you must begin. A small opening will do. His nice regard for your honour, for the honour of our sex, will, on a slight encouragement, spare you all that would be irksome to you. He has no prejudices in favour or disfavour of any body. He loves, it is true, he reveres your *whole family*; but *you* more than all the rest. Shall I say that he made his court to me in your name, and by your interest; yet acknowledged himself refused by an Angel?

Excellent man!—I *will* consult him, and in your presence.

As to my presence, madam—

It must be so, interrupted she: I shall want your support. Do *you* be my advocate with him; and if he will be an advocate for me, I may yet be happy. At present, I see but one way to extricate myself with honour. *I* dare not propose it. *He* may. The world and Olivia will not let me be, *in* that world, a single woman, and happy.—Why should I not be allowed to quit it by a divine dedication?

I embraced her; soothed her: But thought of Sir Charles's advice, not to *lead*, but *follow* as she led: Not one word, as I told her, would I say to him of what had passed between us, that she might have his own unprejudiced advice.

I rang, by her permission. Sally came up. I made my request, by her, to her master. He found us together. Sir Charles, said I, before he could speak, Lady Clementina has something on her mind: I have besought her to consult you.

I must consult you *both*, said she. To-morrow morning, Sir, as early as will suit Lady Grandison, we will meet for that purpose.

May the issue of to-morrow's conference be tranquillity of mind to this excellent Lady!

LETTER L

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation*

Wednesday, May 16

THE conference was held in Italian. It was but just turned of seven in the morning, when we met in my drawing-room.

I had told Lady Clementina that she must lead the subject; but Sir Charles, seeing her in some confusion, relieved her—You do me, madam, said he, great honour (and it is worthy of our brotherly and sisterly friendship in proposing to ask my opinion on any subject in which you are interested). *Our* dear Harriet's recovery (God be praised for it!) has left no wish in my heart so ardent as for *your* happiness. Permit me to say, my dear Lady Clementina, it is *necessary* for that of us both.

Indeed, madam, it *is*, said I, taking her hand. Tenderness, love, respect, I am sure, were in my countenance, if it spoke my heart. She condescendingly bowed upon mine: Tears were in her eyes: You pain me, Chevalier, you pain me, madam, by your goodness—How many of my friends have I made unhappy!

For some days past, said Sir Charles, I have observed, that you have seemed more uneasy than usual. Would to Heaven it were in my power to remove the cause!

Perhaps it *may*. Ah, Chevalier! I thought when I came into the compromise, that I might have made myself happier in it, than I now find I can be.

Dear Lady Clementina! said Sir Charles; and stopt.

Be not displeased with me, Chevalier. I must hold myself bound by it, if it be insisted on. But tho' my condescending friends urge me not by entreaties, by persuasions, see you not that their *wishing eyes*, and *sighing hearts*, break every hour the Articles agreed to?

Dear Lady Clementina!

I knew you would be angry with me.

I am not. It would be equally unfriendly and insolent if I were. But, my dear Clementina, what an affecting picture have you drawn of the resignation of parents to the will of their child, in an article which their hearts were fixed upon.

Add not weight, Sir, to my uneasy reflexions. I can hardly bear to see in them the generous suppression of their own wishes.

She then addressed herself to me.—Bear with me, dear Lady Grandison, if I cast an eye back to former situations. You know my whole story.—For a few moments bear with me.—I never, God is my witness, envied you. On the contrary, I rejoiced to find those merits which I had not power to reward, so *amply* rewarded by you; and that the Chevalier was so great a gainer by my declining his vows.—She stopt.

Proceed, dearest Lady Clementina, said I—Are we not sisters? And do I not know, that yours is the noblest of female minds?

I rejoice, Sir, from my heart, that I was enabled to act as I did.—Again she stopt. Sir Charles bowed in silence.

But still I hoped, that one day my parents would have been over-

come in favour of the divine dedication. That was always my wish, till you, Sir, induced me to come into a compromise. And then I was resolved to make myself, if possible, happy, in the single Life allowed me. But what *can* I do? My former wishes recur. I cannot help it: And it seems evident to me, that there is but one measure, and that is the convent, which can make me happy.

Dear Lady Clementina! said Sir Charles, will you be pleased to allow me—

Olivia, Sir, interrupted she (you don't, perhaps, know that) reflects upon me. It was indeed a rash step which I took, when I fled to England: How has it countenanced the excursion *she* made hither? Tho', God knows, our motives were widely different: Hers was to obtain what mine was intended to avoid. But your sudden indisposition, madam, pointed the sting, and carried it into my heart. That flashed full upon me, the impropriety of my situation. Can there be, say, Chevalier, can there be, any expedient which will free me from reflexion, from slander, except that of the veil?

You *lead* the question, madam, replied Sir Charles: I but *follow* you. Surely there *can*.

You are not angry with me, Chevalier? You do not upbraid me with breach of Articles?

I do *not*, madam, while we only *reason*, not *resolve*. Assure yourself that *your* tranquillity of mind is one of the principal objects of my daily vows. Say, Lady Clementina, all that is in your heart to say. Your friend, your brother, hears his sister with all the tenderness of fraternal love.

How soothing! How kind!—You say there *is* another expedient. What, excepting marriage, is it?

Were it *that*, and that *could* be an acceptable expedient—We are only *reasoning*, madam; not *resolving*—

Do you, Chevalier, (with a look of impatience;) propose that to me?

I do *not*, madam—I said we were *reasoning* only.—But surely you *may* be very happy in the *single* Life. You *may* have thought of plans, which, on consideration, may not please you: But it is yet early. Lady Clementina has too much greatness of mind to permit any-thing that may be said by malevolent people to affect her. She knows her heart; and has reason to be satisfied with it. Were your former wishes to take place, will not ill-will and slander follow you into the most sacred retirements? There are several tender points to be considered in your past situation. These *are* considered by your parents. They have no view but to your happiness. You and they indeed have different notions of the means. They think marriage with a worthy man of your own faith, would tend to establish it. *You* think assuming the veil the only expedient. This subject has been much canvassed. They are

determined not to urge you: Yet their judgments are not changed. Shall they not be allowed to *wish*? Especially when they *urge* not, *speak* not, their wishes? Your father was earnest with the count of Belvedere, in my hearing, when last in town, to give up all expectations from you. God preserve their lives till they see you happy! You must be convinced, that they are not so intent upon the *means* as to obtain the *end*.

My father, my mother, are all goodness!—God preserve their precious lives!—Tears trickled down her cheeks.

I am sure, my dear Lady Clementina, *you* cannot be happy in *any* state of life, if your choice, pursued, would make your *parents* unhappy.—Could Lady Clementina, were she even *professed*, divest herself of *all* filial, of *all* family regards? Would not that very contemplative life, of which she is at present so fond, make her, when it was too late to retrieve the step (and with the more regret, perhaps, because it *was* too late) carry her thoughts, her affections, with greater force, back to parents, if *living*, so deservedly dear, to brothers so disinterestedly kind, to her; and who have *all* shared so largely in her distresses?

She sighed. She wept. O Chevalier! was all she said.

You cannot, madam, live only *to* yourself, *for* yourself: And you may live to your God in the world, perhaps, more efficaciously than in the convent, with regard to your soul's health, as you have such large ability to do good: For, wants not the world, as I have heretofore pleaded, such an example as you can give it?—The *heart*, madam, not the *profession* is the truly acceptable. Your maternal grandfather, tho' a sound Catholic, would have it, that there were many sighing hearts in convents; and on this supposition (confirmed to him by a singular instance which affected him) he inserted in his will the clauses which he thought would *oblige* you to marry. Your other grandfather joined in the enforcement of them.

And what, Sir, was the penalty? Only the forfeiture of an estate, which I wish not for; which none of us want. We are all rich. It is a *purchased*, not a *paternal* estate.

And purchased with what view, madam? And for whom?

I would have my family superior to such motives.

Must they not, my dear Clementina, be judges for themselves?

I do not *believe*, proceeded she, that there *are* many sighing hearts in convents: But if there *were*, and my friends would be satisfied (for that, I own, is an essential point with me) *I* should not, I am *sure*, add to the number of such. As to what you say of the world wanting such an example as I could set it, I have not vanity enough to be convinced by that argument. Whether my soul's peace could be *best* promoted in the world, or in the convent, must be left to *me* to judge;

who know that in the turmoils and disturbances I have met with, both of mind and body, the retired, the sequestered life, is most likely to recompose my shattered spirits.

Those turmoils, those disturbances, madam, thank God! are over.

I pity, I can forgive, I *do* forgive, the poor Laurana. Ah Sir! you know not, perhaps, that LOVE, a passion which is often the cause of guilty meanness, as sometimes indeed of laudable greatness, was the secret cause of Laurana's cruelty to me. She hated me not, till that passion invaded her bosom. Shall I remember the evil of her behaviour, and not the good?

Admirable Clementina! said Sir Charles: Admirable lady! said his Harriet; both in a breath.

She was the companion of my childhood, proceeded the exalted Lady. We had our education together. I was the *sufferer*; thank God! not the *aggressor*. She has made me great, by putting it into my power to *forgive* her. Let all my revenge be in her compunction from my forgiveness, and from my wishes to promote her welfare!

And a revenge indeed would that be, said Sir Charles, were she, who had acted by an excellent creature, as she has done by you, capable of generous compunction. But, noblest of women, can it be expected, if *you* can forgive her, that your family should join, by giving up their reversionary expectance, to *reward* her for her cruelty to their child, who was entrusted to her kindest care and protection? Can you, madam, treat lightly those instances of your parents and brother's Love, which have made them resent her barbarity to you?—My dear Lady Clementina, you must not aim at being *above* Nature. Remember that your grandfather never *designed* this estate for Laurana. It was only to be provisionally hers, in order to secure it the more effectually to you; and, on failure of descendants from you, to your elder brother, who, however, wishes not for it. His heart is in your marriage. He only wishes, that it may not be the cruel Laurana's. If you can defeat the design of your grandfathers, with regard to your *own* interest, ought you to do injustice to your brother's claim?

O Chevalier!

Ought you to think of disposing of your brother's right? Has not he much better reason to be considered by you for his affection, than Laurana has for her cruelty?—Abhorred be that sort of LOVE, my dear Lady Clementina, which is pleaded in excuse of barbarity, or of any extravagant, undutiful, or unnatural action!

She sighed. Tears again stole down her cheeks. After a short silence—O spare me, Chevalier!—Despise me not, Lady Grandison!—My enfeebled reason may lead me into error; but when I know it is error, I will not continue in it. I see that, with regard to my brother's interest in this estate, I reasoned wrong. I was guilty, my dear Lady

Grandison, I doubt, in your eye, of a false piece of heroism. I was for doing *less* than justice to a brother, that I might do *more* than justice to an unnatural relation.

All that Laurana can hope from you, my dear Lady Clementina, said Sir Charles, is, that you will intitle her to the receipt of the considerable legacy your grandfather bequeathed to her—

And how is that to be done, interrupted she, but by my marriage?—Ah, Chevalier!

Such, indeed, *is* the state of the case. Such was it *designed* to be. I, madam, but state it. I advise nothing.

Still, Sir, the motive which may allowably have weight with my friends, ought not to have principal weight with me. Consider, Sir: Is it not setting an earthly estate against my immortal soul?

Far otherwise, madam. Can you so far doubt of the divine grace, can you so far disparage your own virtues, as to suppose they want the security of a convent? Do justice, my dear Lady Clementina, to yourself. You have virtues which cannot be exerted in a convent; and you have *means* to display them for the good of hundreds. I argue not as a protestant, when I address myself to you. The most zealous catholic, if unprejudiced, *circumstanced as you are*, must allow of what I say.

Ah, Chevalier! how you anticipate me! I was going to charge you with arguing like a protestant.

Did not your grandfathers, madam, in *effect*, argue as I argue, when they made their wills? Did not your father, mother, uncle, brothers, thus argue, when they wished you to relinquish all thoughts of the veil? And are not the one, were not the others, all zealous catholics? Does not your brother the bishop, does not your truly pious confessor, acquiesce in their reasonings, and concur with (at least not *oppose*) the family-reasons?

She looked down, sweetly conscious. Sir Charles proceeded.

Has not your mother, madam, who gave you and your three brothers to the world, a *merit* both with God and man, one of you dedicated, as he is, to God (you see, madam, I addressed myself to you in the catholic stile) which the cloistered life could not have given her? Are not the conjugal and maternal duties (performed as she has performed them) of higher account, than any of those can be, which may be exerted in the sequestered life? Clementina would not wish to be a better woman *in the convent*, than her mother has always been *out of it*.

She hesitated, sighed, looked down: At last, What can I say? said she. I have signed to the waving of my wishes after the veil; and must, I see, abide by my signing. It is, however, generous in you, Sir, not to plead against me *that* my act; and to hear me with patience want to be absolved from it. But I am *not* happy—She stopt; and turned away her face to conceal her emotion.

Sir Charles was affected, as well as I.

She recovered her speech. I am, at times, said she, too sensible of running into flight and absurdity. My late unhappy malady has weakened my reasoning powers. You both *can*, I see you both *do*, pity me. Let me say, Chevalier, that when I came into your proposed compromise (which, after so grievous a fault committed, as the flying from my native country, and indulgent parents, I could the less refuse) I promised myself happiness in a situation, in which, I *now* see, it is not to be found. Your friendship, your united friendship for me, happy pair! I thought (as I knew I deserved it by my disinterested affection for you both) would contribute to it; I was therefore desirous to cultivate it. My wounded reason allowed me not to consider, that there were improprieties in my scheme, of which the world would judge otherwise, than I did: And when I heard of vile and undeserved reflexions cast upon me; but most when that sudden indisposition seized you, my dear Lady Grandison, and seemed to my frightened imagination to threaten a life so precious—

She paused: Then proceeded.—I have told you, madam, my reflexions.—Before you, Chevalier, I have said enough.—And now advise me what to do.—To say truth, I almost as much long to quit England, as I did to fly to it. I am unhappy. O my fluctuating heart! When, when, shall I be settled?

What, madam, can I say? answered Sir Charles: What can I advise? You say you are not happy. You think your parents are not so. We all believe you can make them so. But God forbid it should be to your own unhappiness, who have already been so great a sufferer, tho' hardly a greater than every one of your friends has been from your sufferings. I plead not, madam, the cause of any one man. I have told you, that your father himself advises a certain nobleman to give over all hopes of you: And that person himself says, that he will endeavour to do so; first, because he promised you, that he would; and next, because he is now too well assured, that you have an aversion to him.

An aversion, Chevalier! God forbid that I should have an aversion to any human creature! I thought my behaviour to that gentleman had been such—She stopt.

It was great; it was worthy of Clementina. But this is his apprehension: And if it be just, God forbid that Lady Clementina should think of him!

My dear Lady Grandison, do *you* advise me upon all that has passed in this conference. You assured me at the beginning of it, that my peace of mind was necessary to your happiness.

From my affection for you, my dear Lady Clementina, and from my affection *only*, it is necessary. You cannot have a distress, which will not, if I know it, be a distress to me. You know best what you can

do. God give you happiness, and make yours the foundation of that of your indulgent parents! They are of opinion, that a settled life with some worthy man of your own country and faith, will greatly contribute to it. Your mamma is firmly of opinion it will: So is Mrs. Beaumont. You see that you cannot, in justice to your brother, and to his children yet unborn, as well as in duty to your deceased grandfathers, assume the veil: You see that the unnatural Laurana, whom you still are so *great* as to love, cannot enjoy a considerable legacy bequeathed her, but on your marriage.—If you have a *dislike* to the nobleman who has so large a share in the affections of all your family, by no means think of him. Rejoice, madam, in a single life, if you think you can be happy in it, till some man offer whom you can favour with your esteem. Let *me* be honoured mean time with the continuance of your Love, as I shall be found to deserve it. We are already sisters. In presence, we will be one; in absence, we will not be divided; for we will mingle souls and sentiments on paper.—

I was proceeding; but she wrapt her arms about my neck. She bathed my cheek with her tears.—O how generously did she extol me! how delighted, how affected, was the dearest of men! how delicate was his behaviour to both! The *tender friend* in her, the *beloved wife*, were with the nicest propriety, distinguished by him.

The dear Lady was too much disordered by her own grateful rapture, to recover a train of reasoning. She told me, however, that she would ponder, weigh, consider every-thing that had passed.

God give her happiness! prays with her whole heart,

Your

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER LI

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Thursday, May 17

LADY Clementina is thoughtful, solemn, and shuns company. Not one word will anybody say to her of the Count of Belvedere: But as he is expected here every-day to take his leave, Sir Charles thinks she ought not to be surprized by his coming at unawares. She neither dined nor supped in company yesterday; nor breakfasted with us this morning. She loves, as you have heard, to walk in the garden. She diverts herself often with feeding the deer, which gather about her, as soon as she enters the park. Sir Charles just now passed her in the garden. He asked after her health.—My *mind* is not well, Chevalier!—God Almighty heal it! said he, taking her hand, and bowing upon

it.—Thank you, Sir! Continue your prayers for me. That *last* conversation, Chevalier—But, adieu.

She took a path that led to the park. He looked after her. She turned once to see if he did. He bowed, and motioned with his hand as for leave to follow her. She understood his motion, and by hers forbid him.—Poor Lady!

Thursday Evening, Six o'clock

Mr. Lowther returned from London about an hour ago. He has always been of opinion with the physicians of Italy, that a disorder of mind not hereditary, but circumstanced as Lady Clementina's was, will be in no danger of returning, or of becoming hereditary, unless on some new distress like the former. He expressed his wonder more than once, at her relations acquiescence with her plea, as she made *that* the principal against marriage; tho' he allowed it to be a noble and generous one in her. And now, in order to justify his opinion, he has taken, of his own accord, the opinions of the most noted London physicians: who entirely agree with him.

Saturday, May 19

Lady Clementina has been generously lamenting to me the unhappiness of the cruel Laurana. What I hinted to Sir Charles, said she, of her Love for the Count of Belvedere, is but too true. I have been urged to have compassion, as it is called, on *him*. He should have shewed some for *her*. She was proposed to him. He rejected the proposal with haughtiness: But, I believe, knew not how much she loved him. I have faint remembrances of her ravings, as I may call them, for him, to her mother and woman: Sometimes vowing revenge for slighted Love.—Poor Laurana was another Olivia in the violence of her passion. In the few lucid intervals I had when I was under her management, I always expected that these ravings would end in harder usage of me. Yet even then, when I had calmness enough to pity myself, I pitied her. O that the Count would make her happy, and could think himself happy in her!—

She asked me if Sir Charles were not indeed inclined to favour the Count?

He wishes you, madam, to marry, answered I, because he thinks (and physicians of Italy and England, and Mr. Lowther, concur with your parents wishes) if there were a man in the world whom you could consent to make happy, the consequence would not only make your whole family so, but yourself. But the choice of the *man*, he thinks, should be entirely left to you: He thinks that the count, so often refused, ought not to be insisted on; and that time should be given you.

Let me ask you, Lady Grandison, as one sister to another, Could

you, in *my* situation, have resolved to give your hand—She stopt, blushed, looked down. I snatched her hand, and lifted it to my lips—Speak your whole heart, my Clementina, to your Harriet.—But yet I will spare you, when I understand your meaning. Noblest of women, I am not Clementina. I could not, situated as you once were, all my friends consenting, and the man—such as you knew him to be, have refused him my hand as well as heart. But what may not be expected from a Lady, who, from a regard to her superior duties could make the most laudable passion of inferior force?—You have already overcome the greatest difficulty; and when you can persuade yourself that it is your *duty* to enter into new measures, I am sure, whatever they may be—

Dear Lady Grandison, say no more—My duty—How delicate are your intimations!—What a subject have we slid into!—Believe me, I am incapable—

Of any thought, of any imagination, interrupted I, that an angel might not own. It would be an injury to your Harriet's emulative Love of you, were you but to suppose any assurances of your greatness of mind necessary.

But I am at times pained, generous Lady Grandison, for what *your* friends may think, may wish—O that I were in my own country again!

They wish for nothing but your happiness. Lay down your own plan, dear Lady: Chalk out your future steps. Look about you one, two, three years, in the single life: Assure your indulgent parents—

Hush, hush, hush, hush, my dear Lady Grandison, gently putting her hand on my mouth: I will, I must, leave you!—O my fluctuating heart!—But whatever I shall be enabled to do; whose-soever displeasure I may incur, do *you* continue to love me; still call me Sister; and, through you, let me call Sir Charles Grandison my Brother; and then shall I have a felicity that will counterbalance many infelicities.

She hurried from me, not staying to hear the affectionate assurances of my admiring Love, that were bursting my lips from a heart fervently desiring to comply with every wish of hers.

Sunday, May 20

The Marquis is slightly indisposed. The Marchioness is not well. Lady Clementina applying to Mrs. Beaumont for consolation on the occasion, owned, that were their indispositions to gather strength, she should be too ready for her peace of mind, to charge them to her own account. Mrs. Beaumont generously consoled her, without urging one syllable in favour of the man, who has so large an interest in the hearts of all her family, her own excepted. She herself mentioned

with approbation to Mrs. Beaumont, some particulars of the Count's munificence, and greatness of mind, that had come to her knowledge: But wished he could think of her cousin Laurana. Her Camilla came in. She asked with anxious duty, after her mother's health; and withdrew in tears, to attend her.

Monday, May 21

Well, but now, I Charlotte G. who have taken up Harriet's pen, say, these tears will soon be dried up. The Marquis and his Lady are both better. The Count is arrived; Signors Juliano and Sebastiano with him. Did you not see the Count when he was in town, Lucy? A pretty man, upon my life, were he not quite so solemn: But that very solemnity will make for him with the fair romancer: Is he not come, as Lee says, in his Theodosius,¹

—'To take eternal leave?

Not to vouchsafe to see him, would be scorn,
Which the fair soul of gentle CLEMENTINA
Could never harbour.'

Accordingly, on his arrival, not unsent to, but almost unexpected, down she came to tea: and with *such* a grace!—Indeed, my dear and venerable Mrs. Shirley, she will be a good girl. All will come right. She was a little solemn indeed in her serenity: But she plainly put herself forward to speak. She seemed to pity the Count's confusion (who, poor soul! knew not how to speak to her) and relieved it by enquiring after his health, as he had not been well. She addressed herself to him once or twice on indifferent subjects; and pleased everybody by her behaviour to him. Nay, they talked together a good while at the window, he, and she, and Mrs. Beaumont, very freely about England and Italy, comparing in a few instances, these gardens with those of the Marquis at Bologna. No very interesting conversation indeed: but the good Count thought himself in paradise. Yet he fears he shall to-morrow be allowed to take a long, long leave of her. He goes to France and Italy; not to Spain. I like him for that, it would only be distressing himself, further, he says, were he to amuse a worthy family who have invited him thither with a view that can never be answered, while Clementina remains unmarried.

My brother continues to insist upon it, that not one word shall be said in the Count's favour. Sea-room, and Land-room, Mrs. Shirley, as I said once before—Where did he learn so thoroughly to understand the perseverance of a female heart?

By Lady Grandison.] You see, my grandmamma, what Lady G. has written. Her sweetly playful pen may divert you. Her heart feels not, as mine does, the perplexities of the dear Clementina: But I yield with grateful pleasure, to a pen so much more lively, than that of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER LII

Lady G. To Miss SELBY

Tuesday, May 22

AND so, Lucy, your day is fixed. May next Thursday be a happy one, and reward the heroic girl who so nobly conquered a first Love, on the discovered unworthiness of the man. And you own that your heart is far from being indifferent to Lord Reresby—Good girl!—Confirmation of all my doctrines. We women prate and prate of what we *can*, and what we *can-not*; what we *ought*, and what we *ought-not*, to do: But none of *us* stay-till-we-are-asked mortals know what we shall, or can, do, till we are tried by the power of determining being put into our hands. Was it possible for me to have loved that sorry wretch Anderson, so well as I really love my honest Lord G? It was not. But tho' I name that creature myself, never do you presume to do it. I blush even to this hour at looking back to certain giddinesses that debased my character—But let me quit a subject so disagreeable.

Lady Clementina has had a bad night, it seems.—Came not down to breakfast. The poor Enamoretto was in despair. I tried to hearten him up a little: But my brother will not let any body flatter him with a hope that too probably may end in disappointment.

Yonder [I am writing at my window, you must know] is the fair Inflexible musing in the garden. I have a good mind to call to her; for I see by her motions and downcast looks, that resverie is no favourable sign for the Count—No need of my calling to her; my brother has this minute joined her. As soon as he came in sight, she went to him.—Now, dear brother, put in a word for the poor man.

Well, but Lucy, this Lord of yours must come among us. He shall not carry you to Ireland this year. Let all who would be good husbands and good wives, come to Grandison-hall, and learn: And, pray, let them come while *I am here*. Yet I have something to say against our Harriet too.—She is so taken up with her heroic friendship, that Clementina is now almost the only subject of her pen. What godlike instances of my brother's goodness does she leave untold, tho' she admires him for them, as much as ever! Every rising, every setting sun, are witnesses of his divine philanthropy. I suppose she looks upon

his praises now, to be her own. Well she may. Never were hearts so united, so formed, for one another. But Harriet used to praise herself formerly; Did she not, uncle Selby?

Believe me, I will praise my honest man whenever he gives me cause. For instance; Yesterday, I was well enough pleased with what he said to my brother.—You, Sir Charles, ought not to give yourself up to a private life. Your country has a claim upon such a character as yours.

Without doubt, said I—Shall we, my Lord, make my brother an ambassador, or a justice of peace? Lord G. rubbed his forehead; but seeing me smile, his countenance brightened up. Don't you know, Charlotte, said my brother, that nothing but the engagements our noble guests have given me, would have prevented me from acting in the useful character you have last named?

O that you had, brother! What admirable causes would then have been brought before US, *en dernier ressort*! How delightfully would your time have been taken up with the appeals of scolding wives, forsaken damsels, and witches presumptive!

Lady G. *must* be herself, whatever be the subject, replied Sir Charles. You and I love her, my Lord, for her charming vivacity. But think you, my sister, that a day spent in doing good, be the objects of it ever so low, is not more pleasing to reflect upon, than a day of the most elegant indulgence? Would persons of sense and distinction (myself out of the question) more frequently than they do, undertake the task, it would be lighter to every one, and would keep the great power vested in this class of magistrates, and which is every year increasing, out of mean and mercenary hands. And, surely, men of consideration in the world owe it to their tenants and neighbours, and to those of their fellow-creatures to whose industry they are obliged for their affluence, to employ in their service, those advantages of rank and education, which make it perhaps easy for them to clear up and adjust, in half an hour, matters that would be of endless perplexity and entanglement to the parties concerned.

Mind this, uncle Selby; for I think you are too fond of your own ways, and your own hours, to do your duty as an active justice, tho' of the quorum.¹

But I should have told you, Lucy, how this conversation began. I got the occasion for it out of Dr. Bartlett afterwards. You must know, that I visit him now and then as Harriet used to do, to learn some of my brother's good deeds, that otherwise would not come to our knowledge; by which I understand that notwithstanding he gives his guests so much of his company, and appears so easy and free among us, yet, that every beneficent scheme is going on; Not one improvement stands still: He knows not what it is to be one moment idle.

Dr. Bartlett tells me, that some gentlemen of prime consideration in the county, have been offering my brother their interest against the next election. He modestly acknowledged the grateful sense he had of the honour done him; but declined it for the present, as having been too little a while returned into his own country, after so long an absence, to be as yet fit for a trust so important. We young men, said he, are apt to be warm: When we have not studied a point thoroughly, we act upon hasty conclusions, and sometimes support, sometimes oppose, on insufficient grounds. I would not be under *Engagements* to any party: Neither can I think of contributing to destroy the morals and health of all the country people round me, to make myself what is called an *Interest*. Forgive me, gentlemen: I mean not to slight your favours: But on such an occasion, I ought to be explicit.

But, after the gentlemen were gone, There is a county, Dr. Bartlett, said he, of which I should be ambitious to be one of the representatives, had I a *natural* interest in it; because of the reverence I bear to the good man, to whom in that case I should have the honour to call myself a colleague. When I can think myself more worthy than at present I am, of standing in such a civil relation to him, I shall consider him, as another Gamaliel,' at whose feet (so long absent as I have been from my native country) I shall be proud to be initiated into the service of the public.

It is not difficult to guess, who my brother—But my Marmouset is squalling for me; and I must fly to silence it.

Now, Lucy, that I have pacified my Brat, do I wish you with me at my window. My Brother and his Harriet only, are at this instant walking almost under it, engaged in earnest conversation: Seemingly, how pleasing a one! admiration and tenderness mingled in *his* looks: In *her*, while he speaks, the most delighted attention: When she answers, love, affiance, modest deference, benevolence, compassion; an expression that no pen can describe—Knowing them both so well, and acquainted with their usual behaviour to each other, I can make it all out. She is pleading, I am sure, for Clementina. Charming pleader!—Yet, my dear Mrs. Shirley, I fear her reasonings are romantic ones. Our Harriet, you know, was always a little tinged with Heroism; and she goes back in her mind to the time that she thought she could never be the wife of any other man than my brother (tho' then hopeless that he could be hers); and supposes Clementina in the same situation.

When I looked first, I dare say, he was giving her an account of the conversation that passed an hour ago, between him and Clementina.

He had his arm round her waist, sometimes pressing her to him as they walked; sometimes standing still; and, on her replies, raising her hand to his lips, with such *tender* passion—But here she comes.

Harriet, if I am a witch, let Lucy know it. Here—read this last paragraph—Have I guessed right at your subject of discourse?—You will tell me, you say, in a Letter by itself—I do so.

LETTER LIII

Lady GRANDISON, To Miss SELBY

[In Continuation of Lady G's Subject]

YOU need not be told, my dear Lucy, that our charming Lady G. is mistress of penetration. Your happy Harriet has been engaged in the most pleasing conversation. The best of husbands conceals not from her one emotion of his excellent heart. He is greatly distressed for Clementina. It would be unworthy of his character, if he were not: Yet he seems to think she may be happy with the Count of Belvedere: That is the point we have been debating. As Sir Charles would have been the man of her choice, but for an invincible obstacle, is it not owing, partly to his delicate modesty, that he thinks she may be so? What think you, Lucy?

Lady G. says, I make Clementina's case my own. Be it so; because *so it ought* to be. Could I have been happy with Lord D?—Call it romantic, if you please, Lady G.; I think it impossible that I *could*, even tho' I could not form to myself, that Sir Charles Grandison himself would make the tender, the indulgent husband he makes to the happiest of women.

Sir Charles gave me the particulars of the conversation that passed between him and Lady Clementina in the garden. He observed, that she is not a stranger to the Count's resolution, never to marry while *she* remains unmarried; and that it is the intention of that nobleman to return to Italy, and not go to Spain at all. Perhaps she had her information either from Camilla or Laura; who both heard him declare as much. If she has condescended to hear *them* talk on a subject which every body else has studiously avoided, she may also have heard from them many other particulars greatly to the Count's honour; for they are his admirers and well-wishers.

Sir Charles believes she will take a gracious leave of the Count before he sets out.

The solemn, the parting interview, was to have been in my drawing-room this afternoon: But Lady Clementina has given the Count an unexpected, and joyful reprieve.

She dined in company. We were all charmed with her free and easy deportment, as well to the Count, as to every-body else. *His* was not so easy. He, intending to bespeak the favour of half an hour's audience of her, in order to take leave of her, when she arose from table, was in visible agitations. How the poor man trembled! with what awe, with what reverence, as he sat, did he glance towards her! How did every-body pity him, and by their eyes beseech her pity for him! yet, in the same moment, our eyes fell under hers, as she looked upon each person; we all seeming unwilling to have her think we entreated for him by them. I thought I read in her lovely countenance more than once, compassion for him; yet, the breath hard-fetched, *as* often shewed a sigh suppressed, that indicated, I imagined, a *wish* (also suppressed) after a life more eligible to her than the nuptial.

At last, when we women arose from table, he, as a man who must address her in haste, or be unable at all to do it, stepped towards her; retreated, when near her, as irresolute; and again advancing, profoundly bowing, Madam, madam, said he, hesitatingly—putting out his hand, as if he would have taken hers; but withdrawing it hastily, before he touched it—I hope—I beg—allow me—I beseech you—one parting moment.

She pitied his confusion: My Lord, said she, We see you to-morrow in the afternoon [Allow me, madam, to me—] She courtesied to him, and withdrew with some little precipitation; but with a dignity that never forsakes her.

Every man, it seems, congratulated the *Count*. Every woman (when withdrawn with her) *Clementina*. The Marchioness folded her to her maternal bosom—My daughter! My beloved daughter! My Clementina! was all she said, tears trickling down her cheeks—O my mamma! kneeling (affected by her mother's tears)—O my mamma!—was all the daughter could say. And rising, took Mrs. Beaumont's hand, and retired with her to her own apartment.

We see her now in the garden with that excellent woman, arm in arm, in earnest talk, as we sit by the window.

Wednesday Night

And now, my grandmamma, a word or two of dear Northamptonshire.

I have a Letter from Emily. I inclose it, with a copy of my answer.

I hope it is not a breach of confidence to communicate them both to you, and thro' you, madam, to my aunt Selby. At present, I wish the contents may be a secret to every-body else.

Don't let Lucy repine at her distant residence, if it must be in Ireland. It is generally the privilege of husbands to draw their wives after them. Sir Charles says it is but a trip to that kingdom: And having an estate in it, which he is intent upon improving, he will be her visitor; and so will his Harriet, you need not question, if he make her the offer of accompanying him. To you, my grandmamma, I know every part of the British dominions, where your friends have a natural call, is Northamptonshire. Lucy's grandmother, however will miss her: But has not she a Lucy in her Nancy? And has not her grandson James a chance (if Patty Holles will favour him) to carry to her another granddaughter? Besides, Lord Reresby, who is so good-natured a man, will not be in haste to quit the county where he has obtained so rich a prize. Sir Charles expects them both with him for a month at least, before they leave England.

Happy! happy! as the sixteenth of November to me, may be the twenty-fourth of May to Lucy, prays,

Her Ever-affectionate

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER LIV.

Miss EMILY JERVOIS, To Lady GRANDISON

your letter did not challenge a return till Sat: May 19

I HAVE something to communicate to you, my dear Lady Grandison, and take your advice about: yet, so young a creature as I am, I am *quite* ashamed. But you must keep my secret from every living soul, and from my guardian too, for the present, since in writing to you, I think I write to him, as you know all his heart, and are so prudent a Lady. It is true, I was, (or I might have been, I should rather say) a forward girl with regard to him: But then my whole heart was captivated by his perfections, by his greatness of *mind*; that was all. May not a creature, tho' ever so young, admire a good man's goodness? May she not have a deep sense of gratitude for kindness conferred? That gratitude may indeed, as she grows up, engage her too deeply; and *I* found myself in danger; but made my escape in time. Thank God!—and thank you, who assisted me!—what an excellent Lady are you, that one can speak to you of these tender matters! But you are the Queen of our Sex, and sit enthroned, holding out your scepter in pity to one poor girl, and raising another, and another;

for it is glory enough for you to call the man yours, for whom so many hearts have sighed in secret.

But this was always my way—I never sat myself down to write to my guardian or to you, but my preambles were longer than my matter—To the point then—but *be sure* keep my secret—

Here every-body is fond of Sir Edward Beauchamp. He is indeed a very agreeable man. Next to my guardian, I think him the most agreeable of men. He is always coming down to us. I cannot but see that he is particularly obliging to me. I really believe, young as I am, he loves me: But every body is so *silent* about him: yet they slide away, and leave us together very often. It looks as if all favoured him; yet would not interfere. He has not made any declaration of love neither.—I am so *young* a creature, you know; and to be sure he is a very prudent man.

My guardian dearly loves him—who does not? His address is *so* gentle: His words are *so* soothing: His voice—To be sure he is a very amiable man! Now tell me freely—Do you think my guardian (but pray only sound him—I am so young a creature, you know) would be displeased if matters were to come to something in time?—Three or four years hence, suppose, if Sir Edward would think it worth while to stay for so silly a creature?—I would not *think* of sooner.—If not, I would not allow myself to be so much in his company, you know.

He has a very good estate; and tho' he is ten or twelve years older than I; yet he never will be more than that; since every year that goes over his head, will go over mine likewise—So you will be pleased to give me your opinion.

And here all the world is for marrying, I think. Miss Selby is as good as gone, you know. Her brother courts Miss Patty Holles: Miss Kitty is not without her humble servant. Nay, Miss Nancy Selby, for that matter—But let these intelligences come from themselves.

You, my dear Lady Grandison, have led up this dance—So happy as you are—I think it is a right thing for young women to marry when young men are so desirous to copy Sir Charles Grandison.

Hasten to me your advice, if but in six lines. We expect Sir Edward down next week. I *must* like his company, because he is always telling us one charming thing or other of my guardian; and because he so sincerely rejoices in your happiness and his.

God continue it to you both. This is our prayer night and morning, for our own sakes, as well as yours, believe

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

EMILY JERVOIS

LETTER LV

*Lady GRANDISON, To Miss JERVOIS**Tuesday, May 22*

I HAVE a great opinion of your prudence, my Love: And I have as high a one of Sir Edward Beauchamp's honour and discretion. His fortune, his merit, are unexceptionable. Your guardian loves him. If you could certainly love Sir Edward above all men, and he you above all women, I am of opinion your guardian will think no alliance can be happier for both, and for himself too: For you know, my dear, that your welfare is near his heart. Let me, my sweet Emily, refer you as to your conduct on this occasion, to my own almost-unerring counsellors, my grandmamma and aunt Selby. Don't be ashamed to open your heart to them: Are you not under their wings? I will so manage, that they shall lead the way to your freedom with them. Your difficulties by this means will be lessened. Sir Charles will pay the greatest attention to their advice. But yet I must insist, that the reference to them, shall not deprive of my Emily's confidence,

*Her ever-affectionate Sister,**and faithful Friend and Servant,*

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER LVI

*Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY**Thursday, May 24*

I BEGIN this Letter, as I ended my last to Lucy—May this day be a happy one to her, and then it will be so to us all—My dear aunt Selby will be so good as to favour me with a line to acquaint me with the actual celebration; that I may ground upon it my earliest felicitations.

I will proceed with an account of what so much engages the attention of every one here.

I told you in one of my former, that Lady G. had shewn to Mrs. Beaumont Lucy's account of the conversation held at Shirley-manor, on the subject of a first Love, with Lady G's sprightly decision upon it, and upon the appeal made to me.—I must now tell you, that Mrs. Beaumont prevailed upon Lady Clementina to desire me to read it to her. She made her request; and I obeyed. Mrs. Beaumont was present. Not a word by way of application did either she or I suggest,

when I had done reading. Lady Clementina's complexion often changed as I read. She was not at all diverted with those lively parts of Lady G's decision, that I ventured to read; tho' she is an admirer of her sprightly vein. She looked down most of the time in solemn silence. And at last, when I had ended, she, sighing, started, as if from a reverie, arose, courtesied, and withdrew; not having once opened her lips on the subject.

The Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and the two young Lords, just now joined to request Sir Charles to become avowedly an advocate for the Count to Lady Clementina. They urged, that she was balancing in his favour; and that Sir Charles's weight would turn the scale: But Sir Charles not only desired to be excused, but begged that she might not be solicited by any-body on that subject—May she not, asked he, be reasoning with herself, and considering what she can do, with justice to the Count and herself? Her *future* peace of mind is concerned that her determination *now*, shall be all her own. Leave her no room for after-regret, for having been persuaded against her mind. If persuasion only is wanting, will she not wrap herself up in reserve, to keep herself in countenance for not having been persuaded before?

Pursuant to this advice, the Marchioness in a conversation with her beloved daughter, that might have led to the subject on which their hearts are fixed, declined it; saying, Whatever my child shall determine upon, with regard to any plan for her future life, let her whole heart be in it: Her choice shall be ours.

Thursday Afternoon

Lady Clementina excused herself from breakfasting with us; but obliged us with her company at dinner. At, and after dinner, Sir Charles directed himself to all the company, in turn, in his usual agreeable manner. How does his benign countenance always shine, when he finds himself surrounded at table by his friends! The larger the circle, the more diffused is his cheerfulness. With what delight does his Jeronymo meditate his every graceful motion! He dwells upon what he says, and by his eyes cast with less complacency on an interrupter, seems to wish every one silent, when Sir Charles's lips begin to open.

After he had gone round his ample table, saying something obliging to all (in a manner *calling* forth every one, to say something in his or her own way) he addressed himself more particularly to the Count, and led him into subjects both learned and familiar, in which he knew he *could* shine; and in which he *did*. It was doubly kind in Sir Charles

to do so; for the poor man's reverence for the mistress of his fate, had taken all courage from his love, and he *wanted* to be drawn out. Never can bashful merit appear to so much advantage, as in Sir Charles's address to it.

How much soul did Lady Clementina shew in her eyes! She was very attentive to every one that spoke. She asked the Count questions more than once on some of the subjects he was led to talk of. My eyes, as I could feel, glistened when she did, to see how those of her father and mother rejoiced, as I may say, on the notice she took of him. Lady Clementina could not but observe how delightfully her complaisance to the Count was received by all her family—Is it possible, thought I, more than once, were I in the situation of this admirable Lady, to avoid obliging such indulgent parents with the grant of all their wishes, that depended on myself; having given up voluntarily the man I preferred to all others?

Signor Sebastiano dropt a hint once, of his own, and the Count's, and Signor Juliano's intention of setting out; mentioning a care for their baggage, which by this time, he supposed, had reached Dover: But Clementina turning an attentive ear to what he said, Sir Charles was afraid she would take this hint as a design to hasten her resolution; and said, We will not sadden our hearts with the thoughts of parting with any of our friends.

Thursday Evening, Eight o'Clock

A Letter is this moment brought from town by an especial messenger, to Signor Jeronymo. The whole family, Lady Clementina excepted, are got together upon the contents.

Ten o'Clock

The Marchioness, just now, taking my hand, tears starting in her eyes, Ah, madam, said she, the poor wretch Laurana—Just then the Bishop and Father Marescotti entering, she put the Letter into my hand. I shall inclose a translation of it.

To Signor JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA

May 6. N. S.

THE dear perverse Clementina may be now indulged, if she has not from principles of gratitude already yielded to give her hand to our Belvedere. I hope she *has*. One of our motives for urging her, is at an end. Laurana is no more. Her mother kept from her as long as she could, the news of the Count's accompanying you all to England: But when she was told that he was actually in that kingdom; and that my sister was heard of; she doubted not but the consequence

would be the defeating of all her hopes with regard to him. A deep melancholy first seized her; that was succeeded by raving fits; and it is suspected that the poor creature, eluding the care of her attendants, came to a miserable end. Lady Sforza is inconsolable. A malignant fever is given out—so let it pass—SHE, whom the wretched creature most cruelly used, will shed a tear for the companion of her childhood: But who else, besides her own mother, will?—Yet, if the manner of her quitting life were as shocking as it is whispered to me it was—But I will not enquire further about it, for fear I should be induced to shew compassion for a wretch who had not any to shew to a near relation, entrusted to her care, and who had a right to her kindest treatment.

What a glorious creature, as you paint him, as Fame, as father Marescotti, and you all report him, is your Grandison! Your Sister-in-law must, *I believe*, be complied with. Ever since you all left Italy, she has been earnest to attend you in England. She even threatens to steal from her husband, if he consent not, and now Clementina has shewn her the way, procure a passage thither, to try my Love in following her, as that naughty girl has all yours, in a season—But what is the inclemency of season, what are winds, mountains, seas, to a woman who has set her heart on an adventure? This I must allow in her favour, if she should fly from me, it will be *to* the father, mother, brothers, *from* whom her Sister fled—Naughty, naughty Clementina! Can I forgive her? Yet if her parents do, what have I to say?

I do assure you, Jeronymo, that I unfeignedly join with you in your joy, that so deserving a man is not a loser by a disappointment, that we all know sat heavily upon him, at the time. I even long to see upon one spot, two women, who are capable of shewing, as they have shewn, a magnanimity so very rare in the Sex: One of whom, let me glory, is my Sister. But Clementina ever was one of the most generous, however, in some points, unpersuadable, of human creatures.

Let Belvedere know how much I love him. Whatever be his fate with one of the perversest, yet noblest-minded of women, I will ever look upon him as my brother.

Reverence, duty, love, and the sincerest compliments, distribute, as due, my dear Jeronymo, from

Your

GIACOMO

LETTER LVII

*Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY**Friday, May 25*

UNHAPPY Laurana! Sir Charles expressed great concern for the manner of her death. How *can* you, brother, said Lady G. (when we three only were together) be concerned for so execrable a wretch!

Shall a human creature perish, replied he, and its fellow-creature not be moved? Shall an immortal Being fix its eternal state by an act dreadful and irreversible; by a crime that admits not of repentance; and shall we not be concerned? This indeed was owing to distraction: But how ill was such a soul as Laurana's prepared to rush into Eternity? — Unhappy Laurana!

It is not thought fit, for obvious reasons, to acquaint Clementina with the contents of the general's Letter.

At last, my dear grandmamma, the great point seems to be decided. Lady Clementina had for some time been employing herself in drawing up, in two opposite columns, the arguments for and against her entering into the marriage-state. She shewed them to me, and afterwards to Mrs. Beaumont; but would not allow either of us to take a copy. She had stated them very fairly. I could not but observe to her on *which* side the strength lay.

This morning she gave us her company at breakfast-time for a few minutes only. She was in visible emotions; and seemed desirous of getting the better of them; but was unable; and therefore retired. She shut herself up, and about noon, sent, sealed up, a Letter; which I will English as well as I can; thus directed;

To her ever-honoured, ever-indulgent Father and Mother,

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA

How did my whole soul aspire after the veil! — Insurmountable obstacles having arisen against the union of your child with one exalted man, how averse was I to enter into covenant with any other!

It was your pleasure, my Lord; it was yours, madam; that I should not be indulged in the aspiration. You had the goodness to oblige me in my averseness.

The Chevalier Grandison has since convinced me, by generous and condescending reasonings, that I could not, in duty to the will of my two grandfathers, and in justice to my elder brother and his descendants, renew my wishes after the cloister. I submit.

But now, what is to be done; what *can* I do, to make you, my dearest parents, and my brothers, happy? Olivia triumphs over me. My situation is disagreeable: I, who ought to be a comfort to my friends, have been, I still am, a trouble to them all.—The Chevalier Grandison and his excellent Lady, have signified to me, more than once, that they expect from me the completion of their earthly happiness: And what is this life, but a short, a transitory passage to a better?

Have I not declined accepting the vows of the first of men? The only man I ever saw with a wish to be united to him? Declined them on motives, that all my friends think do me honour?

Have I ever, dear as the struggle cost me, repented the glorious self-denial? And what precedents of self-denial (wholly yours by laws divine and human, as I am) have you, my ever-indulgent parents, set me?

Is there a man I would prefer to him whom my friends are solicitous to commend to my favour?

Cannot I, in performing my duty to my parents, perform all those duties of life, which performed, may intitle me to a blessed hope?

Shall I contend in and through life, to carry a point, that, at the awful close of it, will appear to me, as nothing?—

Let me make a proposal—On a supposition that you, Sir, that you, Madam (whose patient goodness to me has been unexampled), and every one of my friends, favour the Count of Belvedere as much as ever—I have always acknowledged his merits—

Permit me a year's consideration from the present time, to examine the state of my head and heart; and at the end of that year, allow me to determine; and I will endeavour, my dear parents, to make *your* wishes, and *my* duty, honour, conscience, (divested of caprice, fancy, petulance) my sole guides in the result, as well as in the discussion. The Chevalier Grandison, his Lady, Father Marescotti, and Mrs. Beaumont, shall be judges between my relations and me, if there be occasion.

But, as it would be unreasonable to expect, that the Count of Belvedere should attend an issue so uncertain; for I would rather die, than give my vows to a man to whom I could not do justice both with regard to head and heart; so, I make it my earnest request to him, that he will look upon himself to be absolutely free to make his own choice, and to pursue his own measures, as opportunities offer. Rejoiced at my heart should I be, to have reason to congratulate him on his nuptials with a woman of the soundness of whose mind he could have no doubt, and whose heart never knew another attachment.

I would humbly propose, as a measure highly expedient, that the ever-obliging Chevalier Grandison and his truly admirable Lady will permit us, as soon as possible, to depart from England. [O my friends!

accuse me not of levity in your hearts! I obeyed in the rash voyage hither, an impulse that appeared to me irresistible.] And let us leave it to his never-forfeited honour, to bring over to us, as soon as can be convenient, his Lady, his Sisters, and their Lords, as they have made us hope: And that a family friendship may be cultivated among us, as if a legal relation had taken place.

But allow me to declare, that if my cousin Laurana shall be found to have entertained the least reason to hope that she might one day be Countess of Belvedere, that that expectation alone, whatever turn my health may take, shall be considered as finally determining the Count's expectations on me; for I never will be looked upon as the rival of my cousin.

And now, blessed Virgin-mother of the God of my hope, do thou enable me to be an humble instrument of restoring to the hearts of my honoured and indulgent parents, and to those of my affectionate brothers and other friends, the tranquillity of which I have so unhappily and so long deprived them; prays, and will every hour pray, my ever-honoured and ever-indulgent Father and Mother,

Friday, May 25

Your dutifully devoted

CLEMENTINA

The Marquis was alone with his Lady in her dressing-room when Camilla carried them this Letter. They opened it with impatience. They could not contain their joy when they perused it. They both declared, that it was all that *should*, all that *ought* to be exacted from her. The Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and her two cousins, on the contents being communicated to them, were in ecstasies of joy.

All that the Count of Belvedere had wished for, was, that Lady Clementina would give him hope, that if she ever married, he might be the happy man; and for the sake of this distant hope, he was resolved to forego all other engagements. Sir Charles was desired to acquaint him with the happy tidings. He did, with his usual prudence: But his joy is extreme.

The Marquis and Marchioness were impatient to embrace and thank their beloved daughter. The moment she saw them, she threw herself at their feet, as they sat together on one settee, and were rising to embrace her—O my father! O my mother! Have I not been perverse in your eyes?—It was not I!—You can pity me!—It was not always in my *power* to think as I now do. My mind was disturbed. I sought for tranquillity, and could no where find it. My brother Giacomo was too precipitating; yet, in his earnestness to have me marry, shewed his disinterestedness. He gave me not time, as you both, thro' the advice of the common friend of us all, have done. The

nearest evil was the heaviest to me: I sought to avoid that, and might have fallen into greater. God reward you, my father, my mother, and all my dear friends, for the indulgence you have shewn me!—To follow me too into foreign climates, at an unpropitious season of the year—And for what?—Not to chide, not to punish me; but to restore me to the arms of your parental Love!—And did you not vouchsafe to enter into conditions with your child!—How greatly disordered in my mind must I be, if I ever forget such instances of your graciousness!

The tender parents pressed her to their bosoms. How did her two brothers and Mrs. Beaumont applaud her!—

O how good, said she, are you all to me! What a malady! A malady of the darkest hue! was mine, that it could fill me with such apprehensions, as were able to draw a cloud between your goodness and my gratitude; and make even your indulgence wear the face of hardship to me.

The Bishop thought it not advisable, that the Count, who hardly knew how to trust himself with his own joy, should be presently introduced to her. The rejoicing Lover therefore, walked into the garden; giving way to his agreeable contemplations.

Clementina, her mind filled with self-complacency on the joyful reception her proposal had met with, went into the garden, intending to take one of her usual walks, Laura attending her. The Count saw her enter, and fearing to disoblige her, if he broke in upon her, in her retirements, profoundly bowed, and took a different path. But she, crossing another alley, was near him before he was aware. He started; but recovering, threw himself at her feet—Life of my hope! Adorable Lady Clementina! said he—But could not at the moment speak another word.

She relieved him from his confusion—Rise, my Lord, said she, I crossed to meet you, on purpose to exchange a few words with you, as you happened to be in the garden.

I cannot, cannot rise, till, thus prostrate at your feet, I have thanked you, madam, with my whole soul—

No thanks are due, my Lord, interrupting him. God knows what may happen in the next twelve months. Rise, my Lord. [He arose.] As a friend of our house, I will respect you: So I have heretofore told you: But for *your own* sake, for honour's, for justice sake, I think it necessary to tell you, you must not make an *absolute* dependance on me from what I have written to my parents, tho' I repent not of what I have written.

I will not, madam: For one year, for many years; I will await your pleasure. If at the end of any limited period, after that you have named, I cannot be so happy as to engage your favour, I will resign to my destiny—Only, mean time, permit me to hope.

I mentioned, my Lord, that it was for *your own* sake, that I wished you not to depend upon a contingency. Be you free to pursue your own measures. Who can say, what one, two, or three years may produce? Maladies that have once seized the head, generally, as I have heard say, keep their hold, or often return. Have I not *very lately*, been guilty of a great rashness? Believe me, Sir, if at the end of the allowed year, I shall have reason to *suspect* myself, I will *suffer* by myself. I ever thought you a worthy man: God forbid that I should make a worthy man unhappy. That would be to double my own misery.

Generous Lady! exalted goodness!—Permit me, I once more beseech you, but to *hope*. I will resign to your pleasure whatever it shall *finally* be; and bless you for your determination, tho' it should doom me to despair.

Remember, my Lord, you are warned. You depend upon the regard all our house have for you. I owe it duty next to implicit, for its unexampled indulgence to me. Your reliance on its favour is not a *weak* one: But, O Count, remember I caution you, that your dependance on me, is not a *strong* one. Be prudent: let me not be vexed. My heart sickens at the thought of importunity. Opposition has its root in importunity. If you are as happy as I wish, you will be *very* happy. But at present I have no notion, that I can ever contribute to make you so.

He bent one knee, and was going to reply—Adieu, adieu, said she—Not another word, my Lord, if you are wise. Are not events in the hand of Providence?

She hurried from him. He was motionless for a few moments: His heart, however, overflowed with hope, love, and reverence.

On his reporting to the Marchioness, Mrs. Beaumont, the two Brothers, and me, what passed between the noble Lady and him, as above, we all congratulated him.

The warning Lady Clementina has given you, my Lord, said Mrs. Beaumont, is of a piece with her usual greatness of mind, since the event referred to, is not, cannot be, in her own power.

There is not, said Signor Jeronymo, there *can* be but one woman greater than my sister—It is she, who can adopt as her dearest friend, a young creature of her own Sex in calamity (circumstances so delicate!) and for *her* sake, occasionally forget that she is the wife of the best, and most beloved of men.

Clementina, said the Bishop (the Count being withdrawn) will now complete her triumph. She has, upon religious motives, refused the man of her inclination; the man deservedly beloved and admired by all her friends, and by the whole world: And now will she, from motives of duty, accept of another worthy man; and thereby lay her parents themselves, as well as the most disinterested of brothers,

under obligation to her.—What a pleasure, madam, (to the Marchioness) will it be to you, to my honoured Lord, to my Uncle, and even to our Giacomo, and still more to his excellent wife, to reflect on the patience you have had with her, since her last rash step, and the indulgence shewn her! Clementina now will be all our own.

Every one praised Sir Charles, and attributed to him the happy prospects before them.

LETTER LVIII

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Monday, May 28

THE Marchioness having been desired to break to Lady Clementina the news of Laurana's death, as of a fever, she did it with all imaginable tenderness this morning: But the generous lady was affected with it.—'O my poor cousin! said she—*Once she loved me. I ever loved her!*—Had she time given her!—On what a sandy foundation do we build our schemes of worldly glory!'—Poor Laurana!—God, I hope, has taken her to the arms of his mercy!

The pious lady and her confessor have shut themselves up in the oratory appropriated for the devotions of this noble family, to pray, as I presume, for the soul of Laurana.

Every thing is settled according to a plan laid down by Lady Clementina, at the request of all her family. The Count and Signor Sebastiano, are to set out for Dover on Thursday next. In less than a month from their departure, the rest of our noble guests are to embark for France in their way home—All but Jeronymo. Sir Charles has prevailed, that he shall be left behind, to try what our English baths may contribute to the perfect re-establishment of his health.

This tender point having been referred to his admirable sister, she generously consented to his stay with us. She has still *more* generously, because unasked, released Sir Charles from his promise of attending them back to Italy, in consideration of his Harriet; since, at this time, he would not know how to leave her; nor she to spare him. But the next summer, if it be permitted me to look so forward, or the succeeding autumn to that, we hope to be all happy at Bologna. Lady L. Lady G. and their Lords, have promised to accompany us: So has Dr. Bartlett; and we all hope, that Sir Edward Beauchamp will not refuse to re-visit Italy with his friends.

Friday, June 1

Six happy days from the date of the Letter which Lady Clementina wrote to her father and mother, has the Count passed with us; the

happiest he often declared, of his life; for in every one of them, he was admitted with a freedom that rejoiced his heart, to converse with the mistress of his destiny. She called upon him more than once in that space of time, to behave to her, as a Brother to his Sister, for this, she thinks, the uncertainty of what her situation may be a twelvemonth hence, requires for both their sakes.

Sweetly composed, sweetly easy, was her whole behaviour to him and to every-body else, during these six days. The sisterly character was well supported by her to him: But in the Count, the most ardent, the most respectful, and even venerating Lover took place of the brotherly one. Signor Jeronymo loves his Sister as he loves himself; but the eyes of the Count compared with those of Jeronymo, demonstrated, that there are two sorts of Love; yet both ardent; and Soul in both.

The parting scene between Clementina and the Count, was, on *his* side, a very fervent, on *hers*, a kind, one. On his knees, he pressed with his lips, her not withdrawn hand. He would have spoken; but only could by his eyes; which run over—Be happy, my Lord of Belvedere, said she. You have my wishes for your health and safety—Adieu!

She was for retiring: But the Count and Signor Sebastiano (of the latter of whom she had taken leave just before) following her a few paces, she turned; and with a noble composure, Adieu, once more, my two friends, said she: Take care, my Lord, of Signor Sebastiano: Cousin, take care of the Count of Belvedere; courtesying to both. The Count bowed to the ground, speechless. As she passed me, Lady Grandison, said she, lifting my hand to her lips, Sister of my heart; the day is fine; shall I, after you have blessed with your good wishes, our parting friends, invite you into the garden? I took a cordial leave of the two noble youths, and followed her thither.

We had a sweet conversation there. And it was made still more delightful to us both, by Sir Charles's joining us, in about half an hour; for the two Lords would not permit him to attend them one step beyond the court-yard; though he had his horses in readiness to accompany them some miles on their way.

When we saw Sir Charles enter the garden, we stood still, arm in arm, expecting and inviting his approach. Sweet sisters! Lovely friends, said he, when come up to us, taking a hand of each, and joining them, bowing on both; *Let* me mark this blessed spot with my eye; looking round him; then on me;—A tear on my Harriet's cheek!—He dry'd it off with my own handkerchief—Friendship, dearest creatures, will make at pleasure a safe bridge over the narrow seas; it will cut an easy passage thro' rocks and mountains, and make England and Italy one country. Kindred souls are always near.

In that hope, my good Chevalier; in that hope, my dear Lady Grandison; will Clementina be happy, tho' the day of separation must not be far distant. And will you here, renew your promise, that when it shall be convenient to you, my dear Lady Grandison, you will not fail to grace our Italy with your presence?

We do!—We do!—

Promise me again, said the noble Lady. I, too, have marked the spot with my eye (standing still, and, as Sir Charles had done, looking round her) The Orangery on the right-hand; that distant clump of Oaklings on the left; the Villa, the Rivulet, before us; the Cascade in view; that Obelisk behind us—Be *This* the spot to be recollected as witness to the promise, when we are far, far distant from each other.

We both repeated the promise; and Sir Charles said (and he is drawing a plan accordingly) that a little temple should be erected on that very spot, to be consecrated to our triple friendship; and, since she had so happily marked it, to be called after her name.

On Monday next, we are to set out for London. One fortnight passed we shall accompany our noble friends to Dover—And there—O my grandmamma, how shall we do to part!

It is agreed, that Mr. Lowther and Mr. Deane, tho' the latter, I bless God, is in good health; will next season accompany Signor Jeronymo to Bath. Sir Charles proposes to be his visitor there: And when *I* will give permission, is the compliment made me, Sir Charles proposes to shew him Ireland, and his improvements on his estate in that kingdom. Will not Lucy be rejoiced at that?—I am happy, that her Lord and she, take so kindly, the felicitations I made them both. They are always, my dear grandmamma, my uncle and aunt, and all my friends in Northamptonshire, sure of the heart of

Their and Your

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER LIX

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Sat. June 16

I GAVE you, my dear grandmamma, in my two last Letters (*a*), an account of our delightful engagements, among *ourselves* principally, and now-and-then at public places. What a rich portion of time has passed! And we have still the promise of a week to come. And now let me take a survey of our present happy situation.

(*a*) These do not appear.

Every thing that *can* be adjusted, is. The Count of Belvedere, as by Letters to Signor Jeronymo, is on his way to Italy, and not unhappy: Lady Clementina is mistress of every question, and the more studious, for that reason, of obliging all her friends. How joyfully do we all, in prospect, see a durable tranquillity taking possession of her noble heart! The Marquis and Marchioness have not one care written on their heretofore visibly anxious brows. Clementina sees, as every one does, their amended health in their fine countenances; wonders at the power she had over them, and regrets that she made not, what she calls, a more grateful and dutiful use of it.

Father Marescotti, the Bishop, Signor Julianò, compliment the English air, as if *that* had contributed to the alteration; and promise wonders from that and its salubrious baths for Jeronymo.

The highest merit is given to the conduct of Sir Charles, and to the advice he gave not to precipitate the noble Clementina.

Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. when we are by ourselves, felicitate *me* more than any body else on these joyful changes; for they rightly say, that I could not but look upon the happiness of Lady Clementina, as essential to my own.

But *your* congratulations, my dearest grandmamma, I most particularly expect, that in this whole critical event, which brought to England a Lady so deserving of every one's Love, not one shadow of doubt has arisen of the tender, inviolable affection of the best of men to his grateful Harriet.

So peculiarly circumstanced as he was, how unaffectedly noble has been his behaviour to his WIFE, and to his FRIEND, in the presence of both! How often, tho' causelessly (because of the nobleness of the Lady's heart) have I silently wished him to abate of his outward tenderness to me, before her, tho' such as became the purest mind.—Nothing but the conscious integrity of his own heart, above disguises or concealments, as his ever was, could thus gloriously have carried him thro' situations so delicate.

He had, from the first, avowed his friendly, his compassionating Love, as well as Admiration, of this noble Lady: That generous avowal prepared his Harriet to *expect*, that he should behave with tenderness to her, even had not her transcendent worthiness done honour to every one who paid her honour. To *her* he applauded, he exalted his Harriet: *She* was prepared to *expect* that he would recognize, in the face of the sun, obligations that he had entered into at the altar: And *both* knew, that he was a *good* man; and that a *good* man cannot allow himself either to palliate or temporize with a duty, whether it regarded friendship, or a still closer and more sacred union. How many difficulties will the character and intervention of a man of undoubted virtue obviate! What cannot he effect? What force has his

example! Sir Charles Grandison's Love is a Love to be gloried in. Magnanimity and tenderness are united in his noble heart. Little-ness of any kind has no place in it: All that know him are studious to commend themselves to his favourable opinion; solicitous about what he will think of them; and, suppressing common foibles before him, find their hearts expand, nor know how to be mean.

O my God! do thou make me thankful for such a Friend, Protector, Director, Husband! Increase, with my gratitude to THEE, my merits to him, and my power of obliging him. For HIS SAKE, spare to him [*This, my grandmamma, he bids be my prayer—I know it is yours*] in the awful hour approaching, his Harriet; whose life and welfare, he assures her, are the dearest part of his own.

LETTER LX

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

St. James's-Square, Monday, June 18

NOW, at last, my dearest grandmamma, is the day arrived, that we are setting out for Dover. We shall lodge at Canterbury this night, and reach Dover to-morrow. How sad our hearts!

Canterbury, Monday Night

Here we are! How we look upon one another! The parting of dear friends, how grievous!—How does Sir Charles endeavour—But Lady Clementina is, to outward appearance, an Heroine. What a grandeur of soul! She would not be *thought* to be concerned at leaving Sir Charles Grandison: But I see she is *inwardly* a sufferer. Jeronymo is silent. I hope he repents not his stay to oblige his dear friend, and us all. The Marquis and Marchioness are continually comforting themselves (and declare it to be needful) with the hope of seeing us in a few months. Thank God, they have a finer season to go back, than they had to come hither: And they have found the jewel they had lost.

I should have told you, that Lord and Lady L. and Lord and Lady G. took leave of us at Rochester; thinking so large a train would be inconvenient to those to whom they wished to do honour. How tender was the parting; particularly between Lady Clementina and Lady L.!

Ten o'Clock Monday Night

I am in my chamber here. Know not what to do with myself.—Yet, cannot write. Must again join company—Is not my Sir Charles in company?

Dover, Tuesday Night

Here, here, we are! How foolish to attempt the pen! I know not what to do with myself. The vessel is ready; every one is ready. To-morrow morning by day-light, if the wind—O what company to one another! How does the dear Clementina now melt into tears and tenderness!—Dear Lady! What prayers has she put up for me! What tender blessings has she poured out upon me! How have we blessed, soothed, and endeavoured to console each other! What vows of *more* than sisterly affection!—Mrs. Beaumont! The excellent Mrs. Beaumont, *She* now is also affected—She never loved, at so short an acquaintance, she says, any mortal as she loves me. She blesses my dear Sir Charles for his tender, yet manly Love to me!—We have engaged to correspond with each other, and in Italian chiefly, as with Lady Clementina, in order to perfect my self in that language, and to make myself, as the Marchioness fondly says, an Italian woman, and her other daughter.

Dover, Wednesday Morning

Cruel tenderness! They would not let me see them embark. Sir Charles laid his *commands* upon me (I will call them so, because I obeyed reluctantly) not to quit my chamber. Over-night, we parted! What a solemn parting! Sir Charles and Mrs. Beaumont only—But *are* they gone? They are! *Indeed* they are—Sir Charles, to whom seas and mountains are nothing, when either the service or pleasure of his friends call upon him, is embarked with them. He will see them landed, and accommodated at Calais, and then will return to Dover, to his expecting Harriet. His Jeronymo, his Beauchamp, and good Dr. Bartlett, are left to protect and comfort her. What a tender farewell between the Doctor and Father Marescotti last night: They, also, are to be constant correspondents: The welfare of each family is to be one of their subjects.

Lady Clementina was not afraid of passing a boistrous Sea, and the Bay of Biscay, in a wintry season, when she pursued the flight that then was first in her view. Her noble Mother, while she was in search of her daughter, had no fears: But now, the pangs of uncertainty and ardor of impatience being over, they both very thankfully embraced Sir Charles's offer (his *resolution*, I should say; for he would not have been refused) to accompany them over. The Marquis complimented him, that every one would think themselves safe in the company of so good a man!—How will they be able to part with him! He with them!—But in a twelvemonth we shall all, God willing, meet again; and, if the Almighty hear our prayers, have cause to rejoice in Lady Clementina's confirmed state of mind.

Friday Morning

The best of Men, of Friends, of Husbands, is returned from Calais, chearful, gay, lively, lovely, fraught with a thousand blessings for his Harriet. We shall set out, and hope to reach Canterbury this night on our return to town.

Sir Charles assures me, that he left the dear Sister of my heart not unhappy. She was *all herself* at parting [His own words]; *magnanimous, yet condescendingly affectionate* [His words also]; as one, who was not afraid or ashamed of her Sisterly Love for him. He took leave of her with a tenderness worthy of his friendship for her; a tenderness that the Brave and the Good ever shew to those who are deserving of their Love.

He particularly recommended it to her Father, Mother, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti (the two latter to enforce it upon the General) that they would not urge the noble Lady, not even upon the expectation she had given them; but leave her wholly to her own will, and her own way. They all promised they would; and, the poor Laurana being now no more, undertook for the General.

He tells me, that he had engaged the Count of Belvedere, on his departure from England, to promise, to make his court to her only by silent assiduities, and by those actions of beneficence and generosity which were so natural to him, and so worthy of his splendid fortune.

St. James's-square, Sunday Morning

Last night, blessed be God, we came hither in health and spirits. We are preparing for church. There shall we pray for the travellers, and be thankful for ourselves.

I expect Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. and my cousin Reeves's, according to the following billet from the ever-lively Lady G.

'My Harriet, thank God, is arrived, and in health and spirits. Caroline and Mrs. Reeves, I know, will long to congratulate you. I have therefore sent to invite them to dinner with you. Their good men, and mine of course, must be admitted. I know my Brother will not be displeased. He is indulgent to all the whimsies of his Charlotte that carry in the face of them, as *this* does, affectionate freedom. Besides, it is stealing time for him: I know he will not long be in town, and must see us all before he leaves it. He will hasten to the Hall, in order to pursue the glorious schemes of benevolence which he has formed, and in which hundreds will find their account.

"But let the green damask bed-chamber be got in a little sort of order, for a kind of nursery: Where we dine, we sup. My marmouset must be with me, you know. I have bespoke Lady L's—Mrs. Reeves

is to bring hers. They are to crow at one another; and we are to have a squalling concert. As it is Sunday, I will sing an anthem to them. My pug will not crow, if I don't sing. Yet I am afraid, the little pagans will be less alive to a Christian hymn, than to the sprightlier *Phillida*, *Phillida*, of Tom. Durfey. I long to see how my agreeable Italian, poor thing! bears the absence of his father and mother. Bid him rub himself up, and look chearful, or I shall take him into our Nursery, to complete the chorus, when our brats are in a squalling fit. Adieu till to-morrow, my dear, and ever-dear, Harriet!—'

Lady G. is a charming nurse. She must be extraordinary in whatever she does. Signor Jeronymo admires her of all women. But she sometimes makes him look about him. He rejoices that he is with us; and is in charming spirits. He is extremely fond of children; particularly so of Lady G's—It is indeed one of the finest infants I ever saw: And he calls it, after her, *HIS Marmouset*, hugging it twenty times a day to his good-natured bosom. It would delight you to hear her sing to it, and to see her toss it about. Such a Setting-out in matrimony; who would have expected Charlotte to make such a wife, mother, nurse!—Her brother is charmed with her. He draws her into the pleasantry that she loves; lays himself open to it; and Lord G. fares the better for their vivacity. Sir Charles generally contrives to do him honour, by appealing to him, when Charlotte is, as he complains, over-lively with himself: But that is, in truth, when he himself takes her down, and compliments her as if she were an overmatch for him. She often, at these times, shakes her head at me, as if she were sensible of his superiority in her own way.

But how I trifle!—I am ready, quite ready, my dear Sir Charles. Lead your ever-grateful Harriet to the house of the All-good, All-merciful, All-mighty. There shall I, as I always do, edify by your chearful piety!

Sunday Afternoon

A new engagement, and of a melancholy kind, calls Sir Charles away from me again. In how many ways may a good man be serviceable to his fellow-creatures!

About two hours ago, a near relation of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came hither in Sir Hargrave's chariot-and-six (the horses smoaking) to beg he would set out *with* him, if possible, to the unhappy man's house on the forest; where he has been, for a fortnight past, resigned to his *last* hope (and usually the physician's *last* prescription) *The Air*. The gentleman's name is Pollexfen. He will, if the poor man die childless, enjoy the greatest part of his large estate. Mr. Pollexfen is a worthy man, I believe, notwithstanding Sir Hargrave's former dis-

regard to him, and jealousies(*a*); for, after he had delivered his message from his cousin, which was to beseech the comfort of Sir Charles's presence, and to declare that he could not die in peace, unless he saw him; he seconded Sir Hargrave's request, with tears in his eyes, and an earnestness that had both honesty and compassion in it. Sir Charles wanted not this to induce him to go; for he looks upon visiting the Sick, in such urgent cases, as an indispensable duty: And waiting but till the horses had baited, he set out with Mr. Pollexfen with the utmost chearfulness; only saying to me—It is a wonder, if the poor man be sensible, that he thought not of Dr. Bartlett rather than of me.

Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and now Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in the prime of their youth!—So lately revelling in full health, even to wantonness!—Companions in iniquity!—In so *few* months!—Thou, Almighty! comfort the poor man in his last agonies! and receive him! From my very soul I forgive him those injuries which I—But well I may—Since, great as they were, they proved the means of my being brought acquainted with the Lord of my wishes; the best of men.

Having filled my paper with the journal of near a week, I will conclude here, my dear grandmamma, with every tender wish and fervent prayer for the health and happiness of all my dear friends in Northamptonshire, who so kindly partake in that of

Their and Your

HARRIET GRANDISON

LETTER LXI

Lady GRANDISON, To Mrs. SHIRLEY

Wednesday, July 4

AH, my grandmamma!—The poor Sir Hargrave!—

Sir Charles returned but this morning. He found him sensible. He rejoiced to see him. He instantly begged his prayers. He wrung his hands; wept; lamented his past free life. Fain, said he, would I have been trusted with a few years trial of my penitence. I have wearied heaven with my prayers to this purpose. I *deserved* not perhaps that they should be heard. My conscience cruelly told me, that I had neglected a multitude of opportunities! slighted a multitude of warnings!—O Sir Charles Grandison! It is a hard, *hard* thing to die! In the prime of youth too!—Such noble possessions!—

And then he warned his surrounding friends, and made comparisons between Sir Charles's happiness, and his own misery. Sir

(*a*) See Sir Hargrave's Letter to Dr. Bartlett, p. 143, above.

Charles, at his request, sat up with him all night: He endeavoured to administer comfort to him; and called out for mercy for him, when the poor man could only, by expressive looks, join in the solemn invocation. Sir Hargrave had begged he would close his eyes. He did. He staid to the last painful moment. Judge what such a heart as Sir Charles's must have felt on the awful occasion!

Poor Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—May he have met with mercy from the All-merciful!

He gave his will into Sir Charles's hands, soon after he came down. He has made him his sole executor. Have you not been told, that Sir Charles had heretofore reconciled him to his relations and heirs at Law? He had the pleasure of finding the reconciliation sincere. The poor man spoke kindly to them all. They were tenderly careful of him. He acknowledged their care.

I cannot write for tears.—The poor man, in the last solemn act of his life, has been *intendedly* kind, but *really* cruel, to me.—I should have been a sincere mourner for him (A life so mispent!) without this act of regard for me—He has left me, as a *small* atonement, he calls it, for the terrors he once gave me, a very large Legacy in money (Sir Charles has not yet told me what) and his jewels and plate—And he has left Sir Charles a noble one besides. He died immensely rich. Sir Charles is grieved at both Legacies: And the more, as he cannot give them back to the heirs; for they declare, that he bound them under a solemn oath (and by a curse, if they broke it) not to accept back either from Sir Charles, or me, the large bequests he told them he had made us: And they assured Sir Charles, that they *would be* religiously bound by it.

Many unhappy objects will be the better for these bequests. Sir Charles tells me, that he will not interfere, no, not so much as by his advice, in the disposal of mine. You, madam, and my aunt Selby, must direct me, when it comes into my hands. Sir Charles intends, that the poor man's memory shall receive true honour from the disposition of his Legacy to him. He is pleased with his Harriet, for the concern she expressed for this unhappy man. The most indulgent of husbands finds out some reason to praise her for every thing she says and does. But could HE be otherwise than the best of HUSBANDS, who was the most dutiful of SONS; who is the most affectionate of BROTHERS; the most faithful of FRIENDS: Who is good upon principle, in every relation of life?

What, my dear grandmamma, is the boasted character of most of those who are called HEROES, to the un-ostentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN? In what a variety of amiable lights does such a one appear? In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his fellow-creatures?

And this blessing, this joy, your Harriet can call more peculiarly her own!

My single heart, methinks, is not big enough to contain the gratitude which such a Lot demands. Let the overflowings of your pious joy, my dearest grandmamma, join with my thankfulness in paying part of the immense debt for

Your undeservedly Happy

HARRIET GRANDISON



HISTORY
OF
MRS. BEAUMONT,

A FRAGMENT.

IN A LETTER FROM

DR. BARTLETT TO MISS BYRON.

I WILL now, Madam, acquit myself of the promise I made of giving you a brief history of Mrs. Beaumont.

This lady was the daughter of Walter Beaumont, descended from an ancient house in Norfolk. There were three brothers. The eldest being in possession of the family estate, which was very considerable, the other two, Walter and John, were sent up to London, and put to eminent merchants.

chants. Walter to a Turkey merchant, John to a Spanish.

Walter, when his time of service was expired, married, by consent, his master's only child ; and his father-in-law dying soon after, became the possessor of his fortune, and successor in his traffic ; and, having a considerable portion of his own, grew early rich.

He was married some years before he was blessed with his Hortensia. She was the delight and boast of both parents. Admired by all who saw her for the graces of her person, but much more for the beauties of her mind, and for a solidity and prudence and knowledge, beyond her years.

She lost her mother when she was but nine years of age, and was no more than twelve, when she was deprived of her father.

He laboured for some years under a consumptive disorder ; for the cure of which he went to the south of France, and to Naples ; taking with him this, his amiable child.

He was an excellent man, and always employed in good offices. His beloved child was his almoner, from the time of her worthy mother's death. Grief for the loss of his wife increased his maladies.

Receiving little or no benefit in foreign climates, he returned to his native country, in order, as he said, to die there. His *Hortensia* was then but eleven. His principal concern, on a decay too visible, arose from the thoughts of leaving behind him, at an age so tender, the darling of his heart ; for whose sake, he used to say, life, even with such an ill state of health as he laboured with, was desirable.

He delighted to call her his little nurse: In the last stage of his illness, she was the patient attendant of her dying father ; nor was she capable of taking any pleasure, but what she received in administering to him. He would take nothing but from her hands ; and she was jealous of any body's interfering with her, either night or day, in the pious offices which she could perform for

him. And though as his life grew near its period, her eyes were continually swelled with weeping, yet he having once said, that every tear from her eyes, drew a drop of blood from his heart, she never approached him but with a serene aspect ; practising for it, and asking the nurses, whether she was now, and now, fit to attend her father ; making pretences to leave him for a few moments, when her bursting heart could not be hidden from him.

He died blessing her. His departure, at the time, was not thought so very near. It was his custom every morning, on her first attendance, to bless, with folded arms, the beloved of his heart. Her cheek received his last breath.

She was carried away in fits, from which, for some hours, it was apprehended she never would recover ; and when she did, could not for months be comforted.

Mr. John Beaumont, her uncle, was younger by two years than her father. He had not succeeded in the world, as his brother

had done ; but that he had not, was owing to unhappy accidents, which he could not either foresee or prevent. His circumstances were not, however, desperate. His brother had always been kind to him ; and would not suffer him to incur disgrace. His character was high in the world for a punctual and honest man ; and he had reaped no small advantage, both in his credit and fortune, from the management of his brother's money and affairs, all the time his brother was abroad for his health, and which still remained in his hands.

The worthy father had once, in presence of his Hortensia, talked of his affairs with his brother, who had been accounting to him for the interest of some monies, and the produce of some of his effects ; and, turning to her, my dearest love, said he, you will have a large fortune. God raise up a man who may be worthy of you. I am afraid, I shall not live to see you married ; but I hope your uncle will. If I do not, my brother's regard to my memory, and to that

of your excellent mother, who loved him, and his affection for my Hortensia, and care of your concerns, will alleviate the loss of the tenderest father.

On her father's death, the inconsolable young lady was taken by her uncle to his house. He presented his four daughters to her, the youngest of whom was about fourteen, the eldest nineteen, with these words, " behold, your handmaids, my dear." And her to them, with these—" receive the commands of your cousin, my loves! let it be the study of you all, to make her happy." She embraced them, and besought the affection of her beloved cousins, as she should deserve it; and on her knees to her uncle, intreated him to allow her to call him *father*; as she did to her aunt, that she would permit the poor orphan child to restore to herself a *mother* in her.

Miss Beaumont, as has been said, was about twelve years old when she lost her father. She had reason to think herself very happy in the tender love of her uncle and

aunt, and in the affectionate regard of her cousins, till she had attained her fourteenth year. Then the prosperous circumstances of her uncle made his daughters proud. Pride begot, first, coldness to their cousin, then arrogance. Every body admired her improved and improving genius ; and she so greatly eclipsed her cousins, that on every subject where prudence or discretion, or even fashion or appearance, was concerned, their opinion never was regarded when she was present. They must have been as great in mind as she was to bear this distinction in their disfavour.

Her aunt joined to slight her.

Addresses were made to the two eldest daughters, by men whose proposals were tempting to the father.

He had entered on an extensive traffic, on his brother's plan, and with his brother's fortune, and was successful in it. He took possession of all his brother's papers at his death ; Mrs. Beaumont doubts not, with a resolution to do her justice ; a resolution

which, she believes, he held for the two first years of his guardianship; and even that he withstood for near a third, the continual demands upon him, of his wife and daughters to do them justice, as they called it; and to let the girl (now their common word for her) who took into her head to think herself entitled to a great fortune, know what she had to trust to.

It is said, but not to the credit of human nature, that every man has his price. A small sum would not have shaken the integrity of Mr. John Beaumon; but when he found himself prosperous from an extended traffic, in which a great part of his fortune was employed—when he had not any body to call him to account—when he had in his own hands all the papers, deeds, and acknowledgements, that would have distinguished and ascertained his brother's property—the money in the funds vested in himself—when his way of living and expences were enlarged, suitably to his increased credit—when advantageous propo-

sals were made him for two of his daughters in marriage—when his wife, and all four of them, were in a strong confederacy against the orphan niece—the temptations were too great for his virtue: He yielded to them. The two eldest daughters were married, and five thousand pounds were given with each. These sums made such an inroad in his brother's estate, that his honesty became irrecoverable.

The unhappy Hortensia was for some time at a loss how to account for the ill usage she received from any other motives than envy. She knew that three years before, in her father's life-time, her uncle pretended not to give his elder daughter more than five hundred pounds, on a match being proposed for her, which took not place; and she also knew, that her father, who thought it an advantageous one, had told her uncle, that rather than it should go off, he would make her fortune fifteen hundred; and now upon being assured, that ten thousand pounds were actually paid to the husbands of her

two elder cousins ; and being insultingly told by the two younger, that they should certainly have as much for their marriage portions ; Miss Beaumont, after infinite struggles with herself, took courage, to ask her uncle, whether it were not proper, that she should have an estimate given her of what her father died possessed of ?

This motion was resented with a vehemence that alarmed her. He asked, who put her upon it ? She answered, with more spirit than she had been accustomed to shew, that she was put upon it by the reason of the thing only ; for that he knew she had no friend but him ; and hitherto had not entertained a thought, that there would be occasion for consulting any person but him, on whatever related to herself.

Her cousins, and even her aunt, shewed their resentments on this occasion. The young women upbraided, and sometimes insulted her. Her uncle refused to hear any appeal, however reluctantly and modestly made, on the increasing ill-usage and malice

of her four cousins ; for it was some time before the new-married women left their father's house ; and she had the contumely of their husbands also to bear. Often was she obliged to rise from table, her cheeks bathed in tears, her grief mocked and ridiculed, and they revelling in her spoils. On the visits of neighbours or acquaintances, she was generally suffered to bewail herself in her closet ; neither called upon or invited down ; nor, but at meal times, asked to be one of their family ; and, at such times, was often precipitated away by their low and malevolent slights and captiousness : her heart, when refuged in her own apartments, bursting with grief ; her father's love remembered ; her uncle's ingratitude regretted ; as well for his sake, as for her own ; and consoling herself with prayers for them all ; and that God would change their hearts.

All this time, she had not one friend to whom she could apply for advice, or tell her tale ; till one of the maid-servants, who

was disgracefully dismissed for befriending and weeping over her, brought her acquainted with a worthy gentlewoman, in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Winwood, the widow of a worthy clergyman, who left her in narrow circumstances; and, though well-allied, to struggle with some acts of ingratitude and injustice, for which she found no remedy but patience.

To this gentlewoman, the poor Hortensia would now and then steal; and all their comfort, on comparing their mutual hardships, was to mingle together their unavailing tears.

When she was about fifteen, a critical fire happened, through the carelessness, as it was said, of a servant, by means of a stove-grate, in the compting-house. Whatever books and accounts, particularly belonging to her uncle, were consumed by it, must be taken upon trust. Many such, it was said, were lost; but not one paper or book of consequence, that related to the affairs of her deceased father was spared.

The circumstances attending this fire were too particular not to create some suspicions at the time ; but to whom could the unhappy Hortensia apply for relief ! Her uncle's credit was still good. He was her guardian ; and the high opinion his deceased brother had of his integrity was well known. Nor had Hortensia endeavoured to make a party against him in her own favour. She was yet, in the eye of the law, but an infant. She was in his house ; and was even represented by her cousins, as a proud, vain-glorious, conceited girl. These charges will be easily believed, when made against a person of superior understanding, however causeless ; and never were charges more causeless made, than these against the meek, the humble, Hortensia. The weak and the credulous think themselves insulted by such, and will join as in a common cause against them. The envy of the envious is an indirect confession against themselves of superiority in another ; but they seldom

forgive those who put them upon making it. Once, indeed, her elder uncle was sounded, unknown to her ; but this, as it afterwards came to her knowledge, was the substance of what he said : “ His brother John was always deemed an honest man. He had informed him that the effects of the deceased brother were not near so considerable as reported. John had trafficked to great advantage since the death of Walter. The girl was but a girl ; (he himself had treated his sisters ill upon the same principles) had she the fortune to which some thought her entitled, she might throw herself away upon some worthless man, and be more unhappy than with a smaller.”

Had Sir Charles Grandison been then her contemporary, he would have shewn to every one concerned the force of quite contrary arguments. He would with pleasure have espoused her cause, and searched to the bottom of the iniquity. He has relieved, since he came to England, more than one innocent creature, labouring under oppres-

sion, by his very appearance in the righteous cause, and by the fame of his resolution.

Mrs. Winwood, the pious, the patient, Mrs. Winwood, was the only person to whom the young sufferer could open her heart. And she continually inculcated in her mind the doctrines of resignation which she herself, to her great comfort, daily practised.

At last the insults she met with being not to be borne, among the rest the unmarried daughters insisting upon the young lady's attendance upon them, in their dressing rooms, the afflicted Hortensia desired a patient audience of her uncle alone.

He, though ungraciously, granted her request ; and she laid before him the hardships she laboured under, from the ill nature of her cousins, and their demands upon her for attending them.

His answer, delivered with great coolness, was, " He knew no harm in young ladies doing kind offices for one another : he doubted not but her cousins would be as ready to oblige her, as she was them."

She wept. "It was far otherwise (she said.) He must know it was far otherwise."

"That (he said) was calling upon him to bear testimony against his own children."

"She had hoped (she replied) that she might have been considered as one of his children."

"So she had been, and still was; though he must needs say, that of late she had shewn herself a pretty pert one."

"Who, I? who, I? my uncle, a pert one! Indeed, I have been treated as if I were so. But I know not myself, if I am."

She called out for instances that she might rectify her conduct.

"What signified recriminating? She was a very young creature; and, for the sake of her father's memory, he was desirous to overlook common failings."

"My father's memory! (repeated she, profoundly sighing); but, Sir (after a pause) if my aunt will have the goodness to countenance the poor orphan a little more when my cousins use me ill, and chide them when she

thinks them blameable, instead of smiling at their insults and ridicule, I shall not for the future, have so much reason to complain as I have now."

"She called herself orphan (he replied) to reflect upon him and her aunt. Her aunt was a good-natured woman; and it was hard, if she might not be allowed to smile at the jests of young folks with young folks."

She wept:—"he knew (she said) that was not the case: she never dared to jest with them; nor was her situation of late, such as disposed her to jest."

He could hardly contain himself on this. His conscience allowed him to take the hint in the severest sense; yet had not strength enough with him to make his resentment yield to justice—he stormed!

She was terrified: but resuming some little courage: "I am unhappy, indeed (said she): I hoped to raise to myself a protector in my uncle; and intended not to offend him. I must not call myself an orphan; what can I call myself? I am too pert a creature to be

considered as your child." He stormed still more ; went out of the room ; instantly returned ; traversed it with hasty steps, stopping for a moment only as he passed her, and looked fiercely upon her. " What, what, can I say (said she) since the only friend I have in the world discountenances and terrifies me ? I am quite hopeless. But, dear Sir, forgive the spirit my cousins have raised in me ; and be pleased to let me know what I have to trust to ; and then I shall be able to judge, whether I ought to think of myself as my father's only child, or as my cousins' waiting-maid."

In a vehement passion before—this spirited request, so unexpected from a young lady, his niece, who had been used to bear so much, quite enraged him. Violent action took place of speech : he took her, shrinking from him, and crying out for mercy, by the arm, and rushing with her to the street-door, opened it, thrust her out, and shut it against her.

She was ready to faint with grief and ter-

ror ; and just as a crowd was beginning to gather about her, who were affected at seeing so fine a young creature shut out of door, he (recollecting himself a little) opened the door, and pulled her in. “ Little vixen ! (said he) in the hearing of the people, who would believe that such a face was a cover to such a heart ! ”

He hurried her into his compting-house, and told her, that if she would marry (she was then about sixteen) James Nichols, who was one of his clerks, he would, for her father’s sake, make up her fortune one thousand pounds.

The clerk happened not to be within hearing.

She was astonished :—“ O my father (said she, lifting up her hands and eyes) ; and did you not think you left me to the care, to the protection, of your brother ! ”

She arose (he snatching at her arm again in a fury) and fled to her aunt ; and, throwing herself at her feet, implored her protection from her enraged uncle.

Her aunt raised her, and led her to another apartment; but, when there, told her that humility became her, and her fortune. That it was an ill office in her to endeavour to set her uncle against her and his children.

“ They had heard (she said) the provocations she had given her uncle; and all she had been prating to him before those provocations, against them. No wonder he had had so little patience with her.”

“ There is no answering, Madam (said she) such a speech as you have made me:—turned out of doors!—see these marks!” and was going to shew her arm, black and swelled with his gripe, when in came her two cousins, who had listened at the door, and bitterly reviled her.

“ To whose protection now (said she, wringing her hands, and terrified from her purpose of shewing her arm) can I fly?—O, my blessed father! (falling on her knees, her folded hands held up;) look down! look down! upon your oppressed child!”

She was raised from her knees, by her two

cousins ; called vile names ; and led to her apartment between them ; and there she fainted away.

She was not able to leave her chamber, nor hardly her bed, for two days. At the end of which, being tolerably recovered, she wrote a letter to her uncle. She was afraid of requesting another personal audience of him. She was afraid that he was determined upon his measures, whatever they were ; and that, as he had begun with her, he would proceed to carry them into effect ; and she was resolved, whatever were the consequences, to let him know her mind ; not without hopes, that the freedom and justice of her expostulation might procure her more favour than by his hint of James Nichols, his clerk, might at present be intended for her.

She expostulated with him in this letter, on “ the treatment she had met with for the past two years ; and appealed to God, to his conscience, and her own heart, that she

had not deserved it, either of her aunt or him, nor yet of her cousins.

“ She expressed herself astonished at what he had said to her, in the compting-house, of one of his clerks ; and on giving her, as a grace and favour, one thousand pounds for her fortune. On this occasion she wrote, she would sooner choose death than to be silent.

“ She reminded him of what her father had said to her, before him, as to the considerableness of her fortune ; and acquainted him, that at other times, he who was not used to speak largely of his circumstances, had hinted to her, that he was worth between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, every obligation discharged. Indeed he told her afterwards, that he had some losses ; but she understood, from certain circumstances, that they would not amount to four thousand pounds ; the least, therefore, that she expected, was twenty thousand pounds, if she had justice done her. And her uncle would be gainer enough in having had an
oppor-

opportunity to build his fortune on her father's plan and traffic.

"She begged his excuse for the freedom with which she wrote ; but then, she said, upon such a declaration as he had made, was her time to speak out, or never. And she referred to his honour, his conscience, as he would answer to God, at the great day of account, for his own sake, if not for the sake of the orphan daughter of the kindest and best of brothers, left to his guardianship ; and who, if she had not a friend in him, was destitute of any friend, aid, or comfort, to give her leave to impute to violent passion this harsh treatment of her so lately, and his astonishing declaration.

"She besought him not to let her be brought into his presence while he was in so great a rage as she had seen him in three days before. She was loth to think it was her uncle's face, that then had so much affrighted and terrified her, even in her dreams."

She

She expected in terror what would be the result of this free and spirited letter ; the first instance of such spirit that she had ever exerted with her pen ; but then, as she wrote, or never, was the call for it to be obeyed.

Two days did her uncle keep her in expectation, taking time to calm his passion, that he might be able to reason with her, as he called it, on the contents of so free an expostulation.

He then sent for her down to him into one of the parlours. She went trembling, yet endeavouring not to appear to desert herself.

He had with him his lawyer, prepared to take minutes of all that should pass.

He would make her sit down by him : he had a parcel of papers in his hand : his looks were moody and wrathful : his words were smooth and oily.

“ Well, niece (began he) I have a most extraordinary letter from you ! A most extraordinary

traordinary one indeed ! But let the indecency of some of the expressions you have made use of pass ; they only serve to shew me, that the charge made against you by your cousins, in answer to your accusations of them, is not quite groundless, as innocent as you look, and gentle as you would be thought to be ; but let that pass too.

“ Here, you tell me, that your father gave you room to think he was worth near or about 20,000*l*. He might think he was. I believe he did ! But he reckoned upon debts owing him, that he never, had he lived, was likely to get in. How can a man, whose effects lie in foreign hands, and different countries, say what he is worth ? He never talked of such a sum to me ! If he had, I should have put him upon a juster calculation. You know he was unable for many months to look into his accounts. I own he was a kind brother and good friend. You need not upbraid me with unkindness, niece ; he would not have done so.”

She

She was going to speak—"Hear me out," said he.

"You, Mr. Norman, have known many a man, who in one year has thought himself worth thousands, and the next, had a statute taken out against him, and his creditors have been glad to take a crown in the pound."

"Very true," said Mr. Norman; and was about to give instances.

"Well, but that was not my brother's case; so no more of that. But had he made a calculation, he would have found himself short by more than half the sum, and all bad debts supposed good. The heavy loss you mention, niece, came out to be more than 5,000l."

"Sir, my father reckoned himself worth between 20 and 30,000l."

"No such thing, I tell you as a third part of that sum, had that loss not happened. His illness and journeyings, and foreign residences, cost him vast sums! vast sums!

sums ! There were other bad articles, which he reckoned as good. The fire that happened in my compting-house destroyed the greatest part of the testimonials of his foreign property, of which some of the people abroad took advantage, base wretches as they were ! else there would have been perhaps two or three thousand pounds coming to you. A very pretty fortune, I think ; I wish it were in your pocket."

" Ah, Sir !—not so pretty as my two elder cousins have had, besides what my two unmarried cousins expect."

" Don't be pert, Miss," said Mr. Norman.

" I am a weak inexperienced young creature ; I don't know the end of this gentleman's presence, and writing down every thing. Then (turning to her uncle) I see, Sir, you are prepared with an account ; be pleased to let me know what I may depend upon."

" Five hundred pounds, wanting a very little,

little, is all you can claim, I told you ; and, having once said it, I will be as good as my word ; I will, for your father's sake."—

“ O, Sir !—my uncle !—my dear father's brother !—my guardian !—and say you this ? ”

“ Your uncle is very good to you, Miss.”

“ Why, so I am ; for the bonds being burnt by the accident, the people abroad, as I hinted—”

“ Good Sir, let me spare you the attempt to make this clear. You have prepared it all I see. Never ! never let me have it to say, that these eyes witnessed to an account that cannot be to the reputation of my father's brother.”

“ Do you hear, Mr. Norman ? do you hear ?—Ah ! who, at this rate, would accept of a guardianship ! ”

“ You have great patience, Sir !—Miss, you take great liberties with your uncle ; his character is well known ; it is above being hurt by the groundless surmises and romantic

tic expectations of an inconsiderate young woman. Nevertheless, I am so far your friend, as to advise your uncle to take releases from you, and give you the thousand—”

“ Spare, spare, Sir ! your advice. My uncle has several thousands—forgive me, Sir—I cannot bear this flagrant treatment—to give to each of his daughters ; and, no doubt, handsome reserves for my aunt and himself.”

“ Do you hear, Mr. Norman !—Do you hear, Sir !”

“ But four years ago (proceeded she) he declared himself unable to give his eldest daughter more than 500*l.* ; he has given 10,000*l.* to two daughters. The fire destroyed not the testimonials of the property which enabled him to do this. The fire destroyed only those of the poor orphan girl.”

“ No such thing (biting his lips, with ill-concealed anger) as 10,000*l.* ; no such thing

thing Mr. Norman!—Vile girl!—This is her meekness!—this is—”

In then came the aunt and her two cousins. “Turn the saucy creature out of doors, this instant,” said the aunt in a rage. Her cousins reviled her with their tongues, and even clapt their hands in her very face.

She fell down on her knees, and, with hands and eyes lifted up, “I adjure you, Sir, by the memory of my father, who was indeed a kind brother to you, to do justice to the poor orphan ward, to whom you vowed justice and protection; (then, rising, with dignity) if you can, in conscience, carry into execution your present schemes against a desolate child, who has no other friend but you, do so! I will not have a shilling of the thousand pounds you have mentioned, if I am to acknowledge one-half of it as the full of my right, and the other half as the result of your bounty and gratitude to that brother to whom you owe your all. Turn me out of doors, as my aunt advises!

advises ! My fortune is become a wreck ; I can bend to my condition ; and, even do more than that, I can forgive my uncle."

They stood amazed, looking upon one another, as each expecting the others to speak. The heroic lady then, raised beyond herself, again dropped down on her knees ; " Gracious God of all mercy (said she, tears streaming down her cheeks) forgive my uncle !—And do thou be my guardian !—Save me from a worse ruin than that of my fortune—the ruin of my morals ! Poverty, without shame, be thou my portion ! With innocence it will be a greater, Sir, Madam, than you have given, or can give, to your daughters !

" And now, Sir (rising) turn me out of doors !—turn me out to God's providence ! that shall be my reliance, and my only reliance !"

Her uncle turned pale, and trembled in every joint ; Mr. Norman looked terrified ; her aunt was unable to speak ; but her two
hardened.

hardened cousins led the noble sufferer to the door, and shut it upon her.

She was not willing to stay at the door till her high-wrought up spirits subsided, being aware that she should not be able to support herself when it did. She hurried away, therefore, to her worthy Mrs. Winwood, by whom she was received with open arms. She had need of such a refuge.

Next day, her cloaths were sent her; and, as she was supposed to have but little money, Mr. Norman attended her with one hundred pounds, which she would not take, as he had brought a receipt for her to sign, as part of five hundred pounds; the whole of what was due to her from her father's effects.

However, afterwards, she accepted of four hundred pounds (she would not take five hundred, for an obvious reason) for which she gave a receipt on account; and this was all she ever received from her uncle.

Her hard case was made known to a gentleman

tleman of a great estate, who was thought to be a man of honour. He was very zealous to undertake her cause ; and she was then willing to do herself justice. Some proceedings were had ; but the dishonourable man having been detected by an accident, owing to a letter wrong directed, which fell into her hands, in a design upon her honour, she stopt proceedings, and made a resolution never to resume them ; for, by that time, her uncle's other two daughters were married, and handsome fortunes given with them. And she would have it, that the four husbands of the four girls, however the money was obtained, were entitled to the consideration they had with them. Their father was only answerable ; and if the cause were carried against him, he might be ruined, and yet the greatest part of the fortune would be irrecoverable. And when it was urged by a zealous friend, that her uncle had, no doubt, made reserves for himself, part of which she might probably recover,

cover, her answer was, "Poor man ! he has dearly bought those reserves ! I pity him !"

Yet this friend had, by her leave, introduced to her a man of unquestionable honour, who, admiring her noble mind, her fine understanding, and extensive genius, was extremely earnest to undertake her cause, and with this declared hope, but not offered to be made a condition, that she would be inclined to favour with the inestimable honour of her hand her introducing friend, for whom she condescended to express a very high regard, and for whose happiness she professed herself as solicitous as for her own ; but who, nevertheless, was so conscious of his own unworthiness, as well from want of fortune as merit, that he dared not to hope for such a blessing. She saw this consciousness, and valued him for it. She condescended in the kindest terms, unsolicited (for how could he speak what he could not presume to hope ?) to tell the conscious man, that his generous friend had
given

given her such an hint. She should value his friend for it, she said, as long as she lived, and should value himself to the same period ; but as she was determined not to molest her father's brother, and as nobody but herself would be a sufferer while she was a single woman, she neither would accept of his friend's generous assistance, nor yet marry ; for she could not bear to think, that the man she preferred to all others, should wed a law-suit in her ; nor yet, were she to marry, that her husband should be hindered from pursuing the right he would acquire with her. But, after this confession in his favour, she said, she should not be easy, unless he, her friend, to whom she had so freely opened her heart, was soon the husband of some other woman.

She was strengthened in the exalted resolution she had taken soon after, by what happened to her uncle. He was taken ill of a violent fever. No hopes were given of his life. He was sensible of his danger,

and then did his conscience reproach him with the enormous wrongs he had done his niece. He called out upon her name with equal anguish of heart, and blessings on her virtues. He besought every one who came near him, to declare his penitence to the orphan—to the injured orphan! and to beg one visit from her, and her forgiveness.

His attending daughters opposed his earnest request. One of them said, it were better he should die; and if he could not recover, the sooner the happier, than that such a request should be made to the insolent Hortensia, as they called her. The mother also opposed it; but his earnestness increasing, the physician and divine, who attended him, insisted, that he should be gratified, and Mr. Norman was dispatched to the young lady with the request.

At the very first word, she flew to her uncle's house. She was admitted to his bedside. There did she receive his voluntary confessions of the wrong done her.

Tears

Tears of penitence ran down his cheeks. He grasped her hands between his. He kissed them with his parched lips, and implored her forgiveness.

She forgave him. She comforted him, soothed him. She, whom he had barbarously injured, in violation of the sacred laws of guardianship, could forgive, sooth, and comfort him, while his own children, for whose sake, for whose aggrandisement, he had done the wrong, stood aloof, and wished the mouth for ever closed that acknowledged it, and asked forgiveness of the sufferer.

But in what did this confession end? The man, forgiven and soothed, grew easier. He recovered; and then was talked to, and expostulated with, by his family, upon his confession, so disgraceful to them and to himself. He grew ashamed of his contrition. All was imputed to delirium, brought on by the violence of his fever; and the pious niece was left to sigh for her uncle, and pity him, which she cordially did.

About this time came to England the Count and Countess of P. on a visit to their brother, Signor L. who was the minister of an Italian potentate, at the British court, and had under his care a young lady, his niece, about sixteen years of age, who, from childhood, was destined by all parties for the wife of the young Count of P. then about twenty. A match of policy, in order to unite two great estates in one; both the parties being distantly related.

The Countess of P. was accompanied by her maiden sister, Signora Catherina, a lady of great merit, who, having been disappointed in marriage by the death of her first lover, and living very happily with her sister, between whom and herself there had always been an inviolable friendship, had made a resolution never to marry.

Besides this son, the Countess and her Lord had a daughter, Philippa, of about twelve years of age, a fine young lady, of whom they were exceedingly fond; and she,

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as well as her brother, was a party in this visit to Signor L.; the intent of which was, that the young lord and young lady should see each other, in order to confirm, by their own personal approbation, the contract entered into by the friends on both sides.

Mrs. Winwood had told a lady of rank, to whom she was distantly related, Miss Beaumont's melancholy tale; and this lady repeated it to the Countess of P. and her sister and her daughter, in such an affecting manner, that they were desirous to see her; and Mrs. Winwood prevailed on Miss Beaumont to wait on them in her company.

Mrs. Beaumont is now a very fine woman. She was at that time looked upon by every one as a beauty; but her modesty, good sense, easy behaviour, genius, which was capable of all things, and her piety, and sweetness of disposition, were so shining, that few who addressed her, or spoke of her, said a word of the graces of her person.

The ladies were charmed with her on this first visit. They condescended to return it at Mrs. Winwood's lodgings; and were still more delighted with her. The younger lady particularly besought her mother and aunt, that they would, if possible, procure for her the blessing, as she called it, of Miss Beaumont's constant residence with them; and she would endeavour, she said, to be all that Miss Beaumont was. The Countess and Lady Catharina rejoiced in the young lady's motion, and intreated Miss Beaumont to add herself to their family, as a companion to Lady Philippa; the Countess assuring her, that she should always consider her as her other daughter. As to the article of religion, which Miss Beaumont mentioned as an obstacle, they brought the Count to her, to assure her, in their names, as well as in his own, that that should not be any, if, on mature deliberation, she could not conform to theirs; and they would confide in her discretion, that that should never be
made

made a topic of discourse between Lady Philippa and her.

Circumstanced as she was, in a manner friendless, and determined on a single life, she spoke of this invitation, from a family of unquestionable honour and generosity, as a call of Providence in her favour, and cheerfully embraced it.

She was not sure of even a civil reception from her uncle, and therefore took leave of him in a pathetic letter, full of pious wishes for his returning penitence, and confirming that forgiveness which she had so unreservedly given him in his supposed dying hours.

The first affliction, and almost the only one, she met with, after her arrival with this good family in Italy, was a heavy one to her.

It had been agreed between the Count de P. and Signor L. that the young couple, whom they were both solicitous to see united, should not marry under a twelvemonth to come. At the expiration of that term,

Signor L. hoped to have finished his negotiations at the British court, when he should of course carry over to Italy with him his niece, and the marriage was then to be celebrated.

The young couple had signified to their friends their mutual approbation of each other. The young lady, particularly, was pleased with her elected husband ; but the young lord, having no prepossessions in any other woman's favour, gave into the will of his friends, rather as having no objection, than a voluntary preference ; and now, having an opportunity of seeing a woman more lovely in person, and who was superior to most of her years and sex in the qualities of her mind, fell desperately in love with Miss Beaumont.

She could not but observe, from his particular assiduities, his passion for her, but studiously avoided giving him an opportunity to declare himself. At last, however, he found one, and then he opened his heart,
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and, in the most ardent manner, besought her to encourage his honourable love.

She utterly rejected his suit. He was not convinced by her generous reasonings. He loved her the more for them. Perplexed what to do, because she was loth to give pain to the family she deservedly loved, by revealing the matter to them, she at last resolved to leave Italy, and return to her native country.

She signified her intention to Signora Catherina, desiring her to acquaint the Countess and Lady Philippa with it. They were greatly surprised. The young lady ran to her unbidden, and on her knees, with tears, besought her to take pity on her disciple. The Countess and Signora Catherina expostulated with her. They brought the Count himself to request her not to leave them, and that she would give them the reason for a resolution so unexpected.

The young lord, and he only of the family, knew the reason; but though extremely

tremely affected at her resolution, could not promise her to remove the occasion ; on the contrary, he told her he would follow her to the world's end.

Thus pressed, and even charged with cruelty by the ladies—thus threatened by the young nobleman—she thought it best to reveal to the Countess and Lady Catherina the whole affair.

She did. They were grieved ; but the Countess generously declared, that were it not for their family views of long standing, she knew not the young woman whom she could with so much pleasure embrace as her daughter.

The good lady insisted upon her leave to break the affair to the Count, one of the most prudent of men, to which, upon condition that no violent measures should be taken with the young lord, Miss Beaumont consented.

The Count took the matter right, and, like a good and wise man, though grieved
that

that this passion of his son for Miss Beaumont was likely to make him indifferent to a young lady who wanted no merit, and who openly acknowledged her approbation of him, applauded highly Miss Beaumont's generous and prudent conduct on the occasion. He begged that she would not think of leaving them. A passion, he said, founded in so much merit was not an illaudable one. He hardly knew how to blame his son : —he was culpable in nothing, but that he had given way to it, knowing the family views, and having spontaneously given into them before he saw Miss Beaumont. Such a passion was not to be opposed, he added, by severe or harsh measures. And they all three declared, that if she would not abandon them, they would leave it to her prudence and generosity, since she knew their views and engagements, to act with the young lord as occasions arose, in order to cure him of his passion, and direct it to their wishes.

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This was a great and worthy confidence. She acquainted the ladies, and they the Count, (and Signora Philippa was let into the secret,) with every step she took in this arduous affair. They, on their parts, changed not either their looks or behaviour to him, but rather pitied him, and allowed in their hearts of the worthiness of his attachment. Opposition is the fuel of love. This prudent conduct of theirs added not that fuel to his flame.

Miss Beaumont behaved gently, yet frankly, to him, whenever she could not avoid seeing him. He saw her denial was owing to principle, and not either to affectation or petulance, this made him patient of being reasoned with. He was sent to reside at Rome for a few months, in order, by degrees, to find occasions for longer absences; but he would not consent to go, or to quit Florence, till he had engaged Miss Beaumont to correspond with him by letter, which the Count and Countess, on her acquainting

quainting them with the condition he insisted on, advised her to yield to, expressing again their entire reliance on her prudence, and consenting, at her request, to see all she wrote, though she thought it but honourable to the young gentleman, whose letters ran in the highest style of love, to desire to be excused shewing them his, giving her reasons frankly for this stipulation, highly to their approbation.

I have been favoured with the sight of the letters which passed in this correspondence. What generous, what noble ones, are her's! She turned, by her charming reasonings, his love of her person into an admiration of her still more beautiful mind. So much as was added to the intellectual, and taken from the personal love was of advantage. And at last (supposing all this time, that neither the young lady nor his own family knew of his passion for Miss Beaumont, and finding her absolutely inflexible) he yielded to her friendly advice
and

and expostulations, and Signora de L. being brought over by her uncle, married her, to the inexpressible joy of the friends on both sides. Nor was it a little owing to her generous influence over the young husband, who was choleric, as the lady was humour-
some, and when not humoured, sullen, that they lived together not unhappily.

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END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

J. ADLARD, PRINTER, DUKI-STREET.

A Concluding NOTE

BY

The EDITOR¹

THE Editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publish it, because he thinks Human Nature has often, of late, been shewn in a light too degrading;² and he hopes from this Series of Letters it will be seen, that characters may be good, without being unnatural. Sir Charles Grandison himself is sensible of imperfections, and, as the reader will remember, accuses himself more than once of tendencies to pride and passion, which it required his utmost caution and vigilance to rein-in; and many there are, who look upon his offered compromise with the Porretta family, in allowing the daughters of the proposed marriage to be brought up by the mother, reserving to himself the education of the sons only, as a blot in the character. Indeed, Sir Charles himself declares to the General, that he would not have come into such a compromise in a beginning address, not even with a princess.

Notwithstanding this, it has been observed by some, that, in general, he approaches too near the faultless character which critics censure as above nature: Yet it ought to be observed too, that he performs no one action which it is not in the power of any man in his situation *to* perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man *to* restrain himself.

It has been objected by some persons, that a man less able by strength or skill to repel an affront, than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not with *such* honour have extricated himself out of difficulties on refusing a challenge. And this is true, meaning by *honour* the favourable opinion of the European world, from the time of its being over-run by Gothic barbarism, down to the present. But as that notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one, and yet multitudes are at a loss to get over it, the rejection and confutation of it by a person whom, it was visible, the consideration of his own safety did not influence, must surely be of no small weight. And when it is once allowed, that there are cases and circumstances in which these polite *invitations to murder* may consistently with honour be disregarded, a little attention will easily find others; vulgar notions will insensibly wear out; and more ground be gained by degrees, than could

have been attempted with hope of success, at once; till at length all may come to stand on the firm footing of reason and religion.

In the mean time, they who are *less* qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will, however, be esteemed for it by every serious and prudent person; and, perhaps, inwardly by many who are mean enough to join outwardly in blaming them.

Indeed, when a person hath *deserved* harsh treatment, his acquiescence under it, may generally be imputed to fear alone, and so render him an object at once of hatred and ridicule, hardly possible to be borne: But he who supports a conduct equally offensive, by ever so much brutal courage, tho' a less contemptible, is a vastly more detestable, creature: Whilst an upright and harmless man, suppose him ever so timorous, merits rather a kind sort of pity than violent scorn.

But whoever declines forbidden instances of self-vindication, not from fear, but from principle; which is always to be presumed, if his regard to principle be steady and uniform in other things; such a one, however inferior to Sir Charles Grandison in advantages of nature and art, yet, if he shews real greatness of mind in such things as all men *may*, needs not doubt but he shall be respected by most, and may be sufficiently easy, tho' he is despised by some. He will still have the satisfaction of reflecting, that the Laws of all nations are on his side, (*a*) and only the usurped authority of a silly modern custom against him; that, on many occasions, worthy men in all ages, have patiently suffered *false* disgrace for adhering to their duty; that the true bravery is to adhere to all duties under all disadvantages; and, that refusing a duel is a duty to ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and our MAKER. And whoever acts on these principles, the more reproach he undergoes for it, rather than be driven, like a coward, by the scoffs of his fellow-subjects, to rebel against the SOVEREIGN of the Universe,

(*a*) It is so highly worth observing, that even the *military* law of our own country is strongly against duelling, that the Editor cannot help subjoining an extract out of the articles of War,¹ and recommending it to the consideration of all military persons.

ARTICLE XX

'—Nor shall any officer or soldier presume to send a challenge to any other officer or soldier, to fight a duel, upon pain of being cashiered, if he be an officer; or suffering the severest corporal punishment, if a non-commissioned officer, or private soldier: And if any officer, or non-commission officer, commanding a guard, shall willingly and knowingly suffer any person whatever to go forth to fight a duel, they shall be punished as above; and all Seconds also, and carriers of challenges, shall be taken as principals, and punished accordingly.—Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for refusing a challenge, since, according to these our orders, they but do the duty of soldiers, who ought to subject themselves to discipline: And we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels offered, or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, in their obedience hereunto: And whosoever shall upbraid them, and offend in this case, shall be punished as a challenger.'

will have the more delightful consciousness of a strong inward principle of piety and virtue, and the more distinguished reward from the final Judge of all, who alone disposes of that Honour which shall never fade.

It has been said in behalf of many modern fictitious pieces, in which authors have given success (and *happiness*, as it is called) to their heroes of vicious, if not of profligate, characters, that they have exhibited Human Nature as it *is*. Its corruption may, indeed, be exhibited in the faulty character; but need pictures of this be held out in books? Is not vice crowned with success, triumphant, and rewarded, and perhaps set off with wit and spirit, a dangerous representation? And is it not made even *more* dangerous by the hasty reformation, introduced, in contradiction to all probability, for the sake of patching up what is called a happy ending?

The God of Nature intended not Human Nature for a vile and contemptible thing: And many are the instances, in every age, of those whom He enables, amidst all the frailties of mortality, to do it honour. Still the *best* performances of human creatures will be imperfect; but, such as they are, it is surely both delightful and instructive to dwell sometimes on this bright side of things; To shew, by a series of facts in common life, what a degree of excellence may be attained and preserved amidst all the infection of fashionable vice and folly.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is therefore in the general tenor of his principles and conduct (tho' exerted in peculiarities of circumstances that cannot always be accommodated to particular imitation) proposed for an Example; and, in offering him as such, were his character still more perfect than it is presumed to be, the Editor is supported by an eminent Divine of our own country.

'There is no manner of inconvenience in having a pattern propounded to us of so great perfection, as is above our reach to attain to; and there may be great advantages in it. The way to excel in any kind, is, *optima quæque exempla ad imitandum proponere*; to propose the brightest and most perfect Examples to our imitation. No man can write after too perfect and good a copy; and tho' he can never reach the perfection of it, yet he is like to learn more, than by one less perfect. He that aims at the heavens, which yet he is sure to come short of, is like to shoot higher than he that aims at a mark within his reach.

'Besides, that the excellency of the pattern, as it leaves room for continual improvement, so it kindles ambition, and makes men strain and contend to the utmost to do better. And, tho' he can never hope to equal the Examples before him, yet he will endeavour to come as near it as he can. So that a perfect pattern is no hindrance, but an advantage rather, to our improvement in any kind.'

Tillotson, Vol. II. Sermon LVII. p. 577.¹

APPENDIX

*By Desire, the Two following LETTERS are
inserted here*

Copy of a LETTER to a LADY,¹ who was solicitous for an additional volume to the HISTORY of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON; supposing it ended abruptly, and expressing herself desirous to see Sir CHARLES in the Parental Character; and to know if the Story were intended to be carried further.

MADAM, Mar. 15. 1754

I write to your commands sent me yesterday.

I have no intention of pursuing further the History of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON: And hope, when you consider the circumstances of the Story, you will be of opinion, that it ends very properly where it does; tho' at the first perusal it may seem, to a Lady who honours the piece with her approbation, to conclude a little abruptly; and the rather, as the necessary delay in publishing the last volume, occasioned by the treatment I met with from Dublin, made persons imagine that marvellous events, and violent catastrophes, were preparing; and but for which treatment the three last volumes would have been published together.

The Story of PAMELA was supposed to have taken place within thirty years, that of CLARISSA within twenty, of their respective publications. In either of those spaces of time, there was room to marry and bury half a generation of people.

That of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is supposed to be more recent. In his recital of what passed between himself and Clementina, long before the Story began, and before he had hopes of being allowed by his Father (then living) to return to England, he mentions the rebellion in 1745 and 1746; and that the exultations made over him in Italy, on the reported success of the young Adventurer, obliged him to go to Vienna.

What passed between him and Clementina, and her Family, on his return from thence to Bologna, till he quitted Italy, and (on his Father's death) arrived in England, may be supposed to take up a considerable space of time.

He had been about fifteen months in England when the Story begins. That takes up a year and half.

All this may be supposed to bring it down pretty near to the present time.

EMILY, under the direction of so prudent a guardian, was not, for example sake, to be married till she was near twenty.

Lady GRANDISON's circumstances and her lying-in, would not permit her to leave England for a voyage to Italy, so soon as might be hoped for by Clementina and her friends. Sir Charles had a view, I fancy, to those delicate circumstances, when he offered to make them judges of the reasons, should he

and his Harriet be unable to attend them within the next year, why they could not.

Do you think Harriet would not be a Nurse as well as Lady G.? It would be a desirable thing, we may suppose, to all their Italian friends, as well as suitable to the maternal fondness, for her to take her child with her: But would she do so, till it was at least a year old? There is no doubt but it would be a very fine and forward child: But the heir of Sir Charles Grandison must not be needlessly, or for a compliment, exposed to dangers and difficulties. Read again the passage by land over mount Cenis; acquaint yourself with the Bay of Biscay, were they to go by sea.

As to the good JERONYMO, he is happy where he is. Lady G. makes him alive and merry: And have you not an intimation that he is to go to Bath? And do you think that those salutary springs will not, for the honour of our country, quite establish him?

CLEMENTINA, at the year's end, may either marry the Count of BELVEDERE, her malady not returning; or, as Sir Charles has engaged all her friends to promise, may, at her own request, be allowed more time. You have seen that the COUNT acquiesces entirely with whatever shall be her will, in this particular.

Do you think, Madam, I have not been very complaisant to my Readers to leave to them the decision of this important article? I am apt to think, from what I have already heard from several of them, of no small note, and great good sense, that a considerable time will pass before this point will be agreed upon among *them*: And some of my correspondents rejoice that Clementina is not married in the book; hoping that she will never marry; while others express their satisfaction in the time given her, and doubt not but she will. Some are pleased with the Count; others not. Some are of opinion, with Jeronymo, that her compliance with the silent wishes of her friends, when left entirely to her own will, was the only duty wanting to complete her character; she having voluntarily renounced, so nobly as she did, the only man whom she preferred to *him* who was the choice of her parents, and given up her wishes to be allowed to take the veil.

Let us take a survey of what is done for the other characters.

No more need be said, than is, of EVERARD GRANDISON; or of Aunt ELEANOR.

MR. DEANE, you see, is provided for, to his own, and every one's content.

So is good DR. BARTLETT: and his wife, who is also provided for, to her own content.

The skilful LOWTHER also.

SIR EDW. BEAUCHAMP and EMILY are in a way to be happy.

Who can be more so than Mrs. SHIRLEY? Why, Madam, would you wish to have further time taken in, to conclude a life so valuable, so exemplary?

SIR ROWLAND and Mr. FOWLER are not unhappy. They are going to Caermarthen; and you remember, Sir Rowland says, there are fine girls in Caermarthenshire.

MR. SELBY goes on at Selby-house crowing over his Wife, and his Nieces; and, tho' always defeated by their good-humoured arguments, and superior sense, crowing on, and making all around him pleasant.

Who can be happier than Mr. and Mrs. REEVES?

LUCY has already her PEER.

I could have given NANCY SELBY to Mr. ORME; but that it is not right to put together two persons who neither of them have entire health, till they are quite recovered; and that would take up time. He, accompanied by his Sister, is a second time gone to Lisbon, you know. And she, Emily hints, is not without her Lover.

Miss ORME is a good girl, and must be happy.

As for GREVILLE and FENWICK, who cares for them?

The fate of Sir HARGRAVE, of MERCEDA, of BAGENHALL, is absolutely, and exemplarily, decided.

JAMES SELBY is as good as provided for: But if he had not, it would not have been much matter.

Lady BETTY WILLIAMS indeed, and her forward Daughter, and Miss CANTILLON, are deservedly unhappy; and there are too many of such characters, in every-body's knowlege, to require *theirs* to be further dwelt upon.

Lady BEAUCHAMP, Lady MANSFIELD and her family, Lord and Lady W. Lord and Lady L. are all happy. Lord G. also. And his CHARLOTTE is as good as *she* can be. Her Lord wishes her not better than we leave her.

Sir CHARLES is the happiest of men. Plans of his beneficence, oeconomy, charity, have been actually laid down.

His LADY is, as she deserves to be, the happiest of women.

By what we have seen of *both*, we know how they will behave on every future call or occasion.

CLEMENTINA, let me add to the notice I have taken of her, is mistress of her own will. By the power Sir Charles, in the articles he drew, stipulated for her, we know she will make herself happy in acts of beneficence; and, as he has foretold, will see every-thing in a chearful light, that before appeared to her in a cloudy one. What will be the result?

LAURANA has been punished, in kind, as we may say.

Lady SFORZA also.

The MARQUIS, the MARCHIONESS, the GENERAL, the BISHOP, in short, the whole *Porretta family*, are happy to the extent of their wishes.

Mrs. BEAUMONT is highly so in the general felicity.

So is Father MARESCOTTI.

Should the story, which were it prolonged to do every-thing that seems to be expected, would take up more time, though not quantity of matter, than it has already taken up, be continued for the sake of OLIVIA? Surely, No.

Can it, then, be more happily concluded than it is?

As to what you are pleased to hint of the Hero's appearing to shine in the parental character, have I not in PAMELA entered into that subject pretty largely? And have I not in this history avoided touching upon the same topics that I have treated on in either of the two former?

But you will be apt to say, You expected more on these subjects from Sir Charles's character, than from that of Mr. B. or even of his Pamela.

But (to say nothing of his care for the education of his Father's natural children by Mrs. Oldham) see we not, from his tenderness to Mrs. Reeves's little boy; from his goodness to Lady L's son; and to Lady G's little girl; from the observation of his Lady, that the Brave are always tender and humane; from his general prudence, as well as from his own duty to a blame-

able Father, whose failings he occasionally deplored with a piety worthy of himself; that he would have shone in every part of the parental character? [Who ever knew a dutiful Son that made not a good Father?] And where, and at what age of his children, had I entered into such particulars, should I have been allowed to stop; since, as they grew in years, they would have had larger demands on his cares?

I might indeed, in what *is done*, have introduced a conversation in which the Education of Children might have been touched upon, and his opinion given: But the lovers of Story would have found fault with me for it, as they have done with the few independent conversations that appear in the book, however useful others have thought them: And besides, the occasion must have been forced in. Nor would the subject have appeared with the requisite advantage, handled by, or before, single men and women, or even by young married people, who had no opportunities to strengthen their opinions by experience.

Permit me further to observe, that the conclusion of a *single story* is indeed generally some great and decisive event; as a *Death*, or a *Marriage*: But in scenes of life carried down nearly to the present time, and in which a *variety of interesting characters* is introduced, all events cannot be decided, unless, as in the History of *Tom Thumb the Great*,¹ all the actors are killed in the last scene; since persons presumed to be still living, must be supposed liable to the various turns of human affairs.

All that can be expected therefore in such a work, if its ending is proposed to afford the most complete scene of felicity of which human life is capable, must be to leave the principal characters happy, and the rest with fair prospects of being so.

I am, however, greatly obliged to you, Madam, for having so far interested yourself in the story, as to write to me upon it; and beg leave to subscribe myself

Your obliged and most obedient Servant

ANSWER to a LETTER from a FRIEND,² who had objected to Sir CHARLES GRANDISON's Offer to allow his Daughters by Lady CLEMENTINA, had his Marriage with her taken Effect, to be educated Roman-Catholics.

Mar. 25. 1754

I HAVE received, my dear friend, several anonymous Letters written on the same subject with your favour before me of the 19th; finding fault with Sir Charles Grandison for his offered compromise with the friends of Clementina, in the article of Religion; all of them expressing, as yours does, a laudable zeal for the interests of the Protestant cause.

One of the gentlemen desired an answer to what he wrote, directing whither it was to be sent. I do not think myself at liberty to transcribe for you his Letter, though an anonymous one, and which would do credit to any writer: But as your Letter and his are in substance pretty much the same, you will

allow me to hope for your attention to the extracts I shall make from my answer to his; and if they are not of sufficient weight with you to excuse the Hero in this important article, I shall be ready, at your command, to reconsider it.

This gentleman wishes, as you do, that I had gone further into the subject: That I had exposed the iniquity of such compromises, and shewn, that the souls of girls ought to be as much regarded as those of boys; and the rather, as such stipulations are now made a point in course, in the marriage-treaties of persons of different religions. He is so good as to call for my opinion on the subject. Thus I answered.

Give me leave, Sir, to say, I have shewn in the work, when the subject required it, that I have the honour to be of your opinion as to this compromise. I have, in [part 2, p. 182], made the Bishop (Clementina's Brother) thus say to Mr. Grandison, after a debate between them on the two religions; 'You will call to mind, Chevalier, that *your* church allows of a possibility of salvation out of its pale—*Ours* does not.'—'My Lord,' answers the Chevalier, 'our church allows not of its members indulging themselves in capital errors, against conviction.'

Mr. Grandison was a young man: He pretended not to be divested of passion. It was necessary to let the Porretta family, and the Reader, who it was supposed, would not be unconcerned in the destiny of Clementina, see, that he was willing to make some sacrifices, for those the family made, in consideration of so excellent a creature, who had suffered so much, and was actually in a state of suffering, for her Love of him. What could he do *more*, he asks Dr. Bartlett, than to make such an offer? He considers it as a very great concession, though he must know, that it was, as you, Sir, observe, a too usual one: And he tells her warmest relations, the General in particular, 'that he would not have come into such a compromise, no, not in favour of a princess, in a *beginning* address.' And this he says in answer to the General's question, 'What, Chevalier, must the poor daughters have done, that *they* should have been left to perdition?' And this put by that haughty man, when he knew that Mr. Grandison was of a religion which inspires its professors with more charity, than does that which allows not salvation out of its own pale; and the souls of whose daughters therefore, in his opinion, could not be endanger'd merely by such an education.

Who that thinks the Porretta family bigotted, must not have allowed *them* to think Mr. Grandison so, had he not made some such sort of concession as he expected them to make? Nay, they actually made a much greater than *he* offered [The SONS of the family]; and besides, were more apprehensive of their Daughter's change of religion, were the marriage to take place, than hopeful of his.

Some concessions are expected to be made in all marriage treaties; and (contrary to what was proposed in *this*) greater, frequently, on the man's than on the woman's part; since it is understood, that the wife is more the property of the husband, than he is hers; and he therefore in marriage makes an acquisition. Pecuniary sacrifices could not have affected Mr. Grandison: Nothing but what touched his principles could. This was a severe trial to him. Clementina, at the time, was the only woman he could have loved. He knew not then Miss Byron: But we have reason to believe, from different parts of

the story, that he thought himself not unhappy, that a marriage, to be entered into on such terms, took not effect; as well as that it was owing to Clementina herself, and not to him, that it did not; frequent as such compromises are in marriage-treaties between people of different persuasions.

That these observations lie scattered, as I may say, in different parts of the story, is owing, a good deal, to the manner of writing, (to the moment, as it may be called) as occasions arose in the progress of the story: A manner of writing that has its conveniencies and inconveniencies. The *latter*, in such cases as that before us; the *former*, in giving opportunities to describe the agitations that fill the heart, in the progress of a material and interesting subject, the event of which remains undecided.

You will be pleased to observe, that I had a very nice and difficult task to manage, to convince nice and delicate Ladies, who, it might be imagined, would sit in judgment upon the conduct of a man in a Love-case (who was presumed to be nearly perfect, and proposed as a pattern) that a Lady so excellent as Clementina; of so high a family and fortune; all her relations adoring her; so deeply in love with him; yet so delicate in her whole behaviour to him; was not slighted by *him*. What would the Ladies, and the men of gallantry, have said, had he not done all it was possible for him to do, to obtain so rich a prize?

Allow me to say, that if his distress, in different scenes of the story, were duly attended to (attacked as he was on the side of his Generosity, his Compassion, his Gratitude, his Love) together with his stedfastness in his own Religion, I presume, that, in the whole affair between him and Clementina, he would be rather thought a confessor for it, than a lukewarm man in it. Be pleased to reperuse what he says to Miss Byron on this subject, in the library at Colnebrooke [part 2, pp. 129-30].

‘What must be my grief, to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress: So little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition! But when the friendly Brother implored my compliance; when the excellent Mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on *her* heart, and on *her child’s* head; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting *herself* out of the question, urged me, for my soul’s sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother the church—What, madam—But how I grieve you!

[He stopt, says Miss Byron—His handkerchief was of use to him, as mine was to me—What a distress was here!]

‘And what, and what, Sir, sobbing, was the result? Could you, *could* you resist?

‘Satisfied in my own faith! Entirely satisfied! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace!—A Lover of my native country too—Were not my God and my Country to be the sacrifice, if I complied? But I *laboured*, I *studied*, for a compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina’s merit, and to my own character, had she not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her *then*, that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against; her Rank next to princely; her Fortune high as her rank; Religion; Country; all so many obstacles that had appeared to me insuperable, removed by *themselves*; and

no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had, till now, made me struggle to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference.'—Then he relates his offer of compromise.

And let me add here that noble apostrophe of his, when he had been contemplating the perfections of Clementina, the worthiness of her family, and their great offers to him—"But, O my Religion, and my Country! I cannot, cannot renounce you. What can this world give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice?"

Nor are these the strongest instances that he gives of his attachment to his Religion and Country in the course of the work; to say nothing of what might be supposed to pass between him and the Bishop, in their debate on the two Religions; in which he convinced the Prelate (who from that time forbore to attack him on that subject) that he had a great deal to say in behalf of his own.

In an omission [. . .], which is supplied [part 3, pp. 263-4], Lucy Selby is made thus to express herself, with regard to this compromise, in order to weaken the danger to Religion that might be apprehended from the example—"How could Sir Charles, so thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart indeed is generously open and benevolent to people of all countries. He is, in the noblest sense, a Citizen of the World: But see we not, that his long residence abroad has only the *more* endeared to him the Religion, the Government, the Manners, of England?—

'How was this noble-minded man, proceeds she, entangled by delicacies of situation, by friendship, by compassion, that he should ever have been likely to be engaged in a family of Roman Catholics, and lived half of his days out of his beloved country; and the other half to have set, as to the world's eye, such an example in it? . . .

'I know, adds Miss Selby, he would have made it his study to prevent any mischief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his Lady's confessor, had a certain compromise taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Marescotti (*a*): But would even that good man have thought himself bound to observe faith with heretics in such a case?"

And in the Concluding Note to the work, I have further endeavoured to obviate the apprehended mischief, by declining to *contend* with such of my Readers, whose laudable zeal led them to consider this compromise as a fault.

Thus, my dear Friend, you will see, that, however usual it may be for people of different Religions, when they intermarry, to enter into compromises of this kind, they are not countenanced by the *judgment* of Sir Charles Grandison; who considered, as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen him, the situation he was in; which in a manner *compelled* him to make some concessions, in compassion to an excellent woman, who laboured under a disorder of mind on his account.

After all, if this concession of Sir Charles is to be deemed a blemish, it is rather a blemish in his conduct than in his character. Very few in *his* circumstances would have done better; few so well: And what he offered, in so *peculiar* a situation, is by no means a precedent to be pleaded in *common* cases.

Believe me to be, with equal truth and affection, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant